This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com

REESE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
Received April, 1894
Accessions No. 54861. Class No.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

Monthly Eclectic Magazine

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1865, TO MARCH, 1866

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK:
LAWRENCE KEHOE, PUBLISHER,
7 BEEKMAN STREET.

1866.

Digitized by Google

AQ
C28
V. 2

54861

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

Adventure, The, 843.
Anglican and Greek Church, Attempt at Union between the, 65.
All-Hallow Eve; or, The Test of Futurity, 71, 199, 377, 507, 697, 813.
Ancient Laws of Ireland, The, 129.
Anglicanism and the Greek Schism, 429.
Ancient Faculty of Paris, The, 496, 681.

Bell Gossip, 32.
Birds, Migration of, 57.
Bruges, The Capuchin of, 237.
Bossuet and Leibnitz, 433.

Catholic Congresses at Malines and Würzburg, 1, 221, 331, 519.
Constance Sherwood, 37, 160, 304, 455, 614, 759.
Chinese Characteristics, 102.
Catholic Settlements in Pennsylvania, 145.
Capucnin of Bruges, The, 237.
Christmas Carols, A Bundle of, 349.
Christendom, Formation of, 356.
Calcutta and its Vicinity, A Ride through, 386.
Christmas Eve; or, The Bible, 397.
Charles II. and his Son, Father James Stuart, 577.
Canton, Up and Down, 656.
California and the Church, 790.
Charles II.'s Last Attempt to Emancipate The Catholics, 827.

Duc d'Ayen, The Daughters of the, 252.

Epidemics, Past and Present, 420.

Formation of Christendom, The, 356.

Gallitzin, Rev. Demetrius Augustin, 145.
Gertrude, Saint, Thoughts on, 405.
Genzano, The Infiorata of, 608.
Glastonbury Abbey, Past and Present, 662.

Handwriting, 695.

Inside the Eye, 119.
Ireland before Christianity, 541.

Kingdom without a King, 705.

Leibnitz and Bossuet, 433.
Law and Literature, 560.

Malines and Würzburg, Catholic Congresses in, 1, 221, 332, 519.
Marie Louise, Napoleon's Marriage with, 12.
Migrations of European Birds, 57.
Miscellany, 136, 276, 563, 714, 853.
Moricière, General De La, 289.
Malta, Siege of, 483.
Mistaken Identity, 707.
Mary, Queen of Scots, The Two Friends of, 813.

Natural History of the Tropics, Gleanings from, 178.
Novel Ticket-of-leave, A, 707.

Pierre Prévost's Story, 110.
Pen, Slips of the, 272.
Paris, The Ancient Faculty of, 496, 681.
Pusey, Dr., on the Church of England, 580.
Positivism, 721.
Plain-Work, 740.
Procter, Adelaide Anne, Poems of, 837.

Récamier, Madame, and her Friends, 79.
Rome, Facts and Fictions about, 325.
Religious Statistics of the World, 491.
Rhodes, The Colossus of, 544.

Steam Engine, The Inventor of, 211.
Saturnine Observations, A Few, 266.
Slips of the Pen, 272.
Saints of the Desert, 275, 376, 453, 655, 835.
Saint Catharine of Siena, Public Life of, 547.
Saint Patrick, The Birth-place of, 744.

True to the Last, 110.
The Eye, Inside of, 119.
Tropics, Gleanings from the Natural History of, 178.
The Clouds and the Poor, 213.
The Bible; or, Christmas Eve, 397.
The Adventure, 843.

World, Religious Statistics of the, 491.

POETRY.

An English Maiden's Love, 27.

Better Late than Never, 454.
Books, 495.
Broadcast thy Seed, 613.

Children, The, 70.
Christmas Carol, A, 419, 559.
City Aspirations, 680.

"Dum Spiro Spero," 159.

Falling Stars, 348.

Inquietus, 704.

Kirkstall Abbey, 36.
Kevlaar, Pilgrimage to, 127.

Little Things, 836.

Properzia Rossi, 235.
Patience, 812.

Resigned, 654.

Song of the Year, 490.
Saint Elizabeth, 529.

Tender and True and Tried, 335.
The Round of the Waters, 396.
The Better Part, 757.

Unshed Tears, 789.

Winter Signs, 198.

Digitized by Google

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Archbishop Hughes's Complete Works, 282.
American Republic, The, 714.
Andrew Johnson, Life of, 856.

Banim's Works, 286.
Baker, Rev. F. A., Memoir and Sermons of, 566.
Brownson's American Republic, 714.
Brincker, Hans, 719.

Catholic Anecdotes, 287.
Cobden, Richard, Career of, 860.
Complete Works of Archbishop Hughes, 282.
Croppy, The, 859.

Darras' History of the Church, 143.
De Guérin, Eugénie, Journal of, 716.
Draper's Civil Policy of America, 858.

England, Froude's History of, 575.

Faith, the Victory, Bishop McGill's, 575.

Hedge's Reason in Religion, 430.
Holmes, Oliver W., Humorous Poems, 576.

Lives of the Popes, 288.

Mother Juliana's Sixteen Revelations, 281.
Metropolites, The, 287.
Memoir and Sermons of Rev. F. A. Baker, 566.
Manning's Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost, 568.
Merry Christmas, A Cantata, 719.
Monthly, The, 719.
Mozart, Letters of, 856.

Newman's, Rev. Dr., History of Religious Opinions, 139.
Nicholas of the Flue, 718.

Remy St. Remy, 287.
Reason in Religion, 430.

Sixteen Revelations of Mother Juliana, 281.
Sherman's Great March, Story of, 283.
Saint John of the Cross, Works of, 432.
Spelling Book, The Practical Dictation, 576.
Spare Hours, 718.
St. Teresa, Life of, 855.

Thoreau's Cape Cod, 283.
The Old House by the Boyne, 286.
The Christian Examiner, 573, 717.

United States Cavalry, History of, 858.

Vade Mecum, The Catholic's, 859.

Digitized by Google

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 7.—OCTOBER, 1865.

Translated from the German.

MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

A SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESSES HELD AT MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

BY ANDREW NIEDERMASSER.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTERS.

THE Catholic Congresses in Belgium are of more recent date than the general conventions of all Catholic societies in Germany. The political commotions of 1848 burst the chains which had fettered the German Church, and ushered in a period of renewed religious life and activity. This new and glorious era was inaugurated by the council of twenty-six German bishops at Würzburg, which lasted from Oct. 22 to Nov. 16, 1848. There it was that our prelates boldly seized the serpent of German revolution, and in their hands the serpent was turned into a budding rod, the stay alike of Church and state.

Since then sixteen years have rolled by; sixteen general conventions have been held, each of which gained for its participants the respect of the public. Powerful was the influence exerted by these meetings on the religious life of the laity, as is shown both by the numerous and active associations that arose everywhere, and by the general spirit of enterprise which they fostered. By their means, the spirit and principles of the Church were made known to the Catholic laity, whose actions they were not slow to influence.

To these meetings may be traced, directly or indirectly, whatever good was accomplished within the past sixteen years in Catholic Germany; every part of Germany has felt their beneficial effects; they were well suited to perform the task allotted them; and have thus far at least attained the end for which they were called into existence.

These meetings were associations of laymen; of laymen penetrated with the spirit of faith, devoted to the Church, and fully convinced that in matters relating to the government of the Church, to the realization of the liberty and independence due to the Church, their only duty was to listen to the voice of their pastors, and to follow devotedly the lead of a hier-

Digitized by Google

archy they respected and revered. Though for the most part but one third of the members of the annual conventions were laymen, the lay character of the conventions is still theoretically asserted, and appears to some extent at least in practice, inasmuch as the president of the convention is always a layman, and the principal committee is mainly composed of laymen. The preference is also given to lay orators. The society of laymen submitted the constitution drafted and adopted at its first meeting, held at Mayence in 1848, not only to the Holy Father, but to all the bishops of Germany, who joyfully approved its sentiment, and expressed their interest in the welfare of the society. The same course is pursued to the present day; each of the sixteen general conventions maintained the most intimate relations with the German bishops and the Holy See.

In honor of the present pontiff, Pius IX., these associations at first adopted the name of *Piusvereine*, thus paying a just tribute of respect to the Holy Father. For Pius IX., during his long pontificate of almost twenty years, has become the leading spirit of the age; *we live in the age of Pius IX.* It was he who brought into vogue modern ideas, and he was the first to do justice to the wants of the age. As the historian now speaks of the age of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., so will the future historian write of the age of Pius IX. The true sons of the nineteenth century are gathered to fight under the banners of the many Catholic associations which, founded for the purpose of putting to flight the threatening assaults of infidelity, have spread during the pontificate of Pius IX. over every portion of the globe. In Switzerland the original name of these societies is retained; in Germany, owing to their branching out into numerous similar associations, it has disappeared, and we now speak of a "general convention of the Catholic associations in Germany."

The first general convention took place toward the beginning of October, 1848, in the ancient electoral palace at Mayence. Hundreds of noble spirits from every quarter of Germany met here, as if by magic; the Spirit of God had convened them. Meeting for the first time, they felt at once that they were friends and brothers. There was no discord, no embarrassment, for on all hearts rested a deep consciousness of the unity, the power, and the charity of their common faith. Whoever was present at this first gathering of the Catholics of Germany, owned to himself that by no scene which he had previously witnessed had he been so profoundly impressed. Opposite the stand from which the speakers were to address the meeting sat Bishop Kaiser, of Mayence, whilst most prominent among the orators of the occasion appeared his destined successor, Baron Emmanuel von Ketteler, who was at that time pastor of the poor and insignificant parish of Hopsten. Writing of him, Beda Weber said: "His determined character is a fresh and living type of the German nation, of its universality, its history, and its Catholic spirit. In his heart he bears the great and brave German race with all its countless virtues, and hence springs the peculiar boldness of his words, asserting that the revolution is but a means to rear the edifice of the German Church, an edifice destined to be far statelier than the cathedral of Cologne. His form was tall and powerful, his features marked, expressing at once his fearlessness, his energy, and his Westphalian devotion to God and the Church, to the emperor and the nation. The words of Baron von Ketteler acted irresistibly on all present, for they were but the echo of their own sentiments." Such was the impression then produced by the man who is now looked upon by the Catholics of Germany as their standard-bearer.

The voice of Beda Weber too was heard on that occasion. Frankfort had not as yet become the scene of his

Digitized by Google

labors as pastor, for he was still professor at Meran. He was a member of the German parliament, then holding its sessions at Frankfort, and like many other Catholic fellow members had come to Mayence for the purpose of assisting at the first general reunion of the Catholic societies. His eloquence likewise called forth immense enthusiasm. Strong and energetic, sometimes pointed and unsparing, a vigorous son of the mountains, manly, noble, and respected, he came forth at a most opportune moment from the solitude of his mountains and his cell, in order to take part in the struggles of his age and become their historian. A master at painting characters, he has written unrivalled sketches of the German parliament and clergy. Equally successful as an orator, a poet, a historian, and a contributor to periodical literature, Beda Weber was distinguished no less by a childlike heart and a nice appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, than by manly force and an untiring zeal for what is true and good. His deep and extensive learning has proved a useful weapon at all times. His writings were read throughout Germany, and to the rising generation Beda Weber has been an efficient instructor and director.

Döllinger of Munich was also present; he spoke for the twenty-three members of the German parliament, maintaining that the concessions granted to Catholics by that body would necessarily lead to the entire independence of the Church and the liberty of education. At a meeting of the Rhenish-Westphalian societies, held at Cologne in May, 1849, the learned provost delivered another speech, which was at that time considered one of the best, most timely, and most telling efforts of German eloquence. Döllinger's speech at the third general convention, which took place at Regensburg in October, 1849, was hailed as one of the few consoling signs of that gloomy period. It was a masterpiece of oratory, that brought conviction to all minds, and which will prove a lasting monument of German eloquence. The interest Döllinger displayed in these conventions should not be forgotten. He is entitled to our respect and gratitude for his aid in laying the foundations of the edifice; its completion he might well leave to others.

The other members of the parliament that spoke at Mayence were *Osterrath*, of Dantzic; *von Bally*, a Silesian; A. Reichensperger, of Cologne; Prof. Sepp, of Munich; and Prof. Knoodt, of Bonn. One of the most impressive speakers was Forster of Breslau, at that time canon of the Metropolitan church of Silesia, now prince-bishop of one of the seven principal sees in the world. Germany looks upon him as her best pulpit orator. Listen to the words of one who heard Forster at Mayence: "The chords of his soul are so delicate that every breath calls forth a sound, and as he must frequently encounter the storms of the world, we may readily pardon the deep melancholy which tinges his words. As he spoke, his heart was weighed down by the troubles of the times, and grief was pictured in his countenance, for he saw no prospect of reconciliation between the conflicting elements. He has no faith in a speedy settlemeut of the relations between Church and state, such a settlement as will allow freedom of action to the former. To him the revolution appears to be a divine judgment, punishing the clergy for their negligence, and chastising the laity for their crimes. His voice possesses a rich melody, which speaks in powerful accents to the heart. It sounds like the solemn chimes of a bell, waking every mind to the convictions which burst forth from the depth of his soul. He is an orator whose words seem like drops of honey, and whose faith and devotion call forth our love and our gratitude."

The best known of the Frankfort representatives were, Arndts, of Munich; Aulicke, of Berlin; Flir, of Lan-

Digitized by Google

deck; Kutzen, of Breslau; von Linde, of Darmstadt; Herman Müller, of Würtzburg; Stülz of St. Florian; Thinnes, of Eichstädt; and Vogel, of Dillingen.

The noble Baron Henry von Andlaw also assisted at the convention in Mayence. For sixteen years this chivalric and devoted defender of the Church has furthered by every means in his power the success of the Catholic conventions, and his name will often appear in these pages. Chevalier Francis Joseph von Buss, of Freiburg, was president of the meeting at Mayence. Buss is the founder of the Catholic associations in Germany; to him above all others was due the success of the convention at Mayence, and he it was who laid down the principles on which are based the Catholic societies throughout Germany, and which are the chief source of their efficacy. In 1848 Buss was in the flower of his age, fresh and vigorous in body and mind. All Germany was acquainted with his writings, his exertions, his sufferings, and his struggles. He was no novice on the battle-field, for he had passed through a fiery ordeal, and bore the marks of wounds inflicted both by his own passions and by the broken lances of his enemies. Naturally an agitator, and an enthusiast for ideas, bold, quick, and intrepid, he united restless activity and unquenchable ardor with the most self-sacrificing devotion. He is distinguished for extensive learning, a powerful imagination, and for the force and flow of his language. So constant and untiring have been his exertions for the liberty and independence of the Church, that one who is no mean painter of men and character has lately styled him the Bayard of the Church in the nineteenth century. The last time I saw and heard the Chevalier von Buss was in the convention held at Frankfort in 1862. His imposing figure, his bold commanding eye, his fiery patriotic heart, his glowing fancy, his powerful ringing voice, all were unchanged. His speeches exert the magic influence which belongs to an enthusiastic, powerful, and penetrating mind. Age has whitened his hair, wrinkles furrow his noble features, his life is on the wane. A glance at Catholic Germany and the growth of the Church during the past sixteen years, will reflect a bright consoling radiance on the evening of his life.

We must still mention one of the founders and chief stays of the Catholic general conventions, and one who, alas, is no more. I refer to Dr. Maurice Lieber, attorney and counsellor at Camberg in Nassau, one of the most active members at Mayence in 1848; he was elected president of the second general convention at Breslau in 1849. He was present at the first seven general meetings, and at Salzburg in 1857 filled the chair a second time. At Cologne, in 1858, this honor would again have been conferred on him had he not declined. Maurice Lieber seems by nature to have been designed to preside at these assemblies. Of a noble appearance, he combined dignity with gentleness, force and decision with moderation; his remarks were always to the point. An able and spirited writer and journalist, he contributed in a great measure to make the public acquainted with the aim and object of the newly founded association. He never grew weary of scattering good and fruitful seed, and his writings as well as his speeches were life-inspiring, strengthening, purifying productions. The name of Maurice Lieber will ever be honored.

Beside the eminent men above mentioned, those whose exertions aided in calling into existence the Catholic general conventions in Germany are Lennig, vicar-general at Mayence, Prof. Riffel, Himioben, now dead, and lastly, Heinrich and Moufang, who have been present at almost every meeting.

So many illustrious names are connected with the foundation of the

Digitized by Google

Catholic congress in Belgium that to do all justice will be extremely difficult.

The political and religious status of Belgium is sufficiently well known. In Belgium there are but two parties; the one espouses the cause of God, the other supports that of Antichrist. These parties are on the point of laying aside entirely their political character and of opposing each other on religious grounds. War is inevitable, war to the knife; either party must perish. "To be or not to be, that is the question."

Outnumbering the Catholics in parliament, the followers of Antichrist eagerly use their superiority to trample their opponents in the dust and, if possible, annihilate them. The people is the stronghold of the latter; for the great majority of the Belgians are Catholics, sincere, fervent, self-sacrificing Catholics. They yield support neither to the rationalists nor to the solidaires and affranchis. Day by day the influence of the Catholic leaders increases; they are whetting their swords, and gathering recruits to fight for Christ and his Church. The congress at Malines is their rendezvous, as it were. Even the first congress, that of 1863, exerted a magic influence; the drowsy were aroused from their lethargy, and the faint-hearted were inspired with confidence; they saw their strength and felt it. In that congress we see the beginning of a new epoch in the religious history of Belgium.

The Belgium congresses are imitations of the Catholic conventions in Germany. A number of men used their best endeavors to bring about the congress of 1863, and for this they deserve our respect and gratitude. We shall mention but a few of the many.

Dumortier will head our list. He is one of the most powerful speakers in Belgium, a ready debater, a valiant champion of the Catholic cause, whose delight it is to fight for his principles. Dumortier has the power of kindling in his hearers his own enthusiasm, as he proved in 1863 at Aix-la-chapelle. He has all the qualities of an agitator, and these qualities were the cause of his success in bringing about the congress of 1863. When indignant, Dumortier inspires awe; his brow is clouded, and like a hurricane he sweeps everything before him. It is the anger of none but noble spirits that increases our affection for them. Once only I saw Dumortier swell with just indignation, and I seldom witnessed a spectacle more sublime.

Ducpetiaux was the soul of the congresses at Malines. To singular talent for organization he joins a burning zeal for the interests of Catholicity, and to them he devotes every day and hour of his life. No sacrifice is too great, no labor too exhausting, if it is needed to further the Catholic cause. As general secretary, he is in communication with the leading men of Catholic Europe. At his call Catholics from every country flocked to Malines. Ducpetiaux was the ruling mind of the congress, for the president had intrusted him, to a great extent, with its management. Cautious, subtle, and quick, he is prompt in action, though no great speaker. The most numerous assembly would be obedient to his nod. Ducpetiaux is no stranger to Germany, for he was among us at Aix-la-chapelle in 1862, and at Würzburg in 1864, and the whole-souled remarks made by him on the latter occasion will long ring in our memory. He is an international character, a type of the nineteenth century. By the interest a man takes in the movements and ideas of his age, and by his intercourse with prominent characters, we may easily estimate his influence. To Germany a general secretary like Ducpetiaux would be of inestimable advantage.

Viscount *de Kuckhove* must not be passed over in silence. A thorough well bred gentleman, he is familiar with the nations and languages of

Digitized by Google

Europe. He is a man of mind, energy, and prudence, and of a dazzling appearance. He seems the embodiment of elegance. His speeches sparkle with delicate touches and are distinguished for refinement. His voice is somewhat shrill and sharp, but melodious withal. In Belgium the viscount ranks as an orator equal to Dechamps and Dumortier. His favorite scheme, to the promotion of which he gives his entire energies, is the closest union among Catholics of all countries. At times he expresses this idea so forcibly that he is misunderstood, but in itself the scheme is praiseworthy, and has been more or less realized in the age of Pius IX.

Baron *von Gerlache* now demands our attention. He was president of the congress both in 1863 and in 1864. If I were writing his biography, how eventful a life would it be my lot to portray! Baron Gerlache is identified with Belgian history since 1830; for more than forty years he has been acknowledged by the Catholics in Belgium as their head. In 1831 he had no mean share in forming the Belgian constitution, a constitution based on political eclecticism, which at that time satisfied all parties, and which promised even-handed justice to all. Gerlache has ever been the loyal defender of this constitution; Belgium has not a more devoted son. He is a historian and a statesman. But the Church too claims his affection, the great and holy Catholic Church. All Belgium listens to his voice, and his words sometimes become decrees. He speaks with dignity and moderation, with caution and prudence; he is always guided by reason, and never loses sight of facts. His energies spent in the course of a life of seventy-two years, he is no longer understood as well as formerly; his voice has become too weak to address an assemblage of six thousand persons; but there is in it something so solemn, so moving, that his hearers seem spell-bound. His language is appropriate, and at times approaches sublimity. Baron Gerlache is as much the idol of the Catholics of Belgium as O'Connell was of the Irish; he is as respected as Joseph von Görres was in Germany; he is the Godfrey de Bouillon of the great Belgian crusade of the nineteenth century. Great men seldom appear alone; around them are grouped many minor characters, well worthy of a niche in the temple of fame. The most prominent of those who have fought side by side with Baron von Gerlache are the Count de Theux, a veteran in political warfare, generous, able, and experienced in the art of governing; the Baron della Faille, a man distinguished for the dignity of his demeanor and the nobility of his character; his manners are captivating, and his features bear the impress of calmness, moderation, and judgment; the Viscount Bethune, of Ghent, a venerable old man, whose countenance beams with piety, and who in the course of a long career has gathered a store of wisdom and experience; General Capiaumont, a man immovable as a rock, and full of chivalrous sentiments. These venerable men were seated on each side of the President von Gerlache. But the other members are no less worthy of notice. To hear and see such men produces a profound impression.

Dechamps, the mighty Dechamps, the lion of Flanders and Brabant, must not be forgotten. He stands at the head of the Belgian statesmen, brave as Achilles, the terror of the so-called liberals. Dechamps was one of the pearls of the last congress; his mere appearance had a magic effect; the few words he addressed to the assembly before its organization called forth a storm of applause; he electrifies his hearers by his bold and sparkling ideas.

We must next call attention to Joseph *de Hemptinne*. The owner of immense factories, he employs thousands of laborers, and freely devotes his fortune to the cause of the Church. *He* also contributed to the success of

Digitized by Google

the congress of Malines. His employés owe him a debt of gratitude. Like a father, he cares for their corporal and spiritual welfare, accompanies them when going to assist at mass, and with them he says the beads and receives the sacrament. De Hemptinne is entirely devoted to his country and his faith; his countenance is a mirror that reflects a pure and guileless soul, deeply imbued with religious feeling. It has seldom been my good fortune to meet as amiable a man as Joseph de Hemptinne.

Perin next demands our notice. He fills a professorship at Louvain, and is well known to the public by his writings. In the congress he was noted as an adroit business man. Possessing a refined mind, stored with manifold attainments, he exerts a peculiar, I might almost say magic, influence on those with whom he deals. His fine piercing eye beams with knowledge, not mere book learning, but the knowledge of men, whilst his noble forehead is stamped with the seal of uncommon intellectual power. In his language as well as in his actions Perin is extremely graceful; he might not inaptly be styled the *doctor elegantissimus*. Count *Villermont* of Brussels is well known in Germany, and respected for his historical researches. At Malines he displayed extraordinary activity. True, he seems to be no favorite of the graces—the warrior appears in all his actions. On seeing him, I imagined I beheld the colonel of one of Tilly's Walloon regiments. This circumstance must surprise us all the more, as the count is not only a diligent student of history and a generous supporter of the Catholic press in Belgium, but also a man who takes a lively interest in every charitable undertaking and in the social amelioration of his country. Would to God that Germany had many Counts Villermont! Monsignor *de Ram*, the rector magnificus of the university of Louvain, was the representative of Belgian science at Malines. Ever since its establishment, he has been at the head of that institution, which he has governed with a firm and steady hand. He is the pride of Belgium, eminent, perhaps the most eminent, among all her sons. His authority is most ample, and to it we must probably trace the majestic calmness that distinguishes his whole being, for to me de Ram appears to be the personification of dignity. At the proper moment, however, he knows how to display the volubility and affable manners of the Roman prelate.

Many illustrious Belgian names might still be mentioned, but we will speak of them in a more appropriate place.

The Belgian congresses differ in some respects from the Catholic conventions in Germany, for the latter are by no means so well attended as the former. At the German meetings, the number of members never exceeded fifteen hundred; only six hundred representatives were present at the convention of Frankfort in 1863, whilst that of Breslau in 1849 mustered scarcely two hundred members. In 1863 four thousand, and in 1864 no less than five thousand, were present at the Malines congress. The sight of this army, full of fervor and of zeal to do battle for the faith, involuntarily reminds us of the warriors who were marshalled under the banners of Godfrey for the purpose of achieving the conquest of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Or it recalls to our mind the great council of Clermont (Nov., 1095), at which the entire assembly, hurried away by the eloquent appeals of Urban II., shouted with one accord "*Deus lo volt*," "God wills it," and swore to deliver Jerusalem from the tyranny of the Moslems. The members of the Catholic congresses are the crusaders of the nineteenth century, for in their own way they too battle for Christendom against its enemies, falsehood and malice.

Belgium is a small kingdom, Malines the central point where all its railroads converge; it is a Catholic coun-

Digitized by Google

try, boasting of a numerous clergy both secular and regular; it is an international country, the Lombardy of the north. Its position has made it the connecting link between the Romanic and Teutonic races, between the continent and England. Thus situated, Belgium is a rendezvous equally convenient for the German, the Frenchman, and the Briton. Moreover, Belgium has ever been the battle ground of Germany and France: where can be found a more suitable spot on which to decide the great struggle for the freedom of the Church? This explains sufficiently the numerous attendance of the Belgium congress. In addition to the foreign element, the congress at Malines calls forth the entire intellectual strength of Belgium, both lay and clerical. No one remains at home; all are brethren fighting for the same cause; all wish to imbibe new vigor, to gather new courage for the struggle, for the congress acts like the spiritual exercises of a mission.

Very different is the situation of Germany. Much larger than Belgium, its most central point is at a considerable distance from its extremities. Beside, the conventions do not even meet at the most convenient point, but change their place of meeting every year. Suppose, therefore, the convention is held in some city on the French border, say Freiburg, or Treves, or Aix-la-chapelle, this arrangement will render it very difficult for the delegates from the opposite extremity of the empire to attend, the more so since it is not likely that the German railroad companies will reduce their fares to half price, as was done by the Belgium government roads. Lastly, our language, difficult in itself, and especially so to the Romanic races, who are not distinguished for extensive philological learning, will prevent many from attending our meetings.

For these reasons, the German reunions are hardly an adequate representation of the Church militant; comparatively few can attend, the majority must remain at home. For the most part, our conventions are chiefly composed of delegates from the district or diocese in which they are held. Nevertheless, every German tribe has its representative, and Germany, with its many tribes and states, is by no means an inappropriate emblem of the European family of nations.

The hall of the *Petit Seminaire* at Malines, where the Belgian congress meets, is spacious and well fitted for its purpose; it will seat six thousand persons. Nevertheless, only such as have admission tickets, which cannot be obtained except at extravagant prices, can assist at the sessions. The public in general are excluded, and but few seats are reserved for ladies. On the other hand, the German convention, which meets now in one city, then in another, desires and encourages, above all things, the attendance of the inhabitants of the city where it meets. In every city it has scattered fruit-producing seed. At one place, the convention called into existence a society for the promotion of Christian art; at another, an altar society, a conference of St. Vincent de Paul, or a social club; and in many cities it inspired new religious life and activty. In fact, if the city for some reason cannot assist at the meetings, as was the case in Würzburg, one of the most important ends of the convention is defeated. The congress at Malines is too numerous to travel from place to place; moreover, its meetings are not annual, as are those of the German conventions.

The congress of Malines, like the German convention, claims to be a congress of laymen. But though here, too, the principal committee is mainly composed of laymen, the assembly has almost lost its lay character. Among the laymen, however, who attend the Belgian congress, there are many ex cellent speakers, in fact these are more numerous than in Germany.

Digitized by Google

All the Belgian bishops were present at Malines. Whilst in Germany but one or two bishops assist at the convention, the daily meetings of the Malines congress were attended by the primate of Belgium, Cardinal Sterex, and the bishops of Bruges, Namur, Ghent, Liege, and Doornik. The bishops took part in the debates, and in 1864 the speech of Monseigneur Dupanloup was the event of the day, whilst the congress of 1863 had been distinguished by the presence of the illustrious archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Wiseman. Whenever the bishops appeared, they were welcomed with bursts of enthusiasm. For a full week might be witnessed the most friendly intercourse between the bishops and the other members of the congress, and thus the bonds of affectionate love already existing between the hierarchy, the clergy, and the laity were drawn still closer.

The nobility too of Flanders and Brabant, nay of all Belgium, was well and worthily represented. On the rolls of the Malines congress we meet the most illustrious Belgian names, names pregnant with historic interest. The German nobles, on the contrary, have thus far paid little attention to what is nearest and dearest to mankind, the interests of humanity and religion. True, the Rhenish-Westphalian nobility appeared in considerable numbers and displayed praiseworthy zeal at the conventions of Aix-la-chapelle, Frankfort, and Würzburg, nevertheless there is still room for improvement. Thus far the Bavarian and Franconian nobles have taken no part in furthering the restoration of the Church in Germany, and of the same indifference the Austrian nobility were accused by Count Frederick von Thun, of Vienna. Still, what a blessing for the nobility if they devoted their influence to the service of the Church! The consequence would be the regeneration of the German nobility. May God grant that the German nobles, like those of Belgium, will join in cordially promoting our great and sacred cause. Leaders are not wanting, men of talent, energy, and devotion, such as the Prince Charles of Löwenstein, Werthheim, and Prince Charles of Isenburg-Birstein.

The professors of the university at Louvain were not only present at Malines, but worked with their usual energy and ability in the different sections of the congress. They presented to the world the noble spectacle of laymen uniting learning with zeal for religion and devotion to the Church, a spectacle seldom witnessed in Germany. Of the two thousand professors and fellows of the twenty-two German universities, how many are there who, untainted by pride and self-sufficiency, call the Church their mother? It is the union of knowledge and piety that produces genuine men, worthy of admiration, and at Malines such men were not scarce.

At Malines the foreigners were well represented; in the German conventions but few make their appearance. Twice did France send her chosen warriors to the congress—the first time in 1863, led by Montalembert, at present the most brilliant defender of the Church, and again in 1864, under the Bishop of Orleans, called by some the Bossuet of our day. In August, 1863, the Tuileries were anxiously occupied with the speeches held in the Petit Seminaire at Malines, for in France despotism has gagged free speech, and there a congress of Catholic Europe is an impossibility; the Cæsar's minions would tolerate no such assembly.

Next to the French delegation, the German, led by A. Reichensperger, of Cologne, was the most numerous. There might also be seen a noble band of Englishmen, and their speaker, Father Herman the convert, seemed another St. Bernard preaching the crusade. Spain, Italy, Ireland, Hungary, Poland, Brazil, the United States, Palestine, the Cape of Good Hope, almost every country on the globe, were represented at Malines. True, the assembly was by no means

Digitized by Google

as large as the multitude that met in Rome on June 8, 1862, when Pius IX. saw gathered around him in St. Peter's church three hundred prelates, thousands of priests, and forty to fifty thousand laymen, representing every nation of the earth. Still, the congress at Malines brings to recollection those immense gatherings of bygone times, where princes and bishops, nobles and priests, met to provide for the welfare of the nations committed to their charge.

The Malines congress is in its infancy, still the general committee has displayed rare ability. All business matters are intrusted to a few, whilst in Germany there is a great want of order, owing partly to the inexperience of the local committees, and partly to the scarcity of men versed in parliamentary proceedings. At the Mayence convention in 1848, want of preparation might be excused; the subsequent meeting had not the same claims on our indulgence. The Frankfort reunion in 1863 attempted to remedy the evil and partly succeeded, but until an efficient general committee be established, many irregularities must be expected. At Malines the delegates are furnished with a programme of the questions to be discussed in the different sections; at Würzburg, on the contrary, the convention seemed at first scarcely to know the purpose for which it had been convened. In Germany, the bureau of direction is composed of three presidents and sundry honorary members and secretaries; at Malines it consists of fifty to sixty officers of the congress, and the list of honorary vice-presidents is at times very formidable. In Belgium secret sessions are unknown, whilst in Germany it often happens that the most important proceedings are decided upon in secret session, whereas the public meetings are mainly devoted to the delivery of brilliant speeches. At Malines the resolutions adopted by the different sections are passed upon in a short session, seldom attended by more than one-fifth of all the delegates. One evil at the Belgium congress is the imperfect knowledge of the German character and of the religious status of Germany. As the Romanic nations will never learn our language, it remains for us to supply the deficiency. We must go to Malines, and expound our views in French both in the sections and before the full congress. A. Reichensperger pursued the proper course in the section of Christian art. With surpassing ability he defended the principles of the Church, triumphantly he came forth from the contest, and many were prevailed upon to adopt his views. No doubt men like Reichensperger are not found every day, nevertheless we might easily send one or two able representatives to every section of the congress. If some one were to do for Germany what Cardinal Wiseman did for England in 1863, when he set forth in clear and forcible language the state of Catholicity in that country, he would deserve the everlasting gratitude of the Romanic races.

Leaving these considerations aside for the present, one thing is certain, we must profit by each other's wisdom and experience. Whatever may be the defects of the Belgian congresses or of the German conventions, they mark the beginning of a new era for Belgium and Germany. For when in the spring of 1848 the storm of revolution swept away dynasties built on diplomacy and police regulations, the Catholics, quick to take advantage of the liberty granted them, made use of the freedom of assembly, of speech, and of the press to defend the interests of religion and of the Church. To Germany the liberty thus acquired for the Church has proved a blessing. This liberty, attained after so many years of Babylonian captivity, acted so forcibly, that many called the day on which the first general convention met a "second Pentecost, revealing the spirit, the force, and the charity of Catholicism." We Catholics have learned the language of freedom, we

Digitized by Google

know the power of free speech. Next to the liberty of speech, it is their publicity that gives a charm to these conventions. Whoever addresses these assemblies speaks before the whole Church, and his words are re-echoed in every country. There the prince and the mechanic, the master and the journeyman, the refined gentleman and the child of nature, all alike have the right to express their opinions. They afford a general insight into the social and religious condition of our times, disclosing at once their defects and their fair side. How inspiring it is to see men, thorough men, with sound principles, full of vital energy, and of experience acquired in public life, men of intellectual vigor and mental refinement! Hence arise great and manifold activity, unity of sentiment, and zeal for the weal of all, in short, feelings of true brotherly love. Great events arouse deep feelings, and the glory of one casts its radiance over many. There is something beautiful and grand in these Catholic reunions. They tend to awaken society to a consciousness of its nobler feelings and to spread Catholic ideas; they give strength and unity to the exertions of all who endeavor seriously to promote the interests of Catholicity; they are, as it were, a mirror that reflects an exact image of the life of the Church. Before their influence narrow-mindedness withers; we take an interest in men and things that had never before come within the scope of our mental vision, and on our return from the congress to the ordinary pursuits of life, we forget fossil notions and take up new ideas. As we feel the heat of the sun after it has set, so long after the adjournment of each convention do we feel its influence. The eloquent words of the champion of their faith kindle in the hearts of Catholic youth a glowing ardor which promises a bright and glorious future. All are impressed with the conviction that it is only by unflinching bravery that victories are won.

"As in nature," says Hergenröther, "individuals are subordinate to species, species to genera, and these again to a general unity of design, thus in the Catholic Church all submit freely to the triple unity of faith, of the sacraments, and of government. Whether they come from the north or the south, from beyond the Channel or from the banks of the Rhine, from the Scheldt or the Danube, from the March or the Leitha, all Catholics of every country and every clime are brethren, members of the same family, all speak but one language, the lips of all pronounce the same Catholic prayer, and all offer to their Heavenly Father the same august sacrifice. Every Catholic convention is a symbol of this great, this universal society. And as in nature we admire the most astonishing variety, and the wonderful display of thousands of hues and tints, so in the Church we behold a gathering of countless tribes and nations, differing in their institutions, their customs, and in their application of the arts and sciences."

Some of my readers, perhaps, are impatient of the praise here lavished on contemporaries. Fame, it is true, has ever dazzled mortal eyes, but I am not now dealing with the miserable characters who consider fame as merchandise that can be bought and sold, who are always panting for honied words, and who never lose sight of themselves. No; I am in the presence of Catholic men, purified by Catholic doctrine and discipline, who hold fame to be vain trumpery. Claiming to be no infallible judge of men, my aim has been to note down what I have seen and heard, for I have been at no special pains to study the characters of those here mentioned.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

NAPOLEON'S MARRIAGE WITH MARIE-LOUISE.

THERE are many circumstances where even an excess of caution may not be injudicious, and few things can be more important than to ascertain the veracity of historical facts. Therefore we would fain preface this second episode drawn from the memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, by pointing out the grounds on which their authenticity rests. We pass over the editor himself, Monsieur Crétineau-Joly, to arrive at the account he gives of the manner in which these papers fell into his possession. Written for the most part by the cardinal during his exile at Rheims, they were hastily penned, and carefully concealed from the French officials that surrounded him. When dying, Cardinal Consalvi intrusted these important documents to friends on whom he could rely. They have since been transmitted as a sacred deposit from one fiduciary executor to another. The last clause of his will relates to this matter, and runs thus:

"My fiduciary heir (and those who shall succeed him in the administration of my property) will take particular care of my writings: on the conclave held at Venice in 1799 and 1800; on the concordat of 1801; on the marriage of the Emperor Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie-Louise of Austria; on the different epochs of my life and ministry. These five papers (of which some are far advanced, and I shall set about the others) are not to be published till after the death of the principal personages named therein. As the memoirs upon the conclave, the concordat, the marriage, and my ministry relate more especially to the Holy See and the pontifical government, my fiduciary heir will be solicitous to present them to the reigning pontiff; and he will beg the Holy Father to have these writings carefully preserved in the archives of the Vatican. They may serve the Holy See more than once; especially if the history of events therein related comes to be written, or if there were some false account to refute. As to the memoirs concerning the different epochs of my life, the extinction of my family leaving no one whom they may interest, these writings can remain in the hands of my fiduciary heir and his successors in the administration of my property (or they might go with the others to the archives of the Vatican if they are thought worth preserving). My only desire is, that if hereafter, as will probably be the case, the lives of the cardinals are continued, these pages written by me may then be made known. For I wish that nothing contrary to truth should be published concerning me; being desirous to preserve a good reputation, as is recommended by holy Scripture. With regard to the truth of the facts contained in my writings, it suffices me to say: '*Deus scit quia non mentior.*'

"(Signed) E. CARD. CONSALVI.
"*Rome*, 1*st August*, 1822."

In 1858 it was deemed that the time for publication had come. Monsieur Crétineau-Joly was then staying at Rome; and the papers were confided to him for that purpose by "those eminent personages who, through gratitude or respect, had accepted the deposit of Consalvi's manuscripts." Accordingly, a part did come out the following year, and the remainder is now before the public. The part which appeared first, embodied in "*L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution*," won for M. Crétineau-Joly in 1861 a flattering brief from Pope

Digitized by Google

Pius IX., which heads the third edition of the work.

Nine years had rolled on since the concordat. Ten months after the Pope's presence had given solemnity to his coronation, Napoleon caused the French troops to occupy Ancona; Pius VII., having refused to become virtually a French prefect, was deprived of his temporal sovereignty, and then at last dragged from his capital to be transferred a prisoner to Florence, Grenoble, and finally Savona. Excommunication had been pronounced against those who perpetrated these deeds of violence. Meanwhile, Napoleon, at the summit of earthly grandeur, longed for an heir to whom he might transmit his vast dominions. The repudiation of Josephine offered some difficulty to his heart, we believe; but his strong will soon triumphed over that and every other obstacle. Proud Austria stooped to court his preference. Napoleon, disappointed in his wish for a Russian alliance, but in too much haste to wait negotiations, let his choice fall with equal pleasure on a daughter of the house of Hapsburg; Marie-Louise, just then eighteen, came a willing bride to share the splendors of the imperial throne. To prepare for her reception, a state comedy had been enacted at the Tuileries, when Napoleon, holding his good and well-beloved Josephine by the hand, read from a written paper his heroic determination to renounce her for the public weal. Poor Josephine could not get on so well; sobs choked her utterance when she essayed to read her paper in turn. Convulsive fainting-fits had followed when Napoleon first broached in private the resolve he had taken, and called upon her to aid it by consenting to become, instead of his wife, his best and dearest friend. But all that was over now.

One only difficulty had arisen, which even the imperious will of Napoleon failed wholly to break. It was the same that had ever thwarted him. He could destroy all temporal barriers to his ambition; but the spiritual element would rise up and protest. How cut asunder the religious tie that linked him to Josephine? For the Church's blessing had been given to their union ere the Pope would consent to perform the ceremony of the coronation. Full well Napoleon knew that he could with an iron hand put down clamor for the present; but would that dispel the feeling in men's consciences? would that suffice to establish the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne?

M. Thiers gives a curious account of the whole transaction. Cardinal Fesch, usually so pliant to all his nephew's wishes, appears to have been the first to start the difficulty; M. Cambacérès, the chancellor, transmitted his observations to Napoleon. The latter was highly indignant, declaring that a ceremony which had taken place privately, in the chapel of the Tuileries, without any witnesses, and with the sole view of quieting Josephine's scruples and those of the Pope, could not be binding. Finally, however, it was agreed to look at the marriage religiously as well as civilly, and to dissolve both ties. For both, annulment was preferred to the ordinary form of divorce, as more honorable for Josephine; and a defect in procedure or a great state reason were to constitute the grounds of dissolution. It was resolved that no reference should be made to the Pope in any way, as his feelings toward Napoleon under present circumstances could not be friendly. The civil marriage had been easily dissolved by mutual consent of the parties and for public reasons, as seen above, when Napoleon and Josephine read their respective papers before the assembled council. With the views just stated, a committee of seven bishops was formed to pronounce on the religious tie. They declared the marriage irregular; as having taken place without witnesses, and without sufficient consent of the parties concerned. With regard to the absence of witnesses, M. Thiers puts in a note: "It was through a false indication given

Digitized by Google

by a contemporary manuscript that I before mentioned MM. de Talleyrand and Berthier as having been present at the religious marriage privately celebrated at the Tuileries on the eve of Napoleon's coronation. The author of this manuscript held the facts from the lips of the Empress Josephine, and had been led into error. Official documents which I have since procured enable me to rectify this assertion."

What more likely than that Josephine told the simple truth, and that official papers were made to meet future contingencies? If it had not been intended to annul the marriage by *any* means, why was the certificate of it wrested from Josephine?

Agreeably to the decision of the bishops, it was resolved to pursue the annulment of the marriage as defective in form before the diocesan officialty in the first instance, and afterward before the metropolitan authority. Canonical proceedings were quietly instituted, and witnesses summoned. These witnesses were Cardinal Fesch, MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc. The first was to testify as to the forms observed; and the three others as to the nature of the consent given by both parties concerned. Cardinal Fesch declared he had received dispensations from the Pope authorizing the omission of certain forms, and thus justified the absence of witnesses and of the parish curé. MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc affirmed having heard from Napoleon several times that he only intended to allow a mere ceremony for the purpose of reassuring the Pope's conscience and that of Josephine; but that his formal determination had ever been not to complete his union with the empress, being unhappily convinced that he must one day renounce her for the good of his empire.

A strange conscience is here manifested by Napoleon. Josephine does not appear to have been summoned to tell her tale.

After this inquiry, the ecclesiastical authority recognized that there had not been sufficient consent; but out of respect to the parties this ground of nullity was not specially insisted on. The causes assigned for dissolving the marriage rested on the absence of all witnesses, and of the parish curé. The general dispensations granted to Cardinal Fesch were not considered to have superseded these necessities. M. Thiers says on this point, "En conséquence, le mariage fut cassé devant les deux jurisdictions diocésaine et métropolitaine, c'est à dire, en première et en seconde instances, avec le décence convenable, et la *pleine observance du droit canonique!* Napoleon était donc libre."

M. Thiers makes no reference to the Pope, who surely must be supposed to have known whether the ceremony performed for the sole purpose of allaying his and Josephine's scruples were perfectly valid by canon law. It is not possible to admit that he could have insisted on the same, and being present on the spot could yet have failed to ascertain beyond doubt the religious legality of the marriage; more especially as he could have at once removed the obstacle by a dispensation.

This topic must have been mentioned between the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi; it is evident from the conduct of the latter that he and many other cardinals considered the marriage with Josephine as binding in a religious point of view. The character of Consalvi precludes the possibility of supposing any petty motives for his opposition; conscience alone could have dictated it. Evidently he yielded as far as he could; and what he withheld from duty was with manifest peril to himself, and, humanly speaking, even to the Church, whose interests were so dear to him. As to the number of cardinals holding opposite views, or at least acting as if they did, the weakness of human nature, alas, and the selfishness of human interests, too well explain that circum-

Digitized by Google

stance. Grave historians and writers of genius do not always take sufficient account of *conscience* in their estimate of men and things, and thence flow many errors. Those who are politicians also, from their wide knowledge of human vices, fall still more readily into this mistake. Thus Napoleon probably never believed the Pope to be in earnest, or at least his mind could not hold such an idea long together. To himself state policy was all, or nearly all. His negotiations with the Holy See, his appreciations of Consalvi, all bear the stamp of that starting-point; to him it was a trial of strength in will, or of skill in diplomacy: he ignored conscience. In the same way, a mind eminently lucid as that of M. Thiers judges facts in a very different manner than he would do if he could see that with some minds conscience is the spring of action. If this were not the case, he could not, while speaking of the Pope with due respect, pass over his motives so slightly; nor would he construe as he does Consalvi's conduct with regard to the marriage and that of the other *black cardinals*. The opinions of such men deserved to raise a doubt in the mind of the historian, and to lead to investigation that might have had other results. We purposely lay stress on this matter because M. Thiers is popular with a large class of readers, who justly admire his talent, but who erroneously consider him a fair exponent on ecclesiastical affairs. He does respect religion; but evidently fails to apprehend the idea of men constantly swayed by duty and conscience; whose judgments may err, as all things human do, but whose supernatural principle of action ever lives.

Toward the close of January, 1810, the conclusion of a matrimonial alliance to take place between Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie-Louise was made public in Paris. The ceremony was to be performed by proxy at Vienna in the early part of March; the Archduke Charles being chosen to represent Napoleon on this occasion, and Berthier was the ambassador extraordinary named to ask formally the hand of the princess. The subsequent fêtes at Paris were to vie in splendor with those given at Vienna. Napoleon wished to surround himself with all the members of the Sacred College; a large number had already been summoned to Paris soon after the Pope's captivity; they had been ordered to partake in the festivities of the capital, and we regret to say that they complied. Rome, it must not be forgotten, was now called a French provincial town; Napoleon was progressing on to become the emperor of the West, with the Pope, the spiritual father of Christendom, as his satellite. The other cardinals in Rome were called to Paris. Some found pretexts for delaying obedience; Cardinals Consalvi and di Pietro replied that they could not think of leaving without the Pope's permission, but would immediately refer to him, at the same time declining the pension offered in Paris. After the lapse of a few days an express order enjoined them to quit Rome within twenty-four hours. They alleged that no answer had yet arrived from the Pope. But at the expiration of the period fixed, French soldiers visited their houses to carry them off by force. Yielding to violence they departed, and reached Paris together on the 20th January, 1810.

Twenty-nine cardinals, including Fesch, were then assembled in the French capital. How they should act with regard to the new marriage became soon a subject of grave consultation for them. Consalvi and di Pietro had not long arrived when it was publicly announced. Napoleon seemed disposed to treat them with courtesy. Consalvi had his audience six days after his arrival. Five other cardinals, new comers also, were presented at the same time. They were ranged together on one side, while the other cardinals remained opposite. Further on were the nobles, ministers, kings,

Digitized by Google

queens, princes, and princesses. When the emperor appeared, Cardinal Fesch stepped forward and began presenting the five. "Cardinal Pignatelli," said he. "Neapolitan," replied the emperor, and passed on. "Cardinal di Pietro," continued Fesch. The emperor stopped a moment, and said, "You have grown fat; I remember having seen you here with the Pope at my coronation." "Cardinal Saluzzo," said Fesch, presenting the third. "Neapolitan," replied the emperor, and walked on. "Cardinal Desping," said Fesch, as the fourth saluted. "Spanish," replied the emperor. "From Majorca," cried Desping, in alarm. But Napoleon had already reached Consalvi, and ere Cardinal Fesch could say the name, he exclaimed, in the kindest tone, and standing still, "Oh, Cardinal Consalvi; how thin you have become! I should hardly have recognized you." "Sire," replied Consalvi, "years accumulate. Ten have passed since I had the honor of saluting your majesty." "That is true," resumed Napoleon; "it is now almost ten years since you came for the concordat. We made that treaty in this very hall; but what purpose has it served? All has vanished in smoke. Rome would lose all. It must be owned, I was wrong to displace you from the ministry. If you had continued in that post, things would not have been carried so far."

Listening only to the fear of having his actions misconstrued by the public, Consalvi instantly replied with energy, "Sire, if I had remained in that post, I should have done my duty." Napoleon looked at him fixedly, made no answer, and then going backward and forward through the half-circle formed by the cardinals, began a long monologue, enumerating a number of grievances against the Pope and against Rome for not having adhered to his will by refusing to adopt the system offered. At length, being near Consalvi, he stopped, and said a second time, "No, if you had remained at your post, things would not have gone so far." Again Consalvi replied, "Your majesty may believe that I should have done my duty." Napoleon gave the cardinal another fixed glance, and then without reply recommenced his walks, continuing his former discourse. At last he stopped near Cardinal di Pietro, and said for the third time, "If Cardinal Consalvi had remained secretary of state, things would not have gone so far." Consalvi was at the other end of the little group of five, and need not have answered; but earnest to exonerate himself from all suspicion, he advanced toward Napoleon, and seizing his arm, exclaimed, "Sire, I have already assured your majesty that had I remained in that post, I should certainly have done my duty." The emperor no longer containing himself, and with eyes steadily bent on Consalvi, burst forth into these words, "Oh! I repeat it, your duty would not have allowed you to sacrifice spiritual to temporal things." After this he turned his back on Consalvi, and going over to the cardinals opposite, asked if they had heard his words. Then returning to the five, he observed that the College of Cardinals was now nearly complete in Paris, and that they would do well to see among themselves it there was anything to propose or regulate concerning Church affairs. "Let Cardinal Consalvi be of the committee," added Napoleon; "for if, as I suppose, he is ignorant of theology, he knows well the science of politics."

At a second and third audience, Napoleon showed similar kindness to Consalvi, always asking after his health, and remarking that he was getting fatter now. The cardinal only answered by deep salutations.

Principally through Consalvi's influence, the cardinals, in a collective letter addressed to the emperor, declined acting in any way while separated from their head, the Pope. Napoleon had angrily torn their letter to pieces; but even this opposition to his will had not changed his courtesy to-

Digitized by Google

ward Consalvi, as seen above. He was bent on creating a schism between them and the Pope. Fesch, his ready instrument, proposed several steps as beneficial to religion, but the majority of cardinals refused to do anything. Unlike many of his colleagues, Consalvi held aloof from all society. Beside the prohibition of the Pope, who at Rome had forbidden the members of the Sacred College to assist at festivities while the Church was in mourning, he considered it unworthy conduct for them to take part in amusements while their head remained in captivity, or to seem to court one who had brought such calamities on the Holy See.

While invited to discuss ecclesiastical matters in committee for presentation to the emperor, the cardinals were not by any means requested to give an opinion on the new marriage. But it became very necessary that they should have one as the time approached for the arrival of Marie-Louise, and for the celebration of the marriage ceremonies in Paris.

She reached Compiègne on the 27th of March. Napoleon, to spare her the embarrassment of a public meeting, had surprised her on the road, and they entered the little town together. A few days after they proceeded to St. Cloud. Four ceremonies were to take place. First there was to be a grand presentation on the 31st of March, at St. Cloud, of all the bodies in the state, the nobles and other dignitaries. The next morning the civil marriage was to be celebrated also at St. Cloud. The 2d of April was fixed for the grand entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the solemnity of the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries; the following morning another presentation of the state bodies and the court was to take place before the emperor and the new empress seated on their thrones.

Twenty-seven cardinals had taken counsel together; for Fesch, as grand-almoner to the emperor, was out of the question, and Caprara was dying. They had decided, after deliberate research, that matrimonial cases between sovereigns belong exclusively to the cognizance of the Holy See, which either itself pronounces sentence at Rome, or else through the medium of the legates names local judges for instituting the affair.

According to Consalvi's account, the diocesan officialty of Paris on this occasion refused at first to intervene, on the ground of incompetency; but the emperor caused competency to be declared by a committee of bishops assembled at Paris, and presided over by Cardinal Fesch. The words, however, "*declared competent*," were not eventually inserted in the documents drawn up of the meeting; it was pretended instead that access could not be had to the Pope. But this pretended impossibility could of course arise only from the will of Napoleon.

Consalvi assures us that the preamble used by the committee in the first instance ran thus:

"The officialty, being declared competent, and without derogating from the right of the sovereign pontiff, to whom access is for the moment forbidden, proclaims null and void the marriage contracted with the Empress Josephine, the reasons for such decision being stated in the sentence." But when it was remarked how prejudicial this avowal would be, the government made it disappear from among the acts of the ecclesiastical curia. For it had been previously arranged that all papers relative to this affair should be submitted to government. According to general report in Paris, some of the papers were burnt, and others changed. A person belonging to the officialty succeeded, however, in secretly saving a part, and especially the beginning of the sentence, which was as given above.

Consalvi does not so much as name the validity or invalidity of the marriage; the point to establish for him was that the right of cognizance belong-

Digitized by Google

ed solely to the Holy See. The incident he mentions of the papers destroyed has no other importance than as showing how conscience at first pronounced and how a strong hand silenced its expression.

Thirteen cardinals resolved to brave any consequences rather than consent to a dereliction of duty; for their oath, when raised to the purple, binds them to maintain at all hazards the rights of the Church. The names of these thirteen were: Cardinals Mattei, Pignatelli, della Somaglia, di Pietro, Litta, Saluzzo, Ruffo Scilla, Brancadoro, Galeffi, Scotti, Gabrielli, Opizzoni, and Consalvi. The other fourteen held different shades of opinion, and only agreed in deciding not to oppose the emperor.

The sole means by which the thirteen could protest, under the circumstances, was not to sanction the new marriage by appearing at the ceremonies. This resolve was accordingly taken, and the fourteen were apprised. Mattei, the oldest cardinal among the thirteen, called upon most of the fourteen to acquaint them with the resolution; other members of the thirteen likewise spoke of it to their colleagues; but no result was produced on the minds of the fourteen. To the shame of the latter it must be said that they afterward untruly declared themselves ignorant of the line of conduct which the thirteen had intended to adopt. Consalvi positively asserts that such was not the case. The thirteen spoke with the caution commanded by prudence on so delicate a matter, not seeking ostensibly to prevent the others from following their own opinions, and anxious to avoid giving any pretext for the accusation of exciting a feeling against the government. But this reserve did not prevent them from clearly expressing their intention to uphold the rights of the Pope and of the Holy See by abstaining from all participation in the marriage ceremonies.

Though called upon by duty to act in the way mentioned, the thirteen cardinals naturally wished to avoid, as much as possible, wounding Napoleon. With this view Mattei was deputed to seek an interview with Fesch, for the purpose of informing him what course they felt obliged to pursue. At the same time Mattei gave him to understand that all publicity might be avoided, or any bad effect on the public obviated, by addressing partial, instead of general, invitations to the cardinals. This was to be done with regard to the senate and the legislative body, and, indeed, the smallness of the enceinte offered a plausible pretext; for it was impossible that all entitled to appear on the occasion could be present. Cardinal Fesch evinced great surprise and anger, endeavoring to reason Mattei out of this view; but finding it was of no use, he promised to speak to the emperor, who was then at Compiègne.

According to Fesch's account, Napoleon flew into a violent passion on learning the decision come to by the thirteen; but he declared that they would never dare to carry out their plot, and utterly rejected the idea of not inviting all the members of the Sacred College.

At the proper time a special invitation reached each cardinal. There was no possibility of escape. To feign illness or invent a pretext they rightly deemed would be unworthy.

Nevertheless, anxious as they were to avoid offence, when they came to consider more closely the nature of the different ceremonies, it was considered by some that they might, without failing in duty, assist at the two presentations that were to take place before and after the marriages. Consalvi was among those opposed to this view on grounds of honor at least; but, not to provoke any further schism in their ranks, the minority yielded, and this mode of proceeding was decided on. Both marriages were to be eschewed; but they would assist at both presentations. The cardinals hoped thus to prove that they did all

Digitized by Google

they possibly could to please Napoleon, consistently with their sense of duty. It was also considered highly desirable to shield the fourteen from remark as much as could be, for it was a grievous matter to right-minded men to see the honor and dignity of the Sacred College thus abased.

Accordingly, on the evening fixed, all the cardinals went to St. Cloud. Together with the other dignitaries, they were in the grand gallery waiting the arrival of Napoleon and his new empress, when Fouché, the minister of police, came up. Consalvi had been very intimate with him, but having paid scarcely any visits since his return to Paris, from the motives stated above, they had not hitherto met. Fouché drew him aside, and asked with much cordiality and interest if it were true that several cardinals refused to be present at the emperor's marriage.

Consalvi was silent at first, not wishing to name any one in particular. But when Fouché insisted, saying that, as minister of police, he knew of course all about it, and only asked through politeness, Consalvi replied that he belonged to the number.

"Oh, what do you say?" exclaimed Fouché. "The emperor was speaking of it this morning, and in his anger named you; but I affirmed that it was not likely you should be of the set."

Fouché then pointed out the dangerous consequences of such a proceeding, saying that the non-intervention of the cardinals would seem to blame the state, the emperor, and even to attack the legitimacy of the future succession of the throne. He tried to persuade Consalvi to be present himself at least, or if the whole thirteen would not come to the civil marriage, to attend, however, the religious ceremony. Consalvi could not of course consent; but he told the efforts they had made to avoid invitations for all, and promised, at Fouché's request, to repeat this conversation to the twelve.

Their discourse was interrupted by the appearance of the emperor and empress. Napoleon came in holding Marie-Louise by the hand, and he pointed out each person to her by name as he drew near. On approaching the members of the Sacred College, he exclaimed, "Ah, the cardinals!" and presented them, one after the other, with great courtesy, naming each, and mentioning some qualification. Thus Consalvi was designated as 'he who arranged the concordat.

It was said afterward that Napoleon's kindliness had been intended to win them over.

They all bowed in return, without speaking. When this ceremony was over, the thirteen returned to Paris and met at the house of Cardinal Mattei. Consalvi then related his conversation with Fouché; they saw clearly what there might be to apprehend, but none wavered in the resolution taken.

The following day, the civil marriage was celebrated at St. Cloud. The thirteen cardinals abstained from appearing. Of the fourteen, eleven were present: one was ill, and two, seized with tardy misgiving, said they were.

Monday, the 2d of April, had been fixed for the triumphal entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries. A successful representation of the arch of triumph was made; afterward reproduced in the one at the top of the Champs Elysées. Napoleon passed under it, with Marie-Louise at his side, in a carriage that afforded a fair view of both to the spectators. Arrived at the gate of the Tuileries, on the Place de la Concorde, they alighted, and he led her through the gardens till they arrived at the chapel of the palace, prepared for the nuptial ceremony.

It was crowded densely, and many more persons longed to enter, but there were thirteen vacant seats!

It had been hoped that Fouché's words would produce some effect, and

Digitized by Google

that the thirteen cardinals might, at least, be induced to attend the religious marriage. Their seats had been left up to the last moment; but as Napoleon drew near, they were hastily removed. His eye, however, fell immediately on the group of cardinals, always conspicuous from their red costume, and as he marked the smallness of their number, anger flashed from his countenance.

Indeed, only twelve cardinals, including Fesch, were present. One was really too ill to go, and two others, as before, pretended sickness. But, as they wrote to this effect, they were considered as absent from accident. And they encouraged this version.

During both these days and nights, the thirteen remained at home, carefully abstaining, as became their position, from all semblance of participation in any rejoicings.

On the morrow was to take place the final ceremony of presentation to both sovereigns seated on their thrones. All the cardinals went, and, according to injunction, in full costume. Two hours passed waiting for the doors of the throne-room to be opened.

Then the stream began to move toward the spot in the middle of the grand gallery that connects the Tuileries with the Louvre, where Napoleon and Marie-Louise were seated on their respective thrones, surrounded by the members of the imperial family and officers of state.

The crowd entered slowly, one by one, according to the rule of precedence prescribed, and each individual, stopping before the throne, made a profound obeisance, passing out afterward by the door of the saloon beyond.

In conformity with French etiquette at that time, the senators were first introduced; and Fesch had the littleness to go in with them, rather than with the Sacred College. After these followed the councillors of state and the legislative body, and then came the turn of the cardinals. But at this moment, Napoleon, with imperious gesture, beckoned an officer toward him, and gave a hasty order to have all the cardinals who had not been present at the marriage immediately expelled from the ante-chamber, as he should not condescend to receive them. The messenger was precipitately quitting the hall, when Napoleon, with rapid change of thought, called him back, and ordered that only Cardinals Opizzoni and Consalvi should be turned out. But the officer, confused, did not clearly seize this second order, and imagining that the two cardinals named were to be more particularly designated, acted accordingly.

The scene that followed may be conceived. It rises up vividly. The order for expulsion was as publicly intimated as it had been publicly given; and scores of eager eyes turned on the thirteen culprits so ignominiously dismissed. The report of what was coming got whispered from hall to hall, and flew on to the numerous groups that thronged even the vestibule and staircase; if the buzz ceased as the cardinals drew near, it followed swiftly on their receding steps, while they traversed each apartment. Friends began to tremble for their personal safety: the bloody tragedy of Vincennes rose up in remembrance to many an anxious heart.

Their equipages had disappeared in the confusion of the day. The Parisian crowd were astounded that morning to mark thirteen rich scarlet dresses wending about in search of conveyances or homes.

Within the palace, meanwhile, precedence, contrary to custom, had been given the ministers; but after them the other cardinals were at length introduced. As each, in turn, drew near the thrones, and, not feeling very pleasantly we may believe, made his respectful salutation, Napoleon was giving way to a rapid flow of violent language. Sometimes he addressed the empress, or sometimes those standing near. The Sacred College, as a body, came in for its share of abuse; but two cardinals were special objects

Digitized by Google

of reproachful epithets. "He might spare the others," said Napoleon, "as obstinate theologians full of prejudice; but Cardinals Consalvi and Opizzoni he never could forgive." Opizzoni was ungrateful, owing, as he did, to him (Napoleon) the archbishopric of Bologna, and the cardinal's hat; but Consalvi was the most guilty of all. "Consalvi," cried the emperor, warming as he went on, "does not act from theological prejudice: he is incapable of that; but he hates me for having caused his fall from the ministry. And this is now his revenge. He is a deep politician, and he seeks now to lay a subtle snare, whereby hereafter to attack the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne."

Marie-Louise, accustomed to the stately etiquette of Austria, must have been rather surprised at this outburst. Perhaps her own destiny, as bride of that crowned soldier of fortune, did not then look quite so brilliant to her. It is easy to fancy courtiers around with their varied shades of amaze, horror, and fear at such delinquency, and its consequences, painted on their faces.

Consalvi tells us in his memoir on the marriage, and also in that of his private life, that the fury of Napoleon on the day of the religious ceremony had been so intense, that on coming out from chapel he actually ordered three cardinals to be shot, afterward confining the sentence to Consalvi alone. And the cardinal each time says that he probably owed his life to the intervention of Fouché.

But in a note which M. Crétineau-Joly mentions as detached from the memoirs, Consalvi writes thus of Napoleon: "In his fits of anger,—often more feigned than real, especially at first,—he would threaten *to have persons shot*, as he frequently did with regard to myself; but I am persuaded that he never would have signed the order for execution. More than once I have heard his devoted followers and intimate confidants relate that the murder of the Duke d'Enghien had been a surprise rather than a deliberate act of will. I should not be astonished at the truth of this, for it was a useless crime, leaving only shame and remorse, which Bonaparte might easily have spared himself."

The contradiction in these passages is remarkable. M. Crétineau-Joly does not give the date of the note, so we are reduced to conjecture. It seems likely to have been written at a later period, when the downfall of Napoleon would naturally call forth from Consalvi the deepest charity and most lenient interpretations. The two memoirs, it will be remembered, were penned during the cardinal's captivity at Rheims.

The day after their expulsion, those among the cardinals who were bishops had orders to resign their sees immediately, under pain of imprisonment. They signed the deed as required, but with the proviso of the Pope's consent. At eight o'clock on the same evening each one received a short note from the minister of public worship, enjoining him to wait on that functionary in an hour's time, for the purpose of hearing the emperor's orders.

The whole thirteen met in the minister's ante-chamber, and were introduced together to his cabinet. Fouché was with him, and from a kindly intention, says Consalvi. Both seemed grieved at the business they had to transact.

As soon as Fouché perceived Consalvi, he exclaimed,

"Ah, cardinal. I warned you the consequences would be terrible. What pains me most is that you should be of the number."

Consalvi thanked him for his sympathy, but said he was prepared for all that might follow.

The thirteen were then made to sit down in a circle, and the minister of public worship began a long discourse, which could not much have benefitted the culprits, as only three understood French. The substance of it was that they had committed a

Digitized by Google

state crime, and were guilty of treason, having conspired against the emperor. The proof of this lay in the secrecy they had observed toward him (the minister) and toward the other cardinals. They ought to have spoken to him as their superior, and he would have enlightened them with regard to their erroneous idea of the privative right belonging to the Pope in matrimonial cases between sovereigns. Their crime, he said, might have the most serious consequences on the public tranquillity, unless the emperor succeeded in obviating them, for their mode of acting had tended to nothing less than to cast doubts on the legitimacy of the succession to the throne. He concluded by declaring that the emperor, judging the cardinals to be rebels guilty of conspiracy, had ordered them to be informed:

1. That they were from that moment deprived of all their property, ecclesiastical and patrimonial, for the sequestration of which measures had been already taken.

2. That his majesty no longer considered them as cardinals, and forbade them henceforth to wear any ensigns of that dignity.

3. That his majesty reserved to himself the right of afterward deciding with regard to their persons.

And the minister gave them to understand that a criminal action would be brought against some.

Even going back as fully as we can to the ideas of the times, there is something equally startling and absurd in the notion of a lay minister of state undertaking to enlighten princes of the church on matters of canon law, coolly naming himself as their superior, and treating them to a long homily on their duties and misdemeanors. The same pretensions are doubtless reproduced in all revolutionary times; but still the absurdity strikes us forcibly as we read this account.

Consalvi replied that they were erroneously accused of conspiracy and rebellion—crimes unworthy of the purple, and also of their individual characters. No secret, he said, had been made of their opinion to the other cardinals, though it had been expressed without seeking to gain proselytes. If they had not communicated with the minister, they had nevertheless spoken quite openly to Cardinal Fesch, their own colleague and the emperor's uncle, begging him to lay their determination, founded solely on motives of conscience, before Napoleon. Consalvi also explained how they endeavored to avoid all the blame now laid to their charge by requesting partial invitations, which request, if complied with, would have prevented their views from being made public. The other two cardinals who could speak French likewise expressed themselves in similar terms.

Both ministers appeared convinced, and, regretting the emperor had not himself heard their defence, suggested that they should write it out for his perusal. No difficulty was made in complying with this proposal. The ministers then said that the cardinals must not, however, bring forward the real motive of their absence, namely, the Pope's right, as that was just what irritated Napoleon; but lay the cause to sickness, or some excuse of that kind. The cardinals declined taking this course, as incompatible with their duty.

Here we must remark that the whole scene appears to us got up to make them yield at last; but Consalvi, ever charitable, says not a word to that effect.

One of the ministers then tried to make out a draft of a letter for the emperor that should be satisfactory to both parties; and one of the cardinals had the imprudence to copy these rough sketches, for the purpose of comparing them and seeing afterward what could be done. The minister insisted much on having the paper then and there drawn up, as Napoleon was going to travel, and would leave Paris immediately. But Consalvi, pleading his colleagues' ignorance of the French language, suc-

Digitized by Google

ceeded at length in obtaining consent for them to retire together and deliberate among themselves.

It was eleven o'clock when they withdrew; and some of the cardinals had the further imprudence to assure the ministers that the expressions used by the latter had been faithfully copied.

As soon as Consalvi was alone with his colleagues and could speak freely, he showed them the full meaning of the French terms suggested, and the impropriety, to say the least, of using them. All agreed to hold staunchly to their duty. But now appeared the further difficulty, created by having copied the ministers' words, which it would thus be impossible to seem to forget. Fouché was to see Napoleon soon after leaving them, and would doubtless hasten to assure him that the cardinals were writing a letter conformable to his wishes. Thus Napoleon, prepared for submission, would give way to tenfold anger on finding the reverse.

The letter was dictated by conscience alone, but its expressions were as much as possible tempered by prudence. Every word was carefully weighed; and five hours passed in drawing it up. By its tenor, they sought to exculpate themselves from all suspicion of revolt and treason, saying that the real cause of their absence was because the Pope was excluded from the matter; that they had not pretended thereby to institute themselves judges, or cast any doubts among the public either on the validity of the first marriage, or the legitimacy of the children that might follow the second. In conclusion, they assured Napoleon of their submission and obedience, without making any request for the restoration of their property or their purple. The thirteen signed by order of seniority in the cardinalate.

Cardinal Litta immediately conveyed this document to the minister of public worship, who pronounced himself tolerably satisfied. But Napoleon quitted Paris the next day sooner than had been anticipated, and without giving the audience to the minister which had been agreed on. Consequently the latter could not give the letter then, and he informed the cardinals that they must therefore conform to the orders already received. Accordingly they laid aside the ensigns of their dignity, and hence arose the designation of *black* and *red* cardinals. Their property was immediately confiscated, and their revenues, contrary to custom, were thrown into the public treasury.

After a short excursion in the Netherlands, Napoleon returned to Paris. Meanwhile the cardinals had put down their carriages, and hired more modest abodes, better suited to their fallen fortunes. Contradictory rumors were afloat abroad as to their fate. Two months and a half passed ere any change took place.

But on the 10th of June each cardinal received a note from the minister of public worship, appointing a time for him to call; two cardinals being designated for each successive hour. Cardinals Consalvi and Brancadoro were those summoned for the first hour. When they reached his cabinet, the minister informed them that they were to set out for Rheims in twenty-four hours, and to remain there until further orders should be given. Passports were in readiness. All the other cardinals successively received a similar sentence; the only difference lay in the place of abode. They were exiled by twos, and care was taken to separate those supposed to be intimate. The minister offered to each cardinal fifty louis for the expenses of his journey; some accepted, and others declined; Consalvi being among the latter. Soon after their arrival in the towns designated, each cardinal had an intimation from the minister that a monthly pension of 250f. would be duly paid. Consalvi refused to profit by this allowance, and he thinks the others did the same. On the 10th of January, 1811, both he and his com-

Digitized by Google

panion received a note from the sub-prefect of Rheims, requesting them to call and give information on certain orders that had arrived from the supreme authority in Paris. The two cardinals went. The sub-prefect then informed them that he was required to ask what sums they had received for their subsistence since their exile at Rheims, through what conveyance or persons, from whom, and to what amount. Consalvi was able to answer that he had not accepted a penny from any one. "But how then do you live, since the government has seized all your property?" "My banker at Rome sends the necessary sums through his correspondent at Paris. Under other circumstances I would have borrowed from my friends."

This measure of the government was caused by irritation on learning that charitable persons had united to make up a general fund every month for the support of the cardinals, and it was wished to put a stop to the proceeding. Consalvi concludes the memoirs of his private life about this time, expressing a fear that the business mentioned above will not end with the interrogatory, but may bring about disastrous consequences. He also says, "We live in exile; foregoing all society, as becomes our situation and that of the Holy See and the sovereign pontiff our head. The red cardinals, I am told, remain in Paris, and go much in the world, but are not esteemed for their late conduct."

It is curious to contrast with the preceding account the manner in which M. Thiers disposes of this same episode. "On the day of the emperor's marriage," says that historian, "thirteen out of twenty-eight cardinals failed to be present at the ceremony. The motive, which they dared not assign, but which it was desired to make the public understand, was that, without the Pope, Napoleon could not divorce, and thence, the first marriage still subsisting, the second was irregular. This motive was unfounded, since no divorce had taken place (for in effect divorce being forbidden by the Church could only have been pronounced by the Pope), but simply annulment of the marriage with Josephine, pronounced by the ordinary after all the degrees of ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been exhausted."*

In reality, however, this conduct of the thirteen cardinals, acting in conformity with their head, Pope Pius VII., though cut off from all communication with him, was the protest of the Church against temporal despotism in things spiritual. The Church was in chains, but God had left her a living voice to proclaim her rights. Consalvi never for one instant quits his ground—the Church's right of judgment—to give a shadow of personal opinion on the matter in question. It is a fine spectacle also to see him with his few colleagues, deserted by so many of their own body, quietly discussing what degree of excommunication Napoleon had incurred, whether all contact was forbidden, while they inhabited his very capital, and knew well the stern nature of that inexorable will.

The black cardinals continued to inhabit their different places of exile until Napoleon, working on the weakness and the affections of the aged pontiff, drew from him that semblance of a second concordat dated the 25th of January, 1813. Then, restored to liberty, they hastened to the feet of Pius VII.; and found him overwhelmed with grief at the concessions he had made, at what he called his guilt. Truly he had but yielded in his feebleness to the unceasing persuasions of the red cardinals, backed by Napoleon's promises in favor of the Church, and to the charm exercised by that mighty genius when he stooped to court affection. The proviso made that the new concordat, to become binding, should first be submitted to the Sacred College assembled, happi-

* M. Thiers here falls into a grave error: divorce being contrary to the law of God, no Pope can pronounce one. The question was whether Josephine were lawfully married or not.

Digitized by Google

ly afforded the opportunity of annulling it. That was fully and worthily done by the papal letter addressed to the emperor on the 24th of March following.

When the course of events in Europe brought about such a change in his own position, Napoleon, still powerful notwithstanding, began to wish for a reconciliation with the Holy See. On the 23d of January, 1816, Pius VII. was allowed to set out for Rome, restored to his paternal sovereignty. Strangely, however, Consalvi was not permitted to accompany him. He received instead a note from the minister of public worship, informing him that orders would shortly be transmitted concerning himself, the execution of which admitted neither appeal nor yet delay.

And accordingly, two days after the Pope's departure, a letter came from the Duc de Rovigo, minister of police, telling Consalvi that he was condemned to another exile in the town of Béziers, and was to set out immediately for that destination in the strictest incognito, and escorted during the whole journey by an officer of gendarmerie.

Nothing more is said of this incident. Consalvi does not carry his memoirs beyond 1812. Two notes found among his correspondence, and signed by the functionaries above named, reveal the orders for this second exile. Napoleon abdicated on the 4th of April, 1816. On the 19th of May, in the same year, Pius VII. officially recalled Consalvi to his office of secretary of state.

Thus did Providence terminate the struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers; thus closed for Consalvi the exile consequent on his opposition to the imperial marriage.

On the very day that restored Consalvi to his councils, Pius VII. learned that all the nations of Europe refused to receive within their territories the proscribed family of Napoleon. Rome opened her gates.

Madame Mère, as she was called, the mother of Napoleon, wrote thus to Consalvi, 27th May, 1818:

"I wish and I ought to thank your eminence for all you have done in our favor since the burden of exile has fallen on my children and myself. My brother, Cardinal Fesch, did not leave me ignorant of the generous way in which you received the request of *mon grand et malheureux proscrit de St. Hélène.* He said that on learning the emperor's prayer, so just and so Christian, you had hastened to interpose with the English government, and to seek out priests both worthy and able. I am truly the mother of sorrows; and the only consolation left me is to know that the Holy Father forgets the past, and remembers solely his affection for us, which he testifies to all the members of my family.

"My sons, Lucian and Louis, who are proud of your unchanging friendship toward them, have been much touched likewise by all that the Pope and your eminence have done, unknown to us, to preserve our tranquillity when menaced by the different powers of Europe. We find support and an asylum in the pontifical states only; and our gratitude is as great as the benefit. I beg your eminence to place the expression of it at the feet of the holy pontiff, Pius VII. I speak in the name of all my proscribed family and especially in the name of him now dying by inches on a desert rock. His holiness and your eminence are the only persons in Europe who endeavor to soften his misfortunes, or who would abridge their duration. I thank you both with a mother's heart,—and remain always, eminence, yours very devotedly and most gratefully,

"MADAME."

Another letter, from the ex-king of Holland, father of the present emperor of the French, addressed to Cardinal Consalvi, still further demonstrates the charity shown by Rome, and suggests many reflections. With these extracts from Consalvi's corre-

Digitized by Google

spondence as a sequel, we shall close our episode of the imperial marriage; the circumstances they recall form a not uninstructive commentary on an event that seemed to place Napoleon at such a high point of worldly greatness.

"EMINENCE,—Following the advice of the Holy Father and of your eminence, I have seen Mgr. Bernetti, who is specially charged with the affair in question; and he, with his usual frankness, explained the nature of the complaints made by foreign powers against the family of the Emperor Napoleon. The great powers, and principally England, reproach us with always conspiring. They accuse us of being mixed up, implicitly or explicitly, with all the plots in existence; they even pretend that we abuse the hospitality granted us by the Pope to foment divisions in the pontifical states, and stir up hatred against the august person of the sovereign.

"I was fortunately able to furnish Mgr. Bernetti with proofs to the contrary; and he will himself tell you the effect produced on his mind by my words. If the emperor's family, owing so much to Pope Pius VII. and to your eminence, had conceived the detestable design of disturbing Europe, and if it had the means of so doing, the gratitude that we all feel toward the Holy See would evidently arrest us on such a course. My mother, brothers, sisters, and uncle owe too much respectful gratitude to the sovereign pontiff and to your eminence to draw down new disasters on this city, where, while proscribed by the whole of Europe, we have been received and sheltered with a paternal goodness rendered yet more touching by past injustice. We are not conspiring against any one, and still less against God's representative on earth. We enjoy in Rome all the rights of citizens; and when my mother learned in what a Christian manner the Pope and your eminence were avenging the captivity of Fontainebleau and the exile of Rheims, she could only bless you in the name of her *grand et malheureux mort*, shedding sweet tears for the first time since the disasters of 1814.

"To conspire against our august and sole benefactor would be an infamy that has no name. The family of Bonaparte will never merit such a reproach. I convinced Mgr. Bernetti of it, and he will himself be our surety with your eminence. Deign then to listen to his words, and to grant us the continuance of your favor, together with the protection of the Holy Father. —In this hope, I am, eminence, your very respectful and most devoted servant and friend,

"L. DE SAINT-LEU.

"*Rome*, 30*th Sept.* 1821."

Digitized by Google

From Once A Week.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN'S LOVE.

I READ this incident when a mere girl in a very stupid old novel founded upon it, and which I never could succeed in meeting with again. The preface stated that in some church in England there yet remained the monument of the knight with his noble one-armed wife beside him. I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me where this monument is to be seen, and the real names (which I have forgotten) of the knight and lady.

'TWAS in the grand heroic days,
When Cœur de Lion reigned and fought;
An English knight ta'en in those frays
To Sultan Saladin was brought.

The sultan sat upon his throne,
His courtiers stood around;
And emir, prince, and padisha
Bent lowly to the ground.

They served him upon bended knee—
"To hear is to obey;"—
For the fierce and cruel Moslem race
An iron hand must sway.

The monarch gazed on each stern face;
"Ye Moslem chiefs are brave;
But I know a braver man than ye,
Bring forth the Christian slave!"

The slave was brought, and at a sign
The scimitar waved high,
But the English captive gazed unmoved,
With calm unshrinking eye.

Then spoke the sultan: "Hugh de Vere,
I've need of men like thee,
And thou shalt be the first man here,
In this land, after me.

"Thou shalt have gold, and gems, and land,
Palaces shall be thine,
And thou shalt wed a queenly bride,
And be a son of mine.

"Only forsake thy fathers' faith,
Mah'med and God adore,
And forget thy love and fatherland,
Which thou shalt see no more."

Then Hugh de Vere obeisance made,—
"Since I must make reply,
I will not change my love or faith,
Far liever would I die.

Digitized by Google

"I have a God who died for me,
His soldier I am sworn.
Shall I, whose shoulder bears the cross,
Upon the cross bring scorn?

"I have a love, a gentle girl,
Whom I love as my wife;
I cannot bear a Moslem name,
Nor wed a Moslem wife."

"Bethink thee now," the sultan said;
"How knowest thou that the maid
Is not now wed, since thy return
Hath been so long delayed?

"Fickle and false is woman's heart,
It changes like the sky;
The showers that fall so fast to-night
To-morrow's sun will dry.

"Nor—trust me—e'er was maiden yet
Constant as is the dove,
Who dies of grief for her lost mate,
And knows no second love."

Then at the monarch's feet bowed low
The saintly frères who came
To ransom slaves, bound by their vow,
For Jesu's holy name.

And at his footstool wealth untold
With lavish hands they pour:
"His bride sends thee her gems and gold;
Sir Hugh de Vere restore!"

The sultan spoke: "The other knights
And men may go with thee,
But not for gold or jewels bright
Shall Hugh de Vere go free.

"I love him with a brother's love,
His love I hope to win,
And in this land raise him above
All men save Saladin.

"What is a woman's love to mine?
A hundred slaves I'll give,
Let him his Christian faith resign,
And in my shadow live.

"His lady-love sends pearls and gold,
She'd give them for a shawl,
But she must give a dearer thing
Before I yield my thrall.

Digitized by Google

"I'll try how Christian maidens love—
This answer to her bear,
'Thy faith and fealty to prove,
Give what is far more dear.

"'This is the ransom I demand,
No meaner thing I'll take,
Thy own right arm and lily hand
Cut off for thy love's sake."

"Return, good frères," Sir Hugh then said,
"To my betrothed bride,
And speak of me henceforth as dead,
Since here I must abide.

"For rather would I die this day
Beneath the paynim swords,
Than ye should bear Agnes de Bray
The sultan's cruel words.

"For well I know her faithful heart
Both arm and life would give
To ransom mine;—and will not prove
Her death, that I may live."

Then mournfully the ransom sent
The good frères took once more,
And with the captives they had freed
Sailed to the English shore.

And Earl de Bray's castell they sought,
And to fair Agnes told,
How that her lover could not be
Ransomed for gems or gold.

And that the cruel sultan asked,—
Nor meaner thing would take,—
Her own right arm and lily hand,
Cut off for her love's sake.

A shudder ran through all who heard,
Her mother shrieked aloud,
Her father, crimsoning, clutched his sword,
And death to Moslems vowed.

Her little sister to her ran,
And clasped her tightly round:
"Sure, sister, such a wicked man
Cannot on earth be found?"

But Agnes smoothed the child's long hair
And kissed her, then spoke low,
"That cruel is the ransom asked,
My dear ones, well I know.

Digitized by Google

"But did not God for ransom give
His own beloved Son?
And do not churls and nobles give
Their lives for king and throne?

"Has not my lord and father bled
By Cœur de Lion's side?
And would he bid his daughter shirk
Duty—whate'er betide?

"Am I not Hugh de Vere's betrothed,
Fast pledged to be his wife?
Do not I owe him fealty,
Even though it cost my life?

"What is my life? Long days and years
In vain repining spent,
And orisons to God to end
My dear love's banishment.

"And he *has heard.* At last my prayers
Have reached up to God's throne,
God gives me back my long lost one,
Nor leaves me sad and lone.

"Only, he asks a sacrifice,
A proof my love is pure:
For such great gain, a little pain.
And shall I not endure?"

* * * * *

Once more the Sultan Saladin
Sat in his royal court,
At his right hand stood Hugh de Vere
Grave-eyed and full of thought.

A herald came. "Sultan, our lord,
The Christians' holy men
Who come to ransom captive slaves,
An audience crave again."

The friars came, and, bowing low,
They placed before the throne
A silver casket richly chased:
And spoke in solemn tone.

"Monarch, to whom women are slaves,
Toys of an idle hour,
Learn in a nobler faith than thine
Love's purity and power.

"The cruel ransom thou didst ask
For Hugh de Vere here take,
His love's right arm and lily hand
Cut off for her love's sake."

Then Hugh de Vere, beside himself,
The casket seized, and said,

Digitized by Google

"O cruel monks, why told ye her?
I bade ye call me dead.

"O fair sweet arm! O dear white hand!
Cut off for my poor sake!"
And to his breast prest it and sobbed,
As if his heart would break.

But Saladin the casket oped,
And lo! embalmed there lay
The fair white arm and lily hand
Sent by Agnes de Bray.

And as he gazed his tears flowed down,
His nobles also wept.
"Oh! would ere I such words had said
I'd with my fathers slept!"

The lily hand full reverently
And like a saint's he kissed.
"O gentle hand! what noble heart
Thee owned, I never wist.

"I never dreamed that woman lived
Who would, to save her lord,
Thus freely give her own right arm
And hand unto the sword.

"Mah'med and God witness for me,
I loved Sir Hugh de Vere!
And thought if I this ransom asked
I should retain him here.

"Fair arm, fair hand, and true brave love!
My kingdom I'd resign—
Richer than any king of earth
In such a love as thine!

"Take, Hugh de Vere, thy freedom, won
So nobly by thy love;
Take gems, and silks, and gold,—all vain
Saladin's grief to prove.

"Tell her I yield my selfish love:
Well may she claim thy life!
She who was such a noble love
Will be a noble wife!

"Unloose the sails, make no delay,
Depart ere close the day,
While I among my precious things
Thy ransom stow away.

"That, 'mid my treasure placed, it may
To future ages prove
How holy Christians' plighted troth,
How pure their maidens' love!"

Digitized by Google

From Chambers's Journal.

BELL GOSSIP.

THERE are some competent artistic observers who contend that bells were the origin, the cause, the ruling motive, of one of the most important parts of a Christian church—perhaps *the* most important, in regard to external appearance. The Rev. J. H. Sperling, in a paper read recently before the Architectural Institute, dwells at considerable length on the influence of the turret, campanile, or bell-tower in determining the character of a church. As a means of summoning the faithful to mass (there were no Protestant churches, because no Protestants, in those days), or to bid them pray wherever they might be, a bell was needed with a sound that would reach to a distance; and this could only be insured by placing it in a tower at some elevation. The Gothic architects made everything contribute to the design of their cathedrals and churches; and this elevation of the bell was just the thing to call forth their ingenuity. They made the bell-tower one of the chief features in their design. It was often entirely detached from the building, and was known generally as the campanile. Examples of this are observable at Canterbury and Chichester cathedrals, at Beccles, at Ledbury, and at West Walton in Norfolk. Salisbury cathedral had originally a campanile; but modern wiseacres, who thought they knew better than the men of old, removed it. The central towers of cathedrals and churches were intended as lanterns to let in light, not as turrets to contain bells; this was a later innovation. Many towers have been altered from their original purpose to convert them into bell-towers, but injuriously—as at Winchester and Ely. Mr. Sperling, as a matter of usefulness as well as of style, advocates the detached or semi-detached campanile; and recommends architects to direct their attention more frequently to this matter.

Another way in which church bells manifest, if not a scientific or artistic, at least a historical value, is in their connection with the saints of the Catholic Church; they are still existing records of a very old ecclesiastical custom. The bell of a church was frequently, if not generally, named after the patron saint of that church; and if there were more bells than one, the lowest in tone was named after the patron saint, and the others after saints to whom altars, shrines, or chapels within the edifice were dedicated. Probably, in such case, each bell was appropriated to the service of its own particular saint; for the use of many bells in a *peal* is comparatively modern. At Durham cathedral, and at the church of St. Bartholomew the Great near Smithfield, are (or were recently) examples of a family of bells receiving names bearing special relation to the particular fabric for which they were intended.

Archæologists claim for church bells a certain value in regard to the inscriptions which they nearly always bear, and which serve as so many guide-posts directing to facts belonging to past ages. Each great bell-founder (and many of them belonged to monastic institutions) had his own particular style of ornamentation, and his own favorite inscription, monogram, or epigraph. Sometimes it was only his own name; sometimes a name and a date; sometimes a pious ejaculation. The towns of Norwich, Lynn, Colchester, Salisbury, etc., had all celebrated families of bell-founders, in the days when the later Gothic cathedrals and churches were built. The ear-

Digitized by Google

liest known *dated* bell is at Fribourg, bearing the year 1258, and the inscription: "*O Rex Gloriæ, veni cum pace; me resonante pia populo succurre Maria.*" The oldest in England is supposed to be that at Duncton in Sussex, dated 1319. London can boast one a little over four centuries old, at All Hallows Staining, Mark Lane. The inscriptions on the bells, in the days when saints patronized them, were mostly in Latin, in most cases including the entreaty, "*Ora pro nobis*" (Pray for us). Sometimes the mottoes adverted to the many uses which church bells subserved, such as:

"Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro."

Even this did not exhaust the list; for we meet with an enumeration of nearly twenty purposes answered by church bells—some of which we should be little disposed to recognize in these scientific days of ours. The following is not an actual motto on a bell, but an elegy on the subject:

"En ego Campana, nunquam denuntio vana,
Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,
Defunctos plango, vivos voco, fulmina frango,
Vox mea, vox vitæ, voco vos, ad sacra venite.
Sanctos collaudo, tonitrua fugo, funera claudo,
Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabbatha pango,
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos."

Occasionally, some of the more peculiar of these uses were expressed in English:

"Sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow,
Marriage to-day, and Death to-morrow."

They generally lose their point when they lose their Latinity.

The mottoes on old bells, other than those which were dictated by the reverential feeling of the middle ages, comprise instances of vanity, ignorance, and silliness, such as would hardly be expected in these matters. Sometimes a kind of moral aphorism is attempted, with more or less success.

"Mankind, like us, too oft are found
Possessed of nought but empty sound.

When backward rung, I tell of fire;
Think how the world shall thus expire.

When souls are from their body torn,
'Tis not to die, but to be born."

One, very short, bids us to

"Embrace trew musick."

A bell-founder named Pleasant used to put all kinds of punning mottoes on his bells suggested by his name. Some record the financial virtues of the persons who supplied the money for casting the bell:

"I'm given here to make a peal,
And sound the praise of Mary Neale."

"All ye who hear my solemn sound,
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

"Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell:
I'll surely do my part as well."

The name of the founder is sometimes supplanted by that of the churchwarden, or they may appear in companionship.

"John Martin of Worcester he made wee,
Be it known to all that do wee see."

"John Draper made, as plainly doth appeare,
This bell was broake and cast againe wich tyme churchwardens were,
Edward Dixon for the one who stode close to his tacklin,
And he that was his partner then was Alexander Tacklyn."

The rhymster was evidently driven to his wits' end by the name of Tack lyn. Some had a touch of loyalty in them:

"God save the Church,
Our Queen, and Realme,
And send us peace in Xt."

The following are examples of a more or less childish class, marvels to find perpetuated in hard metal:

"My sound is good, my shape is neat:
Perkins made me all complete."

"I am the first, although but small,
I will be heard above you all."

"I sound aloud from day to day;
My sound hath praise, and well it may."

"I ring to sermon with a lusty boom,
That all may come, and none may stay at home."

"Pull on, brave boys; I am metal to the backbone. I'll be hanged before I'll crack."

The letters of the inscription are not, as some persons may suppose, cut or engraved on the metal by hand: they are formed in *intaglio*, or sunk in the sand of the mould, and thus appear in relief on the outside of the bell when cast. What can be done in this way by that strange people the Chin-

Digitized by Google

ese may be seen in the British Museum; we might search long enough to find an English bell equal in elaborate ornamentation to the Chinese bell there deposited.

The musical *tone* of a bell unquestionably depends on the scientific principles of acoustics as applied to music. The pitch of any one bell is determined conjointly by the size and the thickness. Of two bells equally large, the thicker gives the higher note; of two bells equally thick, the smaller gives the higher note. But then bell-founders look to the *quality* of the tone as well as to the pitch; and on this point there is much divergence of opinion among them. Concerning the metal used, some combination of copper and tin predominates in nearly all church bells; generally from two to three times as much copper as tin. Small additions of other metals are occasionally made, according to the theoretical views of the founder. The popular belief that silver improves the tone of a bell, is pronounced by Mr. Sperling and Mr. Denison to be a mistake; if added in large quantity, it would be as bad as so much lead; if in small quantity, it does neither good nor harm. Whether there is or is not really silver in two well-known bells, called the "Acton Nightingale" and the "Silver Bell" of St. John's College, Cambridge, it is believed by these authorities that the sweetness of the tone is due to other causes. A feeling of piety probably influenced the wealthy persons who, in old days, were wont to cast silver into the furnace containing the molten bell-metal. Mr. Sperling thinks that the old bells were, as a rule, better than the modern, by having more substance in them—obtaining depth and fulness of tone by largeness in height and diameter, rather than by diminishing the thickness at the part where the hammer or clapper strikes. "Nothing is more easily starved than a church bell." A long-waisted bell (high in the sides) is considered to give forth a more resonant tone than a shallow or low waist, because there is more metal to act as a kind of sounding-board; but a lower bell is easier to ring in a peal; hence, as Sperling thinks, a reason for the difference in the richness of tone in old and modern bells. There are indications that the old founders sometimes tuned a set of bells in what is called the *minor* mode, the source of much that is tender and plaintive in Scotch and Irish melodies; but in our days they are always in the *major* mode. Where the ringing is done by clock-work, the sounds of several bells constitute a *chime*—where by hand, a *peal*—but in either case the actual tone or note of each bell is fixed beforehand. It is by many persons believed that the quality of the tone is improved by age, owing to some kind of molecular change in the metal; this is known to be the case in some old organs, and in instruments of the violin class, in the metal of the one and the wood of the other; and so far there is analogy to support the opinion. For good peals of bells, the founders generally prefer D or E as the note for the tenor or largest bell.

As to largeness in a bell, its intention bears relation rather to *loudness* than to *pitch*, as a means of throwing the sound to a great distance. This is the reason for the mighty bells that we are told of—St. Paul's weighing something like 13,000 lbs.; Antwerp, 16,000 lbs.; Oxford, 17,000 lbs.; Rome, 18,000 lbs.; Mechlin, 20,000 lbs.; Bruges, 23,000 lbs.; York, 24,000 lbs.; Cologne, 25,000 lbs.; Montreal, 29,000 lbs.; Erfurt, 30,000 lbs.; "Big Ben," at the Houses of Parliament, 31,000 lbs.; Sens, 34,000 lbs.; Vienna, 40,000 lbs.; Novgorod, 69,000 lbs.; Pekin, 119,000 lbs.; Moscow, 141,000 lbs.; and, giant of all the giants, another Moscow bell weighing 192 tons, or 430,000 lbs. Our own Big Ben is more than twice as heavy as our own St. Paul's bell, which used to be regarded as one of our wonders, and its sound travels much further; but whether its quality of tone is equal, is a point on which opinions differ.

Digitized by Google

The history of the two Big Bens must be more or less familiar to most of our readers—how that three chief commissioners of works, and two architects, and three bell-founders, and two bell-doctors, quarrelled year after year; how that both the Bens cracked, and got into disgrace; how that one of them recovered its voice again; and how that we have paid the piper to the tune of something like four thousand pounds for the two Big Bens and the four smaller bells. If a musical reader wishes to know, he may be told that the four quarter-bells give out the notes B, E, F♯, G♯, and that Big Ben's tone is E, an octave below the first E. Remember, when Big Ben is heard six miles off, it is half a minute behind time, seeing that sound takes about half a minute to travel that distance.

As to *bell-ringing*, the adepts insist upon it that this is a science; and they give it the name of *campanology*. We all know, ever since we learned about permutation and combination at school, that if there are six, eight, ten, or any number of distinct things, we may arrange them in an enormous number of ways, each way differing from every other. The things in this case are bells of different tones; and according to the order in which they are struck by the hammer or clapper so many changes may we produce. Out of the almost infinite number of these changes, campanologists select certain groups which to their ear seem most musical and agreeable; and these changes are known by the names of their proposers or inventors, just as we speak of a work by a great artist. It is not clearly known whether change-ringing began earlier than the seventeenth century; but it is certain that the art is practised much more in England than in any other country. There are peals from two or three to ten or twelve bells. Sixteen of twelve bells, and fifty of ten bells, are mentioned in the books as peals now existing in England. The largest peals now in England are at Bow church, Exeter, and York, each of ten bells; at Bow church and at York they vary from eight hundredweights to fifty-three hundredweights each; at Exeter from eight to sixty-seven hundredweights. From these weights, it must be evident that it is no small labor for men to pull such bells for several hours at a time. Just as the achievements of celebrated pedestrians and race-horses are placed upon record, so are the fraternity proud to refer to the bell-ringing exploits of their crack pullers. Twenty-four changes per minute are frequently reached. We are told that in 1787, 5,040 changes were rung in three hours and a quarter; and that on other occasions there were 6,876 changes rung in four hours and a quarter, 7,000 in four hours, 10,008 in six hours and three quarters, 14,224 in eight hours and three quarters, and (the *magnum opus*) 40,320 changes rung by thirteen men in twenty-seven hours, working in relief gangs. In one of the old churches, North Parret in Somerset, the belfry contains a set of rhyming rules, purporting that a sixpence fine shall be imposed on the ringers for cursing or swearing, for making a noise or telling idle stories, for keeping on their hats, for wearing spurs, or for overturning the bell. This overturning does sometimes occur, even to the loss of life. One ringer was killed about the time when his brother was drowned; and the following delectable epitaph records the double catastrophe:

"These 2 youths were by misfortun serounded;
One died of his wound, and the other was drownded."

Whether bell-ringing is really a science, or whether it is only an ingenious art, as most people would prefer to call it, certainly the technical terms are most profuse and puzzling. Let the reader make what he can out of the following, taken at random from one of the books on the subject: Treble lead, plain work, course, call word, reverse method, direct method, double method, balance, hold up, cut down, following, handstroke, rounds, back-

Digitized by Google

stroke, plain hunt, touches, course ends, hunting up, hunting down, place making, dodging, double dodging, Bob doubles, singles, observation, grandsire doubles, slow course, principle, Bob minor, double Bob minor, treble Bob, superlative surprise, wrong way, Bob triple, tittums, Bob caller, Bob major, double Bob major, treble Bob major, Bob caters, grandsire caters, Bob royals, Bob cinques, Bob maximus, treble Bob maximus. Bob certainly seems to be in the ascendant here. When the reader has marvelled at these funny names, let him try to understand the directions for ringing one particular set of changes: "Call two Bobs on 9, O, x; bring them round. Or, if the practitioner pleases, he may call the tenth and eleventh to make the ninth's place; the former will be a six before the course end comes up. Then a Bob when the tenth and eleventh dodge together behind completes it. In this course the bells will be only one course out of the tittums"—which it is very satisfactory to hear. Once more; and here we would ask whether the directions do not suggest the idea of a damsel going through a sort of country-dance with seven swains all rejoicing in the name of Bob? "When the seventh has been quick, call a Bob when she dodges the right way behind, which will make her quick again; then, if the sixth goes up before the seventh, keep her behind with Bobs, until the seventh comes up to her; but if the sixth does not go up before the seventh, call her the right way behind again, and the sixth is sure to be up before her the next time." After a little more of these extraordinary evolutions—"If not out of course, Bob with the seventh down quick till the fourth comes home; if out of course, a single must be called when the seventh goes down quick, to put them right. But if it happens that the fourth is before the fifth comes home, call when the seventh does her first whole term, and down quick with a double." And we hope that they lived happy ever afterward.

From The Month.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY: A SONNET.

ROLL on by tower and arch, autumnal river;
And ere about thy dusk yet gleaming tide
The phantom of dead day hath ceased to glide,
Whisper it to the reeds that round thee quiver—
Yea, whisper to those ivy-bowers that shiver
Hard by on gusty choir and cloister wide:
"My bubbles break; my weed-flowers seaward glide:
My freshness and my mission last for ever!"
Young moon, from leaden tomb of cloud that soarest,
And whitenest those hoar elm-trees, wrecks forlorn
Of olden Airedale's hermit-haunted forest,
Speak thus: "I died; and lo, I am reborn!"
Blind, patient pile, sleep on in radiance! Truth
Fails not; and faith once more shall wake in endless youth.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

One day there was a great deal of company at Mistress Wells's house, which was the only one I then haunted, being, as afore said, somewhat sickened of society and diversions. The conversation which was mostly ministered amongst such as visited there related to public affairs and foreign countries, and not so much as in some other houses to private scandals and the tattle of the town. The uncertainty I was in concerning my father's present abode and his known intent soon to cross over the sea from France worked in me a constant craving for news from abroad, and also an apprehensive curiosity touching reports of the landing of seminary priests at any of the English ports. Some would often tarry at Mr. Wells's house for a night who had lately come from Rheims or Paris, and even Rome, or leastways received letters from such as resided in those distant parts. And others I met there were persons who had friends at court; and they often related anecdotes of the queen and the ministers, and the lords and ladies of her household, which it also greatly concerned me to hear of, by reason of my dearest friend having embarked her whole freight of happiness in a frail vessel launched on that stormy sea of the court, so full of shoals and quicksands, whereby many a fair ship was daily chanced to be therein wrecked.

Nothing notable of this kind had been mentioned on the day I speak of, which, howsoever, proved a very notable one to me. For after I had been in the house a short time there came there one not known, and yet it should seem not wholly unknown to me; for that I did discover in his shape and countenance something not unfamiliar, albeit I could not call to mind that I had ever seen this gentleman before. I asked his name of a young lady who sat near to me, and she said she thought he should be the elder brother of Mr. Hubert Rookwood, who was lodging in the house, and that she heard he tabled there also since he had come to town, and that he was a very commendable person, above the common sort, albeit not one of such great parts as his brother. Then I did instantly take note of the likeness between the brothers which had made the elder's face not strange to me, as also perhaps that one sight of him I had at Bedford some years before. Their visages were very like; but their figures and mostly their countenances different. I cannot say wherein that great difference did lie; but methinks every one must have seen, or rather felt it. Basil was the tallest and the handsomest of the twain. I will not be so great a prodigal of time as to bestow it on commendations of his outward appearance whose inward excellences were his chiefest merit. Howsoever, I be minded to set down in this place somewhat touching his appearance; as it may so happen that some who read this history, and who have known and loved Basil in his old years, should take as much pleasure in reading as I do in writing the description of his person, and limning as it were the resemblance of him at a period in this history wherein the hitherto separate currents of his life and mine do meet, like a noble river

Digitized by Google

and a poor stream, for to flow onward in the same channel.

Basil Rookwood was of a tall stature, and well-proportioned shape in all parts. His hair of light brown, very thickly set, and of a sunny hue, curled with a graceful wave. His head had many becoming motions. His mouth was well-made, and his lips ruddy. His forehead not very high, in which was a notable dissemblance from his brother. His nose raised and somewhat sharply cut. His complexion clear and rosy; his smile so full of cheer and kindliness that it infected others with mirthfulness. He was very nimble and active in all his movements, and well skilled in riding, fencing, and dancing. I pray you who have known him in his late years, can you in aught, save in a never-altered sweetness mixing with the dignity of age, trace in this picture a likeness to Basil, your Basil and mine?

I care not, in writing this plain showing of mine own life, to use such disguises as are observed in love-stories, whereby the reader is kept ignorant of that which is to follow until in due time the course of the tale doth unfold it. No, I may not write Basil's name as that of a stranger. Not for the space of one page; nay, not with so much as one stroke of my pen can I dissemble the love which had its dawn on the day I have noted. It was sudden in its beginnings, yet steady in its progress. It deepened and widened with the course of years, even as a rivulet doth start with a lively force from its source, and, gathering strength as it flows, grows into a broad and noble river. It was ardent but not idolatrous; sudden, as I have said, in its rise, but not unconsidered. It was founded on high esteem on the one side, on the other an inexpressible tenderness and kindness. Religion, honor, and duty were the cements of this love. No blind dotage; but a deathless bond of true sympathy, making that equal which in itself was unequal; for, if a vain world should have deemed that on the one side there did appear some greater brilliancy of parts than showed in the other, all who could judge of true merit and sound wisdom must needs have allowed that in true merit Basil was as greatly her superior whom he honored with his love, as is a pure diamond to the showy setting which encases it.

Hubert presented to me his brother, who, when he heard my name mentioned, would not be contented till he had got speech of me; and straightway, after the first civilities had passed between us, began to relate to me that he had been staying for a few days before coming to town at Mr. Roper's house at Richmond, where I had often visited in the summer. It so befel that I had left in the chamber where I slept some of my books, on the margins of which were written such notes as I was wont to make whilst reading, for so Hubert had advised me, and his counsel in this I found very profitable; for this method teaches one to reflect on what he reads, and to hold converse as it were with authors whose friendship and company he thus enjoys, which is a source of contentment more sufficient and lasting than most other pleasures in this world.

Basil chanced to inhabit this room, and discovered on an odd by-shelf these volumes so disfigured, or, as he said, so adorned; and took such delight in the reading of them, but mostly in the poor reflections an unknown pen had affixed to these pages, that he rested not until he had learnt from Mr. Roper the name of the writer. When he found she was the young girl he had once seen at Bedford, he marvelled at the strong impulse he had toward her, and pressed the venerable gentleman with so many questions relating to her that he feared he should have wearied him; but his inquiries met with such gracious answers that he perceived Mr. Roper to be as well pleased with the theme of his discourse as himself, and as glad to set

Digitized by Google

forth her excellences (I be ashamed to write the words which should indeed imply the speaker to have been in his dotage, but for the excuse of a too great kindness to an unworthy creature) as he had to listen to them. And here I must needs interrupt my narrative to admire that one who was no scholar, yea, no great reader at any time, albeit endowed with excellent good sense and needful information, should by means of books have been drawn to the first thoughts of her who was to enjoy his love which never was given to any other creature but herself. But I pray you, doth it not happen most often, though it is scarce to be credited, that dissemblance in certain matters doth attract in the way of love more than resemblance? That short men do choose tall wives; lovers of music women who have no ear to discern one tune from another; scholars witless housewives; retired men ambitious helpmates; and gay ladies grave husbands? This should seem to be the rule, otherways the exception; and a notable instance of the same I find in the first motions which did incline Basil to a good opinion of my poor self.

But to return. "Mistress Sherwood," quoth Basil, "Mr. Roper did not wholly praise you; he recited your faults as well as your virtues."

I answered, it did very much content me he should have done so, for that then more credit should be given to his words in that wherein he did commend me, since he was so true a friend as to note my defects.

"But what," quoth he, archly smiling, "if the faults he named are such as pleased me as well as virtues?"

"Then," I replied, "methinks, sir, the fault should be rather in you than in her who doth commit them, for she may be ignorant, or else subject to some infirmity of temper; but to commend faults should be a very dangerous error."

"But will you hear," quoth he, "your faults as Mr. Roper recited them?"

"Yea, willingly," I answered, "and mend them also if I can."

"Oh, I pray you mend them not," he cried.

At which I laughed, and said he should be ashamed to give such wanton advice. And then he:

"Mr. Roper declares you have so much inability to conceal your thoughts that albeit your lips should be forcibly closed, your eyes would speak them so clearly that any one who listed should read them."

"Methinks," I said, willing to excuse myself like the lawyer in the gospel, "that should not be my fault, who made not mine own eyes."

"Then he also says, that you have so sharp an apprehension of wrongs done to others, that if you hear of an injustice committed, or some cruel treatment of any one, you are so moved and troubled, that he has known you on such occasions to shed tears, which do not flow with a like ease for your own griefs. Do you cry mercy to this accusation, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Indeed," I answered, "God knoweth I do, and my ghostly father also. For the strong passions of resentment touching the evil usage our Catholics do meet with work in me so mightfully, that I often am in doubt if I have sinned therein. And concerning mine own griefs, they have been but few as yet, so that 'tis little praise I deserve for not overmuch resentment in instances wherein, if others are afflicted, I have much ado to restrain wrath."

"Ah," he said, "methinks if you answer in so true and grave a manner my rude catechizing, Mistress Sherwood, I be not bold enough to continue the inventory of your faults."

"I pray you do," I answered; for I felt in my soul an unusual liking for his conversation, and the more so when, leaving off jesting, he said, "The last fault Mr. Roper did charge you with was lack of prudence in matters wherein prudence is most needed in these days."

Digitized by Google

"Alas!" I exclaimed; "for that also do I cry mercy; but indeed, Master Rookwood, there is in these days so much cowardice and time-serving which doth style itself prudence, that methinks it might sometimes happen that a right boldness should be called rashness."

Raising my eyes to his, I thought I saw them clouded by a misty dew; and he replied, "Yea, Mistress Constance, and if it is so, I had sooner that myself and such as I have a friendship for should have to cry mercy on their death-beds for too much rashness in stemming the tide, than for too much ease in yielding to it. And now," he added, "shall I repeat what Mr. Roper related of your virtues?"

"No," I answered, smiling. "For if the faults he doth charge me with be so much smaller than the reality, what hope have I that he should speak the truth in regard to my poor merits?"

Then some persons moving nearer to where we were sitting, some general conversation ensued, in which several took part; and none so much to my liking as Basil, albeit others might possess more ready tongues and a more sparkling wit. In all the years since I had left my home, I had not found so much contentment in any one's society. His mind and mine were like two instruments with various chords, but one key-note, which maintained them in admirable harmony. The measure of our agreement stood rather in the drift of our desires and the scope of our approval, than in any parity of tastes or resemblance of disposition. Acquaintanceship soon gave way to intimacy, which bred a mutual friendship that in its turn was not slow to change into a warmer feeling. We met very often. It seemed so natural to him to affection me, and to me to reciprocate his affection, that if our love began not, which methinks it did, on that first day of meeting, I know not when it had birth. But if it be difficult precisely to note the earliest buddings of the sweet flower love, it was easy to discern the moment when the bitter root of jealousy sprang up in Hubert's heart. He who had been suspicious of every person whose civilities I allowed of, did not for some time appear to mislike the intimacy which had arisen betwixt his brother and me. I ween from what he once said, when on a later occasion anger loosened his tongue, that he held him in some sort of contempt, even as a fox would despise a nobler animal than himself. His subtle wit disdained his plainness of speech. His confiding temper he derided; and he had methinks no apprehension that a she-wit, as he was wont to call me, should prove herself so witless as to prefer to one of his brilliant parts a man notable for his indifferency to book learning, and to his smooth tongue and fine genius the honest words and unvarnished merits of his brother.

Howsoever, one day he either did himself notice some sort of particular kindness to exist between us, or he was advertised thereof by some of the company we frequented, and I saw him fix his eyes on us with so arrested a persistency, and his frame waxed so rigid, that methought Lot's wife must have so gazed when she turned toward the doomed city. I was more frighted at the dull lack of expression in his face than at a thousand frowns or even scowls. His eyes were reft of their wonted fire; the color had flown from his lips; his always pale cheek was of a ghastly whiteness; and his hand, which was thrust in his bosom, and his feet, which seemed rooted to the ground, were as motionless as those of a statue. A shudder ran through me as he stood in this guise, neither moving nor speaking, at a small distance from me. I rose and went away, for his looks freezed me. But the next time I met him this strangeness of behavior had vanished, and I almost misdoubted the truth of what I had seen. He was a daily witness, for several succeeding weeks, of what neither Basil nor I

Digitized by Google

cared much to conceal—the mutual confidence and increasing tenderness of affection, which was visible in all our words and actions at that time, which was one of greater contentment than can be expressed. That summer was a rare one for fineness of the weather and its great store of sunshiny days. We had often pleasant divertisements in the neighborhood of London, than which no city is more famous for the beauty of its near scenery. One while we ascended the noble river Thames as far as Richmond, England's Arcadia, whose smooth waters, smiling meads, and hills clad in richest verdure, do equal whatsoever poets have ever sung or painters pictured. Another time we disported ourselves in the gardens of Hampton, where, in the season of roses, the insects weary their wings over the flower-beds—the thrifty bees with the weight of gathered honey—and the gay butterflies, idlers as ourselves, with perfume and pleasure. Or we went to Greenwich Park, and underneath the spreading trees, with England's pride of shipping in sight, and barges passing to and fro on the broad stream as on a watery highway, we whiled away the time in many joyous pastimes.

On an occasion of this sort it happened that both brothers went with us, and we forecasted to spend the day at a house in the village of Paddington, about two miles from London, where Mr. Congleton's sister, a lady of fortune, resided. It stood in a very fair garden, the gate of which opened on the high road; and after dinner we sat with some other company which had been invited to meet us under the large cedar trees which lined a broad gravel-walk leading from the house to the gate. The day was very hot, but now a cooling air had risen, and the young people there assembled played at pastimes, in which I was somewhat loth to join; for jesting disputations and framing of questions and answers, an amusement then greatly in fashion, minded one of that fatal encounter betwixt Martin Tregony and Thomas Sherwood, the end of which had been the death of the one and a fatal injury to the soul of the other. Hubert was urgent with me to join in the arguments proposed; but I refused, partly for the aforesaid reason, and methinks, also, because I doubted that Basil should acquit himself so admirably as his brother in these exercises of wit, wherein the latter did indeed excel, and I cared not to shine in a sport wherein he took no part. So I set myself to listen to the disputants, albeit with an absent mind; for I had grown to be somewhat thoughtful of late, and to forecast the future with such an admixture of hope and fear touching the issue of those passages of love I was engaged in, that the trifles which entertained a disengaged mind lacked ability to divert me. I ween Polly, if she had been then in London, should have laughed at me for the symptoms I exhibited of what she styled the sighing malady.

A little while after the contest had begun, a sound was heard at a distance as of a trampling on the road, but not discernible as yet whether of men or horses' feet. There was mixed with it cries of hooting and shouts, which increased as this sort of procession (for so it should seem to be) approached. All who were in the garden ran to the iron railing for to discover the cause. From the houses on both sides the road persons came out and joined in the clamor. As the crowd neared the gate where we stood, the words, "Papists—seditious priests—traitors," were discernible, mixed with oaths, curses, and such opprobrious epithets as my pen dares not write. At the hearing of them the blood rushed to my head, and my heart began to beat as if it should burst from the violence with which it throbbed; for now the mob was close at hand, and we could see the occasion of their yells and shoutings. About a dozen persons were riding without bridle or spur or other furniture, on lean and bare horses, which were fastened

Digitized by Google

one to the other's tails, marching slowly in a long row, each man's feet tied under his horse's belly, and his arms bound hard and fast behind him. A pursuivant rode in front and cried aloud that those coming behind him were certain papists, foes to the gospel and enemies to the commonwealth, for that they had been seized in the act of saying and hearing mass in disobedience to the laws. And as he made this proclamation, the rabble yelled and took up stones and mud to cast at the prisoners. One man cried out, "Four of them be vile priests." O ye who read this, have you taken heed how, at some times in your lives, in a less space than the wink of an eye, thought has outrun sight? So did mine with lightning speed apprehend lest my father should be one of these. I scanned the faces of the prisoners as they passed, but he was not amongst them; however I recognized, with a sharp pain, the known countenance of the priest who had shriven my mother on her death-bed. He looked pale and worn to a shadow, and hardly able to sit on his horse. I sunk down on my knees, with my head against the railings, feeling very sick. Then the gate opened, and with a strange joy and trembling fear I saw Basil push through the mob till he stood close to the horse's feet where the crowd had made a stoppage. He knelt and took off his hat, and the lips of the priests moved, as they passed, for to bless him. Murmurs rose from the rabble, but he took no heed of them. Till the last horseman had gone by he stood with his head uncovered, and then slowly returned, none daring to touch him. "Basil, dear Basil!" I cried, and, weeping, gave him my hand. It was the first time I had called him by his name. Methinks in that moment as secure a troth-plight was passed between us as if ten thousand bonds had sealed it. When, some time afterward, we moved toward the house, I saw Hubert standing at the door with the same stony rigid look which had frighted me once before. He said not one word as I passed him. I have since heard that a lady, endowed with more sharpness than prudence or kindness, had thus addressed him on this occasion: "Methinks, Master Hubert Rookwood, that you did perform your part excellently well in that in genious pastime which procured us so much good entertainment awhile ago; but beshrew me if your brother did not exceed you in the scene we have just witnessed, and if Mistress Sherwood's looks do not belie her, she thought so too. I ween his tragedy hath outdone your comedy." Then he (well-nigh biting his lips through, as the person who related it to me observed) made answer: "If this young gentlewoman's taste be set on tragedy, then will I promise her so much of it another day as should needs satisfy her."

This malicious lady misliked Hubert, by reason of his having denied her the praise of wit, which had been reported to her by a third person. She was minded to be revenged on him, and so the shaft contained in her piercing jest had likewise hit those she willed not to injure. It is not to be credited how many persons have been ruined in fortune, driven into banishment, yea, delivered over to death, by careless words uttered without so much as a thought of the evil which should ensue from them.

And now upon the next day Basil was to leave London. Before he went he said he hoped not to be long absent, and that Mr. Congleton should receive a letter, if it pleased God, from his father; which, if it should be favorably received, and I willed it not to be otherwise, should cause our next meeting to be one of greater contentment than could be thought of.

I answered, "I should never wish otherwise than that we should meet with contentment, or will anything that should hinder it." Which he said did greatly please him to hear, and gave him a comfortable hope of a happy return.

Digitized by Google

He conversed also with Mistress Ward touching the prisoners we had seen the day before, and left some money with her in case she should find means to see and assist them, which she strove to do with the diligence used by her in all such managements. In a few days she discovered Mr. Watson to be in Bridewell, also one Mr. Richardson in the Marshalsea, and three laymen in the Clink. Mr. Watson had a sister who was a Protestant, and by her means she succeeded in relieving his wants, and dealt with the gaolers at the other prisons so as to convey some assistance to the poor men therein confined, whose names she had found out.

One morning when I was at Kate's house Hubert came there; and she, the whole compass of whose thoughts was now circled in her nursery, not minding the signs I made she should not leave us alone, rose and said she must needs go and see if her babe was awake, for Hubert must see him, and he should not go away without first he had beheld him walk with his new leading-strings, which were the tastefullest in the world and fit for a king's son; and that she doubted not we could find good enough entertainment in each other's company, or in Mr. Lacy's books, which must be the wittiest ever written, if she judged by her husband's fondness for them. As soon as the door was shut on her, Hubert began to speak of his brother, and to insinuate that my behavior to himself was changed since Basil had come to London, which I warmly denied.

"If," I said, "I have changed—"

"*If*," he repeated, stopping my speaking with an ironical and disdainful smile, and throwing into that one little word as he uttered it more of meaning than it would seem possible it should express.

"Yes!" I continued, angered at his defiant looks. "Yes, if my behavior to you has changed, which, I must confess, in some respects it has, the cause did lie in my uncle's commands, laid on me before your brother's coming to London. You know it, Master Rookwood, by the same token that you charged me with unkindness for not allowing of your visits, and refusing to read Italian with you, some weeks before ever he arrived."

"You have a very obedient disposition, madam," he answered in a scornful manner, "and I doubt not have attended with a like readiness to the behest to favor the *elder* brother's suit as to that which forbade the receiving of the younger brother's addresses."

"I did not look upon you as a suitor," I replied.

"No!" he exclaimed, "and not as on a lover? Not as on one whose lips, borrowing words from enamored poets twenty times in a day, did avow his passion, and was entertained on your side with so much good-nature and apparent contentment with this mode of disguised worship, as should lead him to hope for a return of his affection? But why question of that wherein my belief is unshaken? I know you love me, Constance Sherwood, albeit you peradventure love more dearly my brother's heirship of Euston and its wide acres. Your eyes deceived not, nor did your flushing cheek dissemble, when we read together those sweet tales and noble poems, wherein are set forth the dear pains and tormenting joys of a mutual love. No, not if you did take your oath on it will I believe you love my brother!"

"What warrant have you, sir," I answered with burning cheek, "to minister such talk to one who, from the moment she found you thought of marriage, did plainly discountenance your suit?"

"You were content, then, madam, to be worshipped as an idol," he bitterly replied, "if only not sued for in marriage by a poor man."

My sin found me out then, and the hard taunt awoke dormant pangs in my conscience for the pleasure I had taken and doubtless showed in the disguised professions of an undisguised admiration; but anger yet prevailed,

Digitized by Google

and I cried, "Think you to advance your interest in my friendship, sir, by such language and reproaches as these?"

"Do you love my brother?" he said again, with an implied contempt which made me mad.

"Sir," I answered, "I entertain for your brother so great a respect and esteem as one must needs feel toward one of so much virtue and goodness. No contract exists between us; nor has he made me the tender of his hand. More than that it behoves you not to ask, or me to answer."

"Ah! the offer of marriage is then the condition of your regard, and love is to follow, not precede, the settlements. I' faith, ladies are very prudent in these days; and virtue and goodness the new names for fortune and lands. Beshrew me, if I had not deemed you to be made of other metal than the common herd. But whatever be the composition of your heart, Constance Sherwood, be it hard as the gold you set so much store on, or, like wax, apt to receive each day some new impress, I will have it; yea, and keep it for my own. No rich fool shall steal it from me."

"Hubert Rookwood," I cried in anger, "dare not so to speak of one whose merit is as superior to thine as the sun outshines a torchlight."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, turning pale with rage, "if I thought thou didst love him!" and clenched his hand with a terrible gesture, and ground his teeth. "But 'tis impossible," he added bitterly smiling. "As soon would I believe Titania verily to doat on the ass's head as for thee to love Basil!"

"Oh!" I indignantly replied, "you do almost constrain me to avow that which no maiden should, unasked, confess. Do you think, sir, that learning and scholarship, and the poor show of wit that lies in a ready tongue, should outweigh honor, courage, and kindliness of heart? Think you that more respect should be paid to one who can speak, and write also, if you will, fair sounding words, than to him who in his daily doings shows forth such nobleness as others only inculcate, and God only knoweth if ever they practise it?"

"Lady!" he exclaimed, "I have served you long; sustained torments in your presence; endured griefs in your absence; pining thoughts in the day, and anguished dreams in the night; jealousies often in times past, and now—"

He drew in his breath; and then not so much speaking the word "despair" as with a smothered vehemence uttering it, he concluded his vehement address.

I was so shaken by his speech that I remained silent: for if I had spoken I must needs have wept. Holding my head with both hands, and so shielding my eyes from the sight of his pale convulsed face, I sat like one transfixed. Then he again: "These be not times, Mistress Sherwood, for women to act as you have done; to lift a man's heart one while to an earthly heaven, and then, without so much as a thought, to cast him into a hellish sea of woes. These be the dealings which drive men to desperation; to attempt things contrary to their own minds, to religion, and to honesty; to courses once abhorred—"

His violence wrung my heart then with so keen a remorse that I cried out, "I cry you mercy, Master Rookwood, if I have dealt thus with you; indeed I thought not to do it. I pray you forgive me, if unwittingly, albeit peradventure in a heedless manner, I have done you so much wrong as your words do charge me with." And then tears I could not stay began to flow; and for awhile no talk ensued. But after a little time he spoke in a voice so changed and dissimilar in manner, that I looked up wholly amazed.

"Sweet Constance," he said, "I have played the fool in my customable fashion, and by such pretended slanders of one I should rather incline to commend beyond his deserts, if that were possible, than to give him vile terms, have sought—I cry you

Digitized by Google

mercy for it—to discover your sentiments, and feigned a resentment and a passion which indeed has proved an excellent piece of acting, if I judge by your tears. I pray you pardon and forget my brotherly device. If you love Basil—as I misdoubt not he loves you—where shall a more suitable match be found, or one which every one must needs so much approve? Marry, sweet lady; I will be his best man when he doth ride to church with you, and cry 'Amen' more loudly than the clerk. So now dart no more vengeful lightnings from thine eyes, sweet one; and wipe away the pearly drops my unmannerly jesting hath caused to flow. I would not Basil had wedded a lady in love with his pelf, not with himself."

"I detest tricks," I cried, "and such feigning as you do confess to. I would I had not answered one word of your false discourse."

Now I wept for vexation to have been so circumvented and befooled as to own some sort of love for a man who had not yet openly addressed me. And albeit reassured in some wise, touching what my conscience had charged me with when I heard Hubert's vehement reproaches, I misdoubted his present sincerity. He searched my face with a keen investigation, for to detect, I ween, if I was most contented or displeased with his late words. I resolved, if he was false, I would be true, and leave not so much as a suspicion in his mind that I did or ever had cared for him. But Kate, who should not have left us alone, now returned, when her absence would have been most profitable. She had her babe in her arms, and must needs call on Hubert to praise its beauty and list to its sweet crowing. In truth, a more winsome, gracious creature could not be seen; and albeit I had made an impatient gesture when she entered, my arms soon eased hers of their fair burthen, and I set to playing with the boy, and Hubert talking and laughing in such good cheer, that I began to credit his passion had been feigning, and his indifferency to be true, which contented me not a little.

A few days afterward Mr. Congleton received a letter, in the evening, when we were sitting in my aunt's room, and a sudden fluttering in my heart whispered it should be from Basil's father. Mine eyes affixed themselves on the cover, which had fallen on the ground, and then travelled to my uncle's face, wherein was a smile which seemed to say, "This is no other than what I did expect." He put it down on the table, and his hand over it. My aunt said he should tell us the news he had received, to make us merry; for that the fog had given her the vapors, and she had need of some good entertainment.

"News!" quoth he. "What news do you look for, good wife?"

"It would not be news, sir," she answered, "if I expected it."

"That is more sharp than true," he replied. "There must needs come news of the queen of France's lying-in; but I pray you how will it be? Shall she live and do well? Shall it be a prince or a princess?"

"Prithee, no disputings, Mr. Congleton," she said. "We be not playing at questions and answers."

"Nay, but thou dost mistake," he cried out, laughing. "Methinks we have here in hand some game of that sort, if I judge by this letter."

Then my heart leapt, I knew not how high or how tumultuously; for I doubted not now but he had received the tidings I hoped for.

"Constance," he said, "hast a mind to marry?"

"If it should please you, sir," I answered; "for my father charged me to obey you."

"Good," quoth he. "I see thou art an obedient wench. And thou wilt marry who I please?"

"Nay, sir; I said not that."

"Oh, oh!" quoth he. "Thou wilt marry so as to please me, and yet—"

"Not so as to displease myself, sir," I answered.

"Come," he said, "another question.

Digitized by Google

Here is a gentleman of fortune and birth, and excellent good character, somewhat advanced in years indeed, but the more like to make an indulgent husband, and to be prudent in the management of his affairs, hath heard so good a report from two young gentlemen, his sons, of thy abilities and proper behavior, that he is minded to make thee a tender of marriage, with so good a settlement on his estate in Suffolk as must needs content any reasonable woman. Wilt have him, Conny?"

"Who, sir?" I asked, waxing, I ween, as red as a field-poppy.

"Mr. Rookwood, wench—Basil and Hubert's father."

Albeit I knew my uncle's trick of jesting, my folly was so great just then, hope and fear working in me, that I was seized with fright, and from crimson turned so white, that he cried out:

"Content thee, child! content thee! 'Tis that tall strapping fellow Basil must needs make thee an offer of his hand; and by my troth, wench, I warrant thee thou wouldst go further and fare worse; for the gentleman is honorably descended, heir-apparent to an estate worth yearly, to my knowledge, three thousand pounds sterling, well disposed in religion, and of a personage without exception. Mr. Rookwood declares he is more contented with his son's choice than if he married Mistress Spencer, or any other heiress; and beshrew me, if I be not contented also."

Then he bent his head close to mine ear, and whispered, "And so art thou, methinks, if those tell-tale eyes of thine should be credited. Yea, yea, hang down thy head, and stammer 'As you please, sir!' And never so much as a *Deo gratias* for thy good fortune! What thankless creatures women be!" I laughed and ran out of the room before mine aunt or Mistress Ward had disclosed their lips; for I did long to be in mine own chamber alone, and, from the depths of a heart over full of, yea overflowing with, such joy as doth incline the knees to bend and the eyes to raise themselves to the Giver of all good—he whom all other goodness doth only mirror and shadow forth—pour out a hymn of praise for the noble blessing I had received. For, I pray you, after the gift of faith and grace for to know and love God, is there aught on earth to be jewelled by a woman like to the affection of a good man; or a more secure haven for her to anchor in amid the present billows of life, except that of religion, to which all be not called, than an honorable contract of marriage, wherein reason, passion, and duty do bind the soul in a triple cord of love?

And oh! with what a painful tenderness I thought in that moving hour on mine own dear parents—my mother, now so many years dead; my father, so parted from his poor child, that in the most weighty concernment of her life—the disposal of her in marriage—his consent had to be presumed; his authority, for so he had with forecasting care ordained, being left in other hands. But albeit a shade of melancholy from such a retrospect as the mind is wont to take of the past, when coming events do cast, as it should seem, a new light on what has preceded them, I could not choose but see, in this good which had happened to me, a reward to him who had forsaken all things—lands, home, kindred, yea his only child, for Christ's dear sake. It minded me of my mother's words concerning me, when she lay dying, "Fear not for her."

I was somewhat loth to return to mine aunt's chamber, and to appear in the presence of Kate and Polly, who had come to visit their mother, and, by their saucy looks when I entered, showed they were privy to the treaty in hand. Mine aunt said she had been thinking that she would not go to church when I was married, but give me her blessing at home; for she had never recovered from the chilling she had when Kate was married, and

Digitized by Google

had laid abed on Polly's wedding-day, which she liked better. Mistress Ward had great contentment, she said, that I should have so good an husband. Kate was glad Basil was not too fond of books, for that scholars be not as conversable as agreeable husbands should be. Polly said, for her part, she thought the less wit a man had, the better for his wife, for she would then be the more like to have her own way. But that being her opinion, she did not wholly wish me joy; for she had noticed Basil to be a good thinker, and a man of so much sense, that he would not be ruled by a wife more than should be reasonable. I was greatly pleased that she thus commended him, who was not easily pleased, and rather given to despise gentlemen than to praise them. I kissed her, and said I had always thought her the most sensible woman in the world. She laughed, and cried, "That was small commendation, for that women were the foolishest creatures in the world, and mostly such as were in love."

Ah me! The days which followed were full of sweet waiting and pleasant pining for the effects of the letter mine uncle wrote to Mr. Rookwood, and looking for one Basil should write himself, when licence for to address me had been yielded to him. When it came, how unforeseen, how sad were the contents! Albeit love was expressed in every line, sorrow did so cover its utterance, that my heart overflowed through mine eyes, and I could only sigh and weep that the beginning of so fair a day of joy should have set in clouds of so much grief. Basil's father was dead. The day after he wrote that letter, the cause of all our joy, he fell sick and never bettered any more, but the contrary: time was allowed him to prepare his soul for death, by all holy rites and ghostly comforts. One of his sons was on each side of his bed when he died; and Basil closed his eyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Basil came to London after the funeral, and methought his sadness then did become him as much as his joyfulness heretofore. His grief was answerable to the affection he had borne unto his father, and to that gentlemen's most excellent deserts. He informed Mr. Congleton that in somewhat less than one year he should be of age, and until then his wardship was committed to Sir Henry Stafford. It was agreed betwixt them, that in respect of his deep mourning and the greater commodity his being of age would afford for the drawing up of settlements, our marriage should be deferred until he returned from the continent in a year's time. Sir Henry was exceeding urgent he should travel abroad for the bettering as he affirmed of his knowledge of foreign languages, and acquirement of such useful information as should hereafter greatly benefit him; but methinks, from what Basil said, it was chiefly with the end that he should not be himself troubled during his term of guardianship with proceedings touching his ward's recusancy, which was so open and manifest, no persuasions dissuading him from it, that he apprehended therefrom to meet with difficulties.

So with heavy hearts and some tears on both sides, a short time after Mr. Rookwood's death, we did part, but withal with so comfortable a hope of a happy future, and so great a security of mutual affection, that the pangs of separation were softened, and a not unpleasing melancholy ensued. We forecasted to hold converse by means of letters, of which he made me promise I should leastways write two for his one; for he argued, as I always had a pen in my hand, it should be no trouble to me to write down my thoughts as they arose, but as for himself, it would cost him much time and labor for to compose such a letter as it would content me to receive. But herein he was too modest;

Digitized by Google

for, indeed, in everything he wrote, albeit short and mostly devoid of such flowers of the fancy as some are wont to scatter over their letters, I was always excellently well pleased with his favors of this kind.

Hubert remained in London for to commence his studies in a house of the law; but when my engagement with his brother became known, he left off haunting Mr. Lacy's house, and even Mr. Wells's, as heretofore. His behavior was very mutable; at one time exceedingly obliging, and at another more strange and distant than it had yet been; so that I did dread to meet him, not knowing how to shape mine own conduct in his regard; for if on the one hand I misliked to appear estranged from Basil's brother, yet if I dealt graciously toward him, I feared to confirm his apprehension of some sort of unusual liking on my part toward himself.

One month, or thereabouts, after Basil had gone to France, Lady Surrey did invite me to stay with her at Kenninghall, which greatly delighted me, for it was a very long time then since I had seen her. The reports I heard of her lord's being a continual waiter on her majesty, and always at court, whereas she did not come to London so much as once in the year, worked in me a very uneasy apprehension that she should not be as happy in her retirement as I should wish. I long had desired to visit this dear lady, but durst not be the first to speak of it. Also to one bred in the country from her infancy, the long while I had spent in a city, far from any sights or scents of nature, had created in me a great desire for pure air and green fields, of which the neighborhood of London had afforded only such scanty glimpses as served to whet, not satisfy, the taste for such-like pleasures. So with much contentment I began my journey into Norfolk, which was the first I had taken since that long one from Sherwood Hall to London some years before. A coach of my Lord Surrey's, with two new pairs of horses, was going from the Charter-house to Kenninghall, and a chamber-woman of my lady's to be conveyed therein; so for conveniency I travelled with her. We slept two nights on the road (for the horses were to rest often), in very comfortable lodgings; and about the middle of the third day we did arrive at Kenninghall, which is a place of so great magnitude and magnificence, that to my surprised eyes it showed more like unto a palace, yea, a cluster of palaces, than the residence of a private though illustrious nobleman. The gardens which we passed alongside of, the terraces adorned with majestic trees, the woods at the back of the building, which then wore a gaudy dress of crimson and golden hues,—made my heart leap for joy to be once more in the country. But when we passed through the gateway, and into one court and then another, methought we left the country behind, and entered some sort of city, the buildings did so close around us on every side. At last we stopped at a great door, and many footmen stood about me, and one led me through long galleries and a store of empty chambers; I forecasting in my mind the while how far it should be to the gardens I had seen, and if the birds could be heard to sing in this great house, in which was so much fine tapestry, and pictures in high-gilt frames, that the eye was dazzled with their splendor. A little pebbly brook or a tuft of daisies would then have pleased me more than these fine hangings, and the grass than the smooth carpets in some of the rooms, the like of which I had never yet seen. But these discontented thoughts vanished quickly when my Lady Surrey appeared; and I had nothing more to desire when I received her affectionate embrace, and saw how joyful was her welcome. Methought, too, when she led me into the chamber wherein she said her time was chiefly spent, that its rich adornment became her, who had verily a queenly beauty, and a

Digitized by Google

presence so sweetly majestic that it alone was sufficient to call for a reverent respect from others even in her young years. There was an admirable simplicity in her dress; so that I likened her in my mind, as she sat in that gilded room, to a pure fair diamond enchased in a rich setting. In the next chamber her gentlewoman and chambermaids were at work—some at frames, and others making of clothes, or else spinning; and another door opened into her bed-chamber, which was very large, like unto a hall, and the canopy of the bed so high and richly adorned that it should have beseemed a throne. The tapestry on the wall, bedight with fruits and flowers, very daintily wrought, so that nature itself hath not more fair hues than therein were to be seen.

"When my lord is not at home, I mislike this grand chamber, and do lie here," she said, and showed me an inner closet; which I perceived to be plainly furnished, and in one corner of it, which pleased me most for to see, a crucifix hung against the wall, over above a kneeling-stool. Seeing my eyes did rest on it, she colored a little, and said it had belonged to Lady Mounteagle, who had gifted her with it on her death-bed; upon which account she did greatly treasure the possession thereof.

I answered, it did very much content me that she should set store on what had been her grandmother's, for verily she was greatly indebted to that good lady for the care she had taken of her young years; "but methinks," I added, "the likeness of your Saviour which died for you should not need any other excuse for the prizing of it than what arises from its being what it is, his own dear image."

She said she thought so too; but that in the eyes of Protestants she must needs allege some other reason for the keeping of a crucifix in her room than that good one, which nevertheless in her own thinking she allowed of.

Then she showed me mine own chamber, which was very commodious and pleasantly situated, not far from hers. From the window was to be seen the town of Norwich, and an extensive plain intersected with trees; and underneath the wall of the house a terrace lined with many fair shrubs and strips of flower-beds, very pleasing to the eye, but too far off for a more familiar enjoyment than the eyesight could afford.

When we had dined, and I was sitting with my lady in her dainty sitting-room, she at her tambour-frame, and I with a piece of patch-work on my knees which I had brought from London, she began forthwith to question me touching my intended marriage, Mr. Rookwood's death, and Basil's going abroad, concerning which she had heard many reports. I satisfied her thereon; upon which she expressed great contentment that my prospects of happiness were so good; for all which knew Basil thought well on him, she said; and mostly his neighbors, which have the chiefest occasions for to judge of a man's disposition. And Euston, she thought, should prove a very commendable residence, albeit the house was small for so good an estate; but capable, she doubted not, of improvements, which my fine taste would bestow on it; not indeed by spending large sums on outward show, but by small adornments and delicate beautifying of a house and gardens, such as women only do excel in; the which kind of care Mr. Rookwood's seat had lacked for many years. She also said it pleased her much to think that Basil and I should agree touching religion, for there was little happiness to be had in marriage where consent doth not exist in so important a matter. I answered, that I was of that way of thinking also. But then this consent must be veritable, not extorted; for in so weighty a point the least shadow of compulsion on the one side, and feigning on the other, do end by destroying happiness, and virtue also, which is more urgent. She made no answer; and I then asked her if she

Digitized by Google

liked Kenninghall more than London, and had found in a retired life the contentment she had hoped for. She bent down her head over her work-frame, so as partly to conceal her face; but how beautiful what was to be seen of it appeared, as she thus hid the rest, her snowy neck supporting her small head, and the shape of her oval cheek just visible beneath the dark tresses of jet-black hair! When she raised that noble head methought it wore a look of becoming, not unchristian, pride, or somewhat better than should be titled pride; and her voice betokened more emotion than her visage betrayed when she said, "I am more contented, Constance, to inhabit this my husband's chiefest house than to dwell in London or anywhere else. Where should a wife abide with so much pleasure as in a place where she may be sometimes visited by her lord, even though she should not always be so happy as to enjoy his company? My Lord Arundel hath often urged me to reside with him in London, and pleaded the comfort my Lady Lumley and himself, in his declining years, should find in my filial care; but God helping me—and I think in so doing I fulfil his will—naught shall tempt me to leave my husband's house till he doth himself compel me to it; nor by resentment of his absence lose one day of his dear company I may yet enjoy."

"O my dear lady," I exclaimed, "and is it indeed thus with you? Doth my lord so forget your love and his duty as to forsake one he should cherish as his most dear treasure?"

"Nay, nay," she hastily replied; "Philip doth not forsake me; a little neglectful he is" (this she said with a forced smile), "as all the queen's courtiers must needs be of their wives; for she is so exacting, that such as stand in her good graces cannot be stayers at home, but ever waiters on her pleasure. If Philip doth only leave London or Richmond for three or four days, she doth suspect the cause of his absence; her smiles are turned to frowns, and his enemies immediately do take advantage of it. I tried to stay in London one while this year, after Bess was married; but he suffered so much in consequence from the loss of her good graces when she heard I was at the Charter-house, that I was compelled to return here."

"And hath my lord been to see you since?" I eagerly asked.

"Once," she answered; "for three short days. O Constance, it was a brief, and, from its briefness, an almost painful joy, to see him in his own princely home, and at the head of his table, which he doth grace so nobly; and when he went abroad saluted by every one with so much reverence, that he should be taken to be a king when he is here; and himself so contented with this show of love and homage, that his face beamed with pleasant smiles; and when he observed what my poor skill had effected in the management of his estates, which do greatly suffer from the prodigalities of the court, he commended me with so great kindness as to say he was not worthy of so good a wife."

I could not choose but say amen in mine own soul to this lord's true estimation of himself, and of her, one hair of whose head did, in my thinking, outweigh in merit his whole frame; but composed my face lest she should too plainly read my resentment that the like of her should be so used by an ungrateful husband.

"Alas," she continued, "this joy should be my constant portion if an enemy robbed me not of my just rights. 'Tis very hard to be hated by a queen, and she so great and powerful that none in the compass of her realm can dare to resent her ill treatment. I had a letter from my lord last week, in which he says if it be possible he will soon visit me again; but he doth add that he has so much confidence in my affection, that he is sure I would not will him to risk that which may undo him, if the queen should hear of it. 'For, Nan,' he writes, 'I resemble a man scrambling up unto a slippery rock, who, if he

Digitized by Google

gaineth not the topmost points, must needs fall backward into a precipice; for if I lose but an inch of her majesty's favor, I am like to fall as my fathers have done, and yet lower. So be patient, good Nan, and bide the time when I shall have so far ascended as to be in less danger of a rapid descent, in which thine own fortunes would be involved.'"

She folded this letter, which she had taken out of her bosom, with a deep sigh, and I doubt not with the same thought which was in mine own mind, that the higher the ascent, the greater doth prove the peril of an overthrow, albeit to the climber's own view the further point doth seem the most secure. She then said she would not often speak with me touching her troubles; but we should try to forget absent husbands and lovers, and enjoy so much pleasure in our mutual good company as was possible, and go hawking also and riding on fine days, and be as merry as the days were long. And, verily, at times youthful spirits assumed the lead, and like two wanton children we laughed sometimes with hearty cheer at some pleasantry in which my little wit but fanciful humor did evince itself for her amusement. But the fair sky of these sunshiny hours was often overcast by sudden clouds; and weighty thoughts, ill assorting with soaring joylity, wrought sad endings to merry beginnings. I restrained the expression of mine own sorrow at my father's uncertain fate and Basil's absence, not to add to her heaviness; but sometimes, whilst playing in some sort the fool to make her smile, which smiles so well became her, a sharp aching of the heart caused me to fail in the effort; which when she perceived, her arm was straightway thrown round my neck, and she would speak in this wise:

"O sweet jester! poor dissembler! the heart will have its say, albeit not aided by the utterance of the tongue. Believe me, good Constance, I am not unmindful of thy griefs, albeit somewhat silent concerning them, as also mine own; for that I eschew melancholy themes, having a well-spring of sorrow in my bosom which doth too readily overflow if the sluices be once opened."

Thus spake this sweet lady; but her unconscious tongue, following the current of her thoughts more frequently than she did credit, dwelt on the theme of her absent husband; and on whichever subject talk was ministered between us, she was ingenious to procure it should end with some reference to this worshipped object. But verily, I never perceived her to express, in speaking of that then unworthy husband, but what, if he had been present, must needs have moved him to regret his negligent usage of an incomparable, loving, and virtuous wife, than to any resentment of her complaints, which were rather of others who diverted his affections from her than of him, the prime cause of her grief. One day that we walked in the pleasaunce, she led the way to a seat which she said during her lord's last visit he had commended for the fair prospect it did command, and said it should be called "My Lady's Arbor."

"He sent for the head-gardener," quoth she, "and charged him to plant about it so many sweet flowers and gay shrubs as should make it in time a most dainty bower fit for a queen. These last words did, I ween, unwittingly escape his lips, and, I fear me, I was too shrewish; for I exclaimed, 'O no, my lord; I pray you let it rather be *un*fitted for a queen, if so be you would have me to enjoy it!' He made no answer, and his countenance was overcast and sad when he returned to the house. I misdoubted my hasty speech had angered him; but when his horse came to the door for to carry him away to London and the court, he said very kindly, as he embraced me, 'Farewell, dear heart! mine own good Nan!' and in a letter he since wrote he inquired if his orders had been obeyed touching his sweet countess's pleasure-house."

Digitized by Google

I always noticed Lady Surrey to be very eager for the coming of the messenger which brought letters from London mostly twice in the week, and that in the untying of the strings which bound them her hand trembled so much that she often said, "Prithee, Constance, cut this knot. My fingers be so cold I have not so much patience as should serve to the undoing thereof."

One morning I perceived she was more sad than usual after the coming of this messenger. The cloud on her countenance chased away the joy I had at a letter from Basil, which was written from Paris, and wherein he said he had sent to Rheims for to inquire if my father was yet there, for in that case he should not so much fail in his duty as to omit seeking to see him; and so get at once, he trusted, a father and a priest's blessing."

"What ails you, sweet lady?" I asked, seeing her lips quiver and her eyes to fill with tears.

"Nothing should ail me," she answered more bitterly than was her wont. "It should be, methinks, the part of a wife to rejoice in her husband's good fortune; and here is one that doth write to me that my lord's favor with the queen is so great that nothing greater can be thought of: so that some do say, if he was not married he would be like to mount, not only to the steps, but on to the throne itself. Here should be grand news for to rejoice the heart of the Countess of Surrey. Prithee, good wench, why dost thou not wish thy poor friend joy?"

I felt so much choler that any one should write to my lady in this fashion, barbing with cruel malice, or leastways careless lack of thought, this wanton arrow, that I exclaimed in a passion it should be a villain had thus written. She smiled in a sad manner and answered:

"Alas, an innocent villain I warrant the writer to be, for the letter is from my Bess, who has heard others speak of that which she doth unwittingly repeat, thinking it should be an honor to my lord, and to me also, that he should be spoken of in this wise. But content thee; 'tis no great matter to hear that said again which I have had hints of before, and am like to hear more of it, maybe."

Then hastily rising, she prepared to go abroad; and we went to a lodge in the park, wherein she harbored a great store of poor children which lacked their parents; and then to a barn she had fitted up for to afford a night's lodging to travellers; and to tend sick people—albeit, saving herself, she had no one in her household at that time one half so skilful in this way as my Lady l'Estrange. I ween this was the sole place wherein her thoughts were so much occupied that she did for a while forget her own troubles in curing those of others. A woman had stopped there the past night, who, when we went in, craved assistance from her for to carry her to her native village, which was some fifteen miles north of Norwich. She was afraid, she said, for to go into the town; for nowadays to be poor was to be a wicked person in men's eyes; and a traveller without money was like to be whipt and put into the stocks for a vagabond, which she should die of if it should happen to her, who had been in the service of a countess, and had not thought to see herself in such straits, which she should never have been reduced to if her good lady had not been foully dealt with. Lady Surrey, wishing, I ween, by some sort of examination, to detect the truth of her words, inquired in whose service she had lived.

"Madam," she answered, "I was kitchen maid in the Countess of Leicester's house, and never left her service till she was murthered some years back by a black villain in her household, moved by a villain yet more black than himself."

"Murthered!" my lady exclaimed. "It was bruited at the time that lady had died of a fall."

"Ay, marry," quoth the beggar,

Digitized by Google

shaking her head, "I warrant you, ladies, that fall was compassed by more hands than two, and more minds than one. But it be not safe for to say so; as Mark Hewitt could witness if he was not dead, who was my sweetheart and a scullion at Cumnor Place, and was poisoned in prison for that he offered to give evidence touching his lady's death which would have hanged some which deserved it better than he did—albeit he had helped to rob a coach in Wales after he had been discharged, as we all were, from the old place. Oh, if folks dared to tell all they do know, some which ride at the queen's side should swing on a gibbet before this day twelvemonth."

Lady Surrey sat down by this woman; and albeit I pulled her by the sleeve and whispered in her ear to come away—for methought her talk was not fitting for her to hear, whose mind ran too much already on melancholy themes—she would not go, and questioned this person very much touching the manner of Lady Leicester's life, and what was reported concerning her death. This recital was given in a homely but withal moving manner, which lent a greater horror to it than more studied language should have done. She said her lady had been ill some time and never left her room; but that one day, when one of her lord's gentlemen had come from London, and had been examining of the house with the steward for to order some repairing of the old walls and staircases, and the mason had been sent for also late in the evening, a so horrible shriek was heard from the part of the house wherein the countess's chamber was, that it frighted every person in the place, so that they did almost lose their senses; but that she herself had run to the passage on which the lady's bed-chamber did open, and saw some planking removed, and many feet below the body of the countess lying quite still, and by the appearance of her face perceived her to be gone. And when the steward came to look also (this the woman said, lowering her voice, with her hollow eyes fixed on Lady Surrey's countenance, which did express fear and sorrow), "I'll warrant you, my lady, he did wear a murtherer's visage, and I noticed that the corpse bled at his approach. But methinketh if that earl which rides by the queen's side, and treads the world under his feet, had then been nigh, the mangled form should have raised itself and the cold dead lips cried out, 'Thou art the man!' Marry, when poor folks do steal a horse, or a sheep, or shoot the fallow-deer in a nobleman's park, they straightway do suffer and lose their life; but if a lord which is a courtier shall one day choose to put his wife out of his way for the bettering of his fortunes, even though it be by a foul murther, no more ado is made than if he had shot a pigeon in his woods."

Then changing her theme, she asked Lady Surrey to dress a wound in her leg, for that she did hear from some in that place that she often did use such kindness toward poor people. Without such assistance, she said, to walk the next day would be very painful. My lady straightway began to loosen the bandages which covered the sore, and inquired how long a time it should be since it had been dressed.

"Four days ago," the beggar answered, "Lady l'Estrange had done her so much good as to salve the wound with a rare ointment which had greatly assuaged the pain, until much walking had inflamed it anew."

We both did smile; and my lady said she feared to show herself less skilful than her old pupil; but if the beggar should be credited, she did acquit herself indifferently well of her charitable task; and the bounty she bestowed upon her afterward, I doubt not, did increase her patient's esteem of her ability. But I did often wish that evening my lady had not heard this woman's tale, for I perceived her to harp upon it with a very notable persistency; and when I urged no credit should attach itself to her re-

Digitized by Google

port, and it was most like to be untrue, she affirmed that some similar surmises had been spoken of at the time of Lady Leicester's death; and that Lord Sussex and Lord Arundel had once mentioned, in her hearing, that the gypsy was infamed for his wife's death, albeit never openly accused thereof. She had not taken much heed of their discourse at the time, she said; but now it came back into her mind with a singular distinctness, and it was passing strange she should have heard from an eye-witness the details of this tragedy. She should, she thought, write to her husband what the woman had related; and then she changed her mind, and said she would not.

All my pleadings to her that she should think no more thereon were vain. She endeavored to speak of other subjects, but still this one was uppermost in her thoughts. Once, in the midst of an argument touching the uses of pageants, which she maintained to be folly and idle waste, but which I defended, for that they sometimes served to exercise the wit and memory of such as contrive them, carrying on the dispute in a lively fashion, hoping thus to divert her mind, she broke forth in these exclamations: "Oh, what baneful influences do exist in courts, when men, themselves honorable, abhor not to company with such as be accused of foul crimes never disproved, and if they will only stretch forth their blood-stained hands to help them to rise, disdain not to clasp them!"

Then later, when I had persuaded her to play on the guitar, which she did excellently well, she stopped before the air was ended to ask if I did know if Lady Leicester was a fair woman, and if her husband was at any time enamored of her. And when I was unable to resolve these questions, she must needs begin to argue if it should be worse never to be loved, or else to lose a husband's affection; and then asked me, if Basil should alter in his liking of me, which she did not hold to be possible, except that men be so wayward and inconstant that the best do sometimes change, if I should still be glad he had once loved me.

"If he did so much alter," I answered, "as no longer to care for me, methinks I should at once cast him out of my heart; for then it would not have been Basil, but a fancied being coined by mine own imaginings, I should have doted on."

"Tut, tut!" she cried; "thou art too proud. If thou dost speak truly, I misdoubt that to be love which could so easily discard its object."

"For my part," I replied, somewhat nettled, "I think the highest sort of passion should be above suspecting change in him which doth inspire it, or resenting a change which should procure it freedom from an unworthy thrall."

"I ween," she answered, "we do somewhat misconceive each one the other's meaning; and moreover, no parallel can exist between a wife's affection and a maiden's liking." Then she said she hoped the poor woman would stay another day, so that she might speak with her again; for she would fain learn from her what was Lady Leicester's behavior during her sorrowful years, and the temper of her mind before her so sudden death.

"Indeed, dear lady," I urged, "what likelihood should there be that a serving-wench in her kitchen should be acquainted with a noble lady's thoughts?"

"I pray God," my lady said, "our meanest servants do not read in our countenance, yea in the manner of our common and indifferent actions, the motions of our souls when we be in such trouble as should only be known to God and one true friend."

Lady Surrey sent in the morning for to inquire if the beggar was gone. To my no small content she had departed before break of day. Some days afterward a messenger from London brought to my lady, from Arundel House, a letter from my Lady Lum-

Digitized by Google

ley, wherein she urged her to repair instantly to London, for that the earl, her grandfather, was very grievously sick, and desired for to see her. My lady resolved to go that very day, and straightway gave orders touching the manner of her journey, and desired her coach to be made ready. She proposed that the while she was absent I should pay a visit to Lady l'Estrange, which I had promised for to do before I left Norfolkshire; "and then," quoth my lady, "if my good Lord Arundel doth improve in his health, so that nothing shall detain me at London, I will return to my banishment, wherein my best comfort shall ever be thy company, good Constance. But if peradventure my lord should will me to stay with him" (oh, how her eyes did brighten! and the fluttering of her heart could be perceived in her quick speech and the heaving of her bosom as she said these words), "I will then send one of my gentlewomen to fetch thee from Lynn Court to London; and if that should happen, why methinks our meeting may prove more merry than our parting."

She then dispatched a messenger on horseback to Sir Hammond l'Estrange's house, which did return in some hours with a very obliging answer; for his lady did write that she almost hoped my Lady Surrey would be detained in London, if so be it would not discontent her, and so she should herself have the pleasure of my company for a longer time, which was what she greatly desired.

For some miles, when she started, I rode with my lady in her coach, and then mounted on a horse she had provided for my commodity, and, accompanied by two persons of her household, went to Sir Hammond l'Estrange's seat. It stood in a bleak country without scarce so much as one tree in its neighborhood, but a store of purple heath, then in flower, surrounding it on all sides. As we approached unto it, I for the first time beheld the sea. The heath had minded me of Cannock Chase and my childhood. I ween not what the sea caused me to think of; only I know that the waves which I heard break on the shore had, to my thinking, a wonderful music, so exceeding sweet and pleasant to mine ears that one only sound of it were able to bring, so it did seem to me, all the hearts of this world asleep. Yet although I listed thereunto with a quiet joy, and mine eyes rested on those vasty depths with so much contentment, as if perceiving therein some image of the eternity which doth await us. the words which rose in my mind, and which methinks my lips also framed, were these of Holy Writ: "Great as the sea is thy destruction." If it be not that some good angel whispered them in mine ear for to temper, by a sort of forecasting of what was soon to follow, present gladness, I know not what should have caused so great a dissimilarity between my then thinking and the words I did unwittingly utter.

Lady l'Estrange met me on the steps of her house, which was small, but such as became a gentleman of good fortune, and lacking none of the commodities habitual to such country habitations. The garden at the back of it was a true labyrinth of sweets; and an orchard on one side of it, and a wood of fir-trees beyond the wall, shielded the shrubs which grew therein from the wild sea-blasts. Milicent was delighted for to show me every part of this her home. The bettering of her fortunes had not wrought any change in the gentle humility of this young lady. The attractive sweetness of her manner was the same, albeit mistress of a house of her own. She set no greater store on herself than she had done at the Charterhouse, and paid her husband as much respect and timid obedience as she had ever done her mistress. Verily, in his presence I soon perceived she scarce held her soul to be her own; but studied his looks with so much diligence, and framed each word she uttered to his liking with so much inge-

Digitized by Google

nuity, that I marvelled at the wit she showed therein, which was not very apparent in other ways. He was a tall man, of haughty carriage and well-proportioned features. His eyes were large and gray; his nose of a hawkish shape; his lips very thin. I never in any face did notice the signs of so set a purpose or such unyielding lineaments as in this gentleman. Milicent told me he was pious, liberal, an active magistrate, and an exceeding obliging and indulgent husband; but methought her testimony on this score carried no great weight with it, for that her meekness would read the most ordinary kindnesses as rare instances of goodness. She seemed very contented with her lot; and I heard from Lady Surrey's waiting-maid (which she had sent with me from Kenninghall) that all the servants in her house esteemed her to be a most virtuous and patient lady; and so charitable, that all who knew her experienced her bounty. On the next day she showed me her garden, her dairy, poultry-yard, and store-room; and also the closet where she kept the salves and ointments for the dressing of wounds, which she said she was every morning employed in for several hours. I said, if she would permit me, I would try to learn this art under her direction, for that nothing could be thought of more useful for such as lived in the country, where such assistance was often needed. Then she asked me if I was like to live in the country, which, from my words, she hoped should be the case; and I told her, if it pleased God, in one year I would be married to Mr. Rookwood, of Euston Hall; which she was greatly rejoiced to learn.

Then, as we walked under the trees, talk ensued between us touching former days at the Charter-house; and when the sun was setting amidst gold and purple clouds, and the wind blew freshly from the sea, whilst the barking of Sir Hammond's dogs, and the report of his gun as he discharged it behind the house, minded me more than ever of old country scenes in past time, my thoughts drew also future pictures of what mine own home should be, and the joy with which I should meet Basil, when he returned from the field-sports in which he did so much delight. And a year seemed a long time to wait for so much happiness as I foresaw should be ours when we were once married. "If Lady l'Estrange is so contented," I thought, "whose husband is somewhat churlish and stern, if his countenance and the reports of his neighbors are to be credited, how much enjoyment in her home shall be the portion of my dear Basil's wife! than which a more sweet-tempered gentleman cannot be seen, nor one endued with more admirable qualities of all sorts, not to speak of youth and beauty, which are perishable advantages, but not without attractiveness."

Mrs. l'Estrange, an unmarried sister of Sir Hammond, lived in the house, and some neighbors which had been shooting with him came to supper. The table was set with an abundance of good cheer; and Milicent sat at the head of it, and used a sweet cordiality toward all her guests, so that every one should seem welcome to her hospitality; but I detected looks of apprehension in her face, coupled with hasty glances toward her husband, if any one did bring forward subjects of discourse which Sir Hammond had not first broached, or did appear in any way to differ with him in what he himself advanced. Once when Lord Burleigh was mentioned, one of the gentleman said somewhat in disparagement of this nobleman, as if he should have been to blame in some of his dealings with the parliament, which brought a dark cloud on Sir Hammond's brow. Upon which Milicent, the color coming into her cheeks, and her voice trembling a little, as she seemed to cast about her for some subject which should turn the current of this talk, began to tell what a store of patients she had

Digitized by Google

seen that day, and to describe them, as if seeking to stop the mouths of the disputants. "One," quoth she, "hath been three times to me this week to have his hands dressed, and I be verily in doubt what his station should be. He hath a notable appearance of good breeding, albeit but poorly apparelled, and his behavior and discourse should show him to be a gentleman. The wounds of his hands were so grievously galled for want of proper dressing, when he first came, I feared they should mortify, and the curing of them to exceed my poor skill. The skin was rubbed off the whole palms, as if scraped off by handling of ropes. A more courageous patient could not be met with. Methought the dressing should have been very painful, but he never so much as once did wince under it. He is somewhat reserved in giving an account of the manner in which he came by those wounds, and answered jestingly when I inquired thereof. But to-morrow I will hear more on it, for I charged him to come for one more dressing of his poor hands."

"Where doth this fellow lodge?" Sir Hammond asked across the table in a quick eager manner.

"At Master Rugeley's house, I have heard," quoth his wife.

Then his fist fell on the table so that it shook.

"A lewd recusant, by God!" he cried. "I'll be sworn this is the popish priest escaped out of Wisbeach, for whom I have this day received orders to make diligent search. Ah, ah! my lady hath trapped the Jesuit fox."

I looked at Milicent, and she at me. O my God, what looks those were!

From The Popular Science Review.

MIGRATIONS OF EUROPEAN BIRDS.

THE migrations of animals—especially those of the feathered tribe—constitute one of the most interesting and improving studies that the admirer of nature can pursue. When naturalists were less conversant with the movements of birds of passage, and knew little of their habits and haunts, it used to be a favorite mode of accounting for the regular disappearance of many species by attributing to them what is the case with certain animals, namely, a torpid condition during winter. It was affirmed that certain birds spent the cold months at the bottom of lakes, and gravely asserted by an authority of the last century that "swallows sometimes assemble in numbers, clinging to a reed till it breaks and sinks with them to the bottom; that their immersion is preceded by a song or dirge, which lasts more than a quarter of an hour; that sometimes they lay hold of a straw with their bills, and plunge down in society; and that others form a large mass by clinging together by the feet, and in this manner commit themselves to the deep." Irrespective of the ridiculous absurdity of such assertions, and their want of corroborative evidence, we have the recorded opinions of John Hunter and Professor Owen as to the incompatibility of a bird's organism for such a mode of existence. In all probability, the statement may have in part arisen from the well-known circumstance that many birds of passage tarry in their summer retreats until caught by the cold of winter, when individuals may be found benumbed and senseless;

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

this is a common occurrence, even with the swallows and other birds of northern India, where in the cold months the temperature during night falls often to freezing, whilst at midday it may range as high as 80° Fahr. in the shade. I have also seen the green bee-eater and small warblers so much affected by a temperature of 40° on the banks of the Nile in Nubia as to be scarcely able to fly from twig to twig. The effects of severe winters on many of our indigenous as well as migratory birds have been frequently exemplified by the numbers found dead in sheltered situations, and especially if the cold sets in early, when comparatively few birds of passage escape; for instance, the corncrake has been found in Britain during the winter months; we know of one individual that was picked up on Christmas-day, crouching among furze bushes, almost insensible from cold. The winter homes of European birds of passage comprehend southern Europe, lower Egypt, and the countries that lie between the desert and southern shores of the Mediterranean, including the elevated lands of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, which, although differing in physical features and, in some respects, in climate, are, strictly speaking, but an extension of Europe, for their flora and fauna are European. It is only when the traveller crosses the Sahara, with its salt lakes and moving clouds of sand, and gains the region of verdure beyond, that he enters on a new zoological and botanical province. It is curious and instructive to observe how well this statement accords with late geological discoveries. From a series of ascertained facts the student of physical science is enabled to speculate on a time when equatorial Africa was divided from the northern portion of the continent by a great sea, of which the Sahara formed the bed; it extended from the Gulf of Cabes to Senegambia in the west, and was many hundred miles in breadth. The Mediterranean sea did not then exist; therefore there was no great obstacle to the southern migrations of animals until they reached the shores of the great central African sea; but as there was no desert in those days, there would be no hot winds to temper the climates northward, and consequently we should expect to find traces of more rigorous winters in central and southern Europe; and such have been clearly proven by certain evidences, which were lucidly explained by Sir Charles Lyell at the last meeting of the British Association. Thus, although we may wonder at the extraordinary intelligence which prompts the bird to cross the Mediterranean, we see at the same time that it is going to no foreign land, where it will not meet friends to cheer it, or food unsuited to its wants. The two great causes which bring about the regular migrations of birds are either change of climate or failure of food—most often both combined. Any ordinary observer must have often remarked that the first effect of a decrease in temperature in autumn is the sudden disappearance of many winged and wingless insects, on which many soft-billed birds of passage depend. At that season swallows, that seemed so full of life and vigor, skimming over fields, threading along the lanes, or twittering from straw-built sheds, are soon seen collecting in flocks, and flitting about with a marked diminution in their activity—now huddling together on the eaves of houses, or assembling in long lines on the telegraph wires; another boreal blast, not yet sufficient to turn the leaf, sends the whole flock southward, for they soon find that there is no use facing the north from whence the cold puffs are coming, whilst by holding in the direction of the sun, with the balmy southern winds occasionally beckoning them to advance, they soon gain the object of their desires. Thus flocks may be seen pursuing their journey, and picking up a livelihood and more companions as they speed their way over mountain, moor, field, city, or sea to

Digitized by Google

the sunny climes and eternal sunshine of southern Europe and trans-Mediterranean lands. The majority of migratory birds cross the latter sea during the vernal and autumnal equinoxes; whilst a few, such as certain finches and water birds, make their appearance on the islands and southern shores throughout the winter; the latter, however, are in a great measure dependent on the state of the weather, and their numbers increase or decrease accordingly.

It is evident that such animals as the lapp, lemming, musk-ox, or reindeer must push southward on the approach of winter. Their migrations are by no means unexpected; nor would the mere land journey of birds create amazement when we know the real causes; but to cross the great inland sea anywhere, save at its entrance, must be considered a great feat when performed by tiny warblers, and birds not physically adapted for long flights; for instance, the willow warbler or the land-rail, crossing the broadest parts of the Mediterranean, must traverse at least six hundred miles. No doubt the heated winds from the desert exert a great influence in determining the route to be taken by migratory birds, especially in the countries that come directly under their operation; and at no seasons are their presence more apparent than during the spring and autumn; for not only then do they blow their greatest violence, but are also most keenly felt by contrast with the previous hot or cold months. Thus the winds that beckon the bird in autumn to come southward, drive it back again to Europe in spring. Much, however, depends on the constitutional powers of the individual species, which vary greatly in members of the same family; for instance, the little chiffchaff often makes its appearance in England as early as the middle of March, whilst its congener, the willow warbler, is seldom seen before the end of April; the spotted fly-catcher and night-jar arrive toward the end of May, and depart again early in September. Bird migrations may be said to be either complete or partial; some birds totally abandon Europe during winter, and take up their residence in north Africa; others repair merely to the more genial climates of the south of Europe; whilst many remain, but in diminished numbers, throughout the year, the majority resorting to milder temperatures. For example, the swallow tribe leave Europe entirely; the wagtails have their winter homes among the oases of the desert and on the banks of the Nile, whilst a few tarry in southern Europe, and with their brethren in spring push northward. A good many stone-chats spend the winter in Britain, whilst the majority move southward; not so with their close ally, the whin-chat, which disappears entirely during the cold season, and, with the migratory portion of the last-named species, seeks the more genial climates of north Africa. Thus, in all probability, there are individual stone-chats that have alternately braved the cold of the north and the more cheerful winter of the Sahara; for we cannot suppose that there is a set that invariably stop in the north, and another that constantly leave at the approach of winter. At all events, here is displayed a flexibility of constitution often considered characteristic of man alone. Although the regular birds of passage maintain much exactitude with reference to their arrivals and departures, others seem to err greatly when compelled by weather or other causes to trust to their own intelligence in guiding them from place to place; even many migratory species far exceed the bounds of their usual resorts, and certain individuals, not known to be migratory, have found their way across the whole continent of Europe. A good example of the latter is seen in the late irruption of Pallas's sand-grouse from north-western Asia, so well illustrated by Messrs. Moore and Newton, in the "Ibis." The short-toed lark seldom

Digitized by Google

migrates beyond the northern shores of the Mediterranean, yet finds itself often in Britain, and caught either in gales, or wandering unknowingly northward; occasional individuals of the Egyptian vulture from Spain, the Griffon vulture and spotted eagle from the mountains of central Europe, and the spotted cuckoo from north Africa. Moreover, several American species have been recorded, chiefly water birds, which, of course, are better adapted to brave the dangers of the deep. Certain birds—to wit, the redbreast, song-thrush, and blackbird—do not leave the north of Europe, whilst many of their brethren of Italy and the neighboring countries make regular annual migrations to Africa and the islands. To account for this remarkable anomaly, it will be observed that the robin of the south is far less omnivorous than its northern compeer, and is not nearly so familiar in its habits—like the warblers, it depends almost entirely on insect food; consequently, when that fails, it has no alternative but to push southward, and participating, like other species, in climatic effects, it would doubtless follow a like route; and much the same with the thrushes, as they depend in a great measure on fruits for their winter subsistence. When the grapes of the south are gathered, having no holly-berries, mountain ash, or haws to draw on for their winter wants, they would naturally disperse; probably many fly northward as well; for all the thrushes that cross the Mediterranean during winter are but an infinitesimal part of what frequent Italy and the south of Europe in summer. No doubt much depends on the nature of the locality, whether favorable or otherwise; and wherever a complete or only partial failure of food has taken place, so accordingly will the species depart or remain. Moreover, what has just been remarked in connection with the stone-chat, might be applied again to the robins and thrushes of southern Europe: supposing one of either hatched in Italy, and after several years' migrations to the oasis of the desert, should deviate on one occasion from its accustomed course and fly northward, and spend the winter in northern Europe,—with the example of the resident individuals before it, no doubt the robin would soon pick up crumbs at the kitchen door, and the thrushes crowd with their indigenous brethren on the holly-trees, and, becoming climatized, remain in their adopted countries ever afterward. Although we have no direct proof that such occurrences actually take place, there is nothing in the bird's constitution to preclude such a supposition; and not only that, but we know in the case of Pallas's sand-grouse, and many other accidental visitors, that they have at once adapted themselves to the food afforded by the country, although perfectly new to them. How far such influences, acting on generations and for long periods, do effect the external appearances or internal structure of a species, are points not yet clearly determined; but doubtless, as the geographical distribution and migrations of animals become better known, so will many difficulties of that nature be cleared up. Of the vast hosts of birds that cross the Mediterranean annually not a few perish on their way, and their bodies are thrown up on the beach; many arrive only to die, as we can testify from our own observations along the shores of Malta, where we have picked up numerous warblers that had been either drowned on their passage or died on the rocks, or had dashed themselves at night against the fortifications and light-houses.

> "The beacon blaze illures
> The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
> Against it, and beats out his weary life."

The quail on its way to Europe in spring, or Africa in autumn, is often borne back by a strong head-wind to the country it had just left; and we have repeatedly noticed that a strong sirocco in September scarcely ever fails in throwing abundance of quail

Digitized by Google

on the southeast coast of Malta, in the same way that a powerful gregale brings in many that had been bent on an opposite direction. We now come to observe that extraordinary intelligence whereby swallows, for instance, are enabled year after year to return to the same nest. Taking into consideration the long absence, the dangers and difficulties incident to the voyage, it seems incredible that any animal not human can be capable, after nearly eight months' sojourn in central Africa, to return in spring to a farm-yard in the midland counties of England; and still more wondrous, as recorded in "Yarrell's British Birds," that several swifts, undeniably marked, returned not only for three years in succession, but one of the number was caught in the same locality at the expiration of seven years. Here, then, are displayed effects of memory and perception—in fine, a wondrous manifestation of intellect, which, under the vague name of instinct, has been applied, we think too indiscriminately, to such-like mental phenomena among the lower animals.

None of the eagles of Europe seem to cross the great inland sea, or perform regular migrations. The osprey and peregrine falcon wander over the south of Europe and north Africa in increased numbers during the winter months. Flocks of honey-buzzards, orange-legged falcons, and lesser kestrels, together with numbers of marsh harriers, kestrels, sparrow-hawks, and in a less proportion the hobby, merlin, and Montagu's and Swainson's harriers, follow the migratory birds to and from Africa—some in hot pursuit of the warblers and quail, which they feed on when they cannot procure more choice food. Thus flocks of hawks may be seen hovering over the fields in spring, and along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, where the birds of passage are assembling before they commence their voyage northward,—all driven hence by the hot blasts of the desert, which, under such local names as harmattan, sirocco, kamsin, simoom, and samiel, soon wither verdure, and compel birds of passage to turn their faces northward, and fly with all speed to more genial climes. A naval officer informed us that one spring evening, when a hundred miles off the coast of Africa, the rigging of his vessel was covered by small birds, which were seen arriving in scattered flocks from the south; among them were many hawks and a few small-sized owls, possibly the Scop's eared owl, which migrates in great numbers at that season. No sooner had the little birds settled down on the yards than the hawks commenced to prey on them, and were seen actually devouring their captives within a few yards of the officers, who attempted to put a stop to the slaughter by shooting the depredators, but in vain; they continued pursuing the unfortunate small birds from rope to yard-arm and around the vessel, until night put an end to the scene, when friend and foe went to roost, and at break of day all sped their way northward.

The short-eared and Scop's owls are migratory species; both pass and repass the Mediterranean in great numbers every spring and autumn, not in flocks, but singly; the latter is much in request as an article of food, and killed in several of the islands in large numbers; during its passage through Malta dozens of this handsome little owl may be seen in the poultry market. As beetles, moths, and the larger insects constitute the favorite food of the Scop's owl, and bats enter largely into the fare of its short-eared congener, it may be supposed neither can have much inducement to prolong its stay in Europe after September.

The night-jar, although late in arriving in the north of Europe, crosses the Mediterranean in March; the nocturnal habits of the bird, by restricting its movements to night and twilight, will account for its slow progress; it is also much esteemed by the natives

Digitized by Google

of the south as an article of food. None of the swallow tribe are more exact in their times of arrival and departure than the swifts, which seem to proceed further southward than any of the others; whether from sudden failure of food or change of climate, or both, it is seldom the black swift tarries on its way; for, not content with the climate of the southern shores of the great inland sea, it pushes on with little delay to Abyssinia, Nubia, and even Timbuctoo. The Alpine swift passes to and from Europe in small numbers; compared with the last-named species, this is a hardy bird; we have seen it and the house marten sporting around Alpine glaciers at the latter end of August, when there was a hoar frost every night, and occasional heavy falls of snow; many Alpine swifts spend the entire year on the Himalayan ranges. The chimney, house, and sand swallows make their first appearance in spring, and leave Europe in the order here given; none seem to pass the winter in any of the islands, and on their arrival in Africa move steadily southward to more genial regions. The rock swallow and rufous swallow make regular migrations from Asia Minor to south-eastern Europe, few venturing westward of Greece. Owing to the strong N. E. winds that prevail during the cold months, and sweep along the Mediterranean basin with great violence, many birds are blown from one coast to another, and turn up in districts in every way uncongenial to their habits and wants: thus are recorded by C. A. Wright, Esq., in his admirable catalogue of "Birds observed in Malta," the appearance of the diminutive golden and fire-crested wrens among the woodless tracts of these bare islands; supposing them to have come from the nearest point of Sicily, they must have flown at least fifty miles! Along the shores of the Mediterranean the approach of spring is heralded by flocks of gaudy bee-eaters, which may be seen advancing northward in scattered hosts emitting their characteristic call-note. We have watched them approaching Malta during the calm and delightful weather at that season, when a few, attracted by the verdure, would break off from the rest and descend, whilst the majority continued steering their course in a northerly direction. Luckless is the bird wanderer that makes a temporary resting-place of Malta at any time, especially on Sunday, for no sooner is an individual recognized than a dozen guns are put in requisition, and soon the fair forms of the bee-eater, oriole, etc., are seen stretched in rows on the benches of the poulterer. The weird-like form of the hoopoe may constantly be seen drifting before a south wind in spring, or hastening southward in August, seldom in flocks, but so numerous that on one occasion, on a projecting rock in the island of Gozo, we saw in the course of half an hour no less than ten hoopoes arrive, one after another. None of the woodpeckers, neither the creeper, nuthatch, nor the wren, seem to migrate. The warblers no doubt constitute by far the greatest majority of the birds of passage, and may be said to be most punctual in their time of arrival and departure. As with other groups, many entirely abandon their summer or winter residences at the migratory seasons, whilst others leave a few stragglers behind. The sedge, willow, garden, the chiffchaff, whitethroat, Sardinian, Dartford, subalpine, Vieillot's warblers, and the blackcap annually cross and recross the Mediterranean with undeviating regularity, some in enormous numbers, especially the garden warbler and whitethroat, which being then plump and in good condition are in great request, and constitute the Italian's much relished *beccafico*. The nightingale appears in considerable numbers and shares the same fate with the last-named species. The two redstarts, wheatear, whin, and stone-chats, with the redbreast, come and go to Africa regularly, leaving a few stragglers on the islands during winter, which, how-

Digitized by Google

ever, unite with their brethren from north Africa in spring, when all proceed to Europe. The blue-throated warbler repairs to Egypt in winter, from the south-eastern countries of Europe and western Asia. A small migration takes place of the russet and cared wheat-ears annually to southern Europe in summer, and back again to the African deserts in autumn. As the song thrush and blackbird are plentiful throughout the year along the Atlas range, it is probable few of them return in spring, and whatever do cross in autumn and winter remain with the residents. The golden oriole passes through Malta regularly on its way northward, and in small flocks returns to Africa immediately after the harvest and fruit are collected in autumn. The ring ousel is also migratory; and although a few missal thrushes and redwings appear on the islands and southern shores during the cold season, neither can strictly speaking be called birds of passage, as their numbers seem entirely dependent on the state of the weather in Europe and local gales. The tree, meadow, red-throated and tawny pipits cross and recross regularly, and often in large flocks. The meadow pipit is another illustration of a bird which remains all the year in northern Europe, but is migratory in the southern parts. As soon as the hot weather has fairly set in in Africa, flocks of the short-toed lark proceed to southern Europe and distribute themselves over wastes; like other desert-living birds, it is very sensible of cold, and accordingly quits Europe before the regular migratory season. The sky, crested, and Calandral arks go southward late in October and the following month; the two last-named are extremely abundant in north Africa during winter. The woodlark repairs to southern Europe during the winter, but a few also regularly push further southward, and cross again in spring. The pied wagtail and its northern variety, called after the late Mr. Yarrell, repair to southern Europe on the approach of winter, and many also cross the great inland sea and proceed a long way into Africa; we found the former very common up the Nile to the second cataract. The grey wagtail, although nowhere so common, follows the same course and pushes northward at the same time with its congener in spring. The yellow wagtails of Europe have been so frequently confounded and misnamed, that until the student has carefully examined specimens of each he will be almost sure to become confused. There is, first, the yellow wagtail of the British islands, called also Ray's wagtail, that migrates to the continent in winter, but we opine not to southern Europe; this bird has been mistaken for the yellow wagtail of the continent, first described by Linnæus. Enormous flocks of the last-named bird cross regularly to and from Africa annually: probably not a straggler remains in either country after the migratory seasons are over. We have repeatedly noticed varieties of this wagtail with grey and black-colored heads, which many naturalists consider as specific differences, whilst others appear to class them under the head of a race or variety of the *Motacilla flava* of Linnæus. We are enabled so far to strengthen the latter opinion, by the fact that in a large series of skins collected from flocks of yellow wagtails during their migrations across the Mediterranean, we could make out a gradual transition from the one state of plumage to the other, and we frequently found the grey, black, and olive-headed (or yellow wagtail proper) all in one flock and constantly associating together, and with the same call-note; the only difference was the call-note in autumn in some was noticed to be harsher; these, however, we ascertained to be birds of the year. The rook is migratory in south-eastern Europe, and repairs to the delta of the Nile in large flocks; sometimes it is driven by stress of weather to the islands of the mid and western Mediterranean. The north-

Digitized by Google

ern portion of Africa is a favorite resort for the starling in winter, when flocks may be constantly seen all over the south of Europe; they quit, however, in spring and go northward. The jay has been recorded as migratory, and said to frequent north Africa, Malta, and Egypt. We cannot, however, find any authentic confirmation of this statement. All the European flycatchers cross the Mediterranean very punctually. The spotted bird is by far the most numerous, next the pied, and in a much less proportion, the white-necked flycatcher. The first has a very extensive geographical range, embracing the whole continent of Africa and Europe, and breeds in great numbers even in North Britain, where we have seen large flocks in autumn pursuing their retrograde course southward. The woodchat shrike seems to be the only representative of the family that regularly leaves Europe in winter; its red-backed congener has been said to migrate to north Africa. The finches are always late in migrating in autumn, and leave north Africa long before the other birds of passage; at all times much depends on the severity of the weather, their numbers increasing or diminishing accordingly. No doubt, like the thrushes and other species indigenous to temperate climes, many individuals extend their range during the winter months, not so much from failure of food, as the cold weather allows them to wander over regions inimical to their constitutions and wants in summer; from this cause and the state of the climate in north and mid Europe, together with the transporting power of gales, may be attributed the pretty regular appearance of flocks of the following finches on the islands and southern shores of the great inland ocean. The linnet is plentiful in Egypt and north Africa in winter; small flocks of the chaffinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, common buntings, sirinfinch, grosbeak, and ortolan may be seen among the tamarisk and olive groves of north Africa at the same season, whilst a few solitary individuals of the crossbill, scarlet grosbeak, reed and meadow buntings, cirl and bramble finches, tree and rock sparrows, find their way in winter to the islands and southern shores of the Mediterranean. The cuckoo and wryneck are among the foremost birds of passage that cross to and from Africa, and both seem to have much the same geographical distribution. We have heard the cuckoo's welcome note among the carol trees of Malta in March; in the north of Europe in May; among the stunted birch trees on the confines of perpetual snow on the Himalayan mountains in July; and often recognized its handsome form among the orange groves on the torrid plains of India as late as November.

Many wood and stock pigeons migrate to Africa in winter; their headquarters, however, would seem to be located in the south of Europe; not so with the turtle dove, of which flocks of thousands may be seen steering their course southward in autumn and *vice versa* in spring; very few, if any, remaining in Europe or in Africa at the termination of their migrations. At these seasons they are caught in great numbers, by means of clapnets and decoy birds. The quail invariably flies within a few feet of the sea when crossing.

As soon as the cold weather has fairly set in along the shores of the Mediterranean, a partial migration of the following plovers takes place. The Norfolk plover disperses in winter over the islands, and penetrates far south to central Africa. During November flights of golden plovers arrive on the northern exposures of the Maltese islands; also a few of the grey and a good many of the lapwing plovers, all of which go to Africa. The dotterel, with its two-winged allies, and the Kentish plover, pursue much the same course, perhaps if anything more of all these pass in autumn than recross in spring, for the reason that several of the species are resident

Digitized by Google

in Africa, and extensively distributed over the entire continent. The common heron and crane repair southward to the African lakes and rivers, and may be seen during the winter months flying at great heights; neither is attracted by the mere appearance of land, whilst the purple heron Egret squacco, night heron, little bittern, glossy ibis, whimbrel, common and slender-billed curlews, fly at lower levels, and tarry on the islands on their way.

The frosts of October and the following months drive across the inland sea myriads of greenshanks, wood, the common and little sandpipers, stilts, water-rails, the common, spotted Baillons, and little crakes, and the coot. In smaller numbers come black-tailed godwits, common and jack-snipes, common and spotted redshanks, marsh and green sandpipers, with ruffs, the great snipe, knot, curlew sandpiper, dunlin turnstone. Now and then the woodcock wanders across, but as a rule its migration is mostly confined to the south of Europe. The Adriatic gull extends its range over the western Mediterranean in winter. Many northern gulls and terns, to wit, the herring, lesser, and black-backed gulls, Sandwich, common, the little, the black, the white-winged, and the whiskered terns, spread themselves over the sea, and wander up the Nile and to the lakes of north Africa. Of the duck tribe nearly all go north in spring. Among others, we have noticed the bean goose, shoveller, shelldrake, mallard, pintail, gadwall, widgeon, teal, gargany, and castaneous ducks; the red-breasted merganser, and the cormorant; the crested, horned, eared, and little grebes.

Translated from Etudes Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT UNION BETWEEN THE ANGLICAN AND GREEK CHURCHES.

It is remarkable with what perseverance Protestants have ever labored to bring about a reconciliation and union between themselves and the schismatical churches of the East.

When one compares the terms between which it is desired to effect this union, it is difficult to conceive of two which are more opposed, and between which there is a more complete contrast. Protestants reject the authority both of tradition and of the hierarchy; the veneration of saints, images, and relics; outward ceremonial, and all that which may be considered as composing the external side of religion. The Greeks, on the contrary, so far from rejecting these, have rather exaggerated their importance. It seems impossible that they should ever reach a uniformity of sentiment; but yet the endeavor to effect it has been steadily persevered in.

As far back as 1559 Melancthon tried to bring about an understanding with Joseph II., the patriarch of Constantinople; and on sending him the confession of Augsburg, he wrote, with rather more cunning than fairness, "that the Protestants had remained

Digitized by Google

faithful to the Holy Scriptures, to the dogmatic decisions of holy councils, and to the teaching of Athanasius, Basil, Gregory, Epiphanius, etc., the fathers of the Greek Church; that they rejected the errors of Paul of Samosata, of the Manichees, and of all the heresiarchs condemned by the Holy Church, as well as the superstitious practices introduced by ignorant monks into the Latin Church, wherefore he besought the patriarch to give no heed to the evil reports which were in circulation against Protestants."

It seems the patriarch was not to be caught by these plausible professions, for he made no reply. The Protestants were not discouraged, and fifteen years later a fresh attempt was made by the Lutheran university of Tübingen. The ambassador of the German emperor at Constantinople was a Protestant, and had brought with him a minister of his own denomination, named Gerlach. It was he who carried on the negotiations between the university of Tübingen and the Patriarch Jeremias. The whole of this correspondence is before the public. The patriarch refutes the Protestant doctrines with great ability and clearness, and concludes by requesting the professors of Tübingen to trouble him no longer and to send him no more letters. They were not to be discouraged by a trifle like this; but write what they would, the patriarch made them no further reply. This negotiation began in 1573 and lasted until 1581, but nothing came of it.

Fifty years after the Lutherans had failed, in their turn the Calvinists made another effort, which seemed to promise better success. The ambassadors of Holland, England, and Sweden took the most active and energetic part in the matter. The patriarch of Constantinople, Cyril Lucar, himself a Calvinist at heart, so far from opposing their designs, favored them with all his power. Success seemed certain. After various vicissitudes Cyril Lucar died in 1638.* A few weeks after his death the synod of Constantinople pronounced sentence of censure upon his propositions, and anathema upon himself. In 1642 a second council was held under the Patriarch Parthenius, who was very hostile both to Rome and to Catholics, which confirmed the previous condemnation of Cyril. Among others, Peter Mogila, metropolitan of Kief, signed this fresh censure. Last of all, these condemnations of 1638 and 1642 were confirmed by a council held at Jerusalem in 1672, over which the Patriarch Dositheus presided.

The creation of a bishopric at Jerusalem may be regarded, also, as an attempt at reunion between the Protestants and the schismatic churches of the East. Frederick William IV., king of Prussia, assisted by M. de Bunsen, was the promoter of this idea, but it was too ingenious and too complicated to be practical. It proposed to labor for the conversion of the Jews; to prepare the way for the union of the schismatical churches of the East with the Anglican; and, by means of the evangelical church of Prussia, to induce the various sects of Protestantism to conform in matters of doctrine and discipline to the Church of England. The archbishop of Canterbury favored the plan; but, as was to be expected, there were many Protestants who were very far from giêing it their approbation. As to the Oriental Christians, they were exceedingly astonished, as Dr. Bowring humorously related before Parliament, at the arrival, not only of a bishop (*un vescovo*), but of a lady-bishop (*una vescova*) and baby-bishops (*vescovini*). After an existence of twenty years, no pretence is yet made that the bishopric of Jerusalem has succeeded in effecting any reconciliation whatever with the Oriental churches, or that it has in any measure prepared the way for the uniting of

* He was thrown into the Bosphorus by the sultan, at the request of his brother bishops.—Ed. C. W.

Digitized by Google

Protestantism itself. The Anglican Church is herself more divided than ever, and demonstrates more conclusively from year to year how impossible it is for her to keep fast hold upon any creed whatever. Perhaps this manifestation of internal division and doctrinal anarchy may contribute somewhat to turn the eyes of Anglicans toward the ancient and immovable Church of the East.

However this may be, we have before us in our own day a fresh attempt at reunion about which we must say a few words. The facts are as follows: Three or four years ago Dr. Troll,* bishop of the Episcopalian Church in San Francisco, discovered that there were in his diocese some four hundred persons belonging to the Greek Church, who, while they recognized his authority up to a certain point, yet refused to receive communion from his hands. Dr. Troll referred the matter to the convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States, who appointed a committee to examine and report on the relation in which the two churches stood toward one another. The Church of England took part in the investigation, and convocation met at Canterbury in 1863, appointing a commission whose duty it should be to have an understanding with the Episcopal Church in America and co-operate with her. In the month of February, 1865, this commission presented their report before convocation at Canterbury. The American committee published a series of works designed to prepare the way for union by making known the dogmas and rites of the Greco-Russian Church. The English commission formed an association whose object it was to make the Oriental churches known to Englishmen, and in turn to make the Anglican Church understood by the Christians of the East. The Anglican archbishop of Dublin, many other bishops of the same church, and the archbishop of Belgrade, were among the patrons of this association.

In 1864, Dr. Young of New York made a visit to Russia, where he put himself in communication with the more prominent members of the Russian episcopate. The Episcopalian bishop of San Francisco visited Georgia, Servia, and Bulgaria, and more recently Nice, where he frequented the Russian chapel.

Messrs. Popof and Wassilief, chaplains of the Russian ambassadors at London and Paris, were present at the sittings of the English commission and took part in its deliberations. By the very last news from America we are informed that *divine service* [*i. e.*, mass.—Ed.] was solemnly celebrated, according to the Oriental rite and in the Sclavonic language, in one of the principal Episcopalian churches of New York city. According to the American newspapers, the celebrant was F. Agapius, recently come to America, having been appointed by the Russian Church to the spiritual charge of his co-religionists in the United States. The "Union Chrétienne," a Paris paper, informs us that Father Agapius Honcharenko is a deacon of the Russian Church who was ordained priest by a bishop of the Greek Church, which ordination was irregular; and that F. Agapius acted without any authority from the Russian Church; and lastly, that he was associated with M. Alexander Herzen at London and took part in the publication of the "Kolokol" (the "Clock"). This last fact is of a character to make a deep impression upon the members of the synod of St. Petersburg, but it is not so clear that it exercised the same influence upon the mind of the Americans. The "Union Chrétienne" appears to think that when this valuable information about Agapius Honcharenko reaches New York, the Episcopal Church will have nothing more to do with him. This is possible, but as yet it is mere conjecture. However this may be, this little incident is not calculated to kin-

* There is some mistake here. Dr. Kip is the Protestant Bishop of California.—Ed. C. W.

Digitized by Google

dle in the synod of Russia any great zeal for the proposed reunion.

The "Den" (Day), a periodical in Moscow, has also an account of the celebration of this mass in New York, in its fourteenth number, 1865. Evidently the Moscovite journal has none of the information as to this individual, P. Honcharenko, which was given by the "Union Chrétienne;" but it makes up for this by the important fact that although this priest may have received no mission from the Russian Church, he was endowed with at least equal power and authorization by the metropolitan of Athens and the synod of the kingdom of Greece, which is easy of explanation, since from Athens he embarked for America.

The April number, 1865, of the "Otetchestrennyja Sapiski," or "Patriotic Annals," also speaks of the attempt at reunion, and it repeats the conditions proposed by the theologians of the Episcopal churches of England and America. These conditions no doubt constitute matter of much interest, but as we have not been able to procure this number of the St. Petersburg review, we can say nothing about them.

On the whole, up to the present time but one bishop of the Oriental schismatic church has shown himself favorable to this project, viz., Monsignor Michel, archbishop of Belgrade, or, rather, metropolitan of Servia, under which title he presides over the church in Servia. This prelate made his theological studies at Kief, has held the see of Belgrade since 1859, and is not yet forty years of age. Those persons whose privilege it has been to have access to him, represent him as a man of a high order of intelligence, very pleasing and attractive in his personal appearance, dignified in his manners, and very exemplary in his life. If one may rely upon the testimony of Protestant travellers who have been in communication with him, it would appear that he has shown himself very favorable to a reconciliation between the Church of England and the schismatical churches of the East, and that for his own part he would not hesitate to express in warm terms his gratitude to the Protestants for their profitable investigations regarding the Greek Church. In fine, it is possible that Monsignor Michel might allow himself to be induced to take up again, in an underhand way, the scheme of Cyril Lucar. This is no small undertaking. Before it is possible to blend these two churches into one, a perfect understanding must be had on a great number of points which are of the highest importance. It will suffice to mention such, *e. g.*, as the mass, the sacraments, the procession of the Holy Ghost, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and the honor to be paid to relics and images. In addition to these must be settled the question as to the validity of the Anglican orders. As to Monsignor Michel personally, he would have an additional difficulty to contend with. Everybody knows that the people of Servia have very little sympathy with the people of England, and they would undoubtedly manifest very little inclination to follow their metropolitan should he try to induce them to do so.

It must be admitted, however, that the endeavor to reunite the two churches has far more hope of success in the nineteenth than it had either in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. On the one hand, the teaching of the Puseyites has spread widely among the Anglican clergy. Men of distinction who have made their studies at Oxford and Cambridge are beginning more and more to suspect that apostolicity is an essential note of the church of Jesus Christ, and that it is very difficult to discover this in a church which dates only from the time of Henry VIII.; they are gradually giving up the principle of private judgment, and are learning to appreciate more and more the value of tradition, of the fathers, and of the general councils of the Church. On the other hand, adherence to or-

Digitized by Google

thodoxy has, in the East, lost somewhat of its deep, sincere, and inflexible character. Some years since we had occasion to show, in the pages of this review, that in her theological teaching the Russian Church had been materially affected by Protestant influence. This is no longer so in our own day, if we may judge by the public writings of the Russian bishops, and there has been a very general return to doctrines much more in harmony with the traditions of the churches of the East. But at the same time one must admit that rationalism and infidelity have made fearful ravages in the East as well as in the West. Talk with young men from Russia, Greece, Romania, and Servia who have made their studies in either Russian or German universities, who have attended the course of lectures given by professors from either Athens or Paris, and you will see how feeble, cold, and wavering their faith has become. The result has been a prevailing atmosphere, both intellectual and moral, which enervates the firmness of convictions, and generates a certain laxity in one's hold on the teachings of the faith. People have become more ready to conform to public opinion, and I should be greatly surprised if an attempt similar to that made by Cyril Lucar should find in the East of to-day an equally universal and prompt condemnation.

Moreover, the working of Protestant missions in the East has not been so completely unsuccessful as many persons are pleased to report. As a general thing Protestant missionaries are men of intelligence, education, and good breeding; they make a thorough study of the country in which they reside; they erect schools and printing presses, and put in circulation a large number of books. It is impossible to admit that all this can be absolutely without effect. These schools and those books must be the germ of an influence which time cannot fail to develop. I am very well assured that Protestantism has very few attractions for the people of the East in any point of view, least of all on the side of externals, and that the difficulty of making Protestants of the people of the East would be very great; still, one must not conclude from this that it would be impossible to bring about a certain kind of union; that an arrangement might not be made which would introduce a different spirit into the schismatical churches of the East while they yet preserved their external form. I grant you the liturgy of the East, eminently dogmatical as it is, would contrast most singularly with Protestant notions; but remember, we are not now speaking of Protestantism in its pure development, but of the Anglican phase of it, and of Anglicanism leavened by Puseyism.

In conclusion, I have no faith myself in this attempt; but still a person would have a false idea of the state of the case who should regard the move as a purely fanciful one, and one unworthy the attention of serious-minded men.

But, now, supposing this effort should be successful, have we Catholics any cause for alarm? I think rather the contrary. The Church of England is as clearly wanting in apostolicity as the Greek Church is in catholicity. The one has need to link herself on to the chain of past time; the other to extend her boundaries, that she may no longer feel herself to be enclosed within a part of the world; that she may not have the appearance of identifying herself with only a few of the many races of men. Even admitting that by means of this alliance the English could congratulate themselves upon having won back their title to apostolicity, and the Greeks in turn theirs to catholicity, the need of unity would be felt all the more, which neither can ever attain to, apart from that rock upon which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has built his Church, and against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.

J. GAGARIN.*

* F. Gagarin is a Russian prince, a convert from the Greek schism, and a member of the Society of Jesus.—ED.

Digitized by Google

From The Sixpenny Magazine.

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me "good night," and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood—too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember
While it wakes to the pulse of the past:
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil;
But my prayer would bound back to myself:
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee;
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

Digitized by Google

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning Winny presented herself at the breakfast-table, looking more attractive and more tidily dressed, her rich glossy hair better brushed and smoothed down more carefully than was usual at that hour of the day. Her daily custom, like all other country girls who had household concerns to look after, was not to "tidy herself up" until they had been completed. She was not ignorant, however, of the great advantage which personal neatness added to beauty gave a young girl who had a cause to plead. And although the man upon whom she might have to throw herself for mercy was her father, she was not slow on this occasion to claim their advocacy for what they might be worth. But she had also prayed to God to guide her in all her replies to the parent whom she was bound to honor and obey, as well as to love. She had not contented herself with having set out her own appearance to the best advantage, but she had also set out the breakfast-table in the same way. The old blue-and-white teapot had been left on the dresser, and a dark-brown one, with a figured plated lid, taken out of the cupboard of Sunday china. Two cups and saucers, and plates "to match," with two real ivory-hafted knives laid beside them. There was also some white *broken* sugar in a glass bowl, which Winny had won in a lottery at Carrick-on-Shannon from a "bazaarman." There was nothing extraordinary in all this for persons of their means, though, to tell the truth, it was not the every-day paraphernalia of their breakfast-table. Winny had not been idle either in furnishing the plates with a piping hot potato-cake, a thing of which her father was particularly fond, and which she often gave him; but this one had a few carraway-seeds through it, and was supposed to be better than usual. Then she had a couple of slices of nice thin bacon fried with an egg, which she knew he liked too. All this was prepared, and waiting for her father, whose fatigue of the day before had caused him to sleep over-long.

While waiting for him, it struck Winny that he must think such preparations out of the common, and perhaps done for a purpose. Upon reflection she was almost sorry she had not confined her embellishments to her own personal appearance, and even that, she began to feel, might have been as well let alone also. But she had little time now for reflection, for she heard her father's step, as he came down stairs.

She met him at the door, opening it for him.

"Good morrow, father," she said; "how do you find yourself to-day? I hope you rested well after your long walk yesterday."

"After a while I did, Winny; but the tea you made was very strong, an' I didn't sleep for a long time after I went to bed."

"Well, 'a hair of the hound,' you know, father dear. I have a good cup for you now, too; it will not do you any harm in the morning when you have the whole day before you. And I have a nice potato-cake for you, for I know you like it."

"Troth I b'lieve you have, Winny; an' I smell the carraways that I like. But, Winny, sure the ould blue teapot's not broken, is it?"

"No, father; but I was busy with

Digitized by Google

the potato-cake this morning, and had not time to wash it out last night, so I took out number one to give it an airing; and I put down the other things to match."

The portion of this excuse which was true was far greater than that which was not; and Winny, who as a general rule was truthful, was satisfied with it—and, reader, so must you be.

"Never mind, Winny, you are mistress here, an' I don't want any explanation; it wasn't that made me spake; but I'd be sorry th' ould blue teapot was bruck, for we have it since afore you were well in your teens. You're lookin' very well this mornin', Winny agra."

"Hush, father; eat your cake, and don't talk nonsense. There's an egg that black Poll laid this morning, and here's some butter I finished not five minutes before you came in yesterday evening. Shall I give you some tea?"

"If you please, Winny dear." And the old man looked at his daughter with undeniable admiration.

They then enjoyed a neat and comfortable breakfast, which indeed neither of them seemed in a hurry to bring to an end. The old man was constrained and silent, and left all the talk to Winny, who, it must be admitted, never felt it more difficult to furnish conversation. Old Ned looked at her once or twice intently, as if wondering at her being much finer than usual; and then he looked at the breakfast gear; and the expression of his face was as if he suspected something. These looks, both at herself and the table, did not escape Winny's notice, but she never met them, always interrupting any exclamation which was likely to follow them with some question or remark of her own, such as, "Do you like that cake, father?" "That is the muil cow's butter; I always keep her milk by itself, and churn it in the small churn for you, father; you said you liked it." "Here, Bully-dhu, is a piece of cake for you."

With some such heterogeneous questions or remarks as these, she managed to parry his looks, or at all events the observations which were likely to follow them, and direct for the moment—ah, Winny, it was only for the moment!—his thoughts from whatever was upon them, and which Winny believed she knew right well.

But this suspense on both sides must come to an end. Old Ned, from his conversation with Mick Murdock, had determined not to speak to his daughter until he knew Tom had done so. But Winny did not know this, and dreaded every moment a thunderclap would come which she was herself preparing for her father, and she was anxious, if it was only for the sake of propriety, to tell her story unprovoked.

The old man now stood up from the table, saying he would be likely to be out all day, as he was preparing to get down some wheat. But Winny, when it came to the point, could only stammer out in a feeble voice, that she wanted to speak to him before he went.

"Now's your time, Winny dear, for I have a great dale to do before dinner-time; an' I must be off to the men."

"Father dear, I may as well tell you at once—I'm in trouble—about —about—about—Tom—Murdock." And she threw her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek upon his shoulder.

"An' is that all, mavourneen? Ah, Winny, Winny, I knew it would come to this!—mavourneen macree, I knew it would. But there, Winny jewel, don't be crying—don't be crying; sure you know I'm not the man to cross your wishes; no—no, my own girl, I'd neither oppose you nor force you for the world; aren't you the only one I have on airth? an' sure isn't your happiness mine, Winny dear? There, Winny, don't cry; sure you may do as you like, mavourneen macree, you may."

Winny knew that all this was uttered under a misconception, and it gave her but little comfort. There was

Digitized by Google

one part of it, however, she would not forget.

"Oh, father," she sobbed out upon his breast, "Tom Murdock has asked me to marry him." And the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why then, Winny dear, dhry up them tears; sure I know they're on my account, at the thoughts of partin' me; but won't you be livin' at the doore with me while I last? Isn't it what I always hoped an' prayed for? —och, Winny, Winny, but you're the lucky girl this day, an' I'm the lucky man, for it will add ten years to my life."

And he kissed her yielding lips over and over again. But she did not speak; while the big tears continued to course themselves down her pale but beautiful cheeks.

"Don't—don't, Winny asthore; don't be crying on my account; sure I may say we'll not have to part at all. Mick an' I have it all settled, mavourneen; he's to build you a grand new house where th' ould one stan's, an' I'm to furnish it from top to toe; and Mick an' I will live here, not three hundred yards from the pair of you. Oh, Winny, Winny, but it's I is the happy man this day! There, don't be cryin', I tell you; sure I would not gainsay you for the world;" and he kissed her again. But still she did not speak.

"There, Winny, there; don't be sobbin' an' cryin', I tell you. Why, what's the matther with you, Winny mavrone?"

"Oh, father, father, it never can be!" she exclaimed in broken sobs, and clinging to his neck closer than ever.

"Nonsense, Winny! what's the matther, I say? why can't it be? Of course you did not refuse Tom's offer?"

"I did, father—indeed I did. I never can care for Tom Murdock; father, I could never be happy with that man. Don't ask me to marry him."

"Is the girl mad? To be sure I will, Winny. There's but the two of you in it. an' with Mick's farm an' mine joined,—the leases are all as one as 'free simple,'—you'd be as grand as many ladies an' gentlemen in the county;" and he disengaged himself from her arms, and strode toward the door.

Winny thought he was going; but he had no notion of it at so unsettled a point. She rushed between him and the door.

"Father, don't go!" she cried; "for God's sake don't leave me that way!"

"Winny, it's what I'm greatly surprised at you, so I am. My whole life has been spent in puttin' together a dacent little fortun' for you; I never had one on airth I loved but yourself an' your poor mother—God rest her sowl! I never spoke a cross word to you, Winny jewel, since I followed her to the grave, four days after you were born; an' now, in my old days, when I haven't long to last, you're goin' to break my heart, an' shorten them same. Oh, Winny, Winny, say it's only jokin' you are, an' I'll forgive you, cruel as it was."

"No, father, I'm telling you the real truth; people seldom joke with the tears running down their cheeks; look at them, father. I know all you say is true; and indeed it will break my own heart to oppose you, if you do not yield. But listen here, father dear; sure after all your love and kindness to me for the last eighteen or twenty years, I may say, you won't go now and spoil it all by crossing my happiness without any necessity for it. Tom put all the grandeur and wealth before me himself, that the joining of the two farms and marrying him would bring to me. But it is no use, father; I never liked that man, and I never can. Oh, don't ask me, father asthore; I'm contented and happy as I am."

"Winny, I never found you out in a lie since you could first spake, an' I'm sure you won't tell me one now. Listen to me, Winny. Tom Murdock is a fine, handsome young fellow, an'

Digitized by Google

well to do in the world, with a grand education, an' fit to hould his own anywhere; and I say he's any young girl's fancy, or ought to be, at any rate. You an' he have been reared at the doore with each other. What you are yourself, Winny asthore, I need not say, for every one that sees you knows it; and well they may, for sure you spake for yourself. It seldom happens—indeed, Winny, I never knew it—that a boy an' girl like you an' Tom, reared at the doore that way, fail but what they take a likin' to each other. It seems Tom done his part, both as to the likin' an' spakin', as he ought to do in both; but you, Winny, have done neither. Now, Winny, I can't but think that's very strange, an' I have but the one way to riddle it. Tell me now, honestly and plainly, is there any one that cum afore Tom in his request? Answer me that, Winny?"

"I will, father, honestly and truly. It is not that any one has come between me and Tom that made me refuse him. The very thing that you say, of our being reared at the door with one another, has made me dislike him. I have seen too much of his ways, and heard too many of his words, ever to like him, father; there is no use in trying to make me, for I never can."

"But, Winny jewel, you have hardly answered my question yet. Are you secretly promised, Winny, to any other young man that you're afeard I wouldn't like? that's the plain question. The truth now, Winny,—the truth, Winny!"

"No, father, certainly not. Tom Murdock is the only man that ever asked me."

"Was there ever anything betune you an' young Lennon, Emon-a-knock, as I have heard you call him myself?"

"Never, father; Emon never spoke to me upon such a subject, and further than that, he has paid me less compliments and spoken less to me upon any subject than fifty young men in the parish."

It so happened, however, that the name had hightened Winny's color, and her father, looking at her with an admiring and affectionate smile, said:

"Fifty, Winny! well, in throth, I don't wonder at it, or a hundred an' fifty, if they were in the parish."

Winny took advantage of his smile.

"There, father dear, don't be angry with your poor colleen; she'll do better than to marry riches with misery. Thank God, and you, father, she will have more than enough without coveting Tom Murdock's share." And she held up her beautiful lips, and looked in the old man's face with eyes swimming in tears.

Old Ned had fought the battle badly, and lost it. He bent down his head to meet his daughter's caress, and pressed her to his heart.

"There, Winny mavourneen," he exclaimed; "I have not loved you as the apple of my eye, since your poor mother died, for me to thwart you now. You shall never marry Tom Murdock except with your own free will and consent, asthore. As you say, Winny dear, we neither want nor covet his share. But sure, Winny dear, I thought you were for him all along."

"Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times, father dear; that is so like you. I knew you would not break your Winny's heart."

But Winny Cavana was too honorable, even toward the man she hated, to tell her father of the conversation she had overheard between old Murdock and his son at the gate. She had gained her cause without that.

CHAPTER XIV.

Tom Murdock had no fixed purpose in anywhere he went after Winny Cavana left him discomfited upon the road. He wandered on past Kate Mulvey's, on toward Shanvilla, but not with any hope or wish to come

Digitized by Google

across Edward Lennon. His intentions of "dealing with him" were yet distant and undefined. What naturally occupied his thoughts was the humiliation he felt at Winny Cavana having refused him. Although he had complained to his father "that he did not think she was for him," yet upon a due consideration of his personal appearance, and his position in the country, he felt persuaded in his own mind that his father was right, and that nothing was required to secure success but to go boldly and straightforward to work. Tom had hinted to his father, although the old man had not observed it, or if so, had taken no notice of it, that there were more reasons than he was aware of for his wishing to secure Winny Cavana's ready money at all events; and his exclamation when his father spoke of only the interest, might have awakened him to the dread, at least, that there really was some cause, with which he was unacquainted, why he dwelt so much more on the subject of her fortune than the land. The fact was so. Tom Murdock was a worse young man than any one—except his immediate associates—was aware of. In addition to his other accomplishments, perhaps I should rather say his attributes, he possessed a degree of worldly cunning which would have sufficed to keep any four ordinary young men out of trouble. But he required it all, for he had four times more villany—not to answer for, for it was unknown, but on his conscience—than any young man of like age in the parish.

One great keeper of a secret—for the time being, at least—is plenty of money. With plenty of money you can keep people in the dark, or blind them with the brightness of the glare. You can keep them in the country, or you can send them out of it, as circumstances require. You can bribe people to be silent, or to tell lies, as you like. But a villain who has not plenty of money cannot thrive long in his villany. When his money fails, his character oozes out, until he becomes finally exposed.

Tom Murdock had practically learned some of the above truths by his experience in life, short as it was, better than anything he had learned at Rathcash national school. The later part of it was what he now feared, but did not wish to learn.

Tom could not have been in the habit of going to Dublin, to Armagh, and Sligo (no one knew in what capacity), three or four times a year, where he played cards and bet high, without money of his own; supposing even that his expenses of the road (which was shrewdly suspected) had been paid. He could not have sent half-a-dozen young *friends* to America, and compromised scores of actions ere they came before a court of law, without money. He could not have kept a brace of greyhounds, and a race-mare, at Church's hotel in Carrick-on-Shannon, as "Mr. Marsden's," without money; and more money in all these cases, from the secrecy which was required, than almost the actual cost might involve. There were other smaller matters, too, which increased the necessity for Tom Murdock to be always in possession of some ready cash. This, from his position as heir to Rathcashmore, and heir presumptive, if not apparent, to Rathcash alongside of it, he had as yet found no difficulty in procuring upon his own personal security; and to do him justice, he had hitherto avoided mixing up his father's name or responsibility in any of his borrowing transactions. Then there was the usurious interest which these money-lenders, be they private or public, charge upon loans, to be added to Tom's liabilities. If he was pressed by Paul, he robbed Peter to pay him; and when (after long forbearance) he was pressed by Peter, he robbed Paul back again. Upon all these and such-like occasions, Winny Cavana's fortune, which he said would be paid down, was the promptest guarantee he could hold out for payment; for

Digitized by Google

ultimately, he said, they could not lose, as he must some day or other "pop into the old chap's shoes," and in the meantime he was paying the interest regularly.

Winny Cavana's instinct had not deceived her; but had she known one-half as much as some of Tom Murdock's bosom friends could tell her, she would have openly spurned him, and not have treated his advances with even the forced consideration she had done.

He wandered on now toward Shanvilla, without, as we have seen, any fixed purpose. Personally humiliated as he had been by Winny's refusal of him, his thoughts dwelt more upon the fact that he could no longer reckon upon her fortune to pay off the tormenting debts which were every day pressing more heavily upon him; for he could not but believe that her refusal of him would get abroad. The Peters had been robbed often enough, and they would now let the Pauls fight their battle the best way they could with Tom Murdock himself; they were safe now, and they would keep themselves so. They had told Tom this,—"not that they doubted him, but their money was now otherwise employed." Tom began to fear, therefore, that an exposure must soon break out.

How could he face his father, too? He would undoubtedly lay his failure to the score of his own impetuous and uncouth manner of seeking her favor; for he had often charged him with both, particularly toward Winny Cavana. One or two of his creditors had given up even the pretence of being civil, and had sworn "they would go to his father for payment, if not promptly settled with."

It was no great wonder if Tom wandered through the country with no fixed purpose, and finally arrived, tired and ill-humored, at his father's house.

The old man had missed him "from about the place" all the forenoon, and had naturally set down his absence to the right cause. He had been candid in his advice to his son, "to spake up bowldly, and at wanst, to Winny;" and he was sincere in his belief that she would "take him hoppin." This day, suspecting he was on the mission, he had "kep' himself starvin'," and delayed the dinner for his return. He had ordered Nancy Fechily to have "a young roast goose, an' a square of bacon, an' greens, for dinner agen misther Tom cem home." He anticipated "grand chuckling" over Tom's success, of which he made no more doubt than he did of his own existence.

"At last, Tom a wochal, you're cum," he said, as his son entered the door. "But where the sorra have you been? I think Winny's at home this betther nor two hours, for I seen her going in. Well, Tom, you devil! didn't I tell you how it id be?—*dhitidtch!*" he added, making an extraordinary noise with his tongue against the roof of his mouth, and giving his son a poke in the ribs with his forefinger.

"No, but did not I tell you how it would be? There, father! that bubble's burst, and I'm sorry I ever made an *onshiough* of myself."

"Faix, an', Tom, you must be an *onshiough* if that bubble burst, unless it's what you blew it out yourself. Di ye mane to say you spoke to her plain, as I tould you to do, Tom avic?"

"As plain as the palm of my hand, father. I put the whole thing before her in the kindest and fondest manner ever a man spoke. I told her how my whole heart and soul was waiting for her this three or four years past—God forgive me for the lie."

"Amen, Tom, if it was one; but maybe it wasn't, man. You're vexed now, Tom agra; but it won't be so. I tell you she only wants to see if you'll folly her up afther she giving you one refusal. What did she say, agra?"

Here Nancy Fechily brought in the roast goose and square of bacon, with a dish of smoking "Brown's fancies"

Digitized by Google

in their jackets, and a check was given to the conversation. The old man, as he had said, had "kep' himself starvin'," and Tom could not keep himself from a like infirmity in his ramble through the country. He was not one of those who permitted a mental annoyance to produce a physical *spite* in return; he did not, as they say, cut his nose to vex his face, nor quarrel with his bread and butter; so, between them, they did ample justice to Nancy Feehily's abilities as a cook.

"You don't mane to say she refused you, Tom?" said the old man, after the girl had left, and while he was waiting for his son to cut him another slice of bacon.

"She did, father; but let me alone about her now: I'll tell you no more until I make myself a rousing tumbler of punch after dinner. She shall not take away my appetite, at all events."

Nor did she. Tom never ate a better dinner in his life, and his father followed his example. Old Mick had taken the hint, and said no more upon the subject. There was nothing but helping of goose, and slices of bacon, and cutting large smiling potatoes through the middle, with a dangerous sound of the knife upon the cloth, until the meal was ended.

Then, when the things had been removed, and Tom had made his rouser to his satisfaction, and his father had done the same, Tom told him precisely what had taken place between him and Winny Cavana.

Old Murdock listened with an attentive stare until his son had told him all. He then put out his tongue and made another extraordinary sound, but very different from the one already alluded to; and exclaimed, "Bad luck to her impidence, say I!"

"And I say amen, father."

"Tell me, Tom, do you think that fellow Lennon is at the bottom of all this? Did you put that to her?"

"I did, father, and she was not a bit puzzled or flustrificated about him. She spoke of him free and easy; but she denied that there was ever a word between them but common civility."

"An' maybe it's the thruth, Tom avic. You'll find anyhow that she'll change her tune afther her father gets spakin' to her on the subject. He'll be as stout as a bull, Tom; I know he will. He tould me he'd never give in, and that he'd threaten to cut her fortun' off, and make over his interest in the land to the church for charitable purposes, if she tuck up the smallest notion of that pauper,—that scullion, he called him. Don't be down about it, Tom. They say that wan swallow makes no summer; an' I say, wan wild goose makes no winter. My advice to you now, Tom, is, to wait a while; don't be goin' out at all, neither here nor there for some time. I'll let on I don't know what can be the matther with you; an' you'll see she'll come an' be hoppin' round you like a pet robin."

"I hope you are right, father, but I don't think so; I never saw a woman more determined in my life—she took her oath."

"Pshaw, Tom, that's nothin'. Don't torment yourself about it now; mark my words, her father will soon bring her to her senses."

"I do not much care whether he does or does not as to herself; only for that six hundred pounds, the most of which I want badly. I would not envy any man that was tied to the like of her."

"Arra, Tom jewel, what would you want wid the most of six hundred pounds; sure if you got it itself, you oughtn't to touch a penny of it."

Tom had not intended to say what he had said; it slipped out in his vexation. But here his worldly cunning and self-possession came to his aid, and he replied.

"Perhaps not, indeed, father; but there is a spot of land not far off which will soon be in the market, I hear, and it would be no bad speculation to buy it. I think it would pay six or seven per cent. interest." Tom knew his father's weakness for

Digitized by Google

a bit of land, and was ready enough.

"Oh, that's a horse of another color, Tom. Arra, where is it? I didn't hear of it."

"No matter now, father. I cannot get the money, so let me alone about it. I wish the d—l had the pair of them."

"Whist, whist, Tom avic; don't be talking in that way. Sure af it's a safe purchase for six per cent., the money might be to be had. Thanks be to God, we're not behouldin' to that hussey's dirty drib for money."

Here a new light dawned upon Tom. Might he not work a few hundreds out of his father in some way or other for this pretended purchase, and then say that it would not be sold after all; and that he had relodged the money, or lost it, or was robbed — or — or — something? The thought was too vague as yet to take any satisfactory shape; but the result upon his mind at the moment was, that his father was too wide awake to be dealt with in that way.

"Well, father," he said, "I shall be guided by your advice in this business still, although I have done no good by taking it to-day; but listen to me now, father."

"An' welcome, Tom. I like a young man to have a mind of his own, an' to be able to strike out a good plan; an' then, if my experience isn't able to back it up, why I spake plainly an' tell him what I think."

"My opinion is, father, that I ought to go away out of this place altogether for a while. You know I am not one that moping about the house and garden would answer at all. I must be out and going about, father, or I'd lose my senses."

This was well put, both in matter and manner, and the closing words told with crowning effect. Tom had said nothing but the fact; such were his disposition and habits that he had scarcely exaggerated the effects of a close confinement to the premises, while of sound bodily health.

"Begorra, Tom, what you say is the rale thruth. What would you think of going down to your aunt in Armagh for a start?"

"No use, father,—no use; I could be no better there than where I am. Dublin, father, or the continent, for a month or six weeks, might do me some good."

"Bedads, Tom, that id take a power of money, wouldn't it?"

"Whether you might think so or not, father, would depend upon what you thought my health and happiness would be worth; here I cannot and will not stay, that is one sure thing."

"Well, Tom, af she doesn't cum round in short, afther her father opens out upon her, we'll talk it over, and see what you would want; but my opinion is, you won't have to make yourself scarce at all—mind my words."

Here Tom fell into such a silent train of thought, that all further conversation was brought to an end. Old Mick believed his son to be really unhappy "about that impident hussey;" and having made one or two ineffectual efforts "to rouse him," he left him to his meditations.

At the moment they were fixed upon a few of his father's closing words, "see what you'll want." "Want—want!" he repeated to himself. "A dam' sight more than you'll fork out, old cock."

Old Mick busied himself about the house, fidgeting in and out of the room —upstairs and downstairs; while Tom was silently arranging more than one programme of matters which must come off if he would save himself from ruin and disgrace.

His father had ceased to come into the room; indeed his step had not been heard through the house or on the stairs for some time, and it was evident he had gone to bed. But Tom sat for a full hour longer, with scarcely a change of position of even hand or foot. At length, with a sudden sort of snorting sigh, he stood up, stretched himself, with a loud and weary moan, and went to his room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Digitized by Google

From The Dublin Review.

MADAME RÉCAMIER AND HER FRIENDS.

Souvenirs et Correspondance tirés des Papiers de Madame Récamier. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1859.

We took occasion in our number of last January to trace the fortunes of that distinguished lady who became consort of the greatest, though not the best, of the kings of France. We saw her rise from obscurity to eminence, without being giddy through her elevation; resisting the fascinations of a licentious court; imbibing celestial wisdom from hidden sources in proportion to the difficulties of her position; exerting great influence without abusing the delicate trust; and at length, bowed with age, retiring into the conventual seclusion of the establishment her piety had reared, and there breathing her last amid the love and admiration, the prayers and blessings, of a thousand friends.

We have now another portrait to hang beside that of Frances de Maintenon—the portrait of one who in some respects resembled her; who, rising, like her, from an inferior condition, was courted by an emperor, and betrothed, or all but betrothed, to a royal prince; withstood innumerable temptations at a period of boundless corruption; conciliated the esteem and friendship of the best and wisest men, and then glided into the vale of years through the peaceful shade of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. The first of these ladies was resplendent in talents, the second in beauty; the one excelled in tact, the other in sweetness and grace; the one in the sphere of politics and public life, the other in the realm of letters and the private circle. If Madame de Maintenon was the most admired, Madame Récamier was the most loved. Each appeared under a sort of disguise, for one spoke and acted as if she were not the wife of her own husband, and the other as if she were the wife of him who was her husband only in name. Both have had violent detractors; both are best known by their letters; and thus, where they agreed and where they differed, they remind us of each other. Of both France is proud, and both, as years pass on, are rising into purer and brighter fame. At the same time it can by no means be said of Madame Récamier, as it may most truly of Madame de Maintenon, that religion was the one animating principle of her life; yet the facts which we have to recount will show—not, indeed, that religion supplied her with the main ends of her existence, but that it enabled her in a corrupt age to follow the objects of her choice in habitual submission to God's actual commandments.

Julie Bernard, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Lyons, on the 4th of December, 1777. Her father, a notary of that city, was remarkable for his handsome face and fine figure, and Madame Bernard was a noted beauty. She had a passion for show, and during the long illness which ended in her death in 1807, found her chief amusement in dress and ornaments. When Julie was seven years old, her father was appointed to a lucrative post in Paris, and left his little daughter at Villefranche, under the care of an aunt. Here the first of her numberless admirers, a boy of her own age, made a deep impression on her susceptible mind, and here, too, she received her earliest education in the convent of La Déserte. The memory of that hallowed spot, its clouds of incense, its processions in the garden, its hymns and flowers, abode with her,

Digitized by Google

she said, through life like a sweet dream, and to the lessons there taught she ascribed her retention of the faith amid the host of sceptical opinions she encountered in after years. It was not without regret and tears that she bade farewell to the abbess and sisters, and turned her face toward Paris and the attractions of her parents' home. Nothing but accomplishments were thought of to complete her education. The brilliant capital was to supersede the "Déserte" in her affections, and her mother took great pains to make Juliette as frivolous as herself. Her chief attention was given to music, she was taught to play the harp and piano by the first artists, and took lessons in singing from Boieldieu. This was a real gain, though in a different way from that which was intended. We shall see further on how the skill thus acquired was afterward employed in the service of religion, and how the habit of playing pathetic airs and pieces soothed many a sad moment when she was old and blind.

Her first contact with royalty was by accident. Her mother had taken her to see a grand banquet at Versailles, to which, as in the days of Louis XIV., the public were admitted as spectators. Juliette was very beautiful, and the queen, struck by her appearance, sent one of her ladies to ask that she might retire with the royal family. Madame Royale was just of the same age as Juliette, and the two children were measured together. Madame Royale also was a beauty, and not over-pleased, it seems, by this close comparison with a girl taken out of a crowd. How little could either foresee the strange fortunes that awaited the other!

Madame Bernard, with her love of display, took a pride also in gathering clever men around her. Laharpe, Lemontey, Barrère, and other members of the legislative assembly, frequented her drawing-room, and M. Jacques Récamier, an eminent banker of Paris, and son of a merchant at Lyons, was a constant guest. His character was easy and jovial; he wrote capital letters, spouted Latin, made plenty of money, spent it fast, and was often the dupe of his generosity and good humor. He had always been kind to Juliette, and had given her heaps of playthings. When, therefore, in 1793, he asked her hand in marriage, she consented without any repugnance, though Madame Bernard explained to her the inconveniences which might arise from their disparity of age, habits, and tastes—M. Récamier being forty-two and Juliette only fifteen. The wedding took place; but their union is a mystery which has never been solved with certainty. To her nominal husband she was never anything but a daughter. Her niece, Madame Lenormant, says she can only attest the fact, which was well known to all intimate friends, but that she is not bound (*chargée*) to explain it. Madame M——, another biographer, believes, as did many beside, that she was in reality M. Récamier's daughter; that, living, as every one did during the reign of terror, in fear of the guillotine, he wished to be able to leave her his fortune in case of his death, and, in the meantime, to place her in a splendid position; that Madame Récamier, made aware of her real parentage, would of course be the last to reveal and publish her mother's shame; and that this story, carefully borne in mind, explains all the anomalies of her life.

To this strange alliance, however, is due the formation of the most remarkable literary salon of the present age. It represented more perfectly than any other those of the Hôtel Rambouillet and of Madame de Sablé in the seventeenth century; of Madame Geoffrin, Madame d'Houdetot, and Madame Suard, in the eighteenth;* and it surpassed in solid attractions those of Madame de Staël at Coppet, and of Madame d'Albany of

* "*Causeries du Lundi*," par Sainte-Beuve. Tome I., pp. 114, 115.

Digitized by Google

Florence, of which it was the contemporary. She was herself its life, and diffused over it a charm no biographer can seize. So young and fair, so fascinating yet so innocent, she riveted every gaze, and attracted all hearts without yielding to any. Like the coloring of a landscape which changes every hour, she defied description, and found no adequate reflex save in the fond esteem and faithful memory of those who knew her. Yet her nearest and dearest friends felt that she was above them; and it might be said of her, as Saint-Simon said of the Duchess de Bourgogne, that she walked like a goddess on clouds. Her beauty made her popular, and she was talked of everywhere; for the Parisians at this time, like refined pagans, affected the worship of beauty under every form. She seemed, therefore, by general consent, to have a natural mission to restore society, which a series of revolutions had completely disorganized, and her power of drawing people together and harmonizing what party politics had unstrung, became more apparent every day. By birth she belonged to the people, by tastes and manners to the aristocracy, and had thus a double hold over those who, with republican principles, were fast returning to early associations of rank and order.

It was a happy day when the churches were re-opened in Paris, and the soft swelling notes of the *O Salutaris Hostia* filled the crowded fanes once more. It was as the pæan of the faithful over the scattered army of unbelief. Madame Récamier was in request. She held the plate for some charitable object at Saint-Roch, and collected the extraordinary sum of 20,000f. The two gentlemen who attended her could scarcely cleave a way for her through the crowd. People mounted on chairs, on pillars, and the altars of the side chapels, to see her. In these days, dancing was her delight. She was the first to enter the ball-room, and the last to quit it. But this did not last long. She soon gave up the shawl-dance, for which she was famous, though nothing could be more correct and picturesque than the movements she executed while, with a long scarf in her hands, she made it by turns a sash, a veil, and a drapery — drooping, fluctuating, gliding, attitudinizing, with matchless taste. Her reign was absolute. In the promenades of Longchamps, no carriage was watched like hers; and every voice pronounced her the fairest.

Twice only in her life did she meet Bonaparte, and to most persons in her position and at that period those moments would have proved fatal. His eye was as keen for female charms as for weak points in the enemy's line. He saw her first in 1797, during a triumphal fête given at the Luxembourg palace in his honor. He had just returned from his marvellous campaign in Italy, and genius was reaping the laurels too seldom bestowed on solid worth. Madame Récamier was not insensible to his military prowess. She stood up to observe his features more plainly, and a long murmur of admiration filled the hall. The young conqueror turned his head impatiently. Who dared to divide public attention with the hero of Castiglione and Rivoli? He darted a harsh glance at his rival, and she sank into her seat. But the beautiful vision rested in his memory. He saw her once again, about two years later, and spoke with her. It was at a banquet given by his brother Lucien, then minister of the interior. Madame Récamier as usual was all in white, with a necklace and bracelets of pearls. The First Consul paid her marked attention, and his words, though insignificant in themselves, meant more than met the ear. His manners, however, were simple and pleasing, and he held a little girl of four years old, his niece, by the hand. He chid Madame Récamier for not sitting next him at dinner, fixed his gaze on her during the music, sent Fouché to express to her his admiring regard, and told her himself that he

Digitized by Google

should like to visit her at Clichy. But Juliette, though respectful, was discreet. Time flowed on; Napoleon became emperor, and from the giddy height of the imperial throne bethought him of the incomparable lady in white. He had a double conquest to make. Her château was the resort of emigrant nobles who had returned to France, and whose sympathies were all with the past. To break up her circle, to gain her over to his interests, to enhance by her presence the splendor of his dissolute court, were objects well worthy of his plotting, ambitious, and unscrupulous nature. Fouché was again employed as tempter. He remonstrated with her on the species of opposition to the emperor's policy which was fostered in her salons, but found her little disposed to make concessions, or avow any liking for the despot. His genius and exploits, she admitted, had dazzled her at first, but her sentiments had entirely changed since her friends had been persecuted, the Duc d'Enghein put to death, and Madame de Staël driven into exile. In spite of these frank avowals, which were equally respectful and fearless, Fouché persisted in his design, and in the park around Madame Récamier's elegant retreat, urged her, in the emperor's name, to accept the post of *dame du palais* to the empress. His majesty had never yet found a woman worthy of him, and it was impossible to say how deep might be his affection for one like her; how wholesome an influence she might exert over him; what services she might render to the oppressed of all classes; and how much she might "enlighten the emperor's religion!" Madame Murat, to her shame, seconded these proposals, and expressed her earnest desire that Madame Récamier should be attached to her household, which was now put on the same footing as that of the empress. To these reiterated advances, Madame Récamier returned the most decided refusal, alleging, by way of courtesy, her love of independence as the cause. At last, foiled and irritated, Fouché—the Mephistopheles of the piece—quitted Clichy, never to return.

The consular episode in Madame Récamier's life has made us anticipate some important events. We must return to the first years of her marriage. It was in 1798 that some negotiations between her husband and M. Necker, the ex-minister of Louis XVI., brought her in contact with that statesman's celebrated daughter, Madame de Staël. At their first interview a sympathy sprung up between the two ladies, which ended in a lasting friendship. Madame Récamier lived in her friends, and her circle was a host ever increasing, for she always talked much and fondly of the friends of former years. She could say, like the Cid, "five hundred of my friends." Yet she had her degrees of attachment. They were, to use the beautiful simile of Hafiz, like the pearls of a necklace, and she the silken cord on which they lay. The chief of this favored circle were four—Madame de Staël among womankind, and for the rest Chateaubriand, Ballanche, and Montmorency.

M. Necker's hôtel in the Rue du Mont-Blanc having been purchased by M. Récamier, no cost was spared in its decoration. It was a model of elegance, and every object of furniture down to the minutest ornament was designed and executed expressly for it. Here the opulent husband was installed, while the fair hostess held her court at the château of Clichy. M. Récamier dined with her daily, and in the evening returned to Paris. No political distinction prevailed in her assemblies, but the restored emigrants were peculiarly welcome. Like Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and almost all reflective persons in our age, she thought monarchy had better be limited by a parliament than, as Talleyrand said, by assassination. Yet revolutionary generals and military dukes gathered round her, side by side with the Duc de Guignes, Adrien and

Digitized by Google

Mathieu de Montmorency, and other representatives of the fallen aristocracy. In her presence they forgot their differences, at least for awhile, and lost insensibly the asperity of party prejudice.

Duc Mathieu de Montmorency was Madame Récamier's senior by seventeen years. He had served in America in the regiment of Auvergne, of which his father was colonel, and on his return to France abandoned himself to all the pleasures and fashions of the world. His residence in the land of Penn and Washington had imbued him with republican notions, which he shared with a clique of young noblemen like himself. Such persons, as is well known, were among the earliest victims of the revolution they hurried on. Duc Mathieu emigrated in 1792, and soon afterward learned in Switzerland that his brother, the Abbé de Laval, whom he tenderly loved, had been beheaded. Remorse filled his breast, and drove him almost to madness. He charged himself with his brother's death. It was he who had proposed in the states general the abolition of the privileges of nobility, approved the sequestration of church property, and strengthened the hands of Mirabeau and the power of that assembly which paved the way for regicide and the reign of terror. Madame de Staël was his intimate friend. She had shared his political enthusiasm, and did all in her power to soothe him. But religion alone could pour balm into his smarting wounds. His conversion was complete and lasting. The impetuous, seductive, and frivolous young man became known to all as a fervent and strict Christian. Sainte-Beuve speaks of him as a "saint." Extreme delicacy of language indicated the inward discipline he underwent; while the warmth of his feelings and the solidity of his judgment inspired at the same time confidence and regard. His friendship for Madame de Staël continued, though their religious convictions differed, and he was alive to the imperfections of her character. He hoped one day to see her triumph over herself, and his solicitude for Madame Récamier was equal, though in another way. Over her he watched continually like a loving parent. He trembled lest she should at last fall a victim to the gay world which so much admired her, and which she sought to please. To shine without sinning is difficult indeed. Montmorency's letters prove the depth and purity of his affection. His intimacy with his *amiable amie* lasted unbroken during seven-and-twenty years, and ended only with his death.

Montmorency's death was the fitting sequel of a holy and useful life. It happened in 1826. He had recently been elected one of the forty of the French Academy, and had also been appointed governor to the Duc de Bordeaux, the grandson and heir of Charles X. He had gone to the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin on Good Friday, apparently in perfect health, and was kneeling before the altar and the "faithful cross on which the world's salvation hung," when his head bowed lower, and in a moment the bitterness of death was past.

Laharpe was another distinguished man to be numbered among the lovers of Madame Récamier's society. He had known her from a child, and when his exquisite taste in literature had obtained for him the title of the French Quintilian his regard was not lessened for one whose reputation was as flourishing as his own. He passed weeks at Clichy, and when he reopened his course of lectures on French literature at the Athenæum she had a place reserved for her near his chair. The letters she received from him are equally affectionate and respectful. He too had been converted through the excesses of that revolution which he had in the first instance encouraged. After suffering imprisonment in 1794, his ideas and conduct underwent a total change, and he resolved to devote his pen for the rest of his days to the service of re-

Digitized by Google

ligion. The energy with which he denounced "philosophers" and demagogues drew upon him proscription, and it was only by concealing himself that he escaped being transported. Of all revolutions, that of France in the last century has, by the horror it excited and the reaction it produced, tended more than any other to consolidate monarchy, discredit scepticism, and promote the salvation of souls. It is a beacon-fire kindled to warn nations of the rocks and shoals—the faults of rule and the crimes of misrule—by which society may suddenly be broken up and civilization retarded.

Montmorency was a statesman, Laharpe a man of letters; let us now turn to another friend of Madame Récamier's, who from a private soldier rose to be a king and leave a dynasty behind him. This was Bernadotte. In 1802, M. Bernard was postmaster-general, and suspected of complicity in a royalist correspondence that menaced the government. Madame Récamier was one day entertaining a few guests at dinner, and Eliza Bonaparte, afterward Grand Duchess of Tuscany, was present by her own invitation. On rising from table a note was placed in the hands of the hostess announcing the arrest and imprisonment of M. Bernard. To whom should she have recourse at such a moment but to the First Consul's sister? She must see him, she said, that very evening. Would Madame Bacciocchi procure her an interview? The princess was cold. She would advise Madame Récamier to see Fouché first. "And where shall I find you again, madam, if I do not succeed?" asked Madame Récamier. "At the Théâtre Français," was the reply; "in my box with my sister."

Nothing could be gained from Fouché except the alarming information that the affair was a very serious one, and that unless Madame Récamier could see the First Consul that night it would be too late. In the utmost consternation she drove to the Théâtre to remind Madame Bacciocchi of her promise. "My father is lost," she said, "unless I can speak with the First Consul to-night." "Well, wait till the tragedy is over," replied the princess, with an air of indifference, "and then I shall be at your service." Happily there was one in the box whose dark eyes, fixed on the agonized daughter, expressed clearly the interest he felt in her position. He leant forward, and explaining to the princess that Madame Récamier appeared quite ill, offered to conduct her to the chief of the government. Madame Bacciocchi readily assented, and gladly resigned the suppliant to Bernadotte's charge. Again and again he promised to obtain that the proceedings against M. Bernard should be stopped, and repaired immediately to the Tuileries. The same night he returned to Madame Récamier, who was counting the moments till he re-appeared. His suit had been successful, and he soon after procured the prisoner's release. Madame Récamier accompanied him to the Temple on the day M. Bernard was delivered. He was deprived of his post, for, though pardoned, he had undoubtedly been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the *Chouans*.

This was the foundation of Bernadotte's friendship with Madame Récamier. "Neither time," he wrote to her, when adopted by Charles XIII., as his son and heir—"neither time nor northern ice will ever cool my regard for you." He had many noble qualities, and did much for Sweden. We could forgive him for joining the coalition against France, if he had not embraced Lutheranism for the sake of a crown.

During the short peace of Amiens, in 1802, Madame Récamier visited England, where she received the kindest attentions from the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Douglas, the Prince of Wales, and the Duc d'Orleans, afterward king of the French. Those who can refer to the English newspapers of that year will find that

Digitized by Google

all the movements of the beautiful stranger were regularly gazetted.

But where is Madame de Staël? In the autumn of 1803 she was exiled by Bonaparte, who feared her talents and disliked her politics. As the daughter of Necker and the friend of limited monarchy, she was particularly obnoxious to one who represented both democracy and absolutism. Madame Récamier, with her habitual generosity, offered her an asylum at Clichy, which she accepted, under the impression that her further removal from Paris would not be insisted on. Junot, afterward the Duc d'Abrantes, their mutual friend, interested himself in her behalf, but without success. Her sentence of exile was confirmed; she was not to approach within forty leagues of the capital. So she wandered through Germany, and collected materials for her "*Allemagne*" and "*Dix années d'Exil.*" At Weimar she studied German literature under Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, and in 1805 held her court at Coppet, in the Canton de Vaud. Here occurred, as we shall presently see, one of the most singular episodes in Madame Récamier's life. She, with Madame de Staël in Switzerland, and Madame d'Albany in Florence, divided the empire of literary salons on the continent; and each of these ladies felt in turn the weight of the despot of Europe's sceptre.* In 1810 the writer of "*Corinne*" became the guest of Mathieu de Montmorency, near Blois, and within the prescribed distance from Paris. In the château of Catherine de Medici she collected round her a few friends, who were fearless of annoyance and exile. But her work on Germany abounded with allusions to the imperial police. The whole edition of ten thousand copies was seized, and she received an order from the Duc de Rovigo to return immediately to Switzerland. Madame Récamier, faithful and courageous, followed her, though timid advisers prophesied that no good would come of such imprudence. She stayed there only a day and a half, and then pursued her way in haste to Paris. But the sentence of exile had already gone forth against her. The calm and religious Duke Mathieu had just before expiated in like manner the crime of visiting the illustrious exile. Her book on Germany did not contain a line directly against the emperor; but it was enough that the authoress's heart beat with the pulses of rational freedom, and the Corsican's tyranny became minute in proportion to the territory over which it spread. Thus the ladies, who so loved each other, were not only exiled, but separated. Rivers rolled and Alps rose between them; lest, perchance, they should combine their elegant and harmless pursuits.

The limits allowed us in this article do not admit of our tracing the events of Madame Récamier's life in strict chronological order, and bringing out by degrees the character and history of her several friends. Each of them in turn will lead us away from the main thread of our story, and we hope that our readers will follow us with indulgence when we are obliged to take it up again rather awkwardly. We cannot do otherwise than mass together many things which had better be kept apart.

One day, in the autumn of 1806, Monsieur Récamier brought some dismal news to Clichy. The financial condition of Spain and her colonies, combined with other untoward events, had placed his bank in such jeopardy that, unless the government could be induced to advance him £40,000 on good security, he must stop payment within two days. A large party had been invited to dinner; and the hostess, suppressing her emotions with extraordinary self-command, did the honors of her house in a manner calculated to obviate alarm. It was a golden opportunity for imperial vengeance, and it was not lost. All aid from the Bank of France was re-

* "*Comtesse d'Albany*," par M. St. Réne Taillandier, p. 229.

Digitized by Google

fused, and the much-envied Maison Récamier was made over, with all its liabilities, to the hands of its creditors. So cruel a reverse was enough to try the fortitude of the most Christian. Nor was Madame Récamier found wanting in that heroic quality. Indeed, there are few women who, taken all in all, would serve better to enforce Eliza Farnham's ingenious arguments for the superiority of her sex.* While her husband's spirit was almost broken under the blow, she calmly, if not cheerfully, sold her last jewel, and occupied a small apartment on the ground floor of her splendid mansion. The rest of the house was let to Prince Pignatelli, and ultimately sold. The French have their faults—great faults; what nation has not?—but let us do them the justice to say that in their friendships they are faithful. The poor wife of the ruined banker was as much honored and courted by them in her adversity as she had been when surrounded with every luxury and every facility for hospitable entertainments. Let those who would form an idea of the sympathy expressed by her friends read that touching letter of Madame de Staël which Chateaubriand has preserved.† The opulent and gay, the learned, the brilliant, the serious, came in troops to that garden of the hotel in the Rue du Mont Blanc, where the unsullied and queenly rose was bending beneath the storm. The jealous emperor, at the head of his legions in Germany, heard of the interest she excited; for Junot, just returned from Paris, could not refrain from reporting at length what he had seen. But Napoleon interrupted him with impatience, saying, "The widow of a field-marshal of France, killed on the battle-plain, would not receive such honors!" And why should she? Is there no virtue but that of valor? Are there no conquests but those of the sword?

The trial which Juliette bore so patiently was fatal to her mother. Madame Bernard's health had long been declining; laid on a couch, and elegantly attired, she received visits daily; but her strength gave way altogether when her daughter fell from her high estate. She little knew that Madame Récamier was on the very point of having a royal prince for her suitor. Only three months after the failure of the bank Madame Bernard passed away, deeply lamented by her loving daughter, whom filial piety made blind or indulgent to her imperfections.

Prince Augustus of Prussia was a nephew of Frederick the Great. Chivalrous, brave, and handsome, he united very ardent feelings with candor, loyalty, and love of his country. He had, in October, 1806, been made prisoner at the battle of Saalfeld, where his brother, Prince Louis, had fallen fighting at his side. The mourning he still wore added to his dignity, and the society and scenery in the midst of which Madame Récamier first met him, deepened the charm of his presence and devoted attentions.

It was in 1807, on the banks of the lake of Geneva, hallowed to the thoughtful mind by so many historic associations, and encircled by all the gorgeous loveliness of which nature is so lavish in the valleys of the Alps. There in the château of Madame de Staël, Juliette listened during three months to his earnest conversation, and heard him propose that she should be his bride. Her marriage with M. Récamier presented no real difficulty; it was a civil marriage only; the peculiar case was one in which the Catholic Church admits of declaration of nullity; and for which, in Protestant Germany, legal divorce could very easily be obtained. Madame de Staël's imagination was kindled by this romantic incident, and she did not fail to second the prince's suit. Juliette herself was fully alive to the honors that were proposed her. It was no impoverished refugee that sought her hand. Though a prisoner

* "Woman and Her Era." 2 vols. New York.
† In the "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*"

Digitized by Google

for the moment, he would, doubtless, soon be set at liberty, and he was as proud as any of his exalted rank. Yielding, therefore, to the sentiments he inspired, Madame Récamier wrote to her husband to ask his consent to a separation. This he could not refuse; but, while granting it, he seems to have appealed to her feelings with a degree of earnestness which profoundly touched her heart. He had, he said, been her friend from childhood; and, if she must form another union, he trusted it would not take place in Paris, nor even in France. His letter turned the current of her desires. She thought of his long kindness, his age, his misfortune, and resolved not to abandon him. Religious considerations may also have weighed with her, for Prince Augustus did not hold the true faith. He had, moreover, two natural daughters, the countesses of Waldenburg, and this circumstance also may have indisposed her to the match.* He had, as she once said, many fancies. Would a morganatic marriage bind his wandering heart, or could she endure the pain of being expatriated for ever? They parted without any definite engagement, but he repaired to Berlin to obtain his family's consent. Madame Récamier returned to Paris; and, though she declined the honor of his hand on the ground of her responding imperfectly to his affection, she sent him her portrait, which he treasured till the day of his death. A ring which she also gave him was buried with him, and they never ceased while on earth to correspond in terms of the warmest friendship. In 1815 the prince entered Paris with the victorious legions of allied Europe, having written to his friend from every city that he entered; and in 1825 they had their last interview in the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

We must now follow her into exile. It was in the latter part of 1811 that she took up her abode in the dreary town of Châlons-sur-Marne, which happened to be just as far from Paris as she was required to live, and no further. The prefect was an amiable man, and retained his post during forty years, enjoying the confidence of each government in succession. But that which alleviated most the dulness of Châlons was its neighborhood to many beloved friends, particularly Montmorency. In June, 1812, however, she quitted it for Lyons, being unwilling to compromise those who were most ready to console her in exile. Many a château round had claimed the happiness of entertaining her; but to be kind to those who are suspected is always to draw suspicion on one's self. Renouncing many delights within her reach, she had sought one of the purest in playing the organ in the parish church, both during the week and on Sundays at high mass and vespers. She did the same at Albano during her stay there in the ensuing year.

Italy, and above all Rome, attracts sooner or later whatever is most cultivated in mind and taste. Thither, in 1813, Madame Récamier turned her steps. She was attended by her niece and her maid. Montmorency accompanied her as far as Chambery, and her carriage was well supplied with books, which M. Ballanche had selected to beguile the tedium of the way. This gentleman was the son of a printer at Lyons, and his genius became his fortune. His prose writings were considered a model of style, and ultimately obtained him a place in the French Academy. Neglecting subjects of the day, he uniformly indulged his fondness for abstract speculation, and in several works ingeniously set forth his ideas on the progress of mankind through alternate periods of revival and decay.* He was profoundly Christian at heart, but coupled his belief in the fall and redemption with peculiar notions respecting human perfectibility. His mind was

* "Madame Récamier," by Madame M——.

* "*Institutions Sociales*," 1818. "*Palingénésie Sociale*," 1830.

Digitized by Google

dreamy, his system mystical, but he realized intensely the existence of things unseen, and declared that "he was more sure of the next world than of this present." He mistrusted, indeed, the reality of material phenomena, and rested in the thought of two, and two only, luminously self-evident beings, himself and his creator. But genius is a dangerous gift to the student of theology, and perhaps Ballanche would have been more sound if he had been less clever. From the moment he saw Madame Récamier, he became ardently attached to her society. Her praise was his richest reward, and the prospect of reading his essays and poems to her more than doubled the pleasure of composing them. The first time he conversed with her a curious incident occurred. After getting over the difficulty he experienced in talking on ordinary topics, he had risen to a higher strain, and expatiated in glowing language on philosophical and literary subjects, till Madame Récamier, who had for some time been much incommoded by the smell of the detestable blacking with which his shoes had been cleaned, was obliged to tell him timidly that she really could not bear it any longer. M. Ballanche apologized humbly, left the room, and, returning a minute later without his shoes, took up the conversation where he had dropped it, and was soon in the clouds again. But his shoes were not his only drawback. He was hideously ugly, and that by a cruel mishap. A charlatan, like the one who practiced upon Scarron, had prescribed such violent remedies for his headaches that his jaw had become carious, and a part of it was removed by trepanning. A terrible inroad was made on one of his cheeks by this operation; but his magnificent eyes and lofty forehead redeemed his uncomely traits, and amid all his awkwardness and timidity his friends always discerned an expression of tenderness and often a kind of inspiration breathing from his face. Madame Récamier's talents were of a high order, for she could appreciate those of others. She soon forgot Ballanche's shoes, forgot his ungainly movements and ghastly deformity, and fixed her gaze on that inner man which was all nobility and gentleness, glowing with poetry, and steeped in the dews of Hermon. Let us leave him now at Lyons; we shall meet him again before long.

There was a vast and dreary city toward the south of Italy which had once been called Rome. It was now the capital of the department of the Tiber. Without the Cæsars or the Pope, it was Rome no more. No foreigners thronged its streets and fanes, its prelates were scattered, and its scanty inhabitants looked sullenly on the Frank soldiers who turned its palaces and sanctuaries into barracks. Hither came Madame Récamier, and her apartment in the Corso was soon hailed as an oasis in the wilderness. All the strangers in the deserted capital, and many of the Romans, paid their court to this queen of society; and Canova, one of the few stars left in the twilight, visited her every evening, and wrote to her every morning. He chiselled her bust as no hand but his could chisel it, and seized ideal beauty while copying what was before him. He called it "Beatrice," and it was worthy of the name. Ballanche, too, came all the way from Lyons to visit the universal favorite. He travelled night and day, and could remain at Rome only one week. The very evening of his arrival Madame Récamier began to do the honors of the Eternal City. Three carriages full of friends drove from her house to St. Peter's and the Coliseum, where they all alighted. Ballanche moved solemnly, with his hands beside him, overpowered by the grandeur of all around. On a sudden his *parfaite amie* looked back. He was not without his shoes this time, but without his hat. "M. Ballanche," she said, "where is your hat?" "Ah!" replied the philosopher, "I have left it at Alexandria." And so it was—so

Digitized by Google

little did his thoughts dwell on external life.

From Rome the travellers proceeded to Naples. A cordial welcome awaited Madame Récamier from Caroline Bonaparte, whom she had known of old. A page from the royal palace brought her a magnificent basket of fruit and flowers immediately on her arrival, and she soon became the confidante of both king and queen. Joachim Murat sat on a usurped throne, and was reaping the bitter fruits of a false position. Duty bound him to Napoleon, interest to the allies. First he was perfidious to his master, next to his colleagues. One day he entered his wife's saloon in great agitation, and finding Madame Récamier, avowed to her that he had signed the coalition. He then asked her opinion of his act, taking it for granted that it would be favorable. But, though not an imperialist, she was a Frenchwoman. "Sire!" she replied, "you are French, and to France you should be faithful." Murat turned pale. "I am a traitor then," he exclaimed, and, opening the window in haste, pointed to the British fleet sailing into the bay. Then burying his face in his hands, he sunk upon a sofa and wept. The year after, faithless alike to Europe and to the empire, a tempest cast him on the shore of Pizzo, and he was taken and shot like a brigand.

A dense crowd was collected in the Piazza del Popolo to see the entry of Pius VII., after the Apollyon of kingdoms had been sent to Elba. The Roman nobles and gentleman headed the procession, and their sons drew the pontiff's carriage. In it he knelt, with his hair unsilvered by age, and his fine face expressing deep humility. His hand was extended to bless his people, but his head bowed before the almighty disposer of human events. It was the triumph of a confessor rather than of a sovereign—of a principle, not of a person. Never did such a rain of tears fall on the marble paving at St. Peter's as when at last he traversed the church and prostrated himself before the altar over the tomb of the apostles. Then the *Te Deum* rose and echoed through those gorgeous arches, and Madame Récamier was not insensible to the affecting scene. Before leaving Rome the second time, she paid a farewell visit to General Miollis, who had commanded the French forces. He was extremely touched by this civility, and received her in a villa he had bought, and which still bears his name. He was quite alone, with an old soldier for his servant. She was, he said, the only person who had called upon him since he had ceased to govern Rome.

After three years' absence she returned to Paris, and, still radiant with beauty and overflowing with gladness, resumed her undisputed empire over polite society. Her husband had regained his lost ground, and was again a prosperous banker, while she possessed in her own right a fortune inherited from her mother. The restoration of Louis XVIII. had changed the face of her salon and of society in general. Her friends were once more in power, and those who had vexed her and them were banished or forgotten. The Duke of Wellington often visited her, and she presented him to Queen Hortense. He shocked her, however, after the battle of Waterloo, by saying of Napoleon, "I have well beaten him!" She had no love for the ex-emperor; but France was her country, and she could not exult over its defeat. Her niece declares that Wellington was not free from intoxication with his success, and that nothing but the indignant murmurs of the pit prevented him from entering the royal box with his aides-de-camp.* Madame de Staël died in 1817, and her friend, Mathieu de Montmorency, gathered up with piety and hope every indication of a religious spirit which she had left behind. She never raised her eyes to heaven without thinking of him, and she believed that

* "*Souvenirs de Madame Récamier*," vol. i., p. 288.

Digitized by Google

in his prayers his spirit answered hers.* Prayer, she wrote, was the bond which united all religious beings in one, and the life of the soul. Sin and suffering were inseparable, and she had never done wrong without falling into trouble. During the long sleepless nights of her last illness she repeated constantly the Lord's prayer to calm her mind, and she learned to enjoy the "Imitation of Jesus Christ."

The void she left in Madame Récamier's circle was filled by one whose writings were the talk and admiration of Europe. This was Chateaubriand. Professor Robertson has lately brought him very agreeably to our remembrance in his able and interesting lectures on modern history. The Duc de Noailles, that contemporary, as he has been called, of Louis XIV., pronounced his eulogy when taking his place in the French Academy, and he has left us his biography in the most charming form in which that of any one can be read, viz., written by himself. The portrait a man draws of himself in writing rarely deceives; for the very attempt to falsify would betray the real character. Chateaubriand's vanity escapes him in his memoirs as frequently as it did in his conversation, yet there cannot be a doubt that he had great qualities, and has built himself an enduring name. That extreme refinement of thought which is inseparable from genius makes him difficult to appreciate, and the phases of society through which he passed were so conflicting as to be fatal to the consistency of almost all public men. Yet he was on the whole faithful through life to his first principles. At one time he defended monarchy, at another freedom, pleading most eloquently for that which for the moment seemed most in danger. He knew the value of their mutual support, and, like all who move on a double line, he was often misunderstood. Born of an ancient and noble family, he chose at the same time the profession of arts and arms. The popular excesses of 1791 drove him from Paris, and he embarked for America. There, in the immense forests and savannas of Canada and the Floridas, often living among savages, he stored up materials for his early romances, and acquired that grandeur and depth of coloring in descriptions of natural scenery for which he is so remarkable. He was near the tropics, in the land of the fire-fly and humming-bird, when he heard of the flight of Louis XVI. and his arrest at Varennes. Hastening back to rejoin the standard of his royal master, he again took arms, and was seriously wounded at the siege of Thionville. From Jersey he was transported to London, where he lived in extreme want, taught French, and translated for publishers. Here, too, he produced his first work, which was tainted with the infidelity of the day. The death of his pious mother recalled him to a better mind, and awakened in him a train of thought which issued at length in the "*Génie du Christianisme.*" "*Atala*" and "*René,*" likewise under the form of romance, serving as episodes to his great work, avenged the cause of religion, and powerfully aided in producing a reaction in favor of Christianity. The First Consul hailed the rising star, and attached him as secretary to Cardinal Fesch's embassy at Rome. In 1804 he had just been appointed to represent France in the republic of Valais, when he heard of the odious execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and immediately sent in his resignation. He could serve a ruler who had brought order out of chaos, but not an assassin. From that day he never ceased to be hostile to the empire. After wandering, as Ampère did later, along the classic shores of Greece and the monuments of Egypt, and kissing the footprints of his Redeemer on the mount of Calvary, he returned to France, and in the Vallée-aux-Loups composed his prose poem, the "Martyrs," in

* "*Dix années d'Exil.*"

Digitized by Google

which, as in "Fabiola" and "Callista," the glowing imagery of pagan art is blended with the ethical grandeur of the religion of Christ. A place was awarded him in the French Academy, which he was not permitted to take till the Bourbons were restored. Their return filled him with joy, and a pamphlet he had written against Bonaparte was said by Louis XVIII. to have been worth an army to his cause. On the escape of Napoleon from Elba he accompanied the king to Ghent, and, on re-entering Paris, was raised to the peerage and made minister of state. In 1816, having published his "Monarchy according to the Charter," he lost the royal favor and his honorary title. His work, however, continues to this day "a text-book of French constitutional law."*

Such was the statesman, apologist, philosopher, and poet who, in his forty-ninth year, obtained an ascendancy over Madame Récamier's imagination so complete that the religious Montmorency trembled, and the thoughtful Ballanche dreamed some ill. They thought, too, that her manners changed toward them, but she soon restored their confidence. It would be vain, indeed, to deny that her regard for Chateaubriand caused her many anxious thoughts and secret tears, particularly when, after a few years, he neglected her for the din of political debate and the society of beings less exalted and pure. But this estrangement was only temporary, and both before it and after it, till he died, her daily task was to soothe the irritability to which poets are said to be especially subject; to amuse him herself, as Madame de Maintenon amused Louis XIV.; and to surround him with those who, for her sake as well as for his, labored for the same charitable end.

Another reverse befel her in 1819. M. Récamier failed again, and £4,000, which his wife had invested in his bank, went with the rest. Trusting in the security of his position, she had shortly before purchased a house in the Rue d'Anjou and furnished it handsomely. There was a garden belonging to it, and an alley of linden-trees, where Chateaubriand tells us he used to walk with Madame Récamier. But the house and garden were sold, and the occupant removed to a small apartment in the quaint old Abbaye-aux-Bois. She placed her husband and M. Bernard with M. Bernard's aged friend in the neighborhood, and dined with them, her niece, Ballanche, and Paul David every day. In the evening she received company, and her cell soon became the fashion, if not the rage. It was an incommodious room, with a brick floor, on the third story. The staircase was irregular; and Chateaubriand complains of being out of breath when he reached the top. A piano, a harp, books, a portrait of Madame de Staël, and a view of Coppet by moonlight, adorned it. Flower-pots stood in the windows; and in the green garden beneath nuns and boarders were seen walking to and fro. The top of an acacia rose to a level with the eye, tall spires stood out against the sky, and the hills of Sèvres bounded the distant horizon. The setting sun used to gild the picture and pierce through the open casements. Birds nestled in the Venetian blinds, and the hum of the great city scarce broke the silence.

Here Madame Récamier received every morning a note from Chateaubriand, and here he came at three o'clock so regularly that the neighbors, it is said, used to set their watches by his approach. Few persons were allowed to meet him, for he was singular and exclusive; but, when evening closed, the *élite* of France and half the celebrities of Europe found their way here by turns. The Duchess of Devonshire and Sir Humphrey Davy, Maria Edgeworth, Humboldt, Villemain, Montalembert, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Sainte-Beuve were frequent guests, and so also was one who

* Robertson's "Lectures, p. 291.

Digitized by Google

deserves more special notice, Jean Jacques Ampère.

It was on the 1st of January, 1820, that his illustrious father presented him, then in his twentieth year, to the circle of friends who met at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.* The enthusiasm with which he spoke, the gentleness of his disposition, the nobility of his sentiments, and the brilliancy of his talents, soon secured him a high place in Madame Récamier's esteem. He attached himself to her with an ardor that never cooled, and that appeared quite natural to the elder guests who had long experienced her magical influence. During the career of fame which he ran her counsels were his guide, and her goodness his theme. However deep his studies, however distant his wanderings, among the surges of the Categat or the pyramids of the Pharaohs, his thoughts always reverted to her, and letters full of respect and devotion proved how amiable was his character, how observant and gifted his mind.

In November, 1823, he and the faithful Ballanche accompanied her to Italy. Her niece, whom she treated as a daughter, was suffering from a pulmonary complaint, and change was thought desirable for her. Chateaubriand's visits had grown less frequent. A political rivalry also had sprung up between her dearest friends, Chateaubriand having, in December, 1822, accepted the office of minister of foreign affairs vacant by the resignation of Mathieu de Montmorency. They disdained alike riches and honors, but each was bent on the triumph of a conviction, and on linking his name with a public act. Many thorns beset her path in consequence of their disunion, and absence for a time from France seemed to offer several advantages. She fully possessed the confidence of Madame de Chateaubriand, and all who knew the *capricieux immortel*, as that lady called her husband, were of opinion that by going to Italy she might avoid many occasions of bitterness, and recall him to a calmer and nobler frame.

Nearly a month was passed in the journey from Paris to Rome. The travellers paused in every town, and explored its monuments, churches, and libraries. During the halt at midday, and again in the evening, they talked over all they had seen, and read aloud by turns. Ballanche and his young friend Ampère discussed questions of history and philosophy, and Madame Récamier gave an air of elegance to an apartment in the meanest inn. She had her own table-cloth to spread, together with books and flowers; and her presence alone, so dignified, so graceful, invested every place with the charm of poetry. Ballanche and Ampère projected a guide-book, and thus the latter was unconsciously laying up stores for that graphic "*Histoire Romaine à Rome*," * on which his reputation as an author mainly rests. The year was just closing when they arrived in Rome. It was here that he met Prince Louis Bonaparte, the present emperor, who was then a boy, and here he had long and frequent conversations with Prince Napoleon, his elder brother, while Queen Hortense, then called the Duchess of Saint-Leu, was walking with Madame Récamier in the Coliseum, or the campagna around the church of St. John Lateran or the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Rome was then the asylum of the Bonapartes, as it has ever been the home of the outcast and the consolation of the wretched. The aspect was greatly changed since the former visit. Pius VII. had lately yielded up his saintly spirit to God, and Leo XII. sat on his throne. The fêtes and ceremonies that attended his elevation were all over except that of the pontifical blessing given from the balcony of St. Peter's. Madame Récamier took her place beside the Duchess of Devonshire in joint sovereignty over society at Rome.

* *Le Correspondant*, Mai, 1864, p. 45.

* Published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* 1853-57.

Digitized by Google

The Duc de Laval, Montmorency's cousin, who was then the French ambassador, placed his house, horses, and servants at her disposal, and began or ended every evening with her. The duchess just mentioned was in her sixty-fourth year, and preserved the traces of remarkable beauty. Her eyes were full of fire, her skin was smooth and white. She was tall, erect, queenly, and thin as an apparition. Her skeleton hands and arms were like ivory, and she covered them with bracelets and rings. Her manners were distinguished, and she seemed at the same time very affectionate and rather sad.

The long friendship which subsisted between this English Protestant lady and Cardinal Consalvi was not the least singular feature in her history. Her intimacy with Adrien and Mathieu de Montmorency was such that they always called her the *duchesse-cousine*, though they were not related to her at all. The Duc de Laval, whom she had known in England, writes thus of her to Madame Récamier, in May, 1823:

"The duchess and I are agreed in admiring you. She possesses some of your qualities, and they have been the cause of her success though life. She is of all women the most attaching. She rules by gentleness, and is always obeyed. What she did in her youth in London, that she now recommences here. She has all Rome at her disposal—ministers, cardinals, painters, sculptors, society, all are at her feet."

Her days, however, were dwindling to a close, as were those also of Cardinal Consalvi. Just seven months after the decease of Pius VII. that eminent statesman followed him to the tomb. All Rome went to see him laid in state—all except Madame Récamier, who, full of the sorrow which the duchess would feel for his loss, and imagining that she would only be pained by such idle curiosity, drove to the solitude of the villa Borghese. On alighting from her carriage, she saw the tall and elegant figure of the duchess in deep mourning, and looking the picture of despair. To her astonishment the latter proposed that they should go and see the lifeless cardinal. It was, indeed, a solemn scene. The chaplains had retired for a brief space to dine, and the public were excluded. The ladies only entered to take their last look of human greatness. There he lay—the steady foe of the French revolution and the imperial despot, the minister of two popes during five-and-thirty years, the able and successful nuncio at the congress of Vienna. There he lay in the sleep of death, with his purple round him, and with his features still beautiful, calm, and severe.

Madame Récamier and her niece fell on their knees, praying fervently for the departed, and still more so for the lonely friend beside them, who had survived all the affections of her youth. She did not long survive. In March, 1824, she expired after a few days' illness. No one had been allowed to approach her till the last moment and for this extraordinary exclusion different reasons are assigned. Madame Récamier and the Duc de Laval believed that it was through fear lest she should declare herself a Catholic. They were admitted just before the vital spark was extinguished, and she died while they knelt beside her, and Madame Récamier held her wan hand, and bathed it with tears. After again visiting Naples, after excursions round the gulf, and reading as she went the glowing descriptions of Chateaubriand and de Staël, while the ardent Ampère and the meditative Ballanche supplied their living comments, Madame Récamier returned to spend her second winter in Rome, and enjoy the society of the Duc de Noailles and Madame Swetchine. The duke was in his twenty-third year, and she used to say that he was the last and youngest of those whom she called her real friends. His subsequent history of Madame de Maintenon proves how just a claim he had to be so regarded.

Digitized by Google

Madame Swetchine, when she arrived in Rome, was imbued with some prejudices against Madame Récamier, but they vanished at the first interview, and the love that sprang up between them was of the holiest kind:

"I feel the want of you (she wrote in 1825) as if we had passed a long time together, as if we had old associations in common. How strange that I should feel so impoverished by losing what a short time since I did not possess! Surely there is something of eternity in certain emotions. There are souls—and I think yours and mine are among the number—which no sooner come in contact with each other than they throw off the conditions of their mortal existence, and obey the laws of a higher and better world."

After an absence of eighteen months, Madame Récamier returned to Paris. It was in May, 1825. Charles X. was being consecrated at Rheims, and both Chateaubriand and Montmorency were there for the ceremony. When the former received a line to inform him that the cell in the Abbaye was again occupied, he lost no time in paying his usual visit at the same hour as before. Madame Récamier's residence in Italy had produced the desired effect on him. His fitful mood was over. Not a word of explanation or reproach was heard, and from that day to his death, twenty-three years later, the purest and most perfect harmony existed between them. He had again fallen from power, and had been rudely dismissed. His only crime had been silence. He would not advocate the reduction of interest on the public debt, which appeared to him an act of injustice. How many would be half ruined by the change from five to three per cent.! He abstained from voting. De Villèle was incensed, and a heartless note informed one of the greatest men in France that his services were no longer needed. By a strange mishap he did not receive it at the right time, went to the Tuileries, attended a levee, and was going to take his place at a cabinet council, when he was told that he was no longer admissible. He had ordered his carriage for a later hour, and was now obliged to walk back in his full court robes through the streets of Paris. He long and bitterly remembered this ungenerous treatment. In his opposition to the Villèle ministry he displayed prodigious talent; and in January, 1828, it gave place to that of Martignac, and he was himself appointed ambassador at Rome.

Among the letters he wrote during his embassy, there is one very brief and touching, addressed to the little Greek Canaris, then educated in Paris by the Hellenic committee. The emancipation of the Christians of the East, whether Catholic or schismatic, was an object dear to Chateaubriand's heart, as well as to the royalists in general. The question was not embarrassed by those false views of freedom which make many who love it afraid to speak its praise lest they should seem to countenance its abuse. "My dear Canaris," he says, "I ought to have written to you long ago. Pardon me, for I am full of business. My advice to you is this: Love Madame Récamier. Never forget that you were born in Greece, and that my country has shed its blood for the freedom of yours. Above all, be a good Christian; that is, an honest man submitting to the will of God. Thus, my dear little friend, you will keep your name on the list of those famous Greeks of yore where your illustrious father has already inscribed it. I embrace you.—Chateaubriand." How delighted must the young Athenian have been to carry this note to the Abbaye-aux-Bois the next time he went to visit Madame Récamier, as he did on almost every holiday!

We have already spoken of Mathieu de Montmorency's singular death. Madame Récamier was one of the first to hear of it. She hastened to sit beside the corpse of her revered friend, and mingled her tears with those of his mother and widow. The

Digitized by Google

latter, who had always been attached to her, now became her intimate companion, and, when she came to Paris, stayed at the Abbaye expressly to be near her. Even Chateaubriand, who had been Montmorency's political rival, joined the train of mourners, and composed a prayer on the occasion for Madame Récamier's use. It is somewhat inflated, and breathes the language of a poet rather than of a Christian. It ends thus: "O miracle of goodness! I shall find again in thy bosom the virtuous friend I have lost! Through thee and in thee I shall love him anew, and my entire spirit will once more be united to that of my friend. Then our divine attachment will be shared through eternity." These expressions are overstrained; but they illustrate the character of Madame Récamier's affection for her male friends. Of these Chateaubriand became henceforward the chief, and his letters to her from Rome, together with his subsequent intercourse with her in Paris, form the most important part of her remaining history. Everything was summed up in him,—diplomacy, politics, literature: he was to her, and not to her only, their chief representative. His correspondence, as preserved by her niece, is sparkling and pointed, full of incident, and especially interesting to those who remember Rome during the last years of Leo XII. and the pontificate of Pius VIII. Three letters a week reached her while his embassy lasted, and he has inserted several of them in his "*Mémoires,*" though not without dressing them up a little for posterity. Veneration and regard for her is their key-note. *Mille tendres hommages,* he writes. *Que je suis heureux de vous aimer!* But French politeness always sounds strange and fulsome when dissected in English. In May, 1829, he obtained leave to return to Paris for a time, and he was welcomed at the Abbaye by numerous admirers. There he read aloud his "*Moise,*" in the presence of Cousin, Villemain, Lamartine, Mérimée, and a host of *literati* beside. There he expressed all his fears for the ancient dynasty under the guidance of Prince Polignac. He had no personal feeling for the minister, save that of friendship. But he could discern the signs of the times. He sought an audience of the king, to warn him of the reefs on which he was being steered; but he was no favorite with Charles X., and his request was refused. Yet he might, if his counsels had been listened to, have saved his master from exile and France from the revolution of July. The crown was in his idea above all things except the law. He would neither abandon the charter for the king, nor the king for the charter. The ordinances of July were subversive of the constitution, but the moment they were recalled he was on the monarch's side.

It was too late to stem the tide of insurrection. A ducal democrat was called to the throne. His partisans and those of the dethroned sovereign did not usually mix in society; but the salon in the Abbaye was an exception to every rule. There and at Dieppe, in the bathing season, the royalists Genarde and Chateaubriand constantly met Ballanche, Ampère, Lacordaire, and Villemain, who welcomed the new régime. Madame Récamier, with admirable tact, kept them in social harmony, and her efforts in this direction were the more praisworthy because she was not indifferent to their respective bias. She had always loved the old dynasty, both because of its hereditary rights and the glorious associations attached to it in history. She lamented the shortsightedness of the Polignac ministry; but she lamented still more the accession of Louis Philippe, which drove the greater part of her friends into the obscurity of private life.

In April, 1830, her husband died. He was then in his eightieth year, and during his last illness was removed to the Abbaye, that he might be surrounded by every sort of attention. In taste, character, and understanding he differed from Madame Récamier

Digitized by Google

as widely as possible. They had but one quality in common: each was good and kind. Notwithstanding the singularity of their tie, they lived together thirty-five years without any disagreement. M. Bernard and his old friend Simonard were also gone. Madame Lenormant was married, and though the family circle that used to dine at the Abbaye was no more, some faithful friends, such as Ballanche and Paul David, met daily at the widow's hospitable board. The former of these was especially disappointed by the fall of the elder Bourbon branch. He had hoped to see its alliance with that moral, political, and social progress which was the dream of his existence. Elective monarchy now seemed to hold out better prospects of his *palingénésie sociale.*

The attitude assumed by Chateaubriand at this period was such as to command general respect. He attempted, but in vain, to procure the recognition of Henry V., and to place his rights under the protection of the Duke of Orleans. Then, declining to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he retired from the peerage, and gave up his pension. The friends, however, from whom he differed were delighted to perceive that his cordiality with them in private was in no degree lessened. But there was a circle within the circle that frequented the Abbaye, and it was in 1832 that the Duc de Noailles became enrolled among the select few. This was owing in part to the sympathy which existed between him and Chateaubriand, and the high estimate which the latter formed of his judgment. Neither was he so dazzled by the future of society as to forget or despise its past. Both found in the history of the kings of France the sources of all subsequent improvement. The Duc de Noailles did not come alone to the Abbaye. His regard for Madame Récamier was such that he brought with him every member of his family whom he thought most worthy of her acquaintance, and invited her in turn and her friends to grace with their presence the fair domain of Maintenon. Here, surrounded by souvenirs of Louis XIV., Chateaubriand took notes for a chapter in his "Memoirs," which was not inserted, but given in manuscript to Madame Récamier. It fills seventeen pages, and forms one of the most striking parts of the volume under review. The writer recalls the delicious gardens he has visited in Greece, Ithaca, Grenada, Rome, and the East, and compares them with the surroundings of the château of Maintenon. He touches on many salient points in the history of that remarkable lady who bought it in 1675, and whose corpse had, in his own day, been dragged round the sacred enclosure of St. Cyr with a halter round the neck. He then passes to the night spent in the château by Charles X., when the king, driven from the seat of government, dismissed his Swiss Guards, and placed himself almost in the condition of a prisoner. It was in Madame Récamier's drawing-room that the autobiography for which this description was intended was first published, and that in the way so fashionable among the ancient Romans and still common in France—by the author's reading it aloud to an assembly of friends. Thus Statius read his "Thebais,"* thus Alfieri his tragedies, at Rome. The readings of the "*Mémoires d'outre Tombe*" spread over two years, and his fame extended so fast that it was difficult to find room for those who craved admittance. Publishers, also, were eager to purchase the manuscript, to be printed at the writer's death; and some royalist friends availed themselves of this circumstance to obtain for him a pension for life. The excitement attending the recitals relieved his ennui, and literary labor helped to pay his debts. The work itself, though intensely interesting to all who heard it and felt personally interested in the events it recorded, is too lengthy, detailed, peev-

* Juvenal, Sat. VII., 82-86.

Digitized by Google

ish, and egotistic to add much to Chateaubriand's fame. Any theme he handled was sure to call forth eloquence and genius; but himself was the very worst subject he could choose,—the worst, not, perhaps, for the entertainment of his readers, but for the reputation of the writer.

In October, 1836, Louis Napoleon made his attempt at Strasburg, and having been arrested, was brought to Paris for trial. His mother, the ex-queen Hortense, fearing lest her presence there might only add to his danger, paused at Viry, and allowed her devoted follower, Madame Salvage, to proceed. This lady, relying on Madame Récamier's fidelity to her friends, repaired immediately to the Abbaye, and, with a portfolio of treasonable correspondence, sought an asylum there. On the morrow, Madame Récamier visited the queen, or, to speak more correctly, the Duchess of St. Leu, at Viry, and found her in extreme distress. Her worst fears, indeed, were over. The prince's life was spared, but, before his trial was concluded, he was shipped off to New York. The prospect of thus losing him afflicted the duchess greatly, for she had a mortal malady, and knew that her time on earth could not be long. The next year, in fact, Louis Napoleon, informed of her dangerous illness, hastened to Europe to see her once more. In 1840 he again asserted, at Boulogne, his claim to the throne. He was tried by the chamber of peers, and Madame Récamier, though she had been obliged to appear and answer some questions before the *juge d'instruction*, was not deterred by this annoyance from asking permission to visit the prisoner. She saw him at the *Conciergerie*, not through attachment to his cause, but for his departed mother's sake. Two years after, when imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, he sent her his "*Fragmens Historiques.*" In writing to her, he said: "I have long wanted to thank you, madam, for the kind visit you paid me in the *Conciergerie*, and I am happy to have the opportunity now of expressing my gratitude. . . . You are so accustomed to delight those who approach you, that you will not be surprised at the pleasure I have felt in receiving a proof of your sympathy, and in learning that you feel for my misfortunes." Enclosed in this letter was another for Chateaubriand, much longer, and highly creditable to the prince's talents and good taste. In it he declared his intention of beguiling his prison hours by writing a history of Charlemagne as soon as he should have collected the necessary materials. The prominent place which that prince held in his thoughts is strikingly brought before us in the preface to his "Julius Cæsar." In 1848, when fortune smiled, and he arrived in Paris already elected deputy, one of his first visits was to the Abbaye-aux-Bois. It was just after the death of Chateaubriand, and Madame Récamier had not the pleasure of seeing him. In another year, she had entered into her rest, and he was far on the turbulent way to an imperial throne.

We must not forget to mention among her friends one with whom we may be excused for having more sympathy than with Napoleon III. This was Frederic Ozanam. He was born in 1813, and was still a student, and in his twentieth year, when first presented by Ampère to Madame Récamier. Chateaubriand was much struck by him, and he was present at several readings of the "*Mémoires.*" But he came to the Abbaye rarely, and when his friend Ampère asked him the reason, he replied: "It is an assembly of persons too illustrious for my obscurity. In seven years, when I become professor, I will avail myself of the kindness shown me." With rare modesty, the young man kept his word. In seven years, and no less, he took his place in the renowned circle. His talents were already appreciated, and though timid and all but awkward, his conversation often

Digitized by Google

broke through the restraints of habit, and swept along its shining course as if he were surrounded by his pupils in the lecture-room. Every year added to his celebrity. His character, his philosophy, his scholarship, were all Christian, and his professional life was devoted to one end. He vindicated the moral and literary attainments of the middle ages against modern detractors—against those who mean by the dark ages the ages about which they are in the dark. He traced in all his works the history of letters in barbarous times, and showed how, through successive periods of decadence and renaissance, the Church has ever been carrying forward the civilization of mankind.* His publications have been edited by friends of whom he was worthy—Lacordaire and Ampère; and who would come to lay a votive wreath on Madame Récamier's tomb, without having one also for the grave of Ozanam?

The winter of 1840-41 was a disastrous one for Lyons and its neighborhood. The swollen waters of the Rhone and Saone rising, overflowed their banks, and ravaged the surrounding country with resistless violence. The government was not slow to relieve the sufferers, and public as well as private charity poured in from every quarter. Madame Récamier felt deeply for her native city, and resolved on making an extraordinary effort to aid it in its distress. She organized a *soirée* to which persons were to be admitted by tickets. These were sold at twenty francs each, but were generally paid for at a higher rate. Lady Byron gave a hundred for hers. Rachel recited *Esther;* Garcia, Rubini, and Lablache sang; the Marquis de Vérac placed his carriages at their disposal; and the Duc de Noailles supplied refreshments, footmen, and his *maître d'hôtel.* The Russians residing in Paris were especially active in disposing of tickets; Chateaubriand from eight o'clock to the end of the *soirée* did the honors of the saloon by which the company entered. Reschid-Pacha sat on the steps of the musician's platform, half buried beneath waves of silk and flowers. The rooms were adorned with exquisite objects of art, and 4,390 francs were received and transmitted to the mayor of Lyons. Sixty poor families were selected by the curés to receive this bounty; Madame Récamier having requested that it might not be broken up into petty sums. In the midst of the glittering throng that assembled in the old Abbaye that evening, it is said that she eclipsed them all in beauty and grace. This may appear fabulous to many, for she was then in her sixty-third year; yet her niece would hardly assert it if it had not been the general opinion.

In 1842, Madame Récamier had the satisfaction of seeing Ballanche take his place in the French Academy. His friends, indeed, were more elated on the occasion than the philosopher himself. Literary honors were little in his eyes compared with the exertion of a moral and philosophic influence. His passion for machinery had nearly ruined him; and his generosity was always beyond his narrow means. Like Socrates in the basket, he lived above the earth, and the trivial concerns of daily life dried up the sap of his sublime speculations.* Chateaubriand used to call him the hierophant; for he had a small sect of followers whom he initiated in his mysticism.

A cloud was gathering over his existence, and over the gladness of all who frequented the Abbaye. Since the year 1839, Madame Récamier's health had been growing feebler, and a cataract was perceived slowly forming on her eyes. She bore the affliction with her usual calm, and the fear of becoming less able to amuse Chateaubriand was her chief distress. When her blindness became confirmed, her eyes were still brilliant; and her ear being

* "*La Civilisation au Ve Siècle,*" etc.

* Aristophanes. "The Clouds."

Digitized by Google

fine, she knew all who approached her by their voice. The valet took care to set everything in her apartment in its fixed place, so that she could move about without stumbling. In this way she often dissembled her loss of sight, and many who visited her came away with the impression that she saw pretty well. Long intercourse with Chateaubriand had made her habits as methodical as his. He still came to her daily at half-past two. They took tea together, and talked for an hour. Then the door opened to visitors, and the good Ballanche was always the first. This would have been mere dissipation, but for the more serious occupations of the morning. She rose early, had the papers read to her rapidly, then the choicest of new works, and afterward some standard author. Modern literature had always been her delight; and it cheered her even in her darkness. When she drove out, it was generally with some charitable purpose; for the time was passed for paying other visits. Never, since Montmorency had recommended it, did she forget to read. or hear read, daily some work of piety; and as age advanced and sorrow weighed more heavily, she derived from the practice increasing solace and strength.

Now came what Ballanche called "the dispersion," from which afterward he dated his letters. Prince Augustus of Prussia died in 1845, and charged Humboldt to execute his last commands with regard to her whom he had never ceased to respect and love. Her portrait, by Gerard, which she had given him, and her letters, were returned when he could no longer treasure them. His death affected her deeply; for other flowers also were fading from life's garden, and the winter of age was freezing everything but her affections. From Maintenon she passed into Normandy with her niece and Ampère, who had just returned from Egypt, weary and sick with travel. Wherever she went, the blind beauty of the first empire wanted no one claim to respectful and devoted attention. By the use of belladonna, she sometimes dilated the pupil, and acquired for a few hours the sense of sight. In this way she saw and admired Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of St. Augustine, which he brought from the exhibition to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, on purpose that Chateaubriand and herself might inspect it. But such brief enjoyment only made returning darkness more gloomy; and an operation offered the best prospect of permanent relief. Meanwhile, Chateaubriand having broken his collar-bone in stepping from his carriage, a delay occurred. Madame Récamier would not deprive herself of the pleasure of diverting him during his confinement to the house. Her friends often assembled under his roof; and when he visited the Abbaye again, he was always carried into the room by two domestics. Indeed, he never walked any more. Nor in her case did the operation for cataract succeed, for the patient did not enjoy that composure which was indispensable for a cure. Ballanche had been seized with pleurisy, and was dangerously ill. The blind lady to whom he had so long been devoted, breaking through all her surgeon's instructions, and braving the light she should have shunned, crossed the street which separated her from the dying man, and sat by his pillow to the last.

One who has often looked on death declares that she never saw it present so grand a spectacle as in Ballanche. All his philosophy was heightened into faith; all his poetry was wrapt into devotion. Serenely trusting in the divine goodness, he realized intensely the mysteries of the unseen world; and, with the holy viaticum on his lips, quitted his earthly tabernacle with joy, whilst she who watched at his side lost all hope of sight in her streaming tears. Ballanche's mortal remains lie in the vault of the Récamier family; and his life has been written by Ampère. He and Madame Récamier

Digitized by Google

together selected the choicest passages from his works; and beneath the shade of beech-trees, amid the calm of nature, her niece's daughters read aloud to her Ballanche's long-treasured letters. She would scarcely have survived her grief had not Chateaubriand's infirmities still given a scope to her existence. Madame de Chateaubriand died in the winter of 1846-7. She abounded in charitable works, and the poor loved her name. The desolate widower proposed that Madame Récamier should take her place. He pressed his suit, but she persisted in her refusal. She thought the little variety caused by his daily visits to her essential for his comfort; and that if she were always with him, he would be less consoled. "What end," she asked, "could marriage answer? At our age there is no service I may not reasonably render you. The world allows the purity of our attachment; let it remain unaltered. If we were younger, I would not hesitate a moment to become your wife, and so consecrate my life to you."

A second operation was performed, with no better result than before. The hope of being enabled to serve Chateaubriand more effectually alone induced her to submit to it. His end was fast approaching, and society itself seemed about to be dissolved. Without were contests; within were fears. The revolution of February, 1848, undid the revolution of July, 1830. The streets of the capital flowed with blood, and the roar of cannon in the insurrection of June shook the chamber of the expiring poet, and brought tears to his eyes. He heard with keen interest of the death of Monseigneur Affre, the good shepherd who gave his life for his sheep. The intrepid courage of that glorious martyr lent fresh nerve to his jaded spirit; and though his brilliant intellect had for some time past lost its lustre, his thoughts were perfectly collected to the last. He was heard to mutter to himself the words he had written in 1814: "No; I will never believe that I write on the tomb of France." The chill waters of the river of death could not extinguish the patriotism that burned in his breast. The Abbé Guerry, his confessor and friend, stood near him with the consolations of religion; his nephew, Louis de Chateaubriand, and the superioress of the convent of Marie-Thérèse, which he and his wife had founded. After receiving the blessed sacrament, he never spoke again; but his eyes followed Madame Récamier with an expression of anguish whenever she left the room. This was her crowning sorrow, that she could not see the sufferer she sought to relieve. When the worst was over, the calm of despair spread over her face, and a deathly paleness, which nothing could remove. She gratefully assented to everything which was proposed for her comfort; but her sad smile proved how vain was the effort to restore her to gladness. Those affectionate beings alone who live on friendship can comprehend the extent of her desolation.

Chateaubriand's obsequies were performed in the church of the *Missions étrangères*, where a large concourse assembled, notwithstanding the city and the state were still in the agony of a social crisis. But his ashes were transferred to his own Brittany, where a solitary rock in the bay had long before been granted him by the municipality of St. Malo, as a place of burial. More than 50,000 persons were present at this strange and solemn interment. They seemed to represent France mourning his loss. The sea was covered with boats; the roofs of the houses, and the shores beneath, were crowded with spectators; banners floated from rock and tower; while mournful canticles and booming cannon broke the stillness of the air. The coffin was laid in a recess of the steep cliff, and surmounted by a granite cross. Ampère was deputed by the French Academy to pronounce his eulogy on the occasion; and he concluded his report to that body in these

Digitized by Google

words: "It would seem that the genius of the incomparable painter had been stamped on this last magnificent spectacle; and that to him alone among men it had been given to add, even after death, a splendid page to the immortal poem of his life."

On Easter day in the following year Madame Récamier was persuaded to remove from the Abbaye-aux-Bois to the National Library, where her niece and nephew resided. The cholera had broken out in the neighborhood of the Abbaye; and though she did not fear death, she had a peculiar horror of that dreadful pestilence. But her flight was vain; the scourge pursued her, and fell with sudden violence on her enfeebled frame. The day before, Ampère and Madame Salvage had dined with her, and on the morning of her seizure her niece's daughter Juliette had been reading to her the memoirs of Madame de Motteville. During twelve hours she suffered extreme torture, but spoke with her confessor, and received the sacrament of extreme unction. Continual vomiting prevented the administration of the eucharist. Ampère, Paul David, the Abbé de Cazalès, her relations and servants, knelt around her bed to join in the prayers for the dying. Sobs and tears choked their voices, and "Adieu, adieu, we shall meet again; we shall see each other again," were the only words her agony allowed her to utter.

Madame Récamier breathed her last on the 11th of May, 1849. The terrible epidemic, which generally leaves hideous traces behind, spared her lifeless frame, and left it like a beautiful piece of sculptured marble. Achille Devéria took a drawing of her as she lay in her cold sleep, and his faithful sketch expresses at the same time suffering and repose.

Such was the end of her who, without the prestige of authorship, was regarded by her contemporaries as one of the most remarkable women of her time. We will not indulge in any exaggerated statement of her piety. Great numbers, no doubt, have attained to more interior perfection. Her ambition to please was undoubtedly a weakness. Religion did not make her what she was; yet she would never have been what she was without it. It was the ballast which steadied her when carrying crowded sail. It was the polar star that directed her course amid conflicting currents and adverse storms. It raised her standard of morality above that of many of her associates. It taught her how to be devout without dissimulation, a patroness of letters without pedantry, a patriot and a royalist without national disdain or political animosity. It made her charitable to the poor, kind to the aged and sorrowful, gracious and unassuming with all, at the very time that the proudest of emperors invited her presence at his court, and his brother Lucien made her the idol of his verse. Its golden thread guided her aright through the intricate mazes of social life—through a matrimonial position equally strange and unreal—an engagement to a royal prince who was the foe of France—through friendships with Bernadotte and Murat on their thrones, with the queens of Holland and of Naples when fallen, and with the third Napoleon when plotting to regain the sceptre of the first. It so lifted her above intrigue and cabals that she could give her right hand to the disaffected General Moreau and her left to the devoted Junot—could be made the confidante of all parties without betraying the secrets of any. It inclined her to be chary of giving advice, but to make it, when asked for, tell always on the side of virtue. It enabled her to exhort the sceptical with effect, and dispose the philosophic to accept the faith.*

Her autobiography has unfortunately been destroyed by her own direction, because blindness would not allow her to revise it and cancel its

* See her letters to Ampère in the *Correspondant*, 1864.

Digitized by Google

defects. But many fragments of it have been preserved, and a thousand personal recollections, collected from those who knew her, have been wrought by her niece and other biographers into a lasting monument.

From The Fortnightly Review.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I WAS gathering together some examples of the strange opinions held by the Chinese as to "outer nations," when I fell upon a curious official document, presented to the emperor by a great mandarin, who occupies a very prominent place in the modern history of China, Keshen, once viceroy of the two Kwang. His name brought immediately to my recollection, by a very natural association, that of my old acquaintance, Father Huc, whose contributions to our knowledge of China, Tartary, and Tibet are among the most original, authentic, and instructive that we possess.

It is a matter much to be regretted that only a small part of Father Huc's personal adventures has ever been communicated to the public. I first met with him on one of the Chusan islands, dressed as a Chinaman, and living in every particular as the natives live—his food was rice—his drink was only tea. He was recognized as the director and instructor of no less than five Catholic communities. I had heard of the existence of professors of the Tien-choo (heavenly master) religion, and, going some way into the interior, found the Lazzarist doctor instructing the people. He had an extraordinary mastery of the colloquial Chinese; spoke and wrote Manchoo, and was not unacquainted with the Mongolian tongue. I enjoyed his company as a fellow traveller, having given him a passage in a vessel which was at my disposal, and I fell in with him in five different and distant parts of China. I have no doubt of the general veracity of his narrative, of his sincere love of truth—perhaps not wholly separated from a certain credulity and fondness for the marvellous, with which, I have observed, oriental travellers are not unfrequently imbued. It would be interesting to learn how Father Huc got to Peking, lived for many years in the city and its neighborhood, no one knowing or supposing him to be a foreigner—what were the arrangements by which, departing on his mission to Manchuria, he managed to escape from the scrutinizing eye of the police, at a period, too, when the determination to repel the intrusion of "barbarian strangers" was at its height. Of his interviews with Keshen, after the discovery of the objects of his journey, and the determination of the mandarin envoy to drive him out of the country, he gives many interesting particulars in his "Souvenirs," but he does not mention that Keshen, who had been stripped at Peking of some millions sterling, the gatherings of profits and peculations in the high offices he had filled, and who managed to amass a considerable sum of money in Tibet, confided his savings in that country to the keeping of the Lazzarist missionary; and at the very time when the decree was issued for his banishment, Keshen obtained from him a promise that he would, when he passed into the terri-

Digitized by Google

tory of China, deliver over "the silver" to the parties whom Keshen designated. Huc was a delightful companion; he had no asperity; on the contrary, he was full of jokes and merriment. Courageous, too, when in the presence of danger, his ready wit furnished him with every appliance necessary to his safety and protection. His familiarity with Chinese character was remarkable; he knew when and where and how to domineer and command, where it was safe to assume authority. In China, one of the common instruments of government is to send from the court secret spies, whose persons are unknown, and the object of whose mission is to report confidentially to the emperor on the shortcomings or misdoings of the great mandarins. It was often Huc's fortune to be thought one of these mysterious but redoubtable visitants, and he turned the suspicion to excellent account. The fact of his speaking Manchoo, and being well acquainted with Tartar forms and usages, very naturally strengthened the conclusion that it was most desirable to obtain his patronage and favorable opinion in the confidential communications to be made to the Tartar dynasty. No doubt many a functionary has trembled, self-condemned, in the presence of the missionary, and has courted his indulgent judgment by those attentions which are supposed to conciliate. Bribes, large and attractive, representing the estimated value of the service to be rendered, are constantly offered and frequently received by the traveller who is believed to have the ear of the supreme authority. I have heard that from twenty to thirty thousand pounds sterling are sometimes collected in a district circuit, the collection being made at the risk of either the bribed or the briber, or of both, each being necessarily at the mercy of the other in case of betrayal. But, at the same time, Father Huc possessed all the arts of prostration and deference when the circumstances of the case required them. There was, however, less of assumption in his lowliness than in his loftiness; his was never "a pride that aped humility." The acting was when he played the part of a ruler. He was altogether a natural man—unobtrusive, but fluent in the presence of those interested—and who could fail to be interested in his strange adventures? He never recovered the free use of his limbs after he returned to Europe; and died in France, leaving much undone—the doing of which would have been most useful to his race.

One of the great grievances of which the Chinese complained, in the time of the East India Company monopoly, and down to the Pottinger war, was the "oozing out" of the silver in China for the payment of a poisonous drug to the "outer barbarians." It was, however, then the fact, as it is the fact now, that the poppy is widely cultivated, and opium largely manufactured, by the Chinese themselves in several of the provinces of the empire. It used to be the belief in China that there alone was the pure metal produced, and that the coins brought from afar would in process of time be converted, by natural process, into base metal, or something worse. I recollect a person being charged with stealing his master's money; he did not deny having had the custody of the dollars, but swore they had been eaten by white ants. Keshen was directed to give his opinion to the emperor as to the quality of the silver brought to China by foreigners, and these are his words:

"The foreign money brought from these outer nations is all boiled and reduced by quicksilver. If you wrap it up and lay it aside for several years without touching it, it will be turned into moths and corroding insects, and the silver cups made from it by these strangers will change into feathers."

After stating that the coins show their impurity when submitted to the crucible, he adds:

"Yet we find that in Kiangnan and by the course of the river Hwae, and

Digitized by Google

all along the rivers to the south, foreign dollars are used in trade and circulated most abundantly; we even find them of more value than Sycee silver; this is really what I cannot understand!" Truly it passeth all understanding if the premises of the mandarin be correct. Some one suggests that Keshen had read in our sacred book of our treasures "that moth and rust do corrupt" (Matt. vi. 19), and of the "riches" which "make to themselves wings and fly away" (Prov. xxiii. 5).

As was said of old time, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," so the Chinese still recognize the principle that the penalty to be paid for crime need not be visited on the criminal himself, but that the substitution of an innocent for a guilty person to bear the award of the law may satisfy all the demands of justice. In the embarrassments of the imperial treasury during the last war, proclamations of the emperor frequently appeared in the *Peking Gazette*, authorizing the commutation of the judicial sentences which inflicted personal punishment by the payment of sums of money, to be estimated according to the gravity of the offence, and the rank or opulence of the offender. Men are to be found as candidates for the scaffold when a large remuneration is offered for the sacrifice of life—to such a sacrifice posthumous honor is frequently attached—a family is rescued from poverty, and enters on the possession of comparative wealth. The ordinary price paid for a man's life is a hundred ounces of pure silver, of the value of about £33 sterling. In the Buddhist code such an act of devotion and self-sacrifice ranks very high in the scale of merits, and would ensure a splendid recompense in the awards of the tribunal which is, after death, to strike the balance of good and evil, when every individual's mortal history is to be the subject of review.

Some illustrations may not be unwelcome. In the history of the intercourse of the East India Company with the Chinese, it will be found that the authorities were never satisfied with the averment that the individual charged with offences could not be found; they always insisted that some English subject could be found and delivered over to the penalties of the law. They invariably took high ground; asserted that the laws of China must be respected in China, and that those laws provided a certain and always applicable punishment by which the demands of justice might and ought to be satisfied. They turned a deaf ear to the representation that, according to European law, the individual who had committed a crime was the only proper person to be punished for that crime, and considered it a sort of "barbarian" notion that any crime should be passed over without being followed by the appropriate penalty visiting somebody or other. The theory fills the whole field of penal legislation. Households, villages, and even districts are made responsible for offences committed within their boundaries; and it is not unusual for high functionaries to be called upon to suffer for misdeeds not their own, which no vigilance could prevent and no sacrifices repair. There ought, say the sages, to be no wrong without a remedy, no sin without consequent suffering; and it is better that an innocent man should now and then be sacrificed than that guilt should not necessarily and inevitably be followed by penal consequences.

There is every reason to believe that on one occasion, to prevent the stoppage of trade, which was the menaced consequence of non-obedience, an innocent man was delivered over to the authorities (but not by the British), and executed at Canton. During the administration of Sir John Davis, six Englishmen were brutally murdered at Kwan Chuh Kei, a small village on the Pearl river. The English government insisted on the punishment of the murderers, and six men were publicly beheaded. It is quite certain they had nothing to do with

Digitized by Google

the crime ; they were brought gagged to the place of execution, and English gentlemen, under the instructions of the consul, witnessed the decapitation ; but everybody was satisfied that the criminals were allowed to escape, and that guiltless men were beheaded in their stead; and Lord Palmerston most properly directed that no British authority should be present at such executions, lest their presence might be deemed to imply approbation of the administration of justice in China.

It once occurred to me to have to make representations to the governor of Kiangsoo in consequence of some Chinese troops having fired upon the British settlement of Shanghai. No injury was done, but the act was of a character which might have led to serious consequences. An interview was asked, and, accompanied by the British admiral, I went to the tent of the great mandarin. On being introduced, we found six soldiers kneeling by his side. Close at hand was an executioner, and we saw as we passed the huge heavy swords which are employed by him in his wonted work. "It was quite right to complain," said the mandarin ; "it was quite fit those who had committed the outrage should be visited with the punishment. Inquiries had been made, and it was very likely the men present were guilty ; at all events, they had been in the neighborhood. Utter the word, and their heads shall fall at your feet." We informed his excellency that such abrupt and sudden action did not accord with our notions of justice, and we requested that the men might be relieved of their terrors and released on the spot. This was done, and the governor, who was also the military commander-in-chief, merely told the trembling soldiers that they owed their lives to our clemency—a clemency they little anticipated from "outside barbarians."

Baron Gros informed me that when the French embassy was going up the Peiho—which, by the way, is not the real name of the river, and only means a river in the north, by which the Tientsing stream is usually designated in the south—an outrage was committed on a French sailor by a Chinaman, who was arrested and condemned to death. A deputation waited on the ambassador from the offender's native village, bringing with them an old man whom they wished to be hanged instead of him who had committed the offence. They represented that the condemned man was young, that his mother was dependent upon his labor, and would have no means of support if deprived of her son ; that it would be very hard if she were made the victim. And, moreover, it could make no difference to his excellency (the minister) whether the old man or the young were executed. The death of either would show that punishment would assuredly follow injuries done to the subjects of "the great man's nation." They were informed that European usages demanded that the criminal should suffer for the crime. They returned next day to offer "a better bargain" to the ambassador. They brought down two men to suffer in expiation of the offence of one. Surely two Chinamen might be accepted for the wrong committed upon the stranger. The mission, of course, failed ; the delegates departed sorely disappointed, and greatly wondering at the strange notions which the "red-haired outer men" had of what is right and what is wrong.

There is a Chinese aphorism, *Puh tá, puh chaou* ("No blows, no truth"), whose universal recognition will best illustrate the general character of the administration of justice. Torture is not employed on criminals alone in order to elicit confession, but constantly to witnesses when their evidence does not suit the foregone conclusions of the judge, who, in very many cases, is bribed beforehand, and desirous that the statements made should be such as to warrant his predetermined verdict. Truth is a virtue little appreciated among Orientals, and especially among the Chinese. They are afraid

Digitized by Google

of truth. It gives the authorities accurate information as to their whereabouts which may involve them in difficulties. They do not know what may have happened in a particular locality, and therefore prefer saying where they were not than where they were, in order to avoid compromising themselves by putting the *runners* upon a true scent. Then again, habits of mendacity and a constant disregard of truth lead to inaccuracy of observation. I remember a case in which three sets of witnesses gave three separate versions as to the time of the day on which an important event had occurred—that it was in bright daylight; that it was in utter darkness; that it was neither light nor dark; and in that case I had reason to believe there was no intended perjury. Against perjury there is really no protection but in the dread of punishment. We tried in Hong Kong different usages which were expected to give some security for obtaining the "truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Cocks' heads were cut off by or in the presence of the witnesses, and they pronounced denunciations and consented to have their blood shed if there was falsehood in their testimony. Sometimes an earthenware plate was broken, and the parties offered themselves to be shattered and broken to bits as was the plate if they did not tell the truth. Others favored the writing of an aphorism of the sages on a piece of paper, burning it at a lamp, and requiring the witness to swear that as he hoped not to be burned and tormented he would say all that was true. But every experiment failed. Oaths, however enforced, with whatever forms invested, were discovered to be utterly worthless; and it was wisely decided that the penalties of perjury should attach equally to the sworn and the unsworn man. It occurred to me to consult a person of some eminence as to the possibility of administering any form of an oath which would be held binding. He said that there was one temple within the city which was held sacred to truth, and that promises made and contracts entered into within that particular sanctuary were deemed better guaranteed than any other. But he said the place was inaccessible to Europeans; and he thought that nothing but the dread of punishment for falsehood gave any security, and even that security was most insufficient, for the elucidation of truth.

A case, which it was my duty to investigate, connected with the smuggling of British property, came before the chief judge at Canton. I had come to a conclusion as to the guilt of certain parties, which conclusion was different from that formed by the Chinese official. One day several Chinamen were brought to me in a dreadfully mutilated state—their faces and arms covered with wounds and bruises inflicted by heavy blows of the bamboo. It appeared their evidence confirmed the opinion I had formed, and was altogether opposed to the theory of the mandarin, and they were bastinadoed until they declared that all they had said was false, and their testimony was made to accord with the views of the magistrate. Sentence was delayed; new and irresistible evidence was brought forward—meanwhile, perhaps, the mandarin had been bribed; but certain it is the witnesses were again summoned before him. They were informed they must be punished for the *lies* they had told while under torture; and I heard, but I did not see the men a second time, that they were again beaten until they declared that their first and not their last story was the true one; the mandarin reporting that his early impressions had been removed on further investigation.*

* The Emperor Paul, of Russia, once published a decree requiring that every one who passed in front of his palace should wear short breeches and silk stockings, under penalty of a flogging. In the cold weather people took care to avoid the neighborhood of the palace, and went to their business by various circumambulations. Being annoyed at the absence of the multitude, whom he was fond of looking at from the palace windows, he published a second edict, in which he ordered that any person wearing the before-enforced costume should receive the same sort of castigation. It was said that an unfortunate

Digitized by Google

I was once engaged in correspondence with the Taeping chiefs, while they were in possession of Nanking. The fact that they had printed and circulated a portion of the Old Testament in Chinese created a wonderful interest in the religious world, while the belief that they were banded together for the patriotic purpose of replacing an intrusive and oppressive dynasty by a national and liberal government, led to much sympathy even beyond the field of missionary action. I sent a ship of war to Nanking in order to ascertain, by direct intercourse with its traders, the exact character of the insurrection. They put forward the most monstrous pretensions. One of the kings called himself "The Holy Ghost, the Comforter"—the third person of the Trinity; and demanded our recognition of his authority, advising us that we knew his coming had been foretold in our own Scriptures. Another claimed to be the "Uterine, younger brother of Jesus Christ;" and gave an account of mutual invitations which had passed between them; of the visits of the king to paradise, where his "heavenly brother" had introduced him to his wives and family; and he reported specially a personal intervention of Jesus, who came down to earth in order to settle the number of stripes which were to be given to a woman of the harem who had offended her master. Our people on landing were called "ko-ko" (brothers) by the insurgents, who inquired whether we had brought them tribute, and were willing to recognize the universal authority of the celestial king. It was only on this condition that they would allow us to obtain the coal we desired to purchase for the use of the steamer—a condition of course not complied with; so that the evidence of brotherhood was not of a very complete or satisfactory character.

In a very elaborate communication which I received from the Taeping sovereigns, they desired a personal description of "God the Father," that they might compare our notions of the Deity with their own—the color of his hair, the size of his abdomen; and inquired particularly whether we had any poetry—as they had—written with his own hand. That there was, and is, in this extraordinary movement an element of well-warranted discontent and resistance to the exactions, extortions, and corruptions of the Manchoo authorities cannot be doubted; but, strange to say, not a single man of mark, not one literary graduate, not an individual either known to or possessing the confidence of the higher or the middle classes, ever joined the rebellion. Lamentable as is the general ignorance of the Chinese as to remote nations, the ignorance exhibited by the Taepings was the grossest of all. It will be no wonder that "the rebels," most of whom came from the interior of China, and had never had any communication with western nations, should display such a want of knowledge, when even books of authority give such confirmation as will be found in a popular geography, written by a man who had visited the Dutch archipelago, and on his return gave to his countrymen the results of his observation and experience:*

"European countries are originally on the outside verge of civilization, and their being now assimilated to the villages of our inner land is entirely owing to the virtuous influences of our august government, which transforms these distant and unknown regions by the innate force of its own majesty."

European nations are thus described:

"The Dutch share the sovereignty of Europe with the English, or 'red-haired nation,' and the French.

"The English nation is poor but powerful; and being situated at a most

foreigner, who did not understand Russian—and had he understood it, might not have escaped the penalty—was flogged on two following days for disobeying the Imperial mandate—for not wearing, and for wearing, the obligatory and the interdicted costumes.

* Dr. Medhurst published a translation of this work of Wang Tae Lai, Shanghai, 1849.

Digitized by Google

important point, frequently attacks the others.

"The Hollanders are like the man who stopped his ears while stealing a bell. Measuring them by the rules of reason, they scarcely possess one of the five cardinal virtues (which, according to the Chinese, are benevolence, righteousness, propriety, wisdom, and truth). The great oppress the small, being overbearing and covetous. Thus they have no benevolence. Husbands and wives separate with permission to marry again; and before a man is dead a month his widow is permitted to go to another. Thus they have no rectitude. They are extravagant and self-indulgent in the extreme, and so bring themselves to the grave without speculating on having something to tranquillize and aid their posterity. Thus they have no wisdom. Of the single quality of sincerity, however, they possess a little.

"The dispositions of the French are violent and boisterous. Their country is poor and contains but few merchants; hence they seldom come to Batavia. Whenever the Dutch are insulted by the English, they depend upon the French for assistance. The kingdom of France is large and the population numerous, so that the English are somewhat afraid of them.

"The dependent countries of Europe are intermixed and connected without end. Some of the places can be visited by ships when they become a little known; and some are held in subjection by the Dutch, and governed by them. The rest live in hollow trees and caves of the earth, not knowing the use of fire, and wander about naked or in strange and uncouth attire. They cannot all be fully known, nor are there any means of inquiring about them. We have heard of such names as Tingli (English), Po-ge (Pegu?) Wotsie (Bussorah?), China (which is not supposed to mean the celestial empire); but have no opportunity of knowing anything of their manners and customs."

He says of Mekka (Mohia) that "its walls are extremely high, and the whole ground splendid with silver and gold and beautiful gems, guarded by a hundred genii, so that the treasures cannot be taken away. The true cultivators of virtue may ascend to Mekka and worship the real Buddha, when, after several years of fasting, they return and receive the title of Laou Keun—doctor; they can then bring down spirits, subdue monsters, drive away noxious influences, and defeat demons."

He mentions a sea-dog on the loadstone sea (*tze-she-yang*), where there are so many magnets, that if a vessel with iron nails gets into the neighborhood it is inevitably absorbed. Hence, those who navigate it employ only bamboo pegs. He reports the existence of a sea-horse (*hai ma*) at Malacca, which comes out of the ocean in pursuit of a mare. The horse has a fine black skin, a very long tail, and can travel hundreds of miles a day; but when on shore, if he be allowed only to see a river, off he goes to his native element; nothing can control him. He describes a sea-mare attached to the rocks at the bottom of the sea by a stalk from her navel many hundred yards long. "When discovered," he says, and this is no doubt true, "male and female appear together, so that they are never solitary. The Dutch pay the fishermen liberally for catching a sea-mare, but she never lives after separation from her root. When caught, the Dutch, who are 'envious people,' put them into spirits, and preserve them." "I never saw," he says, "the flying head, but have heard of it, and that it abounds in Amboyna, and resembles a native woman. Its eye has no pupil, and it can see in the dark. It flies about; nothing but the head enters houses and eats human entrails; but if it meet anything sour it cannot open its eyes. Drops from a piece of linen sprinkled upon it will be security against its mischief." He says there "is an animal somewhat like a man,

Digitized by Google

but with a mouth from ear to ear. Its loud laughs indicate a storm; its name is the *hai-ki-shang*, or sea priest; its appearance prognosticates evil."

He speaks of a race of men called *wei tan*, "dwelling among the hills, with ugly faces and tattooed bodies, who have tails five or six inches long, at the end of which are several bristles, about an inch or two in length. These savages frequently engage themselves as sailors, and come to Batavia, but as soon as they are discovered, run away and conceal themselves, and if examination be insisted on, they change countenance and violently resist." He gives a description of sundry European instruments; calls the telescope "a cunning invention of supernatural agents." He recommends his countrymen not to believe that the "large eggs" (no doubt ostriches') sometimes brought to China are "mares' eggs," which he is sure they are not. He thinks there may be fishes large enough to swallow ships, as he himself saw a mortar capable of holding five pecks, which he was told was the vertebral bone of a fish.

Of Manilla he gives a tolerably sensible account, having, as he says himself, traded there. He adds: "Since the withdrawal of the English there has been general tranquillity, peace, and joy in the regions beyond sea. He humbly conceives this is due to the instruction diffused by the sacred government of China, which overawes insulated foreigners, soaking into their flesh, and moistening their marrow, so that even the most distant submit themselves."

It is not an unusual practice for opulent Chinamen from the interior to visit their friends at the ports opened to trade, and to seek introductions to "the merchant outer people" who buy their silks, teas, and rhubarb, and pay them dollars or opium in exchange. As Chinese habits, Chinese costumes, and Chinese opinions are all moulded to the same type—as all read the same language, study the same books, and have done so for a hundred generations—the contrast between European and Chinese life is startling. That a guest or visitor should be placed on the right hand, shows that one of the first requirements of courtesy is unknown or disregarded; that a lady with large feet should by possibility be of "gentle birth," no Chinese woman of quality dares to believe; that the magnetic needle should point to the north, instead of the south, shows a strange unacquaintance with elementary science; but, above all, that civilized and adjacent nations should have written languages so imperfect that they cannot read the letters on the books of their neighbors, is wholly unintelligible to a Chinese literate. I remember showing a picture of the Crystal Palace to a mandarin from the interior. He at first denied that such a building could ever have been erected; he was sure it was only a picture—a fancy; he had never seen anything like it at Peking. Was it possible there should be an emperor out of China with so beautiful a palace as this? He was told this was the palace built by and for the people. This was quite sufficient to convince him that we were practising upon his credulity; and though Chinese courtesy would not allow him to call us liars, it was very clear he had come to the conclusion that we were nothing better.

They have manufacturers of false noses in China, but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the tooth-ache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The works of European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners. A mandarin who was anxious to learn something about the making of teeth, once produced to me a box full of artificial noses of various sizes and colors, with which he supplied the defects of his own; he said he used one sort of nose before and another after his meals,

Digitized by Google

and insisted that Chinese ingenuity was greater than our own. What, in process of time, will be the action of western civilization on the furthest eastern regions—whether, and in what shape, we shall make returns for the instruction our forefathers received from thence—is a curious and interesting inquiry—more interesting from the vast extent of the regions before us. The fire-engine is almost the only foreign mechanical power which has been popularized in China. There is scarcely a watch or clock maker in the whole empire, though opulent men generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultural and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steamship has been built by the Chinese; the only one I ever saw would not move after it was launched; it was said a Chinaman, who had only served on an English steamer as stoker, was required by the authorities to construct the vessel. There is neither gold nor silver coinage; the only currency being a base metal, chien, whose value is the fifth of a farthing. The looms with which their beautiful silk stuffs are woven are of the most primitive character. Yet they have arts to us wholly unknown. They give to copper the hardness and the sharpness of steel; we cannot imitate some of their brightest colors. They have lately sent us the only natural green which is permanent, which has been known to them, as printing, wood engraving, the use of the compass, artillery practice, and other great inventions, from immemorial time. Paper was made from rags long anterior to the Christian era, and promissory notes were used at a still earlier period. The Chinese may be proud of a language and a literature which has existed for thirty centuries, while in Europe there is no literary language now written or spoken which would have been intelligible seven hundred years ago. If, then, this singular people—more than a third of the whole human race—look down with some contempt on the "outside races," let them not be too harshly judged, or too precipitately condemned.

From The Month.

PIERRE PRÉVOST'S STORY; OR, TRUE TO THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

In one of my summer rambles through the north of France, I came across a little seaside village which possessed so many charms that it was the greatest difficulty in the world to tear myself away from it.

It was indeed a lovely spot. The village, situated on a noble cliff, was enclosed almost in a semicircle of richly wooded hills, which stretched, as far as the eye could see, into the very heart of noble Normandy.

At your feet the glorious sea came dashing in to a shore over which great masses of bold rock were liberally scattered, and round which the waves used to play in the summer-time, however little obstacle was afforded to their fury when fierce winds blew up a storm in the cruel winter-time.

But perhaps the most attractive feature of the place to me was a splendid river, within a mile's walk of the village, which was plentifully supplied with fish, and afforded me many and

Digitized by Google

many a day's amusement, and not a little excellent sport.

My time was pretty well my own, and I had made up my mind for a tolerably long spell of idle enjoyment; so, under these circumstances, it may not appear strange that I resolved to take up my quarters at ——.

The inhabitants of the place were mostly poor fishermen, who used to ply their trade nearly the whole of the week, and by great good luck frequently got back to their wives and families toward its close.

A very pretty cottage, with a bay-window commanding a splendid view of the sea, took my fancy immensely, and though it was rather a humble sort of place, I determined if possible to make an impression on its possessors, in order to secure two rooms for my use during my stay. Alphonsine was certainly not the most sweet-tempered woman I have ever met, in fact rather the contrary; at the same time I fully persuaded myself that a great many disagreeables would be counteracted by the possession of my much-coveted bay-window.

Alphonsine evidently ruled the establishment with a rod of iron. She was a tall, thin, ill-favored looking woman, who was always prepared for a wrangle, and who looked uncommonly sharp after her own interests. However, by paying pretty liberally and in advance, I soon won her heart, and flatter myself that it was by excellent generalship on my part that I contrived very soon to be entirely in her good books. Her hard face used sometimes actually to relax into a grim kind of smile in my presence, and I fancied her harsh voice used almost imperceptibly to soften in addressing me. Beside, she was accustomed to bustle about in a rough kind of way in order to get things straight and comfortable, and I really think tried to do her best to make me feel at home. What more could I want than this? And then she had two delightful children, a boy and a girl, with whom I was very soon especially friendly, and who tended to enliven me up a bit whenever I chanced to be at all dull. The boy was about thirteen years old, and his sister, who looked a year or so younger, was indeed a lovely child. She was as fair as a lily, and had that sweet expression of countenance which is so often found among the peasants in Normandy; her eyes were large and exquisitely blue, and with all this she had a decided will of her own. But then she was the daughter of Alphonsine.

It was some little time before I made the acquaintance of the master of the establishment; for he was always busy fishing, and, as I have said before, the fishermen who lived in the village seldom got home before Saturday evening, and had to be off again either on Sunday evening or by daybreak on Monday.

However, Saturday soon came round, and with it Pierre Prévost.

He was about five-and-thirty years old, very dark and singularly handsome. His hair, which was thick, fell about his head in ringlets; he was short, and had most expressive eyes. I was not long in perceiving that he was in every way a great contrast to Alphonsine. His expression was sad, and he seldom or never smiled; and I noticed he seemed to shrink rather nervously from the piercing look with which he was very frequently favored by "la belle Alphonsine." His sweet and handsome face soon disposed me favorably toward him, notwithstanding that there were circumstances which occurred on our first acquaintance which would otherwise have tended to prejudice me entirely against him.

I was smoking a pipe and chatting quietly to Alphonsine in the great chimney-corner on the evening I allude to, when all at once the two children came tearing in from school with their books under their arms.

"He is come!" cried they, in their shrill treble voices. "We saw his boat just coming near the shore. He will be on the sand almost in a mo-

Digitized by Google

ment. We may go and meet him, may we not, mother?"

"What's the use?" said she, in rather a more disagreeable tone than usual. "I am sure he would much prefer to come alone. Beside, I want you both. Go into the garden to get me something to make a salad of. Come now!"

These last two words settled the matter, and the children were soon off, without another word about the expedition to the sea-shore.

"That's strange," thought I to myself; "I wonder if this Pierre can be a bad father, or at any rate a bad husband?"

A few minutes afterward he came in.

As if to strengthen this bad impression of mine, I noticed that Alphonsine never moved when he entered, and did not attempt to offer her hand or cheek to him. She did not even welcome him with a smile.

No, she contented herself with taking a slate down from the wall, the pencil belonging to which was already in her hand:

"How much?" said she, coolly.

Pierre Prévost pulled out of his pocket a great leather purse, and detailed, day by day, how much he had made by the sale of his fish. After which, he put down the money upon the corner of the table.

All this time the woman was eagerly dotting down the various sums on the slate. Then she gravely added them all up, and determinedly counted out every sou.

By great good luck the figures tallied with the money. Then Alphonsine shut up the money in a drawer, and locked it very securely.

Meanwhile Pierre repocketed his leather purse, which he had just emptied, never attempting to grumble in the least, and going through the task as methodically as possible.

"I was quite wrong in forming so hasty an opinion," thought I to myself, as I witnessed this peculiar scene; "Pierre is not such a bad fellow, after all."

It was not long before the young ones made a second burst into the room, making rather more noise than they did on the first occasion.

They were not long in scrambling on to Pierre's knees, and smothering him with kisses, and it was all done so heartily, with such warmth, and so naturally, that I could not help exclaiming to myself, "Why, he's a capital father, after all!"

But, judge of my astonishment when I heard their pretty voices call out,

"Oh! we're so glad to see you back again, dear uncle Pierre!"

Then he was their uncle, after all, and he was not married to Alphonsine. But was he her brother, or merely a brother-in-law? And yet she seemed so entirely to have the upper-hand over him. It certainly was a very remarkable coincidence.

But what surprised me most of all was the fatherly affection that Pierre Prévost seemed to have for the two children.

He took them on his knees, and played with them, and appeared to make so much of them, that I, who was a silent spectator of this little scene, became really quite interested.

This lasted for about five minutes, and then all at once it seemed as if the old pain came over him, for he turned quite sad again, and turned deathly pale, and I could see the tears starting to his eyes. And then he got up, and looking steadily into the young innocent faces of his nephew and niece, said, in an extremely soft voice,

"Go and play on the sand. Go along, my pretty ones!

The poor children, who seemed quite astonished at the sudden change in his demeanor, hesitated for a moment. However, another beseeching look from their uncle, and an angry word or so from Alphonsine, soon persuaded them what to do; whereupon they set out very slowly for the sea-shore.

"They know perfectly well how little you care for them," said Al-

Digitized by Google

phonsine, very bitterly; "and it would be just as well if you would not go out of your way to show it."

Pierre made no answer. He shut his eyes, and put his hand to his heart as if to express the pain he was suffering.

Then taking a spade from the corner,

"I am going to work in the garden," said he, gently.

And then he went out, looking very sorrowful.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS seemed to be taking quite a dramatic turn, and I made up my mind to try hard and unravel the plot.

I followed Pierre, and having secured myself in a convenient hiding-place, determined to watch.

He walked quietly on, but soon stopped at a little vegetable garden, quite at the end of the village. At first he pretended to set to work vigorously, but his eyes kept wandering to a little rose-covered cottage within a stone's-throw of the garden. He soon left off working, and leaning listlessly on his spade, he kept his eyes firmly fixed on one of the windows, which was almost covered with the luxuriant growth of roses and honeysuckle.

As the wind played fitfully with the curtain of green which darkened the window, I fancied I recognized the shadow of a woman.

Immovable as a statue, Pierre Prévost remained where he was, and though night drew on, he did not leave his post till the heavens were bright with myriads of stars; and then swinging his spade over his shoulder, he began to retrace his steps to the village.

But, just before he left the garden, I thought I heard a bitter sigh borne on the wind from the cottage window.

The next day, when I was coming away from early mass, I saw Pierre standing in the porch of the church. The two children were clinging to one of his hands, while the other, still wet with holy water, was gently extended to a young woman who was in the act of passing before him. She was a lovely creature, with golden hair, large expressive blue eyes, and a face like one of Fra Angelico's angels. Although she could not have been less than thirty years old, she appeared to have all the lightness and vivacity of a girl of eighteen.

When their fingers met, an almost imperceptible thrill seemed to affect them both, and as they gazed into one another's faces they both turned deathly pale.

Could it have been the shadow that I recognized through the roses the evening before?

The tide came up very early that evening, and necessitated the departure of all the fishermen before night came on.

Pierre Prévost was one of the first to start, but he went a long way round to get to the sea-shore, and passed before the windows of the rose-covered cottage.

A flower fell at his feet. He picked it up eagerly, and kissing it passionately, thrust it into his bosom and hastened away.

As the evening wore on, and while the little boats were just fading away in the distance, I watched again, and distinctly saw a white handkerchief waving from the window of the pretty cottage.

I was naturally anxious to find out about this little romance, and was continually puzzling my poor brains to discover the truth of the story.

There were hundreds of people I might have asked, and, of course, Alphonsine would have been only too happy to have enlightened me. But I determined, if possible, to hear it all from Pierre's own lips, and accordingly made up my mind to stifle my idle curiosity.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

PIERRE and I soon became firm friends, and I persuaded him on one occasion to take me on one of his fishing expeditions.

It was a lovely night, the heavens were ablaze with stars, and the little boat tossed idly on the waves which scarcely rippled against its keel. Pierre's companions were asleep down in the cabin, waiting for a breeze to spring up before they could throw in their nets. As for myself, I was smoking quietly on deck, having my back against a coil of rope, and revelling in the delicious quiet which reigned around, when Pierre joined me, and having lighted his pipe, sat down by my side, and spoke, as far as I can remember, as follows:

I believe, monsieur, you are anxious to know why I am such a sad looking fellow? Perhaps you will laugh at me, but that can't be helped. I am sure you are sincere, and wish me well, and therefore I have no hesitation in opening my heart to you.

I love Marie! There is hardly any need, perhaps, to tell you that. And yet this love is the foundation of all my sorrow. But I firmly believe that the good God willed that we should love one another, and so I am content. Ever since our earliest childhood we have gone through life hand in hand. When we were little ones we always played together on the sand; and there has hardly been a pang of sorrow or a feeling of joy which has not been felt by both alike. I used to think once that we were one both in body and soul, and there are old folks in the village who have said it over and over again. We made our first communion on the same day, and at the same hour, side by side; and these little matters are bonds of union indeed, and are not easily forgotten. When I first began to seek my bread on the sea, she always offered up a little prayer for me at the cross in the village, and she was ever the first to rush waist-deep into the sea to greet me on my return. And then I used to carry her on my shoulders back again, and kiss off the tears of joy which flowed down her pretty cheeks. Ah! we were happy indeed in those childish days, which are passed and gone. Why are we not always children?

And the years that followed were hardly less happy for either of us. In the cold winter-time we were always side by side in the chimney-corner. Spring saw us wandering over the fresh meadows gathering the early violets. We worked together in the harvest-field under the summer sun, and went off nutting when the brown leaves told us of the approaching autumn. And then came the time when we were both old enough to marry. We had neither of us dreamed of such a thing, and could not be persuaded that we were not still children. We were quite happy enough without troubling our heads about marriage.

However, others thought of it for us, and good Father Hermann began to be anxious that we should make up our minds.

But the matter was not so easily settled, and several obstacles soon presented themselves. To begin with, Marie's mother was rich. I was far from it, and an orphan into the bargain. I had been brought up by my brother Victoire—a splendid fellow. It was he who went with Father Hermann to Marie's mother, in order boldly to talk over our marriage, which they were all so anxious about.

"I had always made up my mind that Marie should never marry any one who had not quite as much as herself," replied she, "and that was her dear father's wish. However, I am sure you speak truly when you say that they both love one another very dearly. Let it be as you say."

The old lady had a kind warm heart.

[As he said these last words, Pierre's voice thickened, and I noticed a tear trickling down his honest brown face. But my sailor was a

Digitized by Google

brave fellow, and I had hardly time to shake him warmly by the hand before he had quite mastered his grief, and was able to go on with his story.]

Marie and I were not the only happy ones then, I can assure you. Victoire, my brother, Father Hermann, the whole village in fact, for we were both very popular, rejoiced with us. It was the week before the marriage. Of course I had not gone to sea. Victoire was also very anxious to remain; however, his wife persuaded him to go. Several in the village found fault with her for doing so, on the pretext that working at a festal time was very bad luck; but they had no right to say so. Victoire's children were very young, and had to be provided for; and so Victoire went. In the evening great black clouds darkened the sky. We were evidently threatened with a dreadful storm. But we were enjoying ourselves too much to think of storms or friends at sea. All at once there was a vivid flash of lightning and then a peal of thunder, which seemed to shake every cottage to its foundation. And then came piercing cries:

"A boat in distress, and threatened with instant destruction!"

It was Victoire's boat!

I was on the shore in an instant. What an awful storm! Never in my whole life had I seen its equal.

All that was in a man's power I did, you may be quite sure. Three times I dashed madly into the waves, only to be thrown back by the fury of the sea. The last time I was all but lost myself. However, I was rescued and brought back to the shore, bruised and insensible. Some thought me dead. Would that I had been, and laid out side by side with that other body stretched lifeless on the rocks!

It was Victoire!

When I came to myself he was near me, quite still, and covered with blood; but with just enough breath left to whisper in my ear:

"Pierre, my boy, be a brother to my wife, a father to my children. God bless you, boy."

"Victoire," answered I, "I swear it."

And then he died without a murmur.

CHAPTER IV.

Of course you will guess, monsieur, that this awful affair was the means of putting off our marriage. Marie and I neither of us complained, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that all would soon be well. I took up my position in my brother's house, and warmly kissed my brother's children, now mine. Alphonsine tried to show her gratitude as well as she could. And so six months slipped away, and the villagers began talking again about our marriage. I don't know how it was, but I began to feel very nervous and uneasy about the matter, and I did not so much as dare broach the subject either to Alphonsine or Marie's mother. In a little time the latter began the subject herself.

"Pierre," said she, "you have adopted your brother's children, have you not?"

"Yes, mother."

"And his wife also?"

"Yes; I must take care of his wife quite as much as her children."

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly."

"Am I to understand that you never mean to leave them?"

"I swore I would not to my brother before he died."

Then there was a silence, and my heart beat very quick.

"Listen, Pierre," said the old woman; "don't think that I wish to deprive the widow or the orphans of one morsel of the sustenance you intend to set aside for them. Even if I did, your good heart would hardly listen to me. But you must understand that I know Alphonsine. My daugh-

Digitized by Google

ter can never live with Alphonsine; and Alphonsine can never live with me. Never!"

This last word seemed to open an abyss before my very feet. I too knew Alphonsine. I too began now to understand that either of these arrangements would be perfectly impracticable.

"Mother," I began—

"I don't wish to hinder your marriage," replied the old lady, very slowly; "I simply impose one condition. You must be quite aware that in this matter my will must be law."

Still I hesitated.

"It will be for you then to decide your own fate," added she; "and my daughter's as well."

I raised my head. Marie was there, and our eyes met. I must break my oath or lose her for ever.

It is absolute torture to recall those fearful moments. My head seemed to swim round, and when I tried to speak, there was something in my throat which nearly choked me. And still Marie looked at me; and oh, how tenderly!

"Pierre," said the old lady again, "you must answer; will you remain alone with Alphonsine, or will you come here alone? Choose for yourself."

I looked at Marie again, and was on the point of exclaiming, "I must come here!" but the words again stuck in my throat, and my tongue refused to speak. And then I began to ease my conscience with the thought that I could still work for Victoire's wife and children, and tried to think they would be equally happy, although I was not always with them. But then I thought of that dreadful night, and the storm, and the pale face, and the whisper in my ear came back again, and I fancied I heard my brother say, "It was not that you promised me, my brother; it was not that!"

At last the bitter words rose to my mouth, and in a hollow voice I answered:

"I must keep my oath!" And then, like a drunken man, I fell prostrate on the floor.

When I recovered she was near me still, and her sweet voice whispered in my ear,

"Thank God, Pierre, you are an honest man!"

Those words were my only comfort in the long dreary year which followed that fearful day. I was never myself again. I tried to rouse myself up, and take some interest in my daily work, and did my best to appear cheerful and contented at home, but I was not the same man that I used to be. The children were a great comfort to me when I was at home; but the long hopeless days and the dark dreary nights were miserable enough, God knows. I seemed to dream away my life.

I thought it best to keep away from Marie, as a meeting would be painful to both. And so we never met.

At last a report got about the village that Marie was going to be married.

I could no longer keep away from her now, and she, too, appeared anxious that we should meet. In a very few days we were once more side by side.

There was no need of me to speak. She read my question in my eyes: of her own accord she answered:

"Yes, Pierre, it is quite true."

"But, Pierre," added she in tears, "I am yours, and must be yours for ever. Unless I can get you to say, Marry Jacques, I will remain single all my life. But my mother begs me to get married; and what can I do? She is very old, and very ill just now. I feel I *too* have got a duty to fulfil."

I uttered a cry of despair.

"Pierre," said Marie, still weeping, "you must know how dearly I love you. My fate is that I must love you still. But, for all that, Pierre, I cannot let my mother die."

I could not bear to hear her weep; but what comfort could I give? At last the devil entered into my heart,

Digitized by Google

and I broke forth in bitter curses at my fate, and what I chose to call her inconstancy.

"I don't deserve this," said Marie very softly; "and I hardly expected that I should ever hear these words from your lips. Still, I believe you love me, after all. I hope you will feel, when you think over all that has passed, that I am not heartless, and that I deserve some answer to the question which my lips almost refuse to ask. You will give me an answer, I am sure, by-and-by."

And then she left me, half-mad as I was, lying coiled up in a heap at the roadside.

During the next few days I did reflect. If I could not marry Marie myself, had I any right to hinder her marriage with another? Was I justified in preparing for her a life of solitude, and in depriving her of a mother's care? And then, again, I began to perceive that no one was at all inclined to take my part in the village. My popularity was fast declining, since no one could look into my heart, or could have the least idea what I had suffered, or knew what had actually taken place. I was pitied, but considered very selfish. I was continually told that Marie's mother was ailing sadly, and that she had deserved better treatment at my hands.

At last Father Hermann comforted me, and benefitting by his good advice and by the help of our holy religion, I began to be in a better frame of mind.

I made up my mind to give Marie her freedom. But I could not bear to see her again, and so I wrote.

CHAPTER V.

THE marriage between Jaques and Marie was soon arranged, and soon the second festal day came round.

In the morning I put out to sea as usual; but as the evening wore on, I found I was under the influence of a spell, and that it was quite impossible for me to remain where I was. Accordingly I returned; and, led on by the spell and attracted like a moth to the candle, wended my way to the rejoicings, in order that I might torture myself for the last time.

I have heard of the agonies of the rack, of the thumb-screw, of saints being boiled in oil and crucified, and many other dreadful horrors; but I very much doubt if any martyr ever suffered the agony that I did that night.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and Marie was just finishing a song, while all were resting from the dances which had followed one another in quick succession. She was just singing the last verse, in which my name was accidentally introduced, when a sailor who was just behind me struck a match in order to light his pipe. The light exposed me to the view of the whole company. Directly Marie saw me, she uttered a piercing cry and fainted away. I rushed toward her, not thinking what I was doing. But Jaques was at her side before me. Instead, however, of showing the least jealousy or putting himself in a passion, he grasped me warmly by the hand, and then looked tenderly at Marie, who now began to revive.

"Never fear, and keep up a good heart," said he, in a strange kind of voice. You would never guess what he did, and perhaps will hardly believe when I tell you.

Ordinarily a very temperate, steady man, he astonished the company by giving out that he intended to throw a little life into the fête. On this he ordered wine and cider, and lastly a plentiful supply of brandy.

In a very little time he was helplessly drunk, or at least pretended to be so. As the evening wore on, he got from bad to worse, insulted and quarrelled with the men, and fairly disgusted the women. The village was in an uproar, and there was not a soul who did not speak in strong terms of the disgraceful conduct of Jaques. At the earnest entreaty of the worthy fel-

Digitized by Google

low we kept our counsel, and accordingly the new marriage was at once broken off.

The rest of my story you know almost as well as I do myself. You see my life from day to day. You can picture to yourself my sorrow and my unhappy position. You can see how little *she* has changed.

And yet we can never be more to one another than we are now. Never. Never! We are married, and yet we are not. We are separated, alas, here on earth, but we *must* be united in heaven. Think of the years that have passed, and think how happy we might have been, and what a thread there was between our present existence and the life we long to lead. God's will be done!

Poor Pierre here let his head fall into his hands, and wept in silence.

How could I comfort the poor fellow?

It was not the kind of grief that needed consolation, and so I let him weep on.

All at once a breeze sprung up and filled the sails. Pierre immediately roused himself, but soon relapsed into his accustomed calm quiet manner.

Both the other sailors now came on deck, the nets were thrown over, and the business of the night began.

CHAPTER VI.

THREE years afterward, by the merest accident in the world, I happened to return to my favorite little village. There was evidently some excitement going on, and as I chanced to recognize my old friend Father Hermann, I went up and renewed our acquaintance.

"What is the matter?" said he; "why you do not mean to say you don't know?"

"Not in the least."

"Why your old friend Alphonsine has been dead six months."

"I really don't see why the worthy inhabitants of the village should rejoice at that," said I.

"A great obstacle has been removed," said the father; "don't you remember?"

"Of course; and what has followed?"

"The marriage of Pierre Prévost and Marie!"

I was not long in accompanying Father Hermann to the cottage in which my old friends were receiving the warm congratulations of their friends and neighbors.

They recognized me at once, and insisted that I should be present at the entertainment which was to follow in the course of the day. Of course I accepted the invitation. I never remember having enjoyed myself so much, and am quite certain that I spoke from my heart when I proposed, in my very best French, the healths of la belle Marie and Pierre Prévost.

Digitized by Google

From The Popular Science Review.

INSIDE THE EYE: THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE AND ITS USES.

BY ERNEST HART, OPHTHALMIC SURGEON.

THERE are few spectacles more affecting—and there were few more hopelessly distressing—than that which many have seen, of the blind man, with eyes unaltered in their human aspect of beauty, searching vainly to penetrate the unchangeable darkness of a noonday, bright to others, and replete with the splendor of light and color. There have always been many of these sufferers from a disease which claims the most profound sympathy, and which seemed bitterly to reproach our science that it could not timely penetrate the mystery of that obscure chamber which lies behind the iris, and had found no means for enabling us to see through the clear but darkened space of the pupil. That reproach, at least, exists in part no longer. Since some few years now we have learnt how to explain the obscurity of the interior of the eye, and by what optical contrivances we can overcome this darkness and look into the depths of the ocular globe; thus inspecting with ease, and quite painlessly to the individual, the lenses and humors of the eye, the nerve of sight and its transparent retinal expansion, and even the vascular tissue which lies behind and surrounds this. This is a great triumph of physical science, and it is no barren triumph. The insight which we gain into the host of affections of the refracting media and deep membranes of the eye has given to our diagnosis and therapeutical treatment of the most obscure forms of disease leading to blindness, a certainty and precision to which we were formerly strangers.

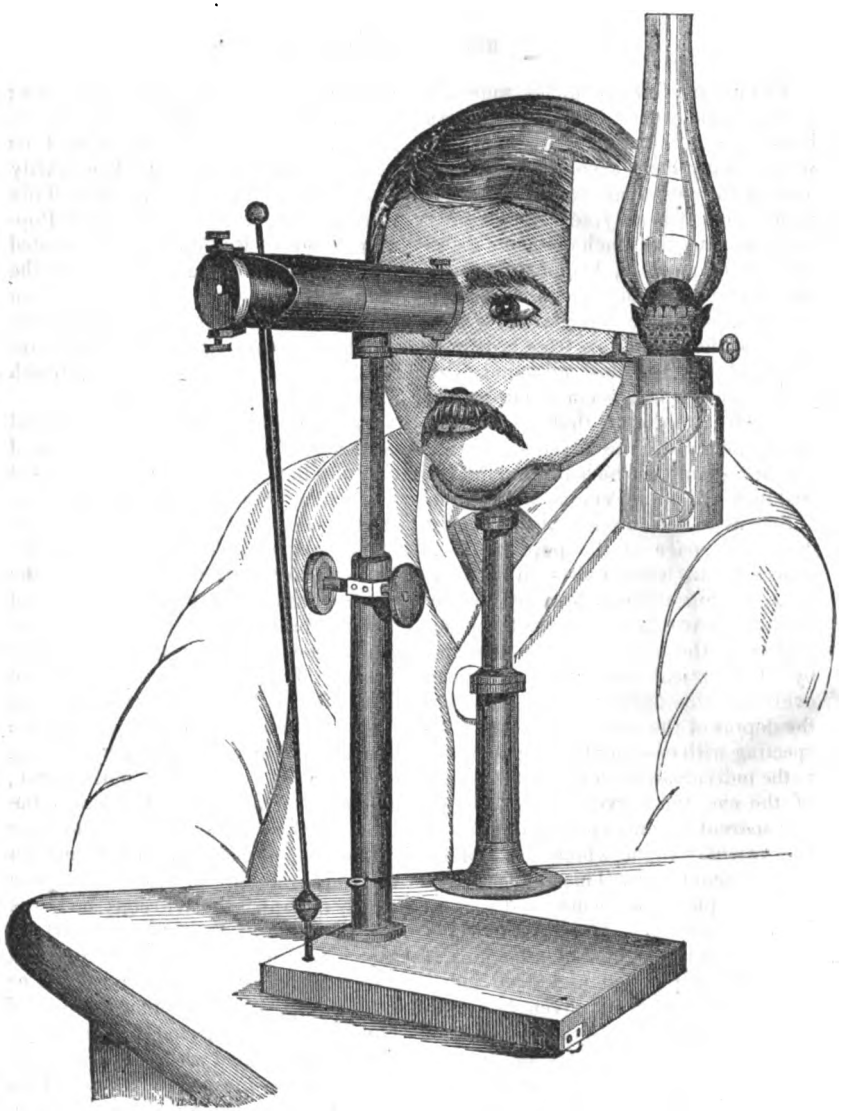
The optical instrument by which we are able to effect this inspection is known by the fitting title of the *Ophthalmoscope* (οφθαλμος, the eye; σκοπεω, I survey). With this instrument, the manner of using it, and its valuable applications, I am necessarily professionally much occupied in daily work; and as the editor of the "Popular Science Review" has requested me to give some plain account of the matter, I will endeavor to afford an untechnical statement of what the ophthalmoscope is, and what are some of the most useful results which have been obtained by its use.

Let me first remind the general reader that in the human eye, behind the pupillary aperture of the colored iris, which presents to the unaided eye of the observer the mere aspect of black darkness, lies, first, a clear biconvex *lens;* and behind this, filling the eye, and giving to it the character of a solid ball, a transparent globular mass, known as the *vitreous body*, or *humor*. It is into a depression in the front of this that the aforesaid *lens* is fitted, so that the whole space of the eye behind the *iris* is filled by the *lens* and *vitreous body*. The optic nerve, or nerve of sight, which pierces the tunics of the eye at the back and near the centre, spreads out and forms an expanded tunic of nerve-structure which enwraps the vitreous body as far as its most forward edge, where the colored iris descends in front of it. Enwrapping again this nerve-tunic or *retina* is a vestment, chiefly made of blood-vessels, connected by fine tissue and thickly coated with black pigment, having its own optical uses. This second outer pigmented vascular tunic is *the choroid*. This again is enclosed within the external strong fibrous membrane, which includes and protects all the sclerotic membrane

Digitized by Google

(σκληρος, hard). These are the two humors and three tunics of the eye which can to a greater or less extent be examined during life by the aid of the ophthalmoscope.

see through the pupillary space. If one considers what is the reason of the apparent darkness of the pupillary aperture and the chambers of the eye behind it, it is not difficult to gain

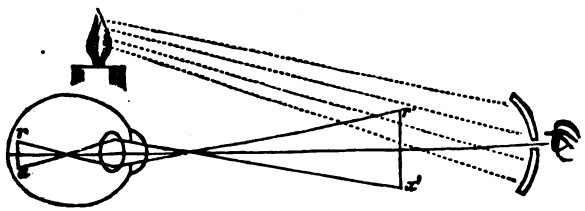


They can all be more or less investigated in the living eye by the aid of the ophthalmoscope, because by the aid of this instrument we are able to

an idea of the means by which this optical condition may be altered so as to enable us to see where all seem to the unaided vision obscure.

Digitized by Google

This darkness of the pupillary aperture is attributable partly to obvious causes, such as the natural contraction of the pupil or *iris*, which occurs under light—this contraction limiting the number of rays which can enter the eye. Then that black pigment which lines the iris absorbs a great deal of light; and thus, as in the case of albinos, whose eyes are deficient in pigment, or where the pupil is dilated, either through disease or by artificial agents, these obstacles for seeing into the living eye are removed. But still the main difficulties are not cleared away; and if you take for example an albino animal, such as one of those beautiful little white-furred rabbits, whose rosy eyes look like fiery opals edged with swan's down, and dilate the pupils with atropine, it is still not possible to see clearly the details of the structure within and at the back of the eye. This is by reason of the structure of the eye as an optical instrument, and because the rays of light in entering and in emerging from it undergo refraction, according to definite laws. The light which penetrates the eye traverses the transparent retina, producing the impression necessary for sight, and is partly absorbed by the black pigment of the choroid; but a great number of the rays are reflected; for here there is no exception to the general rule that some of the rays of light falling upon any substance are always reflected. These rays, in returning, are refracted through the vitreous body and lens, just as they were in entering the eye, with the object then of causing them so to converge as to produce upon the retina a clear and definite image of whatever external object they started from. Similarly, then, on their emergence they are refracted chiefly by the lens and cornea, so as to form an image in the outer air, the emergent rays coinciding in their path with that which they took when entering, and the image formed in the air being conjugated with the retinal image; being formed, therefore, on the same side, varying with the position of the lens and object, and the accommodation of the eye. Thus, then, to perceive this aerial image, derived from the retinal reflection, the eye of the observer



needs to be placed in the axis of the converging rays; but since this is also the axis of the entering rays, he will of necessity in that position cut off those rays altogether of the light proceeding, say, from a lamp, or the source of light opposite to the eye to be illuminated.

The problem to be solved consists, then, in the simple illumination of the eye to be observed by a source of light so arranged that the observer can be placed in the axis of the rays entering and emerging without intercepting those rays. This may be most conveniently effected by placing the source of light aside of the eye to be observed, and observing through a pierced concave mirror, which reflects that light into the eye. We can then, by looking through the central aperture of this mirror, place ourself in the path of the entering and emerging rays. The mirror becomes the source of light to the observed eye; the rays which it flashed into the eye emerge

Digitized by Google

in part, and return along the same path, forming the aerial image at a distance and under circumstances regulated by the optical conditions of the eye observed, and within view of the observer who is looking through the mirror. A very simple diagram will suffice to explain this: $r\,a$ is the circle of diffusion of the retina, and the lines indicate how the reflected rays will pass through the media of the eye, and form at $r'\,a'$ a real enlarged but inverted image of the fundus of the eye. This will be placed at the distance of distinct vision of the subject, and has relation to the accommodation of the eye.

As these are variable quantities, the practice of ophthalmoscopy demands a little address, which habit quickly gives. It is for want of understanding this, and from impatience of these preliminary difficulties, that many have been discouraged at the outset, and have abandoned unwisely the attempt to learn the use of the ophthalmoscope.

The image obtained in the way mentioned is not so distinct as to give that full perception of details which is necessary for scientific and medical purposes. A more defined image is obtained by interposing, for example, a bi-convex lens on the path of the luminous rays emerging from the eye observed. The effect of holding such a lens of short focus before the observed eye whilst examining it with a concave ophthalmoscopic mirror is to cause the rays emerging from the eye to undergo a further refraction, and to modify the actual image which they form, producing one which is smaller, more defined, but still inverted. This is the most simple and one of the most satisfactory methods of exploring the eye with the ophthalmoscope. It is that of the most general and easy application, and I will, therefore, add a few words to explain how it may most conveniently be practised.

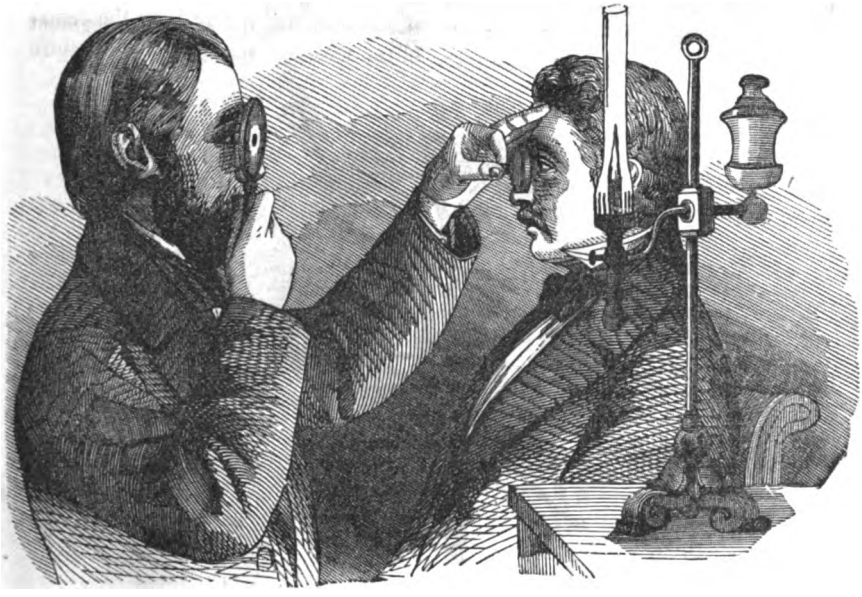
We will suppose that it is the human eye which is to be examined. The room is to be made dark; the person to be seated; a light—the white flame of an oil-lamp or an Argand gas-burner—to be placed near his head, on the side, and at the level of the eye to be observed. The observer takes then the concave mirror in the hand of the side toward the lamp, and placing it against the front of his eye, so that the upper edge rests against his eyebrow, brings his head to the level of that of the person seated, looks through the central perforation at the eye to be observed, and by a little careful change in the direction of the mirror casts, by its aid, upon the eye examined the light of the lamp.

He will now perceive that the pupillary aperture is illuminated, and, no longer black, shines with a silvery or reddened light. He takes now the bi-convex lens of short focus in the hand hitherto free, and places it in front of the examined eye, and at such a distance as to make the focus of the lens coincide with the pupil of that eye—a distance varying from two to three inches. He himself will usually need to be at a distance from twelve to eighteen inches. This is for normal eyes. The slight movements backward and forward necessary to adjust these distances correctly, are effected very easily and precisely after practice; but at first it is a little difficult to avoid changing the direction of the mirror while thus slightly advancing or retiring the head; and this is a point on which it is well to give a warning, for it is a frequent source of discouragement to beginners, who find that at every movement they interfere with the illumination of the eye, and so suffer from a series of little failures at the outset. The first thing, in fact, that every one sees amounts to a little more than a red, luminous disc; those who begin by seeing nothing more, therefore, need not to be discouraged; a little patience and time will enable them to see what more practised persons describe. The eye to be examined may be more fully observed by dilating the pupil

Digitized by Google

with atropine—a drop of a solution, one grain to a pint of water, or one of the atropized gelatines prepared for me by Savory and Moore, each of which contains one hundred thousandth of a grain of atropine, and will maintain dilation during several hours. This acts also perfectly well with rabbits or cats.

The first thing seen is the red reflection of the choroidal vessels showing through the transparent retina; branch, each of which subdivides forthwith into two secondary branches, and these again continue to subdivide, dichotomously, running forward to the anterior limits of the retina. The veins, which are somewhat larger and deeper colored, usually pierce the disc of the optic nerve in two trunks. Pulsation may occasionally be detected in the veins by watching carefully their color, which seems to change at each impulse just where they pass



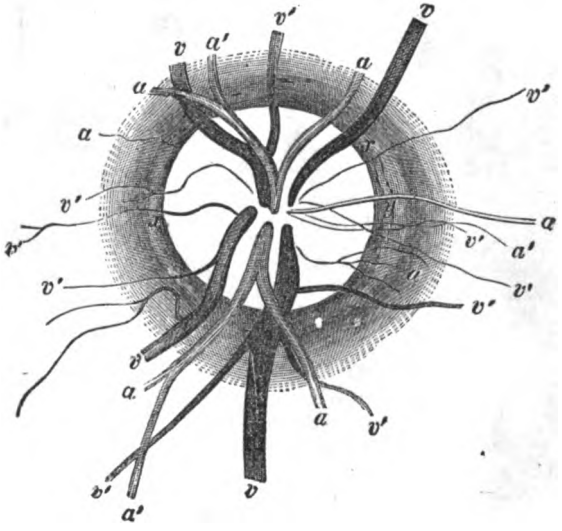
and when the eye observed is directed upward and inward, we see the usually circular disc of the optic nerve, encircled by a double ring, cream-colored, or very faintly roseate or grey, and surrounded by the red choroid. The two rings are the apertures in the choroid and sclerotic, of which the former is the smaller. From out this disc we see springing the retinal artery and retinal veins, sometimes centric, at others excentric, in their passage. The artery is easily recognized as being somewhat smaller in calibre, and of a lighter red. The artery usually divides into a superior and inferior over the edge of the optic disc and bend to pierce the nerve.

Fuller details of the ophthalmoscopic appearances of healthy eyes, both human and animal, will be found in Zander's treatise, excellently edited and translated by Mr. R. B. Carter, of Stroud. In the healthy eye the aqueous humor, lens, and vitreous humor are clear, and do not in any way obstruct the passage of the light. It is otherwise in disease; and this brings us to the discussion of some of the practical applications of the ophthalmoscope. Here, perhaps, I may be permitted to quote some of the para-

Digitized by Google

graphs of a paper which I read lately on the subject before the Harveian Society:

"Taking up the diagnosis of the various forms of disease any of which would have been held to constitute the condition known as amaurosis, it may be noted, first of all, that even in the hands of the novice ophthalmoscopic examination supersedes those chapters in ophthalmology which were formerly devoted to the means of distinguishing between incipient cataract and amaurosis. In the past, and even at present, with those surgeons who are content



to treat deep-seated diseases of the eye by guessing at their nature, and have not adopted the systematic use of the ophthalmoscope into their practice, the functional annoyances which commonly occur at the outset of the formation of lenticular cataract, have been, and are, fertile sources of deception. The patient complains of frontal pain, of confused vision, stars of light, and some other vague symptoms which characterize the outset alike of many forms of deep-seated disease of the eye, and of the fatty degeneration of the lens which commonly gives rise to lenticular cataract, probably from coincident swelling of the lens. An error arising from this source has many times condemned the unfortunate subject of a commencing cataract to the severe treatment thought appropriate to the unhappy class of amaurotics. The kind of alteration in the lens, imperceptible by any other means than the ophthalmoscope, is the slightly opaque striation of the substance of the lens sometimes seen in an early stage. These opaque striæ may occupy either the anterior or the posterior segment of the lens, and spring from the centre of the crystalline or converge toward the centre from the circumference. In order to see the latter, the pupil must be fully dilated with atropine; as, indeed, for the purposes of complete ophthalmoscopic examination it always needs to be; and then, just as the greatest expert cannot discover them except by ophthalmoscopic illumination, so, neither with its aid, can they be passed over with ordinary care. In order to be quite sure in any delicate case, it is well to lower the light a little, and use only a feebly illuminating power, as a very strong light may overpower a com-

Digitized by Google

mencing opacity, and render us unable to detect the striæ. This practical caution applies equally to all other conditions of opacity in the transparent media. In two cases, lately, I have been able to set at rest doubts of this kind, which happened to be in the persons of medical men, who were much disquieted by the symptoms—one a member of this society. In a third case I have recently detected incipient cataract (peripheric striæ) in a gentleman supposed to be suffering from commencing glaucoma.

"It is of frequent occurrence to find the capsule of the lens stained with black spots; these are stains left by the uveal pigment, and occur usually after an attack of iritis, when the iris has been in contact with the lens. When the iris has been adherent, a complete ring of pigment may often be seen on the surface of the lens. A day's experience at any ophthalmic clinique can mostly show examples of this condition; but it is only when these deposits are numerous, and in the central line of vision, that they become troublesome. They are then met with as the sequences of severe choroido-iritis, and usually coincide with further mischief in the vitreous and choroid.

"The vitreous, under the influence most commonly of choroiditis, and usually syphilitic choroiditis, presents alterations of the most striking character for ophthalmoscopic observation. The patients who offer these changes complain usually of considerable dimness of sight, which on examination is found to include both diminution in the acuteness of visual perception, and restriction in *the field of vision*, or extent of any object seen at once. The great source of trouble to them is, that when they lift the eye or move the head, black corpuscles, or streaks, or webs float before their eyes, and obscure the object at which they are looking; and when the eyes are kept still, these fall again and disappear. Examine now the eyes of such an one, and you will see that the phenomena described are due to the existence of actual shreds, corpuscles, or webs of fibrous and albuminous exudation, which float in the vitreous, and at each motion of the eye rise in clouds and obscure the fundus, so that you can barely see it, or perhaps not at all. These conditions, I say, are mostly specific, but not invariably. They are sometimes the result of scrofula, and probably of other forms of choroiditis."

Here, then, are a large number of cases in which the ophthalmoscope transports us at once from the regions of the known to the unknown. There are other classes of cases equally striking. Let me take illustrative examples. Two persons apply for advice, complaining that the sight has been gradually growing more and more dim, perhaps in one eye,—it may be in both. The progress of the disease has been insidious and nearly painless. The eyes are to all external appearance healthy, except probably that in both patients the pupils are partially dilated and sluggish. The ophthalmoscope helps us to solve the problem.

The one is a case, it may be, of slow atrophy of the optic nerve, proceeding from central disease of the brain—from pressure on the optic tracts of nerve within the skull, or from defective nutrition following losses of blood. We find the nerve glistening white and slightly cupped, the arteries small, the fundus otherwise healthy. In the other we recognize at once, in the fulness of the veins, their pulsation, and the marked excavation of the optic disc, the indications of excessive tension of the eyeball and undue pressure of the nerve. The first requires careful constitutional treatment and a long course of studied hygiene and medication; the second calls for direct and immediate interference, with the view of relieving the intra-ocular pressure. In the diagnosis of this great class of glaucomatous disease of the eye—disease

Digitized by Google

characterized by loss of vision, sometimes slow and sometimes rapid, but always characterized by definite ophthalmoscopic signs: cupping of the disc, pulsation, fullness of the veins, and it may be more or less haziness of the transparent media—ophthalmoscopy has rendered a most brilliant and inestimable service. Prior to the introduction of the use of this instrument the disease was of an unknown pathology; its results were fatal to vision, but there were no means of diagnosing the conditions attending the earlier stages, and blindness followed almost certainly and inevitably. The investigation of the disease has brought us a remedy in the excision of a portion of the iris—a practice introduced by Von Gräfe, of Berlin, and of which the success is in suitable cases most gratifying.

Another series of examples may be chosen to illustrate the application of ophthalmoscopy. I avoid giving details here, but it is perhaps right to say that these are not fanciful sketches, but notices of cases in my experience and taken from my note-books of practice. Two persons are asking for advice as to the management of their eyes for short-sightedness. Are both to receive the same advice? The ophthalmoscope alone can furnish positive data. With this we may discover a staphylomatous condition of the back of the eye, a bright excentric margin around the optic disc and edged with black pigment. Examining it closely, we may find that this pigmented edge gives evidence of progressive inflammation at the back of the eye, and extending to continuous and increasing atrophy and retrocession of the coats of the eye. This person is in danger of becoming rapidly made short-sighted or of losing sight altogether. We must prohibit the use of concave glasses for a certain length of time, and must adopt active and effectual measures for subduing the atrophic inflammation. In the other patient the ophthalmoscope may show us but little stretching or waste, and that not progressive, and will enable us then to calm his fears, to prescribe appropriate glasses, and to dismiss him to his occupation with ease of mind and safety. So with sudden loss of sight from intra-ocular hæmorrhage, the ophthalmoscope gives us information which could never have been guessed at without it, and guides us, not only to the local knowledge, but to the constitutional information essential for cure.

There are certain conditions of the eye which may warn any one that it is desirable that the condition of the vision ought to be investigated by the ophthalmoscope. Rapidly increasing short-sightedness is one of the most marked, and when this becomes associated with weakness of sight and loss of acuteness in the perception of small objects, the warning is very urgent. A diminution in the field of vision is another important indication of internal changes in the eye, of which only the ophthalmoscope can detect the true nature. It would be difficult, perhaps, to say whether more mischief is done and more suffering is caused by the total neglect of such symptoms or by their ignorant palliation by the aid of common spectacles, chosen empirically, because they facilitate vision for the time. The great use of the ophthalmoscope, then, is this: that it arms us with an instrument of precision, by which we can determine the precise local condition of the parts of the eye in which the function of sight is resident and through which it is regulated. If it cannot do all that we might ask, it is because the sense of sight is in truth a cerebral function, of which the eye is only an instrument; and in dealing with cerebral affections of the sight, it can indeed give us information which without it we should lack, but it leaves still to be desired more intimate acquaintance with first causes, which at present we can only discuss inferentially. To the amateur in science, and to the lover of nature, it discloses an exquisite spectacle, unknown till now, that carries observa-

Digitized by Google

tion into the inner chambers of the living eye, and displays its wonders and its beauties. The observation is perfectly painless, and may easily be effected: rabbits, for example, submit to it with great calmness and composure, and at the College of Physicians' *soirée*, last year, a little pet white rabbit of mine sat up calmly in a box which I had made for the purpose, and was examined, by the aid of a modification which I devised of Liebreich's demonstrating ophthalmoscope, by many score of observers. Mine has the advantage of being adapted for use even amid a blaze of light, and it cannot easily be disarranged; two qualities valuable in an instrument for demonstration.

From The Lamp.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I.

THE mother stood at the window,
The son he lay in bed;
"Here's a procession, Wilhelm;
Wilt not look out?" she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,
In the world I have no part;
I think upon dead Gretchen,
And a death-pang rends my heart."

"Rise up; we will to Kevlaar;
Will staff and rosary take;
God's Mother there will cure thee,—
Thy sick heart whole will make."

The Church's banner fluttered,
The Church's hymns arose;
And unto fair Cöln city
The long procession goes.

The mother joined the pilgrims,
Her sick son leadeth she;
And both sing in the chorus,
"*Gelobt seyst du, Marie!*"*

II.

The holy Mother in Kevlaar
To-day is well arrayed,—
To-day hath much to busy her,
For many sick ask her aid.

* "Praised be thou, Mary!"

Digitized by Google

And many sick people bring her
  Such offerings as are meet;
Many waxen limbs they bring her,
  Many waxen hands and feet.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
  His hand is healed that day;
And who a wax foot bringeth,
  With sound feet goes away.

Many went there on crutches
  Who now on the rope can spring;
Many play now on the viol
  Whose hands could not touch a string.

The mother she took a waxen light,
  And shaped therefrom a heart;
"Take that to the Mother of Christ," she said,
  "And she will heal thy smart."

He sighed, and took the waxen heart,
  And went to the church in woe;
The tears from his eyes fell streaming,
  The words from his heart came low.

"Thou that art highly blessed,
  Thou Mother of Christ!" said he;
"Thou that art queen of heaven,
  I bring my griefs to thee.

I dwell in Cöln with my mother;
  In Cöln upon the Rhine,
Where so many hundred chapels
  And so many churches shine.

And near unto us dwelt Gretchen;
  But dead is Gretchen now.
Marie, I bring a waxen heart,—
  My heart's despair heal thou.

Heal thou my sore heart-sickness;
  So I will sing to thee
Early and late with fervent love,
  '*Gelobt seyst du, Marie!*'"

III.

The sick son and the mother
  In one chamber slept that night;
And the holy Mother of Jesus
  Glid in with footsteps light.

She bowed her over the sick man's bed,
  And one fair hand did lay

Digitized by Google

Upon his throbbing bosom,
Then smiled and passed away.

It seemed a dream to the mother,
And she had yet seen more
But that her sleep was broken,
For the dogs howled at the door.

Upon his bed extended
Her son lay, and was dead;
And o'er his thin pale visage streamed
The morning's lovely red.

Her hands the mother folded,
Yet not a tear wept she;
But sang in low devotion,
"*Gelobt seyst du, Marie!*"

MARY HOWITT.

From The Reader.

THE ANCIENT LAWS OF IRELAND.

Ancient Laws of Ireland. Vol. I. Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office. (London: Longman. Dublin: Thom.)

THIS is a curious book, throwing some glimmerings of light upon a very remote and obscure period of Irish history. In 1852 a government commission, called the "Brehon Law Commission," was issued to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Rosse, Dean Graves, Dr. Petrie, and others, appointing them to carry into effect the selection, transcription, and translation of certain documents in the Gaelic tongue containing portions of the ancient laws of Ireland, and the preparation of the same for publication. In pursuance of this, the commissioners employed Dr. O'Donovan and Professor O'Curry, two Gaelic scholars of high distinction, to transcribe and translate various law tracts in the Irish language in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the British Museum, and in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The transcriptions occupy more than 5,000 manuscript pages, including all the law tracts which it was thought necessary to publish, and have nearly all been translated; but the two chosen scholars did not live to complete and revise their translations. The portion now published was prepared for the press by W. Neilson Hancock, LL.D., first in conjunction with Dr. O'Donovan, and, after his death, with the Rev. Mr. O'Mahony, professor of Irish in the university of Dublin. It is a volume of some 300 pages, the Irish on one page and the translation opposite, containing the first part of the *Senchus Mor* (we are not told how much is to follow), treating of the law of distress or distraint, with an Irish introduction, and various Irish glosses and commentaries on the text.

The title *Senchus Mor* (pronounced "Shanchus Môr") for which seven or

Digitized by Google

eight different derivations are suggested, appears to mean "the great old laws," or "the great old decisions." The chief manuscripts of it which are known to exist are three in Trinity College, Dublin, and one in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, and the earliest of these is assigned to *circa* A.D. 1300. But quotations from the *Senchus Mor* are found in "Cormac's Glossary," the greater part of which was probably composed in the ninth or tenth century, and the date of the original compilation is put by good judges, on various evidence, at A.D. 438 to 441. It is, in short, a codification and revision, under the direction of St. Patrick, of the judgments of the pagan Brehons. Three kings, three poets, and three Christian missionaries (of whom Patrick was one) were combined in this work, and the code then established remained the national law of Ireland for nearly twelve centuries. The pagan laws embodied in this revised code were in force during a period of unknown antiquity, prior to the introduction of Christianity to the island.

"The *Senchus Mor* has been selected by the commissioners for early publication as being one of the oldest and one of the most important portions of the ancient laws of Ireland which have been preserved. It exhibits the remarkable modification which these laws of pagan origin underwent, in the fifth century, on the conversion of the Irish to Christianity.

"This modification was ascribed so entirely to the influence of St. Patrick that the *Senchus Mor* is described as having been called in after times 'Cain Patraic,' or Patrick's law.

"The *Senchus Mor* was so much revered, that the Irish judges, cal'ed Brehons, were not authorized to abrogate anything contained in it.

"The original text, of high antiquity, has been made the subject of glosses and commentaries of more recent date; and the *Senchus Mor* would appear to have maintained its authority among the native Irish until the beginning of the seventeenth century, or for a period of 1,200 years.

"The English law, introduced by King Henry the Second in the twelfth century, for many years scarcely prevailed beyond the narrow limits of the English pale (comprising the present counties of Louth, Meath, Westmeath, Kildare, Dublin, and Wicklow). Throughout the rest of Ireland the Brehons still administered their ancient laws amongst the native Irish, who were practically excluded from the privileges of the English law. The Anglo-Irish, too, adopted the Irish laws to such an extent that efforts were made to prevent their doing so by enactments first passed at the parliament of Kilkenny in the fortieth year of King Edward III. (1367), and subsequently renewed by Stat. Henry VII., c. 8, in 1495. So late as the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years of the reign of King Henry VIII. (1534) George Cromer, archbishop of Armagh and primate of Ireland, obtained a formal pardon for having used the Brehon laws. In the reign of Queen Mary, 1554, the Earl of Kildare obtained an eric of 340 cows for the death of his foster-brother, Robert Nugent, under the Brehon law.

"The authority of the Brehon laws continued until the power of the Irish chieftains was finally broken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and all the Irish were received into the king's immediate protection by the proclamation of James I. This proclamation, followed as it was by the complete division of Ireland into counties, and the administration of the English laws throughout the entire country, terminated at once the necessity for, and the authority of, the ancient Irish laws.

"The wars of Cromwell, the policy pursued by King Charles II. at the restoration, and the results of the revolution of 1688, prevented any revival of the Irish laws; and before the end of the seventeenth century the whole race of judges (Brehons) and professors (Ollamhs) of the Irish laws appears to have become extinct."

Digitized by Google

Portions of the text of the *Senchus Mor*, as we now have it, are held by Gaelic scholars to be in the language of the fifth century, in what was called the *Bérla Feini* dialect; other portions translated from that ancient form into Gaelic of the thirteenth century. Various ancient Irish glosses and commentaries accompany the text, and also an introduction of high antiquity, giving an account of the origin of the *Senchus Mor*.

"Patrick came to Erin to baptize and to disseminate religion among the Gaeidhil—*i. e.*, in the ninth year of the reign of Theodosius, and in the fourth year of the reign of Laeghairè [pronounced Layorie or Layrie], son of Niall, king of Erin." The combination of the Roman pagan laws with Christian doctrine in the Theodosian code received imperial sanction in A.D. 438, and was at once adopted both in the eastern and western empires. St. Patrick, Dr. Hancock remarks, a Roman citizen, a native of a Roman province, and an eminent Christian missionary, would be certain to obtain early intelligence of the great reform of the laws of the empire and of the great triumph of the Christian church. Having now been six years in Erin, and established his influence there, he attempted successfully a similar reform in that remote island, and the composition of the *Senchus Mor* was accordingly commenced in that same year, 438, and completed in about four years.

"In ancient Irish books the name of the place where they were composed is usually mentioned. The introduction to the *Senchus Mor* contains this information, but is very peculiar in representing the book as having been composed at different places in different seasons of the year: 'It was Teamhair in the summer and in the autumn, on account of its cleanness and pleasantness during these seasons; and Rath-guthaird was the place during the winter and the spring, on account of the nearness of its fire-wood and water, and on account of its warmth in the time of winter's cold.'

"Teamhair, now Tara, was, at the time the *Senchus Mor* was composed, the residence of King Laeghairè, the monarch of Erin, and of his chief poet Dubhthach Mac ua Lugair, who took such a leading part in the work.

"Teamhair ceased to be the residence of the kings of Ireland after the death of King Dermot, in A.D. 565, about a century and a quarter after the *Senchus Mor* was composed. Remains are, after the lapse of nearly 1,400 years, to be still found, the most remarkable of their kind in Ireland, which attest the ancient importance of the place."

In the introduction a curious account is given of St. Patrick's manner of dealing with the existing "professors of the sciences," and his admission of the claim of inspiration on behalf of his pagan predecessors.

"Patrick requested of the men of Erin to come to one place to hold a conference with him. When they came to the conference the gospel of Christ was preached to them all; and when the men of Erin heard of the killing of the living and the resuscitation of the dead, and all the power of Patrick since his arrival in Erin, and when they saw Laeghairè with his Druids overcome by the great signs and miracles *wrought* in the presence of the men in Erin, they bowed down, in obedience to the will of God and Patrick.

"Then Laeghairè said: 'It is necessary for you, O men of Erin, that every other law should be settled and arranged by us, as well as this.' 'It is better to do so,' said Patrick. It was then that all the professors of the sciences in Erin were assembled and each of them exhibited his art before Patrick, in the presence of every chief in Erin.

"It was then that Dubhthach was ordered to exhibit the judgments and all the poetry of Erin, and every law which prevailed among the men of Erin, through the law of nature, and

Digitized by Google

the law of the seers, and in the judgments of the island of Erin, and in the poets.

"They had foretold that the bright word of blessing would come—*i. e.*, the law of the letter; for it was the Holy Spirit that spoke and prophesied through the mouths of the just men who were formerly in the island of Erin, as he had prophesied through the mouths of the chief prophets and noble fathers in the patriarchal law; for the law of nature had prevailed where the written law did not reach.

"Now the judgments of true nature which the Holy Ghost had spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and just poets of the men of Erin, from the first occupation of this island down to *the reception* of the faith, were all exhibited by Dubhthach to Patrick. What did not clash with the Word of God in the written law and in the New Testament, and with the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons by Patrick and by the ecclesiastics and the chieftains of Erin; for the law of nature had been quite right, except the faith and its obligations, and the harmony of the church and the people. And this is the *Senchus Mor.*

"Nine persons were appointed to arrange this book—viz., Patrick, and Benen, and Cairnech, three bishops; Laeghairè, and Corc, and Dairè, three kings; Rosa—*i. e.*, Mac-Trechim, and Dubhthach—*i. e.*, a doctor of the *Bérla Feini*, and Fergus—*i. e.*, a poet.

"Nofis, therefore, is the name of this book which they arranged—*i. e.*, the knowledge of nine persons—and we have the proof of this above."

And in one of the ancient commentaries on the introduction we are told:

"Before the coming of Patrick there had been remarkable revelations. When the Brehons deviated from the truth of nature, there appeared blotches upon their cheeks; as first of all on the right cheek of Sen Mac Aige, whenever he pronounced a false judgment, but they disappeared again when he had passed a true judgment, etc.

"Connla never passed a false judgment, through the grace of the Holy Ghost, which was upon him.

"Sencha Mac Col Clhin was not wont to pass judgment until he had pondered upon it in his breast the night before. When Fachtna, his son, had passed a false judgment, if, in the time of fruit, all the fruit of the territory in which it happened fell off in one night, etc.; if in time of milk, the cows refused their calves; but if he passed a true judgment the fruit was perfect on the trees; hence he received the name of Fachtna Tulbrethach.

"Sencha Mac Aililla never pronounced a false judgment without getting three permanent blotches on his face for each judgment. Fithel had the truth of nature, so that he pronounced no false judgment. Morann never pronounced a judgment without having a chain around his neck. When he pronounced a false judgment the chain tightened around his neck. If he passed a true one it expanded down upon him."

Corc and Dairè were territorial chieftains, or minor kings. Laeghairè, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, was monarch of Erin; his reign commenced A.D. 428, four years before the arrival of Patrick, and ended with his life in 458, one year after the foundation of Armagh by that great Christian missionary. Laeghairè is usually called the first Christian king of Ireland, but it seems more likely from the evidence we have that he himself did not become a Christian, although he acknowledged the merit of St. Patrick, and gave him permission to preach and baptize, on condition that the peace of the kingdom should not be disturbed. Travellers in our time, by mail-steamers from Holyhead and the Island of Druids, may some of them not know that Kingstown is a name given, but a few years ago, to "Dunleary"—that is, the fortress of King Laeghairè, when George IV., by graciously landing there, supplanted the

Digitized by Google

memory of the ancient king. Dubhthach, Fergus, and Rossa, or Rosa, were eminent poets and learned men; they exhibited "from memory what their predecessors had *sung*"—for much of the ancient law was preserved in the form of verse, and Dubhthach, "royal poet of Erin," at the compilation of the *Senchus Mor*, put a thread of poetry round it for Patrick. Many parts of the work as we have it are in verse.

The subject of that part of the *Senchus Mor* which is contained in the volume before us is the "Law of Distress"—that is, the legal rules under which distraint was to be made of persons, cattle, or goods, in a great variety of cases. To a general reader, the legal verbosity and trivial repetitions make the book hard to read; but imbedded in it, so to speak, are many curious little fragments of a very remote and obscure social system, and some of these we shall proceed to set before our readers.

Fines in cases of death, bodily hurt, insult, or injury of whatever kind were arranged according to the dignity of the parties concerned. The "honor-price" is the same for a king, a bishop, a chief law-professor, and a chief poet who can compose a quatrain extemporaneously.

At a feast, "his own proper kind of food" is assigned to persons of different rank—as, for example, the haunch for the king, bishop, and literary doctor; a leg for the young chief; a steak for the queen; the heads for the charioteers; and a *croichet* [unknown part] for "a king opposed in his government."

Should a person have property, it shall not increase his honor-price, unless he do good with it.

A king with a personal blemish was allowed with difficulty, if at all.

In case of distress by or on a person of distinction, *fasting* was a necessary legal form—the creditor had to "fast upon" his debtor until a pledge was given for the claim. Something very similar to this curious process is found in the ancient Hindoo laws, and appears to be practised in India to the present day, under the name of "*dherna*." According to Sir William Jones, the creditor sat at the debtor's door, abstaining from food, till, for fear of becoming accountable for the man's death, the debtor paid him. As to the Irish mode of "fasting upon" a debtor of the chieftain grade, exact particulars are not given; but it would seem that on presentation of the claim of distraint at the residence of the debtor the "fasting" began, and if the debtor did not pay or give a pledge, but allowed his creditor to go on fasting (it is not said for how long), he became liable to double the debt, and other penalties.

If one of inferior grade comes to sue one of the chieftain grade, he must be accompanied, on his part, by one of the chieftain grade.

Among articles enumerated as coming under various rather puzzling rules and exemptions in cases of distraint, we find, weapons for battle; a racehorse; a harp-comb, and other requisites for music; toys for the children—viz., "hurlets, balls, and hoops," and also "little dogs and cats;" the "eight parts which constitute a mill;" the fork and cauldron; the kneading-trough and sieve; the bed-furniture—*i. e.*, plaids and bolsters; the reflector or mirror; the chess-board; the seven valuable articles of the house of the chieftain—viz., "cauldron, vat, goblet, mug, reins, horse-bridle, and pin;" the cattle-bells, the griddle, the "branch-light of each person's house;" the lap-dog of a queen, the watch-dog, the hunting hound; implements of weaving and of spinning.

Fines and penalties were provided, among other cases, for withholding the food-tribute from a king or chief; for the deficiency of a feast; for neglecting the due clearing of roads in war, or in winter, or at time of a fair; for neglecting the due preparation of a fair-green; for neglecting any persons or things cast ashore by the sea (in this case the "territory" was liable);

Digitized by Google

for neglecting "the common net of the tribe;" for breaking the laws of rivers and fishing; for neglecting the due maintenance and medical treatment of the sick; for not helping in the erection of the common fort of the tribe; for not blessing a completed work. This last is a curious offence. "It was customary," we read in a note to p. 132, "for workmen, on completing any work, and delivering it to their employer, to give it their blessing. This was the 'abarta,' and if this blessing was omitted, the workman was subject to a fine, or loss of a portion of his fee, equal to a seventh part of his allowance of food while employed—the food to which a workman was entitled being settled by the law in proportion to the rank of the art or trade which he professed. And it would appear that the first person who saw it finished and neglected the blessing was also fined." To the present day, among Irish peasants, it is thought a marked omission if, in transferring or praising, or even taking notice of, any possession, especially if it be a living creature, one neglects to say "God bless it!" or "I wish you luck with it!" or some such good word; and where you see any work going on, it is right to say, "God bless the work!"

Distress was levied on defaulters for share in building "the common bridge of the tribe;" for beef to nourish the chief "during the time that he is making laws;" for the "cow from every tribe," sent on demand, "when the king is on the frontier of a territory with a host." "Now, the custom is that this cow is taken from some one man of them for the whole number. They make good that cow to him only." Also for the victualling of a fort; for guarding and feeding captives; for the maintenance of a fool, or of a madwoman, or of an aged person, or of a child. "Five cows is the fine for neglecting to provide for the maintenance of the fool who has land, and *power of amusing;* and his having these is the cause of the smallness of the fine. Ten cows is the fine for neglecting to provide for the maintenance of every madwoman; and the reason that the fine is greater than that of the fool is, for the madwoman is not a minstrel, and has not land. If the fool has not land, or has not power of amusing, the fine for neglecting to provide for his maintenance is equal to that of the madwoman who can do no work." "A 'cumhal' of eight cows is the fine for neglecting to maintain any family senior who has land after his eighty-eighth year. As to each man of unknown age after his ninetieth year, his land shall pass from the family who have not maintained him to an extern family who have maintained him. As to every senior of a family and man of unknown age without land, a 'cumhal' of five 'seds' is the fine for not maintaining him."

There are fines for evil words, false reports, slander, nicknames, and satire. The poets were supposed to have the power of turning a man's hair gray by force of satire, or even of killing him. There are also fines for "failure of *hosting;*" "the head of every family of the lay grades is to go into the battle;" "every one who has a shield to shelter him, and who is fit for battle, is to go upon the plundering excursion." "Three services of attack" are enumerated—on pirates, aggressors, and wolves; and "three services of defence"—to secure "promontories [hills?], lonely passes, and boundaries."

"Distress of three days for using thy horse, thy boat, thy basket, thy cart, thy chariot, for wear of thy vessel, thy vat, thy great cauldron, thy cauldron; for 'dire'-fine in respect of thy house, for stripping thy herb-garden, for stealing thy pigs, thy sheep; for wearing down thy hatchet, thy wood-axe; for consuming the things cast upon thy beach by the sea, for injuring thy meeting-hill, for digging thy silver mine, for robbing thy bee-hive, for the fury of thy fire, for the crop of thy sea marsh, for the 'dire'-fine in respect to thy corn-rick, thy turf, thy ripe

Digitized by Google

corn, thy ferns, thy furze, thy rushes, if without permission; for slighting thy law, for slighting thy inter-territorial law, for enforcing thy 'Urradhus' law; *in the case of* good fosterage, *in the case of* bad fosterage, the fosterage fee in the case over fosterage *for* cradle clothes; for recovering the dues of the common tillage land, for recovering the dues of joint fosterage, for recovering the dues of lawful relationship, for unlawful tying, over-fettering of horses, breaking *a fence* to let cows into the grass; breaking it before calves *to let them* to the cows. The restitution of the milk is in one day."

There are also fines for quarrelling in a fort; for disturbing the meeting-hill; for stripping the slain; for refusing a woman "the longed-for morsel;" for scaring the timid, with a mask or otherwise; for causing a person to blush; for carrying a boy on your back into a house so as to strike his head; for love-charms and "bed-witchcraft;" for neglect in marriage; for "setting the charmed morsel for a dog—*i. e.*, to prove it;" for failure as to "the safety of a hostage;" for "withholding his fees from the Brehon."

For mutilation and for murder, the "eric-fine and honor-price" varied according to circumstances.

Distress of five days' stay is "for not erecting the tomb of thy chief;" "for false boasting of a dead woman;" for satirizing her after her death; for causing to wither any kind of tree; for the eric-fine for an oath of secret murder.

In certain cases, persons were exempted from distress for a longer or shorter period. For example: "A man upon whom *the test of the cauldron* is enjoined—*i. e.*, to go to a testing cauldron—and he shall have exemption until he returns;" "a man whose wife is in labor;" "a man who collects the food-tribute of a chief."

The bodies and bones of the dead are protected by penalties. There is a fixed fine and "honor-price" for carrying away the remains of a bishop out of his tomb (as relics?); also *breaking bones* in a churchyard, "to take the marrow out of them for sorcerers." "The bone of a king drowned in the stream, or of a hermit condemned to the sea and the wind," belongs to the people of the land where it happens to be cast, until the tribe of the deceased pay for its redemption.

There are penalties for "lookers-on" at an ill deed; and these are divided into three classes: "a looker-on of full fine" is one who "instigates, and accompanies, and escorts, and exults;" of half fine, one who does not instigate, but does the other acts; of quarter-fine, one who "accompanies only, and does not prohibit, and does not save." Clerics, women, and boys are exempt.

One is accountable (in different degrees) for one's own crime, the crime of a near kinsman, the crime of a middle kinsman, and the crime of a kinsman in general.

"There are four who have an interest in every one who sues or is sued"—the tribe of the father, the tribe of the mother, the chief, the church; also the tribe of the foster-father.

"Every tribe is liable after the absconding of a member of it, after warning, after notice, and after lawful waiting."

The notes to this volume are few and unimportant, and further elucidations on many points are much to be desired. The printing of the original Gaelic along with the translation must add greatly to the cost of the work, but the value of the text to philologers may perhaps make this worth while. Only we hope that this laudable and interesting undertaking, of the publication of the ancient laws and institutes of Ireland, will not, like other Irish schemes that could be named, make a costly and elaborate beginning, and then, exhausting its means in the outset, break down altogether. This first volume gives us a strong desire to see the proposed plan carried into

Digitized by Google

completion without undue delay. It would appear that all the heavy part of the literary work of it is already done.

MISCELLANY.

The Transparency of the Sea.—At a late meeting of the French Academy of Science, M. Cialdi and Father Secchi sent the result of some observations they have made "On the Transparency of the Sea." The experiments were made at the end of April, on board a vessel, near Civita Vecchia, from six to twelve miles from land, and at depths varying from 90 to 300 metres, the sea being perfectly clear and tranquil. Discs of different diameters and colors attached to wires being plunged horizontally under water, showed that the maximum depth at which the largest (a white disc 3¼ metres in diameter) could be seen was 42¼ metres, the sun being elevated 60¼° above the horizon. With a vertical sun the depth of visibility shall be 45 metres. The color of the disc appeared at first a light green, then a clear blue, which became darker as it was lowered, until it could no longer be distinguished from the surrounding medium. Discs of a yellow or sandy color disappeared at less than half the depth of the white discs—that is to say, between 17 and 24 metres. The height of the sun and the clearness of the sky greatly influence the depth at which objects may be seen. Viewing the light reflected from a submerged white disc through a spectroscope, the red and yellow colors were found to be rapidly absorbed. As it was sunk deeper in the sea a portion of the green became absorbed, the other colors remaining unaltered. The authors remark that this luminous absorption of the more refrangible rays is what would be expected from the calorific opacity and the actinic transparency of water. From the foregoing results, they doubt whether the bottom of the sea has ever been seen at a depth of 100 metres, as it is more probable that the mud and sand brought up by waves has been mistaken for such: the fact that the bottom of the sea is a worse reflector than the white disc, strengthens this supposition.

Irish Limestone Caverns.—At a late meeting of the Cork Cuvierian Society, Professor Harkness, so well known for his investigations of Scottish rocks, announced the discovery of the bones of mammals in a limestone quarry at Middleton, County Cork. The rock consists of the ordinary limestone of the district, in one part much fissured, and under this fissured portion there is a mass of brown clay, the thickness of which cannot be determined, as its base is not seen. This reddish-brown clay under the limestone is the deposit which furnishes the fossil bones, and which, doubtless, fills the space which was once a natural grotto. Beside the bones, which are in a fragmentary condition, there are also present teeth and antlers. The latter are much broken, and do not afford sufficient character to enable the species to be accurately determined. They seem, however, to belong to two forms, one of which had the beam and branches smooth and sub-compressed, features which indicate the antlers of the reindeer; and the other with the horns rounded and rough, a form of surface which marks the antlers of the common stag. Of these antlers two portions which appear to belong to the reindeer have been cut while in the fresh state; and the faces of the cuts being almost smooth, this cutting appears to have been effected by a fine regular-edged instrument rather than by a serrated tool. The leg bones which appear in this clay have all been broken, for the most part longitudinally, except the carpal and tarsal, and other small bones of the extremities. This longitudinal fracturing of the long bones of the leg is not known to occur in any mammalian remains which belong to a period previous to that where we have evidence of the existence of

Digitized by Google

the human race; and these broken bones afford evidence of the occurrence of man, who, for the purpose of obtaining the marrow, divided them in the direction most available for this object. Beside the evidence afforded by the cut antlers and longitudinally divided bones, there are other circumstances indicating the occurrence of man in connection with these remains; one of these is the presence of charred wood, which is equally disseminated through the clay with the bones and teeth. This charred wood is the remains of the ancient fires by means of which former human beings cooked their food.

Is there an Open Arctic Sea?—Sir Roderick Murchison, who answers this question in the affirmative, gives the following arguments in support of his opinion:—(1.) The fact has been well ascertained by Scoresby and others, that every portion of the floating pack-ice north of Spitzbergen is made up of frozen sea-water only, without a trace of terrestrial icebergs like those which float down Baffin's Bay, or those which, carrying blocks of stone and *débris*, float northward from the land around the South Pole. (2.) The northern shores of Siberia tell the same tale; for in their vast expanse the absence of icebergs, or erratic blocks, or anything which could have been derived from great or lofty masses of land, has been well ascertained. (3.) As a geologist, Sir R. Murchison could point out that this absence of erratic blocks in northern Siberia has existed from that remote glacial period when much larger tracts of northern Europe were occupied by glaciers than at the present day. (4.) The traveller Middendorf found the extreme northern promontory of Siberia, Taimyr, clad with fir trees, while the immense tract of country to the south of it was destitute of trees, showing a milder climate at that point of Siberia nearest the pole.

Food as a Means of Preventing Disease.—It seems not at all improbable that, as has been shown by Liebig in the case of plants, most of those diseases which we at present attribute to the presence of some morbid substance in the blood, are produced in the first instance by the absence of some of the proper constituents of the blood. The blood when abnormally composed will allow vegetable and other growths to take place in it, thus producing painful symptoms; but if it contained its suitable components, it is most probable that it would be then enabled to resist the development of the materials we refer to. In the case of the potato disease, there can hardly be a doubt that the sap becomes deteriorated, owing to the absence of the proper proportion of potash, prior to the development of the oïdium which commits such ravages. The idea which we have given has not had many advocates in this country, and we are glad to find that Mr. Erasmus Wilson has in some measure lent his support to the theory. Although Mr. Wilson does not go as deeply into the question as we should wish, still he shows that food may well be employed not only in preventing but in curing disease. If, he says, it be admitted that food is the source of the elements of which the body is composed, what kind of body can be expected in the case of a deficient supply of food, whether that deficiency proceed from actual want, or from some perverse theory of refinement, founded on a false conception of the nature and objects of food, and ignorance of its direct convertibility into the flesh and blood of man? We think Mr. Wilson is too determined a supporter of flesh-eating tastes. If he had his way, he would convert man into a decidedly carnivorous animal, and we do not think that either experience or an appeal to the anatomy of the human masticatory and digestive organs would bear out his views.—*Vide* "*On Food as a Means of Prevention of Disease.*"

Are the Flint Implements from the Drift Authentic?—A pamphlet has appeared from the pen of Mr. Nicholas Whitley, of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, in which it is attempted to be proved that the so-called flint implements are not the result of workmanship. The *Popular Science Review* gives the following abstract of Mr. Whitley's argument: (1.) *The "implements" are all of flint.* The tools employed by men of the recognized archæological stone age are made of stones of various kinds, of which there are examples of serpentine, granular greenstone, indurated claystone, trap greenstone, claystone, quartz, syenite, chest, etc. Why, therefore,

REESE LIBRARY
UNIV
Digitized by Google

should the only weapon in the drift deposit be manufactured from flint solely? (2.) *The "implements" are all of one class—axes.* Were they then a race of carpenters? Man is a cooking animal; and if ten thousand axes have been found, surely one seething-pot or drinking-cup ought to have turned up. He needs shelter, but no remnant of his clothing or hut has been found. Almost everywhere where there are chalk flints we find axes, and nothing but axes. (3.) *There is a gradation in form* from the very rough fracture of the flint to the perfect almond-shaped implement. Let the most enthusiastic believer in their authenticity examine carefully the one thousand implements in the Abbeville museum, and he would probably reject two-thirds as bearing no evidence of the work of man. But it would be impossible for him to say where nature ended and art began. (4) Some of the implements are admirable illustrations of the form produced by the natural fracture of the egg-shaped flint nodule. (5.) It is supposed that these weapons were used for cutting down timber and scooping out canoes. But it should be remembered that the gravels in which they are found were formed during a severe Arctic climate, in which no tree but a stunted birch could have grown, certainly none large enough to form a canoe. (6.) *Their number.* The implements are found by thousands in small areas, and in numbers quite out of proportion to the thinly scattered population that must have (if at all) then existed.

The Sponge Fishery.—The main industry of the island of Crete is the sponge fishery which is pursued on its coasts. It is chiefly carried on by companionships of from twenty to thirty boats, for mutual support and protection. The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting. The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel, at either the bow or stern, and placing by his side a large flat slab of marble, weighing about 25 lbs., to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (1¼ inch), he then strips, and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterward; thus oxidizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes, or more, according to the depth; and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him or distract him in any way during the process. When from some sensation, known only to himself, after these repeated long-drawn and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and, after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it like a returning dolphin into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's-length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and, by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while, as his safeguard for returning and for making the known signal at the time he desires it. The hauling up is thus effected: The assistant who has hold of the rope awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and there grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's-length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same; and so the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time, and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils to expel the water and exhausted air indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes, a word or two is then spoken by one of his companions to encourage him if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest state of exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting

Digitized by Google

on an under-garment or jacket, to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of the water from his body.—*Travels in Crete.*

The Sun's Spots.—Father Secchi writes from Rome, under date of Aug. 8, to the *Reader* as follows: I thank you for the interest you take in the observations of the sun. The last large spot has been very interesting for science, and I hope to be able to publish all the drawings we have made of it by projection. Meanwhile I send you two of them, photographed on a large scale. You will see in the printed article which I send you, that I have been able to see the *prominences* and *depressions* produced by the spot at the edge of the sun; not only myself but also M. Tacchini. I regret that the shortness of time does not allow me to copy the drawings made on that occasion, but I send a copy of them to Mr. De la Rue, and you will see them. As to the *willow-leaves* and *rice-grains* question, I think, as you say, we are all right and all wrong. I will state clearly what I see. On first placing the eye to the telescope, and in very good moments of definition, the surface of the sun appears certainly to me made up of many oblong bodies, which I think are the willow-leaves of Mr. Nasmyth; their orientation is in every direction, but they take a converging direction in the neighborhood of the spots, where they form the tongues, currents, and such like. But this view is, as I said, rather difficult to obtain, and many times I have looked for it quite without success. Is this a defect of vision, or caused by the sun's *changements?* If by willow-leaves other things than these are understood, I have not seen them. M. Airy seems to understand other things, and then I am quite at a loss. This, therefore, is a matter very problematic, and to be better studied. By projection on a large scale in some beautiful moments of definition, these oblong bodies on the general surface of the sun have been seen by my assistant also; but generally they are not visible, but the sun appears like clouds. As to the mobility of the solar surface, you can judge from the two photographs that I send you; they have been made only at an interval of twenty-four hours. I think we assisted at the outbreaking of the spot, and at its arrangement from a great confusion of movements into a regular transformation of an ordinary group of spots. The appearance which I have seen is quite like that which takes place when a great movement is excited in a stream of running water, which finally resolves itself into some vortices which take their course independently. The movement of these spots even alone is capable of demonstrating materially what Mr. Carrington has found with great labor—that there is in the sun a real drift of matter, since without this it would be impossible to explain how the spot has been increased in two days to a length twice as great as its breadth, this remaining almost constant. But more of this in a particular memoir.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF MY RELIGIOUS OPINIONS. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1865. 8vo., pp. 379.

Under this title, Dr. Newman has republished the charming autobiography which originally appeared as an answer to the calumnies of Charles Kingsley, and was entitled "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*," republished in a neat and attractive manner by the Appletons. We earnestly recommend all our readers, whether they be Catholics or not, who have not procured and read the "*Apologia*," to do so without delay, if they wish to give themselves a rich intellectual treat. The American edition is decidedly to be preferred, on account

Digitized by Google

of the complete history it furnishes of the controversy with Mr. Kingsley which led to the composition of the book. In England, this controversy is already well-known to the entire religious and literary world, and may be supposed by this time to have lost its interest. Dr. Newman's autobiography will never lose its interest and value while the English language remains; and for this reason, it was no doubt a wise thought in the author to prepare it for posterity in a form wherein the local and personal controversy which occasioned its being written should no longer be connected with its proper subject-matter. No doubt, too, the author felt some reluctance to perpetuate, in close connection with his own personal history, the memory of the severe castigation which he administered to his opponent. This is honorable to his delicate and charitable sentiments. At the same time, the castigation was necessary, it was just, it was not one whit too severe, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Newman for having applied the terrible lash which he possesses, but which he employs so seldom and usually so lightly, in this case with all his strength to the shoulders of a delinquent. There is a certain small class of writers in the English Church, some of whom are Puseyites, others more or less broad in their views, who violate all the laws of honorable and courteous warfare in their attacks on the Catholic Church. They take the line of charging fraud, forgery, lying, and utterly unprincipled and wicked motives and maxims upon the hierarchy, priesthood, and other advocates of the Catholic cause. One of the first and foremost of these was Mr. Meyrick, of Oxford, the author of a disingenuous work against Catholic morals, and one of Mr. Kingsley's defenders. This work of Mr. Meyrick's was republished in this country with a more offensive preface, by the Rev. A. C. Coxe, now the bishop of Western New York, a person who has abjured all regard to the rules of common civility, both in his public writings and speeches concerning the Catholic clergy, and also in his private demeanor when he has happened to be thrown into contact with them personally. This class of writers adopt what Dr. Newman happily styles a mode of warfare which consists in "poisoning the wells." That is, they seek to forestall all debate on the merits of the Catholic question, by accusing the advocates of the Catholic side of being liars by principle and on system; infamous persons, who have no claim to decent treatment or even to a hearing. There is but one course to be taken with opponents of this sort. Argument, explanation, courtesy, are alike thrown away upon them. They must be treated like guerrillas, and summary justice must be done up on them, as the only means of self-defence, and as a salutary example to others. They must be taught that they cannot have free license to calumniate and vituperate the Catholic Church or its members with impunity. How effectually this lesson was read to them by Dr. Newman, is shown by the hearty applause which his book received from all England, the evidence of which may be seen in the review of it which appeared in the principal English periodicals.

We wish to be understood that the language we have used above has no application to any but a few offending individuals, whose spirit and manner are even more severely condemned by a large class of the non-Catholic public than by Catholics themselves. It is very gratifying to observe the respectful, moderate, and courteous tone which many of the most illustrious of the recent advocates of the Protestant side maintain toward the Church of Rome and her distinguished and worthy members. Copying after Leibniz, the greatest genius which the Protestant confession can boast of, we have, among others, Guizot, Ranke, Dr. Pusey, Palmer; and in this country, William R. Alger, who, albeit he has inadvertently repeated some of the current misstatements of Catholic doctrine, has always shown a fairness and generosity of spirit and a readiness to correct mistakes which make him conspicuous among our honorable opponents. In this species of candor and courtesy the most eminent writers of the continent are still far before the most of those in England and America. Dr. Newman himself and his compeers in the early Oxford movement, even in their strongest and most pronounced expressions of opinion against Rome and against various form of dissent, furnished the most perfect specimens of the truly Christian and gentlemanly style of polemics which English literature had yet

Digitized by Google

seen. Never was there a man who kept his intellect and his varied gifts as a writer more completely under the discipline of a strict conscience, one who was more scrupulously just and fair, truthful and frank, yet guarded and cautious, than John Henry Newman. He has the soul of knightly chivalry in him; religious, fearless, modest, and compassionate; loyal to the death to every sacred obligation, and scorning a mean or deceitful act more than common men do treason and perjury. Such a man ought to have been secure of honorable treatment; and yet he has not been spared in the strife of tongues; and if he has at last triumphed over calumny, it has only been by overpowering his enemies with the superior weight of his armor and strength of his arm, and not because his holy retirement and spotless name have been respected. However, after long years, during whose lapse the English people have disdained and slighted the man of genius and the pure Christian who is one of the greatest ornaments of their literature, on account of their intense hostility to his religion, their love of fair play, and admiration for intellectual greatness and prowess, has gained a signal victory, and we give them due credit for it. The demand for the "*Apologia*" on its first publication in successive numbers was so great that the Longmans were unable to keep up with it. That it has not been unappreciated also in this country is proved by the fact that four editions of the American reprint have been exhausted. Of the book itself, it is almost superfluous to speak at this late day. It will bear to be read and re-read, and the repeated perusal, instead of wearying, only brings out new charms and occasions an increasing delight. We have read and admired Dr. Newman's writings for more than twenty years, but have never so fully appreciated the wonderful subtlety and vigor of his intellect as we have done since reading his last book. It is like the keen, bright, dexterously wielded, and irresistible scimeter of Saladin. At his conversion Anglicanism lost a champion far more capable than any other of coping with its stoutest antagonists, and the Catholic Church gained over the most formidable of her foes who wields an English pen. Even as now reproduced by himself, as a mere history of the past, his method of defending the Church of England against Rome appears to us so much more subtle and plausible, and adroitly managed, not through any designed artifice on his part, but from the acuteness with which his mind detects all the most defensible points of his own position and the most assailable ones of the opposite, than that of any other writer, that we instinctively say, no man but John Henry Newman could fully refute himself. Each successive post at which he pauses in his gradual approach to the Catholic Church seems as defensible as the others which he has abandoned as untenable. At his very last halting place, he has the air of a man who is about to defend himself there to the last, and is not to be driven further. Indeed, he was not *driven* by any mind more powerful than his own; for although the arguments of Cardinal Wiseman had considerable weight with him, neither he nor any other Catholic writer really answered the difficulties which were in his own mind, or fully refuted, in a manner consonant to his intellectual convictions, the plausible arguments by which he justified to himself and recommended to others a continuance in the Anglican communion. He was driven only by his innate love of truth, his conscientiousness, his logical, fidelity to his own first principles, and the grace of God. Humanly speaking, his conversion was one of the most unlikely events which has ever taken place. Ten years before it occurred he was at an immense distance from the Catholic Church, and advancing toward it by a most circuitous route, with the greatest apparent reluctance. We rise from the perusal of his own record of his journey with a sentiment of astonishment that he ever reached his destination. When we remember the light in which Dr. Newman was regarded by his own school in the days of his leadership at Oxford, it appears to us that the estimate formed of him was both singularly just and singularly incorrect. It was just in one way, inasmuch as, whatever his modesty may suggest to the contrary, he was more than any other man the leader of the movement. It was incorrect, inasmuch as a far greater originative force in causing this movement and a far greater comprehension of its principles were attributed to him than he or any other man possessed. The

Digitized by Google

movement itself created its own agents, and bore them on with a power infinitely greater than they possessed of themselves. Dr. Newman was a master to inferior and more backward scholars; but was himself only a scholar, who began with the first and simplest rudiments of Catholicity. His merit consisted in this, that while many paused at various stages of elementary and partial knowledge, he pushed on to the mastery of final results and completed his curriculum. Considering what he had to learn, and that he had in great measure to be his own teacher, the space of ten years was really a short rather than a long period for the process.

The history of this process constitutes the direct object and the principal value and charm of the "*Apologia*," and the "History of My Religious Opinions." The mind of the author is, however, one of those full streams that overflows its bounds, and whose *obiter dicta* are frequently the richest and most precious of its effusions. There are several passages in this work falling within the scope of this remark. We can only call attention to two, without quoting them. One is found on pp. 266–273 of the American edition of the "*Apologia*," and relates to the doctrine of original sin. Another, on pp. 275–291, concerns the question of the relations between faith and science and reason and authority. In the very act of giving a reason for avoiding the discussion of these questions, the author has given in a short compass, one of the most admirable disquisitions we have ever read. There is no passage in all his writings which exhibits better the fine discrimination of his thought, and the perspicuity and beauty of his style, and in both these respects it is a specimen of the most perfect logical and rhetorical art.

We feel bound, however, to enter one *caveat* against a part of Dr. Newman's philosophy, which we regard not so much as being a positive error as a defect, and which has been quite distinctly brought out by the *Westminster Review*, as a part of his defence of Catholicity which presents a weak side to the infidel. This defect is one originating in the philosophy which has prevailed in England, and in which Dr. Newman was educated; one which has always been conspicuous in the writers of the Oxford school, and which appears to us to leave a great *hiatus* in their theology. This defect may be described, though it is not defined, as the doctrine of *probability*. We have no hesitation in agreeing with Dr. Newman in the maxim, that in most matters "probability is the guide of life." We have heretofore thought, however, that he extended this principle into the domain of natural and revealed religion so far as to agree with those writers who consider their fundamental verities as being merely more probable than their logical contradictories. After carefully weighing his words, we have come to the conclusion that he does not use the word in this sense, when he speaks of the great truths of religion. That is, he does not admit that there is any real probability, though a lesser one, in the infidel negations, but only a metaphysical possibility. He allows of a moral certainty which admits of no prudent doubt to the contrary, but does not reach to a metaphysical certainty. Here again we agree with him partially, and if we understand rightly the ecclesiastical decisions on the point, we think his doctrine is one that has official sanction. That is, we regard, with him, the evidence of revealed religion and of the authority of the Catholic Church, as apprehended by the light of our natural intelligence in that act which theologians call "the preamble to faith," as being in the order of probability and incapable of generating more than a moral certainty. That certitude of belief which excludes possibility of error, we regard as an effect of the gift of faith imparting a supernatural firmness to the intellectual assent. We dissent from Dr. Newman, when he extends this doctrine to our ultimate belief in God, and we think it necessary, in order to give a firm basis even to a true probability, that we should affirm the absolute intuition of that idea of God, from which we are able to deduce his attributes; and, moreover, affirm also the perfect metaphysical demonstrability of all these attributes as expressed in the Christian conception of God. We dislike very much any form of expression which implies that we believe in God on a probability, which is tantamount to saying that "it is probable there is a God." Even if we say that the being of God is morally certain, we still leave it possible that there is no God. If we deduce

Digitized by Google

the being of God from the ultimate principle of the certainty of our own existence, we make our self-consciousness, our reason, the laws of our own being, the standard of right and truth which we establish within ourselves, more certain, and to us more ultimate than God. We become our own centre and stand-point, our own ultimate judge, a light and a law to ourselves, really subsisting in an intellectual independence of God. This is ceding, in our view, to the pure infidel rationalist all the ground he wants, which is simply liberty for every one to speculate about the cause of all things, and their procession to the ultimate end, as he lists. It is true he will do it without our leave, whatever our way of stating Christian truth; but if we admit, or do not clearly repudiate, his first principles, he will point out a logical defect in our argument, and show that we are inconsistent; and then the philosophical proof of Christianity, which consists in demonstrating the conception of God from first principles intuitively certain, and showing that none of the Christian doctrines which we received from testimony are incompatible with these first principles, will, in our hands, be defectively managed.

It is proper to state, however, that Dr. Newman does not propose anything dogmatically on this important question, but rather indicates that he has not yet obtained a solution which satisfies him.

A General History of the Catholic Church; from the commencement of the Christian Era until the Present Time. By M. l'Abbé J. E. Darras. First American from the last French edition. With an Introduction and Notes by the most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore. Vol. I. 8vo., pp. 675. New York: P. O'Shea.

The appearance of this volume realizes very fully all we were led to expect from its prospectus. The first impression made upon us by its exterior dress is that this is an attractive and readable book; two qualities of a work on history which, whatever be the learning, accuracy, and completeness displayed in its more intimate perusal, are not to be despised. We are glad to meet with a life of the Church which does not look like a catalogue of dried and dead specimens for a scientific museum. The majority of the volumes which issue from the press now-a-days like a literary flood, owe their success a vast deal more to their beautiful typography, chaste binding, and other general attractive features, than to the solid merit of their contents. As there are certain orators whose appearance alone captivates their auditory, and excites in us a curiosity to hear what fine things such a fine-looking man has to say, so there are books which feel well to the touch, look good to the eyes, and prejudice one's judgment in their favor. We will listen to a stupid-looking speaker, or read a commonplace featured book, on the testimony of their friends, provided they give us strong recommendations; but a speaker "of a commanding presence and a winning air," or a book that is well gotten up, we think worthy of notice at the first introduction.

It is difficult to write an interesting history. Simple facts of the past stated in dry statistical style, like the reports of an insane asylum or a poor-house, are about as interesting as they, and appear to the general reader to be of about equal importance. We may be thought weak in judgment to say it, but we should like to read history for the same reason we like to read the last novel by Dickens, in which the author wields his magic pen to paint life-pictures of the events of the world before our mind, and compels us to be living witnesses of the past in the realm of imagination. To insure a deep interest and a lasting impression all the faculties of the mind should be engaged. Our imagination must not be told to step out of doors or go to sleep whilst our memory takes an inventory of facts consigned to its storehouse by a historian. The senses of sight and of taste are given to man that he may be guided in supplying his stomach with the proper quantum and quality of the food it craves. What these senses are to the stomach, the imagination is to the mind, and if it have no hand in the choice of mental food there cannot help but be an indigestion; the brain, indeed, holding the crude mass, but unable to make any use of it.

We may sum up in a few sentences the application these remarks may have to the history before us. The volume

Digitized by Google

comes to us with uncut edges. Let the reader open it at random. He finds before him a fair page, printed in large cool type, with broad generous margins, looking as a page ought to look, like a goodly field of wheat or corn, and not like a stiff, prim, pinched, and gravelled parterre. Let him read down one page, and he will surely bring his paper-cutter into requisition and follow the author to the beginning of the next paragraph. He will find the style, if we mistake not, like one of those charming, shady, winding, country roads, which always entice you to go just as far as the next turning; an agreeable contrast to the ordinary page of history, which to us is so like a grievous paved military road in France, straight enough, wide enough, and direct enough, but lamentably monotonous, dry, dusty, and tiresome. There is a little stiffness and dull regularity about the division of the subject-matter; but this is inevitable to any history of a long period, and may be regarded as the signboards and finger-posts on the road, making up in convenience what they detract from the romance.

As to the character of the work of M. Darras as a history—as one in which we can learn the actual life of our mother, the Church; one which we can quote with confidence in public, and not be obliged to contradict to its back as it stands on our shelves; one which we can give to our friends, of all classes and opinions, as a good, reliable, and respectable Church history—we are content to take it as such upon the warm approbation it has received at the hands of the Holy Father, the use that is made of it in colleges and seminaries in Europe, the approval it has obtained from the Rt. Rev. bishops there and in the United States, and the good opinion universally expressed concerning it by scholars whose critical judgment is worthy of reliance. Certainly we have no Church history equal to it in the English language, and we bid this translated French one welcome, and hope it may receive an hospitable reception amongst us.

The dissertation on the perpetuity of the Church, and the immortality of the Papacy, from the pen of the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, which embellishes this edition under the form of an introduction, is both appropriate and well deserving of perusal. The learned prelate puts us at once on reading acquaintance with the work of M. Darras, and enkindles in us the desire to know more of the eventful course of the existence of Holy Church.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CAPE COD. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1865. 12mo., pp. 252.

COMPLETE WORKS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., late Archbishop of New York. Comprising his Sermons, Letters, Lectures, Speeches, etc. Carefully compiled from the best sources, and edited by Lawrence Kehoe. Two vols. 8vo., pp. 670 and 810. New York: Lawrence Kehoe.

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE MOST REV. J. B. PURCELL, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati, to the Clergy and Laity of the archdiocese, on the late Encyclical Letter of his Holiness Pius IX. promulgating the Jubilee of 1865, with the Bull of Pius IX. authorizing the Jubilee of 1846. Printed at the "Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph" Office.

NATURAL HISTORY. A Manual of Zoology for Schools, Colleges, and the General Reader, by Sanborn Tenney, A.M. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo., pp. 540.

From D. & J. Sadlier and Co., New York, we have received the following: BANIM'S COMPLETE WORKS. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4; THE OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE, by Mrs. Sadlier; CATHOLIC ANECDOTES. Part 1. Translated from the French by Mrs. Sadlier; THE LIVES OF THE POPES, from the French of Chevalier d'Artaud, Parts 1 and 2; CÆCILIA, a Roman Drama, and THE SECRET, a Drama, by Mrs. J. Sadlier.

Digitized by Google

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 8.—NOVEMBER, 1865.

From Revue Générale, Bruxelles.

REV. DEMETRIUS AUGUSTIN GALLITZIN, AND THE CATHOLIC SETTLEMENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE events of which the United States have, during late years, been the theatre of action, have revived in the recollection of the editors of the *Historisch-politische Blätter* of Munich the name of Loretto, a small and unpretending town of Pennsylvania, the founder of which was Prince Demetrius Augustin Gallitzin, the son of the remarkable woman of whom Germany has a right to be proud. The occasion has suggested to them a biographical sketch, which, full of interest and appositeness, will unquestionably be read in Belgium and France with as much avidity as in Germany.

Twenty years have elapsed since Prince Gallitzin, who had exchanged the luxuries of princely courts for the poverty of those who herald the glad tidings, slept in the Lord, after forty years of apostleship in the wild regions of the Alleghany mountains. The work set up by the pious missionary yet remains, marked by all the elements of thrifty life, and the little oasis will long continue to be what it was at its origin—the cradle of a Christian civilization, which will go on spreading its blessings to the remotest boundaries, still retaining the unobtrusive modesty which moved its founder's thought. Indeed, had the matter rested with Gallitzin's own wishes, his very name would have passed into vague tradition in those extended regions. It might even have slept in oblivion; for the prince, so careful was he to avoid anything that could attract the attentions of the world, lived and exercised his holy ministry for many years under the borrowed name of Schmidt.

In Father Lemcke, however, and fortunately too, a canon of the abbey of the Benedictines of St. Vincent in Pennsylvania, was found a man who, better than any other, had it in his power to preserve the reminiscences of the noble missionary, and accurately to depict for us the traits of his manly character. Not only did the biographer of the prince know him personally, but he was also his friend, his confidant, his confessor, and his colaborer in the missions. After Gallitzin's death, Father Lemcke came into possession of his papers, letters, and memoranda, which supplied him with desirable data on the period of life preceding their ministerial connection. He, and he alone, therefore, was in a condition to write a true biography of the prince, and he deemed it a duty to

Digitized by Google

rescue from oblivion the memory of this distinguished man. In connection with this subject, Father Lemcke indulges in a judicious remark: "The life of Gallitzin," says he, "is so intimately inwoven with the events which occurred during his own times, that it holds out to future generations an interest like to that which is offered to us in the life of a Bonifacius or of an Ansgarius, by reason of the facts which have characterized the epochs in which they lived."

Gallitzin belonged to the phalanx of missionaries who, in the United States, scattered the seeds of spiritual life. When the prince stepped on the soil of that vast territory, there was but one prelate, Rt. Rev. John Carroll of Baltimore, the first bishop of the United States, who, from the circumstances of the Church, had been obliged to seek Europe for his episcopal consecration.* He had been but two years installed — from 1790 — and had but uncertain and broken intercourse with his flock. His surroundings, restricted in numbers, but devoted to the holy cause, were mainly composed of French priests. In this infant church Gallitzin was the second priest consecrated by the Bishop of Baltimore, and missioned, as a true pioneer of civilization, to carry the cross through the untouched forests of the New World. There is an unvarying likeness in all great undertakings; yet it required but a short time—a relatively short time—considerably to increase the number of those men who had devoted themselves to the task. In contrast with the bishop, who, in the course of five years, could ordain and rely on two priests only to feed the flock of the Lord, "The Catholic Almanac" of the day exhibits to us, for the United States, seven archbishops, thirty-six bishops, and four apostolic vicars, with the ministry of two thousand priests, with the addition of convents of various orders, of seminaries, of colleges, of numberless benevolent institutions, with over 4,000,000 of Catholics living under the protection of the laws, in the practice and enjoyment of their faith.

The Germans delight in recalling to mind that one of those who helped to lay the foundations of the Church in North America was the offspring of a princely house of the Fatherland. Gallitzin was a German on the maternal side; and the noble parent could well claim both the spiritual and natural motherhood of her son, the latter of which was, perhaps, glory enough. How magnificent a mission was that of Princess Amelia Gallitzin! While gathering around her circle the choice spirits which seemed destined to keep bright the torch of faith in Germany, and its living convictions in the midst of a superficial society without belief and without its guiding lights, the princess was rearing for the New World a son who was about to turn aside from a career which his birth and his wealth justly reserved for him, and take up the arduous and thankless labors of the apostleship. This very son it was who, through the work of faith, was destined to be the founder and civilizer of a now flourishing colony.

Strangely enough, nothing in young Gallitzin gave earnest of such a vocation. His almost feminine nature had marked him for a timid, shrinking child; but what was still worse, and a source of deep anxiety to his mother, to this was added a lack of decision, which seemed so deeply rooted in him that not even the iron will of the princess could, during the course of many years, draw out any perceptible results. We have a letter of the princess of the date of 1790, two years before the departure of Demetrius for America, in which she reiterates on this ground her former complainings, her exhortations, and her admonitions. It is proper, however, to advert that the incipient meth-

* There are new details on this distinguished man in a recently published work: "*Die Katholische Kirche in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika*," etc., etc. Regensburg. 1864.

Digitized by Google

od of training pursued by the princess herself was not free from defect; for, during the nonage of her son, she herself wavered and hesitated between various systems of philosophy—a course which necessarily must have drawn her into many an error.

There was, therefore, a defectiveness in the main foundation of the training of young Gallitzin, who was reared in a sort of religious indifferentism. But a complete revulsion took place when, after leaving Münster, the princess was led to rest her convictions, not on this or the other system of philosophy, but on the rock of Christian faith—when, from her relations with such men as Furstenberg and Overberg, she herself had gained a greater degree of firmness and steadfastness. This reacted on the education of the son, in the greater decision and authority exerted by the mother; and it was not without fit intention that Demetrius, in the sacrament of confirmation, received the surname of Augustin.

Born on the 22d of December, 1770, at the Hague, where his father, a favorite of the Empress Catherine, was accredited as ambassador of Russia, young Gallitzin saw before him the opening of a career bound to lead to the highest dignities of either military or administrative service. Nothing, therefore, was spared in giving him a complete education, according to the requirements of the world. This education, developed and closed under his mother's eyes, must be perfected by travel; but whither to direct it was a question of moment. The aristocratic banks of the Rhine were ravaged by the revolution, and war had converted Europe into a vast battle-field. It opportunely happened, at that time, that a young priest, by the name of Brodius, whom the princess had known through the family of the Droste, and who had been admitted to her circle, was about crossing the Atlantic as a missionary to America. The princess had had occasions to value the rare endowments of this priest, and knew how justly her confidence in him could extend. She therefore proposed to him the companionship of her son in a journey which seemed to her to be the only practicable one warranted by the times. The princess, fortunately, met with no opposition on the part of the prince, her husband. An admirer of Washington, and still more so of the philosophic Jefferson, he readily agreed that his son should devote a couple of years to a visit to the United States, so as to judge for himself of the institutions of that country. He earnestly charged him to be introduced to these two great men; while the princess on her part armed him with a letter of recommendation to the Right Reverend Bishop Carroll.

In August, 1792, when twenty-two years of age, young Gallitzin took ship at Rotterdam on his way to America. No one could, certainly, have then stirred him with the idea that the land of America was marked out as a theatre for the evolutions of his existence. Was there a presentiment in that parting hour which, he could not know, was to mark an eternal farewell? Was it a last return of the original indecision of character which made him linger at the roadstead to which his mother had accompanied him? No one can now tell; but what we can say is that when, on the crests of the foaming billows, he caught sight of the yawl which was to carry him on board, his heart failed him, and he turned back to retrace his steps. Then did his mother turn back to him and, with a look of disappointment, "Dimitri," said she, "I blush for thee"—and, grasping his arm, she urged him on to the boat. In a moment, and how no one could tell, the young prince was engulfed in the waves. As quick as thought the practised hands of the sailors fished him up from the waters, and wafted him to the vessel that was to bear him away. Such was his farewell to Europe; but this sea baptism had regenerated him into a new man, as, at a later period, he told the story to his biographer.

Digitized by Google

On the whole, a noted change had taken place in young Gallitzin. In him every weakness and every irresolution had disappeared, and made room for a firmness, a determination, and an inflexibility which, to his family, became a source of greatest astonishment. Two months had hardly passed by in the intimacies of life with the Bishop of Baltimore, when he already felt, within himself, what soon became a clearly defined resolve. With the close of the year 1792 he wrote to Münster that he had devoted himself, body and soul, to the service of God and to the salvation of souls in America. He wrote that this resolution had been determined by the urgent call for laborers in the vineyard of the Lord; for in the country in which he was then sojourning, his priests had to travel over a hundred and fifty miles of territory, and more, to bring to the faithful the word and the means of salvation.

These were the first news of him received in Münster, and they were disseminated with the rapidity of lightning. From all sides sprang up objections, doubts, and remonstrances against the scheme of the young prince and the boldness of his undertaking. His mother, however, who had at first been alarmed and steeped in agony at the idea of such a vocation, soon reasserted her unerring judgment, and looked into the matter with her wonted greatness of soul. From the moment that, from letters of distinguished persons, and especially from those of the Bishop of Baltimore, as well as from those of her son, she became satisfied that his was a real and substantial calling, she felt perfectly secure, and all human considerations vanished from her sight. She therefore wrote to Dimitri that if, after having tried himself, he was sure that he had really obeyed his vocation, she willingly accepted the reproaches and troubles which could not fail to shower upon him; and that, for herself, she could not desire a consummation dearer to her heart—a greater reward—than to see the child of her affections a minister at the altar of God. And, indeed, not light was the burden of reproaches and afflictions which she had to bear for the love of that son—especially on the part of her husband, it was anything but light. Her letters to Overberg more than amply inform us on that subject.

Gallitzin, however, seemed to have left his European friends to the indulgence of their astonishment. Heedless of his former social relations, in firmness and resoluteness he trod the path which he had marked for himself, and prosecuted his theological studies with such fervency that his superiors, in view of his failing health, deemed it their duty to interpose. After two years of study, however, he became a sub-deacon, and, on the sixteenth of March, 1795, he was ordained to the priesthood.

There was no lack of labor, however, in the vineyard of the Lord, and the young Levite, the second one who came out of the first Catholic seminary in North America, was immediately put to work. At Port Tobacco, on the Potomac, Gallitzin entered his apostolical career. His fervor, no doubt, carried him too far into those proverbially malarial regions; for, stricken down by a spell of fever, he was ordered by his bishop to return to Baltimore, where Gallitzin was subsequently directed to ascend the pulpit and preach to the German population which had settled that portion of the state of Maryland.

The democratic spirit of American manners, which, with its innumerable abuses, had permeated even religious existence itself, was diametrically opposed to the just conceptions of the priesthood and of the organization of the Church which Gallitzin had formed in his mind. For the primitive morals of which he was then in quest he turned to the unsettled portions of Pennsylvania. "I went there," he tells us at a later period, "to avoid the *trustees* and all the irregularities which they beget. For success, I had

Digitized by Google

no other warrant than the building of something new, that could escape the routine of inveterate custom. Had I settled where the hand had already been put to the plough, my work would have been endangered, for it had been soon assailed by the spirit of Protestantism."

In the apostolic trips which frequently took him into the then far West, on the table lands of the Alleghany range, near Huntington, where the waters of the Ohio fork away from those of the Susquehanna, Gallitzin had alighted on a settlement made up of a few Catholic families. In the midst of this Catholic nucleus he resolved to establish a permanent colony, which he destined in his mind as the centre of his missions. Several poor Maryland families, whose affections he had won, resolved to follow him; and, with the consent of his bishop, he took up his line of march with them in the summer of 1799, and travelled from Maryland with his face turned to the ranges of the Alleghany mountains. And a rough and trying journey it was;—hewing their way through primitive forests, burdened at the same time with all their worldly goods. So soon as the small caravan had reached its new home, Gallitzin took possession of this, as it were, conquered land; and, without loss of time, all the settlers addressed themselves to the work before them, and worked so zealously that, before the end of the year, they had already erected a church. The following is Father Lemcke's account of the humble origin of this establishment:

"Out of the clearings of these untrodden forests rose up two buildings, constructed out of the trunks of roughly hewn trees; of these, one was intended for a church—the other, a presbytery for their pastor. On Christmas eve of the year 1799, there was not a winking eye in the little colony. And well there might not be! The new church, decked with pine and laurel and ivy leaves, and blazing with such lights as the scant means of the faithful could afford, was awaiting its consecration to the worship of God! There Gallitzin offered up the first mass, to the great edification of his flock, that, although made up of Catholics, had never witnessed such a solemnity, and to the great astonishment of a few Indians, who, wrapped up in the pursuit of the chase, had never, in their life, dreamed of such a pageantry. Thus it was that, on a spot in which, scarcely a year previous, silence had reigned over vast solitudes, a prince, thenceforward cut off from every other country, had opened a new one to pilgrims from all nations, and that, from the wastes, which echoed no sounds but the howlings of the wild beast, welled up the divine song which spoke: 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace, on earth, to men of good will!'"

The cost of this spiritual and material colonization was at first individually borne by Gallitzin. Captain McGuire, an Irishman, one of the early settlers of the country, had acquired 400 acres of land, which he intended for the Church. These he conveyed to Gallitzin, who divided into small tracts the lands, which he had purchased with his own means, and distributed them among the poorer members of his colony, on condition of reimbursment, by instalments, at long periods—a condition, however, which, in a majority of cases, never was complied with.

The wilderness soon put on a new aspect. The settlers followed the impulses of the indefatigable missionary, who kept steadfastly in view the improvement of his work. His first care was to set up a grist-mill; then arose numerous out-buildings; additional lands were purchased, and in a short time the colony was notably enlarged.

In carrying out his work, Gallitzin received material assistance from Europe. In its origin, sums of money were regularly remitted to him by his mother; for he kept up a correspondence, which his devotion to her made

Digitized by Google

dear to his heart. In these relations his father took little, if any, interest, as the determination of his son—his only son—had proved to him a source of bitter disappointment. Still he anxiously desired to see him return to Europe. So engrossed, however, was the young missionary by his work, that such a trip seemed next to an impossibility. Several years had thus glided by, when the idea of visiting Europe earnestly engaged his mind.

In the month of June, 1803, he wrote to his mother, in apology for a long silence; telling her that he is seriously contemplating seeing her once more, but that he is trammelled in his desire by the want of a priest to take his place;—indeed, that his work has so grown under his hands, that he doubts whether he will ever again be privileged to clasp his mother in his arms. "I may not think of it," he adds; "my heart is fraught with affection for you, and it seems to me that I should absolutely see you once more, so as to borrow courage to follow the path which is marked out for me in this perverse world." The letters from Overberg are witnesses of the tears shed by the mother, so anxious again to look upon her son, as well as of the unmurmuring mournfulness of her resignation.

The announcement of his father's death again brought up the subject of his visit to Europe. Indeed, his presence was required in the settlement of his inheritance; but now, as before, the joy of once more treading his native soil, and the happiness of embracing his mother, had to yield to what he considered his duty to his infant colony. The just and plausible reasons which he alleges to his mother for his course, allow us at the same time fairly to appreciate the extent of his work, and the hopes built upon its success. Hence he suggests the consideration due to those families that his advice had influenced, for the greater honor of religion, to follow him in the wilderness;—the money obligations, contracted with various friends, who had trusted him with large sums to speed the development of his scheme, and whose confidence, therefore, might be seriously wronged by his departure;—the interests of so many others, who had committed all their worldly hopes into his hands and whom his absence might leave an easy prey to heartless speculators;—and, finally, the pending questions, started by the scheme of erecting into a county the territory to which the lands of the colony belonged. All these motives, to which others were added, were sufficiently weighty to press on the conscience of Demetrius the duty of remaining at his post. This final resolution his mother learned with the firmness of Christian heroism. She wrote to the prince: "Whatever sorrow may have panged my motherly heart at the idea of renouncing a hope that a while seemed within reach, I owe it to truth to tell thee that thy letter has afforded me the greatest consolation that I can look for upon earth." It is a touching picture to behold, in the sequel, this zealous mother continuing her interest in the mission founded by the prince, and providing for its success in keeping with the inspirations of her heart. Thus it was that, through the channel of the Bishop of Baltimore, she transmitted to her son a bill of exchange for a considerable amount, a box of books—a treasure in those days—rosaries for the settlers, linen for himself and friends, garments, and even baby-clothes, for the poorer members of the settlement, sacerdotal vestments, embroidered by the princess herself, by her daughter, and by Countess de Stolberg, and, lastly, a magnificent present, which the missionary during his life valued beyond all price, and with which, in accordance with his wishes, he was laid to slumber in the tomb.

In the meantime Gallitzin's colony, settled in the midst of those wild wastes, had expanded and become a town, to which he gave the name of Loretto, the beginnings of which are

Digitized by Google

thus described by our missionary's successor: "The colony was composed of individuals who generally purchased considerable tracts, varying from one to four hundred acres in extent, which they cleared and converted to cultivation. In proportion as the population increased, they gradually emerged from the savagery of the earlier periods, and soon experienced the wants of a growing civilization. The indication of those wants suggested to Gallitzin's mind the necessity of converting the humble settlement into a town. Mechanics, of every useful trade, rapidly gathered around the nucleus—blacksmiths, millers, carpenters, shoemakers, with even storekeepers, and Loretto soon assumed the position which its founder had designed.

"Here, then, stands the town; but, with its new dignity, came a host of vexations. It marked for Gallitzin a period of struggle against every imaginable difficulty, which brought his firmness to the sorest trials, and which indeed might have jeoparded the very existence of his work. In fact, the means of reducing, under the control of a single hand, the heterogeneous components of such a colony was no easy problem to be solved. Gallitzin's efforts to bring it under a normal organization had to meet many an antagonizing element, whilst the peculiar American spirit, which had even then permeated those solitudes, reared up obstacles to his scheme. Gallitzin, however, proved unshakable, and exhibited an unbending energy of character. At one time there was an actual crisis in the prospects of the colony. A member of the community, with a fair allotment of the goods of this world, with the excitable American brain and a marked tendency to speculation, suddenly conceived the idea to set up a competition with the growing colony and to lay the foundations of a rival one in the neighborhood. He went to work accordingly, and, with the assistance of a few Irishmen, actually laid the foundations of a village, which he named Munster, after one of the provinces of Ireland. This rival of Loretto immediately became the headquarters of the *propagators of light*, in other words, of those who had little relish for the zeal of Gallitzin and the inconvenient discipline of the Church. Satisfied not only with putting the prosperity of Loretto in evident peril, the seceders also assailed the character of Gallitzin, and through these means derived an unexpected help. It happened fitly for their purposes that at the time two German vagabonds—one a priest of most questionable character, and the other a nobleman, whom the crime of forgery had driven from the Old World—presented themselves to Gallitzin, and anything but pleased, no doubt, with the welcome which they received, resolved to swell the party of malcontents. With cunning malice, they soon disseminated reports injurious to their countryman, gave a pretended substance to unfounded suspicions, feeding the animosities of the common herd. The fact, also, of Gallitzin's having assumed a borrowed name was a means of shaking the settlers and sowing distrust in their minds. Things went on from bad to worse, and a catastrophe seemed to be imminent, when came the upshot, so much the more ludicrous because the less expected. The Gordian knot, after the expeditious American fashion, was cut by an Alexander who rejoiced in the name of John Wakeland. He was an Irishman, a giant in stature and strength, famed in the settlement as a wolf and bear killer; and in reality one of the kindest men in the world, and one of the hardest to stir from his natural proprieties. These miserable intrigues and base machinations aroused his indignation, and he immediately came to the conclusion to put an end to them by the interposition of the logic of the strong hand. The agitators had concocted a plan, which was devised to extort from Gallitzin some sort of an assent, and the

Digitized by Google

prince could hardly have escaped their intended violence had he not sought sanctuary in the chapel of Loretto. But the mob had merely adjourned their intended excesses; and they were preparing for extreme means to achieve their ends when John Wakeland, brandishing a sturdy hickory in the midst of the infatuated mob, declared that he would "settle," on the spot, any one who durst threaten the good priest. There was a magical spell in the *hickory*. The timidly good men, who there, as everywhere else, had shrunk into a circle of impassive inaction, feeling the influence of a sturdy support, borrowed courage from the hour; and had it not been for the interference of Gallitzin, his detractors, to use an American phrase, would have had 'a rough time of it.' From that moment, a complete revulsion of feeling took place in behalf of the missionary; while the bishop succeeded in ultimately restoring order and peace in the little parish. He carefully inquired into all the facts, and then addressed to the parishioners a letter which was posted at the church door, and recalled the faithful to the regular order of things.

"Difficulties, however, of another kind, and of a more serious import, waited on Gallitzin. From the death of his father, he had been suddenly cut off from the pecuniary assistance which he had periodically received from Europe. He himself, as a Catholic priest, had been, by the laws of Russia, excluded from his paternal heritage; while his mother, who had exhausted her means in litigations, was compelled to forego the assistance which, from time to time, she had extended to her son. In satisfying his boundless charities, and in the achievements of his plans, the founder of Loretto had somewhat relied on this inheritance, which thus passed away from his hands. This disappointment, therefore, brought upon him a new burden of anxiety and cares. Destitution and poverty might have been easily borne by him; but he could not make up his mind to give up the idea of founding an imposing Catholic colony — to abandon the undertaking which he had initiated—to be compelled to relinquish lands which had been reclaimed by so much toil and so much care—and, especially, to face impatient creditors, who might accuse him of thoughtlessly going into debt, and from such an accusation justify their expression of contempt."

As a crowning development to all of these tribulations, the European mail brought to Gallitzin the news of his beloved mother's death. On the 17th of April, 1806, in the city of Münster, the excellent princess had closed her eyes for ever, comforting her disappointment that she had not been permitted to see her son on earth by the hope that she would surely meet him in heaven. The narrative of the last moments of the Princess Gallitzin, received, by the stout-hearted missionary, through the letters of his sister, of Overberg, and of Count de Stolberg, supplied a fund of inexpressible comfort; but from that hour the temporal claims and requirements of his position bore terribly on his endurance. It required unheard-of efforts to save his undertaking from the burden of indebtedness, and if, at the hour of his death, he quit-claimed the property of the Church and left it free from all and every charge, the blessed consummation came with the sunset of life only, and that, too, after miracles of constant energy. And here, especially, looms up the secondary phase of Gallitzin's character, which had not escaped his father's more searching eye. In fact, and in answer to a letter of his wife, in which she bitterly complained of the inertness of their son, then sixteen years of age, he wrote to her that "deep waters run still; that, to his mind, she misconceives the disposition of Demetrius, and that he is ever running against wind and tide." And indeed, to struggle against the torrent of time and of events was the whole work of his life. And against this torrent he heaved up the bulk of

Digitized by Google

his writings that have come down to us. It is easy to conceive that it required no common reason to induce a man of his temper of mind to write. We have the motive of this reason in the fact that a Presbyterian preacher of Huntington had thought fit to assail and caluminate the Catholic Church as an institution dangerous to the country and to its liberties. Gallitzin immediately took up the pen in answer, and the necessities of the con troversy turned him into a polemica writer.

There are in America, no less than in other countries, fanatical sectarians who follow their congenial instincts in sounding the alarm-cry whenever the Catholic Church marks out new limits of lawful conquest. In this instance, the state was declared to be in peril; but Gallitzin lost no time in confounding the slanderers of Catholicity by the publication of his "Defense of Catholic Principles," which appeared in Pittsburg in the year 1816. This work, written in English—for the author wielded the English with as much facility as he did the German language, his mother tongue—was, on both shores of the ocean, greeted with success. Father Lemcke made a German translation of the "Defense of Catholic Principles," of which two editions were published in Ireland and four in the United States, ranking "in popularity with 'Cobbett's History of the Reformation,' to which it bears a resemblance in putting a probing finger on the plague-spot of Protestantism."

The start being once made, Gallitzin followed up his first work with other publications of an entirely practical character, directed against certain prevalent moral diseases of the day, which mark an epoch in the monography of American ideas. Gallitzin was perfectly familiar with the mode of treatment of the feverish exuberance of American notions, and he handled them with all the cautious skill of a prudent practitioner. Everything which he published on these matters, both in elucidation of his views and as a muniment against the evils which he denounced, is written in the winning and popular style which was familiar to his pen. Hence his works were crowned with success, even amongst the higher classes o society. "Gallitzin's publications, says his biographer, "exerted an immense influence in the period when he lived, but especially so among the humbler members of the community, for whom they were destined. They were found, and they may still be found, in the form of unpretending pamphlets, in the hotels and steamboats of the West, for he had them printed at his own expense and distributed as the Protestant colporteurs disseminate their Bibles and tracts. The curiosity of the readers enlarged their circulation everywhere; and I myself have found them as perfectly thumbed as any spelling-book in spots where I never dreamed of meeting with them."

In the meantime, Gallitzin, who had hitherto labored under the protecting shadow of his humility, had begun to attract the attention of the American world around him. The manner in which he had marked his entrance in social life—not so much by the power of genius as by that integrity of character which commanded the respect of public opinion—had carried his reputation far beyond the limits of the frontiers, and secured for him an esteem, the proofs of which came back to him in numerous testimonials gathering from all sides. It was at this time that he published various pamphlets signed with his real name: "Demetrius Augustin Gallitzin, Catholic curate of Loretto."

It was natural, when the question of creating a new bishopric came up, that all eyes should turn to such a man as Gallitzin. There was a desire, therefore, more than once expressed to see him called to the episcopal chair; but he persistently repelled the intended dignity, and exerted his every power to counteract the efforts of

Digitized by Google

those who were anxious to have it conferred upon him. He asked for one favor only—that of remaining at Loretto; and, with this view, he consented to accept the functions of vicar-general to the Bishop of Philadelphia, which had been recently raised into a diocese.

Since the earlier period when Gallitzin entered on the discharge of the holy ministry, those regions had witnessed a great development of the Catholic faith. From all sides arose new parishes, while the field of labor went on enlarging under the tireless zeal of our missionary. "It may be safely affirmed," says his biographer, "that during the protracted years through which he administered to the district of country which now constitutes the sees of Pittsburg and Erie, he filled the place and discharged the duties of a bishop." In order to form a correct judgment as to the importance of his labors, we must go back, in imagination, to the exordium of the Catholic Church in those countries, where the pastors were cut off from all sustaining advice—from all diocesan organization—and where elements the most discrepant, and prejudices the most stubborn, were found in daily conflict. How many difficulties, therefore, to be encountered and overcome in the discrimination, in certain cases, between falsehood and truth! What prudence of action was required! How many and delicate problems presented to the decisions of a tender conscience! Gallitzin, however, was the man for the situation. "The writings," says his friend, "which his charge as vicar-general had compelled him from time to time to publish, bear witness not only to his vigilance and zeal, but also to the great charity which characterized the performance of his duties." His was a peculiar solicitude for the persecuted and the oppressed, because he knew from experience how readily, in America, they may be made the sport of falsehood, of malevolence, and of that thirst of revenge which exists everywhere. Hence the not inconsiderable number of persons, both ecclesiastics and laymen, who looked up to him for protection, and who might, but for its interpositions, have been for ever lost. His benevolent bearing won for him the confidence of the other priests who, like himself, had consecrated their lives to the salvation of souls. The pastor who from among them became at a later period the archbishop of Baltimore, having been in 1830 appointed coadjutor and administrator to the diocese of Philadelphia, immediately wrote to Gallitzin —whom he styled the propagandist of the faith—to ask the assistance of his experience and of his prayers, and to advise him that he not only confirmed his existing powers, but that he also authorized him to use, without the necessity of any previous application, those with which, as coadjutor, he was himself invested. These two men were bound till death by the closest ties of friendship.

All of Gallitzin's actions were stamped with the characteristics of candor and uprightness. Should the honor of the Church, or the dignity of her priesthood, be called into question, he knew no such word as compromise. He shrank from familiarity with that species of half education of which presumption is a leading feature; and ever, and everywhere, stood unshaken in his love and assertion of truth—a persistency which, on more than one occasion, called down upon him the imputation of an aristocratic and domineering spirit. Those, however, who, admitted to the closer intimacies of his life, were best qualified to judge, soon became convinced of the futility of the charge. If there were any note of distinction about him, it was to be traced in the loftiness of his conceptions; for he had long cast off all princely frippery; and the privileged society in which he especially delighted was that of the poor and the lowly, with whom he would kindly converse after possessing himself of their wishes and needs.

Digitized by Google

In the circuit of his missions, it was his pleasure to pass by the dwellings of opulence and seek the hospitalities of the humble cottage. There would the prince sit down to rest, surrounded by joyous children, distributing pictures among them and sharing in their humble fare.

Such was Gallitzin, shepherd of souls, polemic and vicar-general, at Loretto, whence the peaceful work of Christian civilization went on quietly progressing and gradually enlarging the circle of its benefits. Years had thus passed on, and the pioneer could already mark the slanting shadows of declining life, when a young missionary came over from Europe to share in his toils. This was Father Lemcke, a Benedictine, who, after having been his assistant, became his successor. Gallitzin was then sixty-four years of age. Father Lemcke has left us a picturesque account of his first meeting with the venerable missionary. He had set out from Philadelphia, and after several days of rough traveling reached Munster, where an Irish family gave him hospitality. From that village he procured a guide, and at this point of his narrative we find him with an Irish lad piloting him to Loretto. "As we had gone," says he, "a couple of miles through the woods, I caught sight of a sled, drawn by a pair of vigorous horses; and in the sled a half recumbent traveler, on every lineament of whose face could be read a character of distinction. He was outwardly dressed in a sort of threadbare overcoat; and, on his head, a peasant's hat, so worn and dilapidated that no one would have rescued it from the garbage of the streets. It occurred to me that some accident had happened to the old gentleman, and that he was compelled to resort to this singular mode of conveyance. Whilst I was taxing my brains for a satisfactory solution of the problem, Tom, my guide, who was trotting ahead, turned round and, pointing to the old man, said: "Here comes the priest." I immediately coaxed up my nag to the sled. "Are you, really, the pastor of Loretto?" said I. "I am, sir." "Prince Gallitzin?" "At your service, sir," he said with a laugh. "You are probably astonished"—he continued, after I had handed him a letter from the Bishop of Philadelphia—"at the strangeness of my equipage? But there's no help for it. You have no doubt already found out that in these countries you need not dream of a carriage-road. You could not drive ten yards without danger of an overturn. I am prevented, since a fall which I have had, from riding on horseback, and it would be impossible for me now to travel on foot. Beside, I carry along everything required for the celebration of holy mass. I am now going to a spot where I have a mission, and where the holy sacrifice has been announced for to-day. Go to Loretto and make yourself at home, until my return to night; unless, indeed, you should prefer to accompany me. You may be interested in the visit."

Father Lemcke accordingly followed Gallitzin, and after a ride of several miles they reached a sort of a hamlet, where there stood a good Pennsylvania farm, in which all the Catholics of the vicarage had gathered as on a festive day. The cabin had been transformed into a chapel, and the good people were there, crowding; some standing, others kneeling under the projecting shed; and others again, in small huts or under the foliage of the grand old trees, were awaiting the appointed hour. All had their prayer-books in their hands. At a sign from Gallitzin, Father Lemcke proceeded within to receive the confessions of the faithful; after which the prince celebrated mass, preached, and administered the sacrament of baptism. For his pious and good people it was a very festive day. The dinner which followed, and in which all shared, was a repast marked by the cheerfulness and the charity of the agapæ of the primitive Christians.

By nightfall both priests had reach-

Digitized by Google

ed Loretto. On the Sunday following, Gallitzin introduced his assistant to his German parishioners, and then, with a quizzical smile, invited him, without any further ceremony, to ascend the pulpit. Father Lemcke had to undergo the ordeal, and it proved not to his disfavor. He had naturally supposed that the same roof which sheltered Gallitzin would also protect him. The old priest, however, could not see things in that light; and a few days after, he took him to Ebensburg, the principal county town, and there installed him as the pastor of the parish.

Each of the two missionaries who had thus halved the goodly work still had a respectable circuit to perform. There were stations fifty and even seventy miles apart, and over this immense extent of territory, which now constitues the Pittsburg and Erie bishoprics, there were, with them, but three or four priests to attend to the work of the Lord. To Gallitzin was reserved the deep gratification of witnessing the branching off, from Loretto, of various Catholic parishes, which were formed in the very manner in which Loretto had been. Twelve miles north of the primitive colony, up to the head-waters of the Susquehanna, where lay cheap and rich lands, some of the more prosperous members of his parish purchased tracts for themselves and their families, and there laid the grounds of a settlement, to which they gave the name of St. Joseph, borrowed from the invocation of the church which Gallitzin had consecrated on that spot. It is now known on the maps as Carrollton. Among the early settlers and the heads of families were sturdy John Wakeland, whom the reader may not have forgotten, and his six sons, as tall and as stalwart as himself, and all, like him, devoted to the Catholic faith. On the very road to Loretto, and before the death of the prince, sprang up a rural parish under the name of St. Augustin. Another was formed with the appellation of Gallitzin—after the death of the missionary, be it understood; for his humility during his lifetime never could have consented to this endowment.

In 1836, Father Lemcke fixed his residence at St. Joseph—urged somewhat to this course by Gallitzin, whose favorite idea had, for some time, been to witness on that spot the rise and growth of another Loretto. The old priest, growing into closer intimacy with the younger missionary, periodically came in his sled to St. Joseph, rejoicing to behold "a second edition of what he himself had created thirty years before." So thoroughly had he become linked to this new friend from far-off Europe, that he never but reluctantly parted from him, and even shed bitter tears on once hearing that the bishop contemplated changing Father Lemcke's residence.

Thus was it given to Gallitzin, in the decline of life, to behold trackless forests converted into fruitful fields. The transient cares and annoyances of life had disappeared, and a numerous Catholic population grew around him in the joys of contented toil. The early settlers who with him had shared the sweat and borne the burden of the day, had long bidden farewell to their humbler log-cabins. Well appointed farms, substantial barns, commodious dwellings, surrounded by beautiful gardens and smiling meadows, wooed the eye as the rewarding product of their privations and their toils.

In 1839 the old missionary's health began to fail. The load of years much less than the thousand hardships inseparably connected with the devotions of apostolic life, weighed heavily on a frame attenuated indeed, but still erect and resisting. Yet the burden went on pressing still—the body gradually bent—the step unsteady—the divine fire which always kindled still animated him; but the voice would refuse the assistance of its sounds, and the close of his sermons turn into a peroration of silent

Digitized by Google

tears a thousand times more eloquent than his spoken words. And yet, with all these warnings, he rejected every suggestion of precaution and care of himself. To this he would answer, in his own energetic language, that "as the days had gone by when, by martyrdom, it was possible for us to testify to God's glory upon earth, it was our duty, like the toil-worn ox, to remain hitched to the plough in the field of the Lord." And the event harmonized with his wish. On Easter Sunday, 1840, Gallitzin, being then seventy years of age, had early in the morning taken his seat in the confessional. After the discharge of its duties, he had braced up the remnants of his strength to ascend the altar for holy sacrifice. He was, however, compelled to forego the sermon of the day to betake himself to his bed, from which he was destined never again to rise. The attentive care of Dr. Rodriguez, his intimate friend, prolonged his existence for a few weeks; but it was soon ascertained that the noble missionary was fast sinking under exhausted energies. With the rapidity of lightning, the sad news was carried abroad. From far and near, old and young gathered around his dwelling, once more to receive the blessing of the man whom they revered. So great was the affluence of the people, that in order to secure a few quiet moments for the glorious veteran of faith, absorbed in the last meditations and prayers of earth, it became necessary to warn away the increasing throng of visitors—and this without his knowledge; for it was his wish to receive every one of them, and to each to speak the last farewell which welled up from his loving heart. Yet some did come for whom no such words passed his lips, which on the contrary moved in utterances of reproof and blame. Among others came in one of the parishioners, to whom the dying pastor had been particularly kind. He, however, had proved ungrateful, and had, indeed, been a cause of much annoyance to the missionary by habits of drunkenness and other excesses of an unregulated life. As he entered the room, the venerable pastor turned to him with a reproachful look and shook his head. This silent sermonizing produced a deeper impression than had any previous admonition of Gallitzin. The self-accusing culprit fell upon his knees, melted to tears, confessed his errors, and promised thenceforward to amend. The evidence of his sincerity is found in the statement of Gallitzin's successor, who informs us that he stoutly held to his promise.

The last scene of this eventful life closed on the sixth of May, when the missionary prince left this world, accompanied by the prayers of his parishioners gathered around him; for every apartment of the house, and every portion of the chapel attached to it, was literally thronged by a wailing, weeping, and praying community. This supreme hour revealed the depth and the sincerity of the love which dwelt in every heart for this man of God. On the day of his burial, whole populations swarmed from every point—from distances ranging fifty and sixty miles—to pay to the good father a last tribute of that affectionate respect which had attended him through life.

The most respectable men of the parish contended for the honor of bearing his body to the cemetery. In the body of the church, it was a perfect contest among the congregation to look for the last time on the features of him who was thenceforward for ever lost to earth. Those who were lucky enough, through the pressure of the crowd, to reach the coffin, kissed in tearful love the icy hands of the missionary; while the attendants were compelled to resort to force in order to close the coffin for the final rites of the Church.

It were no easy task, without reference to the work of his biographer—an ocular witness of Gallitzin's labors—to convey a just conception of their bearing and extent. "When," he says, "we come to consider the thea-

Digitized by Google

tre on which Gallitzin inaugurated his immense labors in so obscure and modest a manner, we realize the amount of substantial good that can be achieved by an apostolic missionary in America when, like Gallitzin, he conceives the practical sense of things and leads them on to their crowning development with the zeal and perseverance which marked his course. The small county of Cambria, in Pennsylvania, created in 1807, which is indebted to Gallitzin for a majority of its settlers, is everywhere, and with every reason, characterized as the Catholic county. Indeed, when the traveller on business, or the tourist for pleasure, strikes this point from other districts of Pennsylvania more controlled by Protestant influences, it seems to him that he has passed from a comparative desert into a smiling oasis. This may be easily understood. For all their journeyings for whole days, over counties twice and thrice more opulent than this little Catholic county, there is no indication to tell them what religion is there professed. Not till they have pressed the soil of Cambria county do they feel that they are in a *truly* Christian land, as they catch sight of ten Catholic churches and three monasteries—all of which cropped out of Loretto under Gallitzin's creative and fostering hands."

From all these results we can frame an accurate judgment of the prince's career, which was but one continuous struggle—a glorious struggle, teeming with usefulness. When Gallitzin opened his mission, the vicar of Christ was persecuted and proscribed. A prisoner, torn away from his spiritual family, Pius VI. heard the voices of a *philosophic* world applauding his abduction, as, ten years later, it applauded the violence inflicted on the person of Pius VII. It was just at that dark period which overshadowed the Holy See that the Church inaugurated her peaceful labors in the United States, and, at the end of ten years, had marked her beneficent influences by a progress so rapid that its result could not escape the eye of even the least observant. While Europe was organizing a settled persecution of the papal power, the Church in America was growing up and expanding in influence. Her very adversaries were compelled to bear even reluctant witness to her triumphs. In one of the meetings of a Bible society some years ago, Lord Barclay exhibited a summary, in which he lamented the spread of Catholicity in a country in which he said that in the year 1790 there was not even a bishop. "Strange," he said, "that while, in Europe, the power of the see of Rome is overthrown, the Pope is a prisoner, and Rome is declared to be the second city of the French empire —strange, I say, that, at this very moment, the power of the Pope should be rooted in America in this still stranger manner." Ay! strange indeed, my Lord Barclay; but in no way strange for those who know that martyrdom is the life of the Church, and that she woos triumph in persecution. Gallitzin's life is a living, convincing proof of her triumphs and her hopes.

Digitized by Google

From The Sixpenny Magazine.

"DUM SPIRO SPERO."

(AN APOLOGUE.)

My soul was restless, and I sought
The elf's wild haunt, and breath'd sweet airs:
I track'd the river's devious route:—
In vain!—my heart was vext with cares.

I wander'd from the noble park,
The trimly gay parterre to view;
Thence pluck'd a rose, without one mark
To rob it of its faultless hue;

And, home returning, quaintly placed
My trophy in a tiny tray
Of antique silver curious traced;
Then, charg'd with odor, turn'd away.

* * * * *

I enter'd yestermorn the room
Where, all forgotten, dwelt my flower
Unhappy fate! that tender bloom
Fell, fainting for the genial shower.

Vanish'd all vigor had; and now—
The perfume fled—the tints grown dull—
It had been sin, I did allow,
For this so choice a bud to pull.

Then, with sore heart, I brought a stream
Of clearest water to its cup.
What wonder if new life 'gan gleam,
And care restor'd what hope gave up?

Lo! leaf by leaf was slowly raised,
Till olden flashes came at length:
Each plaintive petal oped, and gazed,
And thank'd me with its growing strength.

* * * * *

Our hearts are like thee, little Rose;
They quicken what time love-beams shine;
But under dismal clouds of woes
How can they choose but droop and pine?

If sympathy with lute attend
To lull with some resistless psalm,
Misfortune's darts can never rend:
Friends soothe, hope cheers, and heaven anoints with balm!

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XV.

THEN methought was witnessed (I speak of the time when Sir Hammond l'Estrange made the savage speech which caused his lady and me to exchange affrighted looks) a rare instance of the true womanly courage which doth sometimes lie at the core of a timid heart. The meek wife, which dared not so much as to lift up her eyes to her lord if he did only frown, or to oppose his will in any trifling matter; whose color I had seen fly from her cheek if he raised his voice, albeit not in anger against herself, now in the presence of those at table, with a face as pale as ashes, but a steady voice, and eyes fixed on him, thus addressed her husband:

"Sir, since we married I have never opposed your will, or in anything I wot of offended you, or ever would if I could help it. Do not, therefore, displeasure me so much, I beseech you, in this grave instance, as to make me an instrument in the capture. And God knoweth what should follow of one which came to me for help, and to whom the service I rendered him would prove the means of his ruin if you persist therein."

"Go to, madam, go to," cries Sir Hammond; "your business doth lie with poor people, mine with criminals. Go your way, and intrude not yourself in weightier matters than belong to your sex."

"Sir," she answers, braving his frowning looks, albeit her limbs began to tremble, "I humbly crave your patience; but I will not leave you, neither desist from my suit, except thereunto compelled by force. I would to God my tongue had been plucked out rather than that it should utter words which should betray to prison, yea, perhaps to death, the poor man whose wounds I tended."

The cloud on Sir Hammond's brow waxed darker as she spoke. He glanced at me, and methinks perceived my countenance to be as much disturbed as his lady's. A sudden thought, I ween, then passed through his mind; and with a terrible oath he swore that he misliked this strenuous urging in favor of a vile popish priest, and yet more the manner of this intercession.

"Heaven shield, madam," he cried, "you have not companied with recusants so as to become infected with a lack of zeal for the Protestant religion!"

The color returned for a moment to Lady l'Estrange's cheeks as she answered:

"Sir, I have never, from the time my mother did teach me my prayers, been of any other way of thinking than that wherein she then instructed me, or so much as allowed myself one thought contrary to true Protestant religion; or ever lent an ear, and with God's help never will, to what papists do advance; but nevertheless, if this priest do fall into any grievous trouble through my speeches, I shall be a most unhappy woman all my life."

And then the poor soul, rising from her seat, went round to her husband's side, and, kneeling, sought to take his hands, beseeching him in such moving and piteous terms to change his purpose as I could see did visibly affect some present. But I also noticed in Sir Hammond's face so resolved an intent as if nothing in earth or heaven should alter it. A drowning wretch

Digitized by Google

would as soon have moved a rock to advance toward him as she succeeded in swerving his will by her entreaties.

A sudden thought inspired me to approach her where she had sunk down on her knees at her husband's feet, he seeking angrily to push her away. I took her by the hand and said:

"I pray you, dear lady, come with me. These be indeed matters wherein, as Sir Hammond saith, women's words do not avail."

Both looked at me surprised; and she, loosing her hold of him, suffered me to lead her away. We went into the parlor, Mrs. l'Estrange following us. But as I did try to whisper in her ear that I desired to speak with her alone, the bell in the dining-room began to ring violently; upon which she shuddered and cried out:

"Let me go back to him, Mistress Sherwood. I'll warrant you he is about to send for the constables; but beshrew me if I die not first at his feet; for if this man should be hung, peace will be a stranger to me all my life."

Mistress l'Estrange essayed to comfort her; but failing therein, said she was very foolish to be so discomposed at what was no fault of hers, and she should think no more thereon, for in her condition to fret should be dangerous; and if people would be priests and papists none could help if they should suffer for it. And then she left the parlor somewhat ruffled, like good people sometimes feel when they perceive their words to have no effect. When we were alone, "Lady l'Estrange," I said, "where is Master Rugeley's house?"

"One mile, or thereabouts, across the heath," she answered.

"And the way to it direct?" I asked.

"Yea, by the footpath," she replied; "but much longer by the high road."

I went to the window and opened the shutter and the lattice also. The moon was shining very brightly.

"Is it that cottage near to the wood?" I inquired, pointing to a thatched roof nigh unto the darksome line of trees against the sky.

"Yea," she answered, "how near it doth seem seen in this light! Constance, what think you to do?" she exclaimed, when I went to her cupboard and took out the keys she had showed me that morning opened the doors of the kitchen garden and the orchard.

"Did you not say," I answered, "that the gentleman now in so great peril did lodge with Master Rugeley?"

"Would you go there?" she said, looking aghast. "Not alone; you durst not do it!"

"Twenty times over," I answered, "for to save a man's life, and he—he a—" But there I stopped; for it was her fellow-creature she desired to save. Her heart bled not like mine for the flock which should be left without a shepherd; and albeit our fears were the same, we felt not alike. I went into the hall, and she pursued me—one-half striving to stay me from my purpose, one-half urging me to fulfil it; yet retracting her words as soon as uttered.

"When I issue from the door of the orchard unto the heath," I said, the while wrapping round me a cloak with a hood to it, "and pursue the path in front, by what token may I find Master Rugeley's house if the moon should be obscured?"

"Where two roads do meet," she said, "at the edge of the heath, a tall oak doth stand near to a gate; a few steps to the right should then lead to it. But verily, Mistress Constance, I be frightened to let you go; and oh, I do fear my husband's anger."

"Would you, then, have a man die by your means?" I asked, thinking for to cure one terror by another, as indeed it did; for she cried,

"Nay, I will speed you on your way, good Constance; and show so brave a face during your absence as God shall help me to do; yea, and open the door for you myself, if my husband should kill me for it!"

Then she took the keys in her hand, and glided like unto a pale ghost be-

Digitized by Google

fore me through the passage into the hall, so noiselessly that I should have doubted if aught of flesh and blood could have moved so lightly, and undid the bars of the back door without so much as a sound. Then she would fetch some thick shoes for me to wear, which I did entreat her not to stay me for; but nothing else would content the poor soul, and, as she had the keys in her hand, I was forced to wait her return with so much impatience as may be guessed. I heard the voices of the gentlemen still carousing after supper; and then a servant's below in the hall, who said the constables had been sent for, and a warrant issued for the apprehension of a black papist at Master Rugeley's. Then Milicent returned, and whilst I put on the shoes she had brought, and she was tying with trembling fingers the hood of my cloak, the rustling of Mrs. l'Estrange's silk gown was heard on the stair above our heads, from whence we were like to be seen; and, fear awakening contrivance, I said aloud,

"Oh, what a rare pastime it should be to dress as a ghost, and frighten the good lady your sister-in-law! I pray you get me some white powder to pale my face. Methinks we need some kind of sport to drive away too much thinking on that dismal business in hand."

The steps over our head sounded more hurried, and we heard the door of the parlor close with a bang, and the lattice also violently shut.

"Now," I whispered, "give me the keys, good Lady l'Estrange, and go to your sister yourself. Say I was ashamed to have been overheard to plan so rank a piece of folly (and verily you will be speaking no other than the truth), and that you expect I shall not so much as show my face in the parlor this evening; and lock also my chamber-door, that none may for a surety know me for to be absent."

"Yea," answered the poor lady, with so deep a sigh as seemed to rend her heart; "but, God forgive me, I never did think to hide anything from my husband! And who shall tell me if I be doing right or wrong?"

I could not stay, though I grieved for her; and the sound of her voice haunted me as I went through the garden, and then the orchard, unto the common, locking the doors behind me. When this was done, I did breathe somewhat more freely, and began to run along the straight path amidst the heath. I wot not if my speed was great—the time seemed long; yet methinks I did not slacken my pace once, but rather increased it, till, perceiving the oak, and near it the gate Lady l'Estrange had mentioned, I stopped to consider where to turn; and after I had walked a little to the right I saw a cottage and a light gleaming inside. Then my heart beat very fast; and when I knocked at the door I felt scarce able to stand. I did so three times, and no answer came. Then I cried as loudly as I could, "Master Rugeley, I beseech you open the door." I heard some one stirring within, but no one came. Then I again cried out, "Oh, for our Blessed Lady's sake, some one come." At last the lattice opened, and a man's head appeared.

"Who are you?" he said, in a low voice.

"A friend," I answered, in a whisper; "a Catholic. Are you Master Rugeley?"

"Yea," he answered.

"Oh, then, if Mr. Tunstall is here, hide him quickly, or send him away. I am a friend of Lady l'Estrange's and staying in her house. Sir Hammond hath received tidings that a priest is in this neighborhood, and a warrant is issued for to apprehend him. His lady unwittingly, and sorely troubled she is thereat, showed by her speeches touching your guest, that he is like to be Mr. Tunstall; and the constables will soon be here."

"Thank you," he replied whom I was addressing; "but Mr. Tunstall is not the name of my friend."

Then I feared he did take me for a spy, and I cried out, greatly moved, "As I do hope to go to heaven one

Digitized by Google

day, and not to hell, Master Rugeley, I speak the truth, and my warning is an urgent one."

Then I heard some one within the house, who said, "Open the door, Master Rugeley. I should know that voice. Let the speaker in."

Methought I, too, knew the voice of the person who thus spoke. The door was opened, and I entered a room dimly lighted by one candle.

"Oh, for God's sake," I cried, "if a priest is here, hide him forthwith."

"Are you a Catholic, my child?"

I looked up to the person who put this question to me, and gave a sudden cry, I know not whether of terror or joy; for great as was the change which the lapse of years, and great inward and outward changes, had wrought in his aspect, I saw it was my father.

"I am Constance," I cried; "Constance Sherwood! Oh, my dear father!" and then fell at his feet weeping.

After an instant's astonishment and fixed gazing on my face, he recognized me, who was, I doubt not, more changed than himself, and received me with a great paternal kindness and the tenderest greeting imaginable, yet tempered with reserve and so much of restraint as should befit one who, for Christ's sake, had dissevered himself from the joys, albeit not from the affections, of the natural heart.

"Oh, my good child, my own dear Constance," he said; "hath God in his bounty given thy poor father a miraculous sight of thee before his death, or art thou come verily in flesh and blood to warn him of his danger?"

"My dear and honored father," I replied, "time presses; peril is indeed at hand, if you and Mr. Tunstall are the same person."

"The wounds in my hands," he answered, "must prove me such, albeit now healed by the care of that good Samaritan, Lady l'Estrange. But prithee, my good child, whence comest thou?"

"Alas!" I said; "and yet not alas, if God should be so good to me as by my means to save you, I am Sir Hammond's guest, being a friend of his lady's. I came there yesterday."

"Oh, my good child, I thought not to have seen thee in these thy grown-up years. Master Rugeley," he added, turning to his host, "this is the little girl I forsook four years ago, for to obtain the hundredfold our Lord doth promise."

"My very dear father," I said, "joy is swallowed up in fear. God help me, I came to warn a stranger (if so be any priest in these times should be a stranger to a Catholic), and I find you."

"Oh, but I am mightfully pleased," quoth he, "to see thee, my child, even in this wise, and to hear thee speak like a true daughter of Holy Church. And Lady l'Estrange is then thy friend?"

"Yea, my dear father; but for God and our lady's sake hide yourself. I warrant you the constables may soon be here. Master Rugeley, where can he be concealed, or whither fly, and I with him?"

"Nay, prithee not so fast," quoth he. "Flight would be useless; and in the matter of hiding, one should be more easily concealed than two; beside that, the hollow of a tree, which Master Rugeley will, I ween, appoint me for a bed-chamber to-night, should hardly lodge us both with comfort."

"Oh, sir," said Rugeley, "do not tarry."

"For thy sake, no; not for more than one minute, Thomas; but ere I part from this wench, two questions I must needs ask her."

Then he drew me aside, and inquired what facilities I continued to have in London for the exercise of Catholic religion, and if I was punctual in the discharge of my spiritual duties. When I had satisfied him thereon, he asked if the report was true which he heard from a prisoner for recusancy in Wisbeach Castle, concerning my troth-plight with Mr. Rookwood.

"Yea," I said, "it is true, if so be you now do add your consent to it."

Digitized by Google

He answered he should do so with all his heart, for he knew him to be a good Catholic and a virtuous gentleman; and as we might lack the opportunity to receive his blessing later, he should now give it unto me for both his most dear children. Which he did, laying his hand on my head with many fervent benisons, couched in such words as these, that he prayed for us to be stayed up with the shore of God's grace in this world; and after this transitory life should end, to ascend to him, and appear pure and unspotted before his glorious seat. Then he asked me if it was Lady l'Estrange who had detected him; whereupon I briefly related to him what had occurred, and how sore her grief was therein.

"God bless her," he answered; "and tell her I do thank her and pray for her with all mine heart."

And more he would have added, but Master Rugeley opened the door impatiently. So, after kissing once more my father's hand, I went away, compelled thereunto by fears for his safety, if he should not at once conceal himself.

Looking back, I saw him and his guide disappear in the thicket, and then, as I walked on toward Lynn Court, it did almost seem to me as if the whole of that brief but pregnant interview should have been a dream; nor could I verily persuade myself that it was not a half habitant of another world I had seen and spoken with rather than mine own father; and in first thinking on it I scarcely did fully apprehend the danger he was in, so as to feel as much pain as I did later, when the joy and astonishment of that unexpected meeting had given way to terrifying thoughts. Ever and anon I turned round to gaze on the dark wood wherein his hopes of safety did lie, and once I knelt down on the roadside to pray that the night should be also dark and shield his escape. But still the sense of fear was dulled, and woke not until the sound of horses' feet on the road struck on my ear, and I saw a party of men riding across the common. The light in the cottage was extinguished, but the cruel moon shone out then more brightly than heretofore. Now I felt so sick and faint that I feared to sink down on the path, and hurried through the orchard-door and the garden to the house. When I had unlocked the back door and stood in the hall where a lately kindled fire made a ruddy light to glow, I tried again to think I had been dreaming, like one in a nightmare strives to shake off an oppressive fancy. I could not remain alone, and composed my countenance for to enter the parlor, when the door thereof opened and Mrs. l'Estrange came out, who, when she perceived me standing before her, gave a start, but recovering herself, said, good-naturedly:

"Marry, if this be not the ghost we have been looking for; now ashamed, I ween, to show itself. I hope, Mistress Sherwood, you do not haunt quiet folks in their beds at night; for I do, I warn you, mislike living ghosts, and should be disposed to throw a jug of water at the head of such a one." And laughing, she took my hand in a kind manner, which when she did, almost a cry broke from her: "How now, Milicent! she is as cold as a stone figure. Where has she been chilling herself?"

Milicent pressed forward and led me to my chamber, wherein a fire had been lighted, and would make me drink a hot posset. But when I thought of the cold hollow of a tree wherein my father was enclosed, if it pleased God no worse mishap had befallen him, little of it could I force myself to swallow, for now tears had come to my relief, and concealing my face in the pillow of the bed whereon for weariness I had stretched myself, I wept very bitterly.

"Is that poor man gone from Rugeley's house?" Milicent whispered.

Alas! she knew not who that poor man was to me, nor with what anguish I answered: "He is not in the

Digitized by Google

cottage, I hope; but God only knoweth if his pursuers shall not discover him." The thought of what would then follow overcame me, and I hid my face with mine hands.

"Oh, Constance," she exclaimed, "was this poor man known to thee, that thy grief is so great, whose conscience doth not reproach thee as mine doeth?"

I held out my hand to her without unshading my face with the other, and said: "Dear Milicent! thou shouldst not sorrow so much for thine own part in this sore trial. It was not thy fault. He said so. He blest thee, and prays for thee."

Uncomforted by my words, she cried again, what she had so often exclaimed that night, "If this man should die, my happiness is over."

Then once more she asked me if I know this priest, and I was froward with her (God forgive me, for the suspense and fear overthrew better feelings for a moment), and I cried, angrily, "Who saith he is a priest? Who can prove it?"

"Think you so?" she said joyfully; "then all should be right."

And once more, with some misdoubting, I ween, that I concealed somewhat from her, she inquired touching my knowledge of this stranger. Then I spoke harshly, and bade her leave me, for I had sorrow enough without her intermeddling with it; but then grieving for her, and also afraid to be left alone, I denied my words, and prayed her to stay, which she did, but did not speak much again. The silence of the night seemed so deep as if the rustling of a leaf could be noticed; only now and then the voices of the gentlemen below, and some loud talking and laughter from some of them was discernible through the closed doors. Once Lady l'Estrange said: "They be sitting up very late; I suppose till the constables return. Oh, when will that be?"

The great clock in the hall then struck twelve; and soon after, starting up, I cried, "What should be that noise?"

"I do hear nothing," she answered, trembling as a leaf.

"Hush," I replied, and going to the window, opened the lattice. The sound in the road on the other side of the house was now plain. On that we looked on naught was to be seen save trees and grass, with the ghastly moonlight shining on them. A loud opening and shutting of doors and much stir now took place within the house, and, moved by the same impulse, we both went out into the passage and half way down the stairs. Milicent was first. Suddenly she turned round, and falling down on her knees, with a stifled exclamation, she hid her face against me, whispering: "He is taken!"

We seemed both turned to stone. O ye which have gone through a like trial, judge ye; and you who have never been in such straits, imagine what a daughter should feel who, after long years' absence, beholdeth a beloved father for one instant, and in the next, under the same roof where she is a guest, sees him brought in a prisoner and in jeopardy of his life. Every word which was uttered we could hear where we sat crouching, fearful to advance—she not daring to look on the man she had ruined, and I on the countenance of a dear parent, lest the sight of me should distract him from his defence, if that could be called such which he was called on to make. They asked him touching his name, if it was Tunstall. He answered he was known by that name. Then followed the murtherous question, if he was a Romish priest? To which he at once assented. Then said Sir Hammond:

"How did you presume, sir, to return into England contrary to the laws?"

"Sir," he answered, "as I was lawfully ordained a priest by a Catholic bishop, by authority derived from the see of Rome" (one person here exclaimed, "Oh, audacious papist! his

Digitized by Google

tongue should be cut out;" but Sir Hammond imposed silence), "so likewise," he continued, "am I lawfully sent to preach the word of God, and to administer the sacraments to my Catholic countrymen. As the mission of priests lawfully ordained is from Christ, who did send his apostles even as his Father sent him, I do humbly conceive no human laws can justly hinder my return to England, or make it criminal; for this should be to prefer the ordinances of man to the commands of the supreme legislator, which is Christ himself."

Loud murmurs were here raised by some present, which Sir Hammond again silencing, he then inquired if he would take the oath of allegiance to the queen? He answered (my straining ears taking note of every word he uttered) that he would gladly pay most willing obedience to her majesty in all civil matters; but the oath of allegiance, as it was worded, he could not take, or hold her majesty to possess any supremacy in spiritual matters. He was beginning to state the reasons thereof, but was not suffered to proceed, for Sir Hammond, interrupting him, said he was an escaped prisoner, and by his own confession condemned, so he should straightway commit him to the gaol in Norwich. Then I lost my senses almost, and seizing Lady l'Estrange's arm, I cried, "Save him! he is mine own father, Mr. Sherwood!" She uttered a sort of cry, and said, "Oh, I have feared this, since I saw his face!" and running forward, I following her, affrighted at what should happen, she called out, "It shall not be! He shall not do it!" and with a face as white as any smock, runs to her husband, and perceiving the constables to be putting chains on my father's hands and feet, which I likewise beheld with what feelings you who read this may think, she falls on her knees and gasps out these words in such a mournful tone, that I shuddered to hear her, "Oh, sir! if this man leaves this house a chained prisoner, I shall never be the like of myself again. There shall be no more joy for me in life." And then faints right away, and Sir Hammond carries her in his arms out of the hall. Mine eyes the while met my father's; who smiled on me with kind cheer, but signed for me to keep away. I stretched my arms toward him, and with his chained hand he contrived yet once more for to bless me; then was hurried out of my sight. Far more time than I ever did perceive or could remember the length of I remained in that now deserted hall, motionless, alone, near to the dying embers, the darkness still increasing, too much confused to recall at once the comforts which sacred thoughts do yield in such mishaps, only able to clasp my hand and utter broken sentences of prayer, such as "God, ha' mercy on us," and the like; till about the middle of the night, Sir Hammond comes down the stairs, with a lamp in his hand, and a strange look in his face.

"Mistress Sherwood," he says, "come to my lady. She is very ill, and hath been in labor for some time. She doth nothing but call for you, and rave about that accursed priest she will have it she hath murthered. Come and feign to her he hath escaped."

"O God!" I cried, "my words may fall on her ear, Sir Hammond, but my face cannot deceive her."

He looked at me amazed and angry. "What meaneth this passion of grief? What is this old man to you, that his misfortune should thus disorder you?" And as I could not stay my weeping, he asked in a scornful manner, "Do papists so dote on their priests as to die of sorrow when they get their deserts?" This insulting speech did so goad me, that, unable to restrain myself, I exclaimed, "Sir Hammond, he whom you have sent to a dungeon, and perhaps to death also (God pardon you for it!), is my true father!—the best parent and the noblest gentleman that ever breathed, which for many years I had not seen; and here under your roof, myself your guest, I

Digitized by Google

have beheld him loaded with chains, and dared not to speak for fear to injure him yet further, which I pray God I have not now done, moved thereunto by your cruel scoffs."

"Your father!" he said amazed; "Mr. Sherwood! These cursed feignings do work strange mishaps. But he did own himself a priest."

Before I had time to answer, a serving woman ran into the hall, crying out, "Oh, sir, I pray you come to my lady. She is much worse; and the nurse says, if her mind is not eased she is like to die before the child is born."

"Oh, Milicent! sweet Milicent!" I cried, wringing my hands; and when I looked at that unhappy husband's face, anger vanished and pity took its place. He turned to me with an imploring countenance as if he should wish to say, "None but you can save her." I prayed to Our Lady, who stood and fainted not beneath the Rood, to get me strength for to do my part in that sick chamber whither I signed to him to lead the way. "God will help me," I whispered in his ear, "to comfort her."

"God bless you!" he answered in a hoarse voice, and opened the door of the room in which his sweet lady was sitting in her bed, with a wild look in her pale blue eyes, which seemed to start out of her head.

"Sir," I heard her say, as he approached, "what hath befallen the poor man you would not dismiss?"

I took a light in my hand, so that she should see my face, and smiled on her with such good cheer, as God in his mercy gave me strength to do even amidst the two-fold anguish of that moment. Then she threw her arms convulsively round my neck, and her pale lips gasped the same question as before. I bent over her, and said, "Trouble yourself no longer, dear lady, touching this prisoner. He is safe (in God's keeping, I added, internally). He is where he is carefully tended (by God's angels, I mentally subjoined); he hath no occasion to be afraid (for God is his strength), and I warrant you is as peaceful as his nearest friends should wish him to be."

"Is this the truth?" she murmured in my ear.

"Yea," I said, "the truth, the very truth," and kissed her flushed cheek. Then feeling like to faint, I went away, Sir Hammond leading me to my chamber, for I could scarce stand.

"God bless you!" he again said, when he left me, and I think he was weeping.

I fell into a heavy, albeit troubled, sleep, and when I awoke it was broad daylight. When the waiting-maid came in, she told me Lady l'Estrange had been delivered of a dead child, and Sir Hammond was almost beside himself with grief. My lady's mind had wandered ever since; but she was more tranquil than in the night. Soon after he sent to ask if he could see me, and I went down to him into the parlor. A more changed man, in a few hours, I ween, could not be seen, than this poor gentleman. He spoke not of his lady; but briefly told me he had sent in the night a messenger on horseback to Norwich, with a letter to the governor of the gaol, praying him to show as much consideration, and allow so much liberty as should consist with prudence, to the prisoner in his custody, sent by him a few hours before, for that he had discovered him not to be one of the common sort, nor a lewd person, albeit by his own confession amenable to the laws, and escaped from another prison. Then he added, that if I wished to go to Norwich, and visit this prisoner, he would give me a letter to the governor, and one to a lady, who would conveniently harbor me for a while in that city, and his coach should take me there, or he would lend me a horse and a servant to attend me. I answered, I should be glad to go, and then said somewhat of his lady, hoping she should now do well. He made no reply for a moment, and then only said,

"God knoweth! she is not like herself at the present."

The words she had so mournfully

Digitized by Google

spoken the day before came into my mind, "I shall never be like myself again, and there shall be no more joy in this house." And, methinks, they did haunt him also.

I sat for some time by her bedside that day. She seemed not ill at ease, but there was something changed in her aspect, and her words when she spoke had no sense or connection. And here I will set down, before I relate the events which followed my brief sojourn under their roof, what I have heard touching the sequel of Sir Hammond and his wife's lives.

In that perilous and sorely troubled childbirth her understanding was alienated, and the art of the best physicians in England could never restore it. She was not frantic; but had such a pretty deliration, that in her ravings there was oftentimes more attractiveness than in many sane persons' conversation. They mostly ran on pious themes, and she was wont to sing psalms, and talk of heaven, and that she hoped to see God there; and in many things she showed her old ability, such as fine embroidery and the making of preserves. One day her waiting-woman asked her to dress a person's wounds, which did greatly need it, and she set herself to do it in her accustomed manner; but at the sight of the wounds, she was seized with convulsions, and became violently delirious, so that Sir Hammond sharply reprehended the imprudent attendant, and forbade the like to be ever proposed to her again. He gave himself up to live retired with her, and ceased to be a magistrate, nor ever, that I could hear of, took any part again in the persecution of Catholics. The distemper which had estranged her mind in all things else, had left her love and obedience entire to her husband; and he entertained a more visible fondness, and evinced a greater respect for her after she was distempered, than he had ever done in the early days of their marriage. Methinks, the gentleness of her heart, and delicacy of her conscience, which till that misfortune had never, I ween, been burdened by any, even the least, self-reproach, and the lack of strength in her mind to endure an unusual stress, made the stroke of that accidental harm done to another through her means too heavy for her sufferance, and, as the poet saith, unsettled reason on her throne. For mine own part, but let others consider of it as they list, I think that had she been a Catholic by early training and distinct belief, as verily I hope she was in rightful intention, albeit unconsciously to herself (as I make no doubt many are in these days, wherein persons are growing up with no knowledge of religion except what Protestant parents do instill into them), that she would have had a greater courage for to bear this singular trial; which to a feeling natural heart did prove unbearable, but which to one accustomed to look on suffering as not the greatest of evils, and to hold such as are borne for conscience sake as great and glorious, would not have been so overwhelming. But herein I write, methinks, mine own condemnation, for that in the anguish of filial grief I failed to point out to her during those cruel moments of suspense that which in retrospection I do so clearly see. And so, may God accept the blighting of her young life, and the many sufferings of mine which I have still to record, as pawns of his intended mercies to both her and to me in his everlasting kingdom!

When I was about to set out for Norwich, late in the afternoon of that same day, Sir Hammond's messenger returned from thence with a letter from the governor of the gaol; wherein he wrote that the prisoner he had sent the night before was to proceed to London in a few hours with some other priests and recusants which the government had ordered to be conveyed thither and committed to divers prisons. He added, that he had complied with Sir Hammond's request, and shown so much favor to Mr. Tunstall as to transfer him, as soon as he

Digitized by Google

received his letter, from the common dungeon to a private cell, and to allow him to speak with another Catholic prisoner who had desired to see him. Upon this I prayed Sir Hammond to forward me on my journey to London, as now I desired nothing so much as to go there forthwith; which he did with no small alacrity and good disposition. Then, with so much speed as was possible, and so much suffering from the lapse of each hour that it seemed to me the journey should never end, I proceeded to what was now the object of my most impatient pinings,—the place where I should hear tidings of my father, and, if it should be possible, minister assistance to him in his great straits. At last I reached Holborn; and, to the no small amazement of my uncle, Mrs. Ward, and Muriel, revealed to them who Mr. Tunstall was, whose arrival at the prison of Bridewell Mrs. Ward had had notice of that morning, when she had been to visit Mr. Watson, which she had contrived to do for some time past in the manner I will soon relate.

CHAPTER XVI.

One of the first persons I saw in London was Hubert Rookwood, who, when he heard (for being Basil's brother I would not conceal it from him) that my father was in prison at Bridewell, expressed so much concern therein and resentment of my grief, that I was thereby moved to more kindly feelings toward him than I had of late entertained. He said that in the houses of the law which he frequented he had made friends which he hoped would intercede in his behalf, and thereby obtain, if not his release, yet so much alleviation of the hardships of a common prison as should render his condition more tolerable, and that he would lose no time in seeking to move them thereunto; but that our chief hope would lie in Sir Francis Walsingham, who, albeit much opposed to papists, had always showed himself willing to assist his friends of that way of thinking, and often procured for them some relief, which indeed none had more experienced than Mr. Congleton himself. Hubert commended the secrecy which had been observed touching my father's real name; for if he should be publicly known to be possessed of lands and related to noble families, it should be harder for any one to get him released than an obscure person; but nevertheless he craved license to intimate so much of the truth to Sir Francis as should appear convenient, for he had always observed that gentlemen are more compassionate to those of their own rank than to others of meaner birth. Mr. Congleton prayed him to use his own discretion therein, and said he should acquaint no one himself of it except his very good friend the Portuguese ambassador, who, if all other resources failed, might yet obtain of the queen herself some mitigation of his sentence. Thereupon followed some days of weary watching and waiting, in which my only comfort was Mistress Ward, who, by means of the gaoler's wife, who had obliged her in the like manner before, did get access from time to time to Mr. Watson, and brought him necessaries. From him she discovered that the prisoner in the nearest cell to his own was the so-called Mr. Tunstall, and that by knocks against the wall, ingeniously numbered so as to express the letters of the alphabet, as one for *a*, two for *b*, and so to the end thereof, they did communicate. So she straightway began to practice this management; but time allowed not of many speeches to pass between them. Yet in this way he sent me his blessing, and that he was of very good cheer; but that none should try for to visit him, for he had only one fear, which was to bring others into trouble; and, for himself, he was much beholden to her majesty, which had provided him with a quiet lodging and time to look to his soul's welfare; which evi-

Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY

dence of his cheerful and pious spirit comforted me not a little. Then that dear friend which had brought me this good comfort spoke of Mr. Watson, and said she desired to procure his escape from prison more than that of any other person in the same plight, not excepting my father. "For, good Constance," quoth she, "when a man is blest with a stout heart and cheerful mind, except it be for the sake of others, I pray you what kind of service do you think we render him by delaying the victory he is about to gain, and peradventure depriving him of the long-desired crown of martyrdom? But this good Mr. Watson, who as you well know was a zealous priest and pious missioner, nevertheless, some time after his apprehension and confinement in Bridewell, by force of torments and other miseries of that place, was prevailed upon to deny his faith so far as to go once to the Protestant service—not dragged there by force as some have been, but compelled thereunto by fear of intolerable sufferings, and was then set at liberty. But the poor man did not thus better his condition; for the torments of his mind, looking on himself as an apostate and traitor to the Church, he found to be more insupportable than any sufferings his gaolers put upon him. So, after some miserable weeks, he went to one of the prisons where some other priests were confined for to seek comfort and counsel from them; and, having confessed his fault with great and sincere sorrow, he received absolution, and straightway repaired to that church in Bridewell wherein he had in a manner denied his faith, and before all the people at that time therein assembled, declared himself a Catholic, and willing to go to prison and to death sooner than to join again in Protestant worship. Whereupon he was laid hold of, dragged to prison, and thrown into a dungeon so low and so straight that he could neither stand up in it nor lay himself down at his full length to sleep. They loaded him with irons, and kept him one whole month on bread and water; nor would suffer any one to come near him to comfort or speak with him."

"Alas!" I cried, "and is this, then, the place where my father is confined?"

"No," she answered; "after the space of a month Mr. Watson was translated to a lodging at the top of the house, wherein the prisoners are leastways able to stretch their limbs and to see the light; but he having been before prevailed on to yield against his conscience touching that point of going to Protestant worship, no peace is left to him by his persecutors, which never cease to urge on him some sort of conformity to their religion. And, Constance, when a man hath once been weak, what security can there be, albeit I deny not hope, that he shall always after stand firm?"

"But by what means," I eagerly asked, "do you forecast to procure his escape?"

"I have permission," she answered, "to bring him necessaries, which I do in a basket, on condition that I be searched at going in and coming out, for to make sure I convey not any letter unto him or from him; and this was so strictly observed the first month that they must needs break open the loaves or pies I take to him lest any paper should be conveyed inside. But they begin now to weary of this strict search, and do not care always to hearken when I speak with him; so he could tell me the last time I did visit him that he had found a way by which if he had but a cord long enough for his purpose, he could let himself down from the top of the house, and so make his escape in the night."

"Oh," I cried, "dear Mistress Ward, but this is a perilous venture, to aid a prisoner's escape. One which a daughter might run for her father, oh, how willingly, but for a stranger—"

"A stranger!" she answered. "Is he a stranger for whom Christ died, and whose precious soul is in danger,

Digitized by Google

even if not a priest; and being so, is he not entitled to more than common reverence, chiefly in these days when God's servants minister to us in the midst of such great straits to both soul and body?"

"I cry God mercy," I said; "I did term him a stranger who gave ghostly comfort to my dear mother on her death-bed; but oh, dear Mistress Ward, I thought on your peril, who, he knoweth, hath been as a mother to me for these many years. And then—if you are resolved to run this danger, should it not be possible to save my father also by the same means? Two cords should not be more difficult to convey, methinks, than one, and the peril not greater."

"If I could speak with him," she replied, "it would not be impossible. I will tell Muriel to make two instead of one of these cords, which she doth twine in some way she learnt from a Frenchman, so strong as, albeit slight, to have the strength of a cable. But without we do procure two men with a boat for to fetch the prisoners when they descend, 'tis little use to make the attempt. And it be easier, I warrant thee, Constance, to run one's self into a manifest danger than to entice others to the like."

"Should it be safe," I asked, "to speak thereon to Hubert Rookwood? He did exhibit this morning much zeal in my father's behalf, and promised to move Sir Francis Walsingham to procure his release."

"How is he disposed touching religion?" she asked, in a doubtful manner.

"Alas!" I answered, "there is a secrecy in his nature which in more ways than one doth prove unvestigable, leastways to me; but when he comes this evening I will sound him thereon. Would his brother were in London! Then we should not lack counsel and aid in this matter."

"We do sorely need both," she answered; "for your good uncle, than which a better man never lived, wanes feeble in body, and hence easily overcome by the fears such enterprises involve. Mr. Wells is not in London at this time, or he should have been a very palladium of strength in this necessity. Hubert Rookwood hath, I think, a good head."

"What we do want is a brave heart," I replied, thinking on Basil.

"But wits also," she said.

"Basil hath them too," I answered, forgetting that only in mine own thinking had he been named.

"Yea," she cried, "who doth doubt it? but, alas! he is not here."

Then I prayed her not to be too rash in the prosecution of her design. "Touching my father," I said, "I have yet some hope of his release; and as long as any remaineth, flight should be methinks a too desperate attempt to be thought of."

"Yea," she answered, "in most cases it would be so." But Mr. Watson's disposition she perceived to be such as would meet a present danger and death itself, she thought, with courage, but not of that stamp which could endure prolonged fears or infliction of torments.

Since my coming to London I had been too much engaged in these weighty cares to go abroad; but on that day I resolved, if it were possible, to see my Lady Surrey. A report had reached me that the breach between her and her husband had so much deepened that a separation had ensued, which if true, I, which knew her as well almost as mine own self, could judge what her grief must be. I was also moved to this endeavor by the hope that if my Lord Arundel was not too sick to be spoken with, she should perhaps obtain some help through his means for that dear prisoner whose captivity did weigh so heavily on my heart.

So, with a servant to attend on me, I went through the city to the Charter-house, and with a misgiving mind heard from the porter that Lady Surrey lodged not there, but at Arundel House, whither she had removed soon after her coming to London. Me-

Digitized by Google

thought that in the telling of it this man exhibited a sorrowful countenance; but not choosing to question one of his sort on so weighty a matter, I went on to Arundel House, where, after some delay, I succeeded in gaining admittance to Lady Surrey's chamber, whose manner, when she first saw me, lacked the warmth which I was used to in her greetings. There seemed some fear in her lest I should speak unadvisedly that which she would be loth to hear; and her strangeness and reserve methinks arose from reluctance to have the wound in her heart probed,—too sore a one, I ween, even for the tender handling of a friend. I inquired of her if my Lord Arundel's health had improved. She said he was better, and like soon to be as well as could be hoped for now-a-days, when his infirmities had much increased.

"Then you will return to Kenninghall?" I said, letting my speech outrun discretion.

"No," she replied; "I purpose never more to leave my Lord Arundel or my Lady Lumley as long as they do live, which I pray God may be many years."

And then she sat without speaking, biting her lips and wringing the kerchief she held in her hands, as if to keep her grief from outbursting. I dared not to comment on her resolve, for I foresaw that the least word which should express some partaking of her sorrow, or any question relating to it, would let loose a torrent weakly stayed by a mightful effort, not like to be of long avail. So I spoke of mine own troubles, and the events which had occasioned my sudden departure from Lynn Court. She had heard of Lady l'Estrange's mishap, and that the following day I had journeyed to London; but naught of the causes thereof, or of the apprehension of any priest by Sir Hammond's orders. Which, when she learnt the manner of this misfortune, and the poor lady's share therein, and that it was my father she had thus unwittingly discovered, her countenance softened, and throwing her arms round my neck, she bitterly wept, which at that moment methinks did her more good than anything else.

"Oh, mine own good Constance," she said, "I doubt not nature raiseth many passionate workings in your soul at this time; but, my dear wench, when good men are in trouble our grief for them should be as noble as their virtues. Bethink thee what a worst sorrow it should be to have a vile father, one that thou must needs love,—for who can tear out of his heart affection strong as life?—and he should then prove unworthy. Believe me, Constance, God gives to each, even in this world, a portion of their deserts. Such griefs as thy present one I take to be rare instances of his favor. Other sorts of trials are meet for cowardly souls which refuse to set their lips to a chalice of suffering, and presently find themselves submerged in a sea of woes. But can I help thee, sweet one? Is there aught I can do to lighten thy affliction? Hast thou license for to see thy father?"

"No, dear lady," I answered; "and his name being concealed, I may not petition as his daughter for this permission; but if my Lord Arundel should be so good a lord to me as to obtain leave for me to visit this prisoner, without revealing his name and condition, he should do me the greatest benefit in the world."

"I will move him thereunto," my lady said. "But he who had formerly no equal in the queen's favor, and to whom she doth partly owe her crown, is now in his sickness and old age of so little account in her eyes, that trifling favors are often denied him to whom she would once have said: 'Ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it unto thee.' But what my poor endeavors can effect through him or others shall not be lacking in this thy need. But I am not in that condition I was once like to have enjoyed." Then with her eyes cast on the ground she seemed for to doubt if she should

Digitized by Google

speak plainly, or still shut up her grief in silence. As I sat painfully expecting her next words, the door opened, and two ladies were announced, which she whispered in mine ear she would fain not have admitted at that time, but that Lord Arundel's desire did oblige her to entertain them. One was Mistress Bellamy, and the other her daughter, Mistress Frances, a young gentlewoman of great beauty and very lively parts, which I had once before seen at Lady Ingoldsby's house. She was her parents' sole daughter, and so idolized by them that they seemed to live only to minister to her fancies. Lord Arundel was much bounden to this family by ancient ties of friendship, which made him urgent with his granddaughter that she should admit them to her privacy. I admired in this instance how suddenly those which have been used to exercise such self-command as high breeding doth teach can school their exterior to seem at ease, and even of good cheer, when most ill at ease interiorly, and with hearts very heavy. Lady Surrey greeted these visitors with as much courtesy, and listened to their discourse with as much civility and smiles when called for, as if no burthensome thoughts did then oppress her.

Many and various themes were touched upon in the random talk which ensued. First, that wonted one of the queen's marriage, which some opined should verily now take place with Monsieur d'Alençon; for that since his stealthy visits to England, she did wear in her bosom a brooch of jewels in a frog's shape.

"Ay," quoth Mistress Frances, "that stolen visit which awoke the ire of the poor soul Stubbs, who styled it 'an unmanlike, unprincelike, French kind of wooing,' and endeth his book of 'The Gaping Gulph' in a loyal rage: 'Here is, therefore, an imp of the crown of France, to marry the crowned nymph of England,'—a nymph indeed well stricken in years. My brother was standing by when Stubbs' hand was cut off; for nothing else would content that sweet royal nymph, albeit the lawyers stoutly contended the statute under which he suffered to be null and void. As soon as his right hand is off, the man takes his hat off with the left, and cries 'God bless the queen!'"

"Here is a wonder," I exclaimed; "I pray you, what is the art this queen doth possess by which she holdeth the hearts of her subjects in so great thrall, albeit so cruel to them which do offend her?"

"Lady Harrington hath told me her majesty's own opinion thereon," said Mrs. Bellamy; "for one day she did ask her in a merry sort, 'How she kept her husband's good-will and love?' To which she made reply that she persuaded her husband of her affection, and in so doing did command his. Upon which the queen cries out, 'Go to, go to, Mistress Moll! you are wisely bent, I find. After such sort do I keep the good wills of all my husbands, my good people; for if they did not rest assured of some special love toward them, they would not readily yield me such good obedience.'"

"Tut, tut!" cried Mistress Frances; "all be not such fools as John Stubbs; and she knoweth how to take rebukes from such as she doth not dare to offend. By the same token that Sir Philip Sydney hath written to dissuade her from this French match, and likewise Sir Francis Walsingham, which last did hint at her advancing years; and her highness never so much as thought of striking off their hands. But I warrant you a rebellion shall arise if this queen doth issue such prohibitions as she hath lately done."

"Of what sort?" asked Lady Surrey.

"First, to forbid," Mrs. Bellamy said, "any new building to be raised within three thousand paces of the gates of London on pain of imprisonment, and sundry other penalties; or for more than one family to inhabit in one house. For her majesty holds it

Digitized by Google

should be an impossible thing to govern or maintain order in a city larger than this London at the present time."

Mistress Frances declared this law to be more tolerable than the one against the size of ladies' ruffs, which were forsooth not to exceed a certain measure; and officers appointed for to stand at the corners of streets and to clip such as overpassed the permitted dimensions, which sooner than submit to she should die.

Lady Surrey smiled, and said she should have judged so from the size of her fine ruff.

"But her majesty is impartial," quoth Mrs. Bellamy; "for the gentlemen's rapiers are served in the same manner. And verily this law hath nearly procured a war with France; for in Smithfield Lane some clownish constables stayed M. de Castelnau, and laid hands on his sword for to shorten it to the required length. I leave you to judge, Lady Surrey, of this ambassador's fury. Sir Henry Seymour, who was taking the air in Smithfield at the time, perceived him standing with the drawn weapon in his hand, threatening to kill whosoever should approach him, and destruction on this realm of England if the officers should dare to touch his sword again; and this with such frenzy of speech in French mixed with English none could understand, that God knoweth what should have ensued if Sir Henry had not interfered. Her majesty was forced to make an apology to this mounseer for that her officers had ignorantly attempted to clip the sword of her good brother's envoy."

"Why doth she not clip," Mistress Frances said, "if such be her present humor, the orange manes of her gray Dutch horses, which are the frightfullest things in the world?"

"'Tis said," quoth Mrs. Bellamy, "that a new French embassy is soon expected, with the dauphin of Auvergne at its head."

"Yea," cried her daughter, "and four handsome English noblemen to meet them at the Tower stairs, and conduct them to the new banqueting-house at Westminster,—my Lord Surrey, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sydney, and Sir Fulke Greville. Methinks this should be a very fine sight, if rain doth not fall to spoil it."

I saw my Lady Surrey's countenance change when her husband was mentioned; and Mrs. Bellamy looked at her daughter forasmuch as to check her thoughtless speeches, which caused this young lady to glance round the room, seeking, as it seemed, for some other topic of conversation.

Methinks I should not have preserved so lively a recollection of the circumstances of this visit if some dismal tidings which reached me afterward touching this gentlewoman, then so thoughtless and innocent, had not revived in me the memory of her gay prattle, bright unabashed eyes, and audacious dealing with subjects so weighty and dangerous, that any one less bold should have feared to handle them. After the pause which ensued on the mention of Lord Surrey's name, she took for her text what had been said touching the prohibitions lately issued concerning ruffs and rapiers, and began to mock at her majesty's favorites; yea, and to mimic her majesty herself with so much humor that her well-acted satire must have needs constrained any one to laugh. Then, not contented with these dangerous jests, she talked such direct treason against her highness as to say she hoped to see her dethroned, and a fair Catholic sovereign to reign in her stead, who would be less shrewish to young and handsome ladies. Then her mother cried her, for mercy's sake, to restrain her mad speech, which would serve one day to bring them all into trouble, for all she meant it in jest.

"Marry, good mother," she answered, "not in jest at all; for I do verily hold myself bound to no allegiance to this queen, and would gladly see her get her deserts."

Then Lady Surrey prayed her not to speak so rashly; but methought in

Digitized by Google

her heart, and somewhat I could perceive of this in her eyes, she misliked not wholly this young lady's words, who then spoke of religion; and oh, how zealous therein she did appear, how boldly affirmed (craving Lady Surrey's pardon, albeit she would warrant, she said, there was no need to do so, her ladyship she had heard being half a papist herself) that she had as lief be racked twenty times over and die also, or her face to be so disfigured that none should call her ever after anything but a fright—which martyrdom she held would exceed any yet thought of—than so much as hold her tongue concerning her faith, or stay from telling her majesty to her face, if she should have the chance to get speech with her, that she was a foul heretic, and some other truths beside, which but once to utter in her presence, come of it what would, should be a delicious pleasure. Then she railed at the Catholics which blessed the queen before they suffered for their religion, proving them wrong with ingenious reasons and fallacious arguments, mixed with pleasantries not wholly becoming such grave themes. But it should have seemed as reasonable to be angry with a child babbling at random of life and death in the midst of its play, as with this creature, the lightest of heart, the fairest in face, the most winsome in manner, and most careless of danger, that ever did set sail on life's stream.

Oh, how all this rose before me again, when I heard, two years afterward, that for her bold recusancy—alas! more bold, as the sequel proved, than deep, more passionate than fervent—this only cherished daughter, this innocent maiden, the mirror of whose fame no breath had sullied, and on whose name no shadow had rested, was torn by the pursuivants from her parents' home, and cast into a prison with companions at the very aspect of which virtue did shudder. And the unvaliant courage, the weak bravery, of this indulged and wayward young lady had no strength wherewith to resist the surging tides of adversity. No voice of parent, friend, or ghostly father reached her in that abode of despair. No visible angel visited her, but a fiend in human form haunted her dungeon. Liberty and pleasure he offered in exchange for virtue, honor, and faith. She fell; sudden and great was that fall.

There is a man the name of which hath blenched the cheeks and riven the hearts of Catholics, one who hath caused many amongst them to lose their lands and to part from their homes, to die on gibbets and their limbs to be torn asunder—one Richard Topcliffe. But, methinks, of all the voices which shall be raised for to accuse him at Christ's judgment-seat, the loudest will be Frances Bellamy's. Her ruin was his work; one of those works which, when a man is dead, do follow him; whither, God knoweth!

Oh, you who saw her, as I did, in her young and innocent years, can you read this without shuddering? Can you think on it without weeping? As her fall was sudden, so was the change it wrought. With it vanished affections, hopes, womanly feelings, memory of the past; nay, methinks therein I err. Memory did yet abide, but linked with hatred; Satan's memory of heaven. From depths to depths she hath sunk, and is now wedded to a mean wretch, the gaoler of her old prison. So rank a hatred hath grown in her against recusants and mostly priests, that it rages like a madness in her soul, which thirsts for their blood. Some months back, about the time I did begin to write this history, news reached me that she had sold the life of that meek saint, that sweet poet, Father Southwell, of which even an enemy, Lord Mountjoy, did say, when he had seen him suffer, "I pray God, where that man's soul now is, mine may one day be." Her father had concealed him in that house where she had dwelt in her innocent days. None but the family knew the secret of its hiding-place.

Digitized by Google

She did reveal it, and took gold for her wages! What shall be that woman's death-bed? What trace doth remain on her soul of what was once a share in the divine nature? May one of God's ministers be nigh unto her in that hour for to bid her not despair! If Judas had repented, Jesus would have pardoned him. Peradventure, misery without hope of relief overthrew her brain. I do pray for her always. 'Tis a vain thought perhaps, but I sometimes wish I might, though I see not how to compass it, yet once speak with her before she or I die. Methinks I could say such words as should touch some old chord in her dead heart. God knoweth! That day I write of, little did I ween what her end would be. But yet it feared me to hear one so young and of so frail an aspect speak so boastfully; and it seemed even then to my inexperienced mind, that my Lady Surrey, who had so humbly erewhile accused herself of cowardice and lamented her weakness, should be in a safer plight, albeit as yet unreconciled.

The visit I have described had lasted some time, when a servant came with a message to her ladyship from Mr. Hubert Rookwood, who craved to be admitted on an urgent matter. She glanced at me somewhat surprised, upon which I made her a sign that she should condescend to his request; for I supposed he had seen Sir Francis Walsingham, and was in haste to confer with me touching that interview; and she ordered him to be admitted. Mrs. Bellamy and her daughter rose to go soon after his entrance; and whilst Lady Surrey conducted them to the door he asked me if her ladyship was privy to the matter in hand. When I had satisfied him thereof, he related what had passed in an interview he had with Sir Francis, whom he found ill-disposed at first to stir in the matter, for he said his frequent remonstrances in favor of recusants had been like to bring him into odium with some of the more zealous Protestants, and that he must needs, in every case of that sort, prove it to be his sole object to bring such persons more surely, albeit slowly, by means of toleration, to a rightful conformity; and that with regard to priests he was very loth to interfere.

"I was compelled," quoth Hubert, "to use such arguments as fell in with the scope of his discourse, and to flatter him with the hope of good results in that which he most desired, if he would procure Mr. Sherwood's release, which I doubt not he hath power to effect. And in the end he consented to lend his aid therein, on condition he should prove on his side so far conformable as to suffer a minister to visit and confer with him touching religion, which would then be a pretext for his release, as if it were supposed he was well disposed toward Protestant religion, and a man more like to embrace the truth when at liberty than if driven to it by stress of confinement. Then he would procure," he added, "an order for his passage to France. if he promised not to return, except he should be willing to obey the laws."

"I fear me much," I answered, "my father will not accept these terms which Sir Francis doth offer. Methinks he will consider they do involve some lack of the open profession of his faith."

"It would be madness for one in his plight to refuse them," Hubert exclaimed, and appealed thereon to Lady Surrey, who said she did indeed think as he did, for it was not like any better could be obtained.

It pained me he should refer to her, who from conformity to the times could not well conceive how tender a Catholic conscience should feel at the least approach to dissembling on this point.

"Wherein," he continued, "is the harm for to confer with a minister, or how can it be construed into a denial of a man's faith to listen to his arguments, unless, indeed, he feels himself to be in danger of being shaken by them?"

"You very well know," I exclaimed

Digitized by Google

with some warmth, "that not to be my meaning, or what I suppose his should be. Our priests do constantly crave for public disputations touching religion, albeit they eschew secret ones, which their adversaries make a pretext of to spread reports of their inability to defend their faith, or willingness to abandon it. But heaven forbid I should anyways prejudge this question; and if with a safe conscience —and with no other I am assured will he do it—my father doth subscribe to this condition, then God be praised for it!"

"But you will move him to it, Mistress Constance?" he said.

"If I am so happy," I answered, "as to get speech with him, verily I will entreat him not to throw away his life, so precious to others, if so be he can save it without detriment to his conscience."

"Conscience!" Hubert exclaimed, "methinks that word is often misapplied in these days."

"How so?" I asked, investigating his countenance, for I misdoubted his meaning. Lady Surrey likewise seemed desirous to hear what he should say on that matter.

"Conscience," he answered, "should make persons, and mostly women, careful how they injure others, and cause heedless suffering, by a too great stiffness in refusing conformity to the outward practices which the laws of the country enforce, when it affects not the weightier points of faith, which God forbid any Catholic should deny. There is often as much of pride as of virtue in such rash obstinacy touching small yieldings as doth involve the ruin of a family, separation of parents and children, and more evils than can be thought of."

"Hubert," I said, fixing mine eyes on him with a searching look he cared not, I ween, to meet, for he cast his on a paper he had in his hand, and raised them not while I spoke, "it is by such reasonings first, and then by such small yieldings as you commend, that some have been led two or three times in their lives, yea, oftener perhaps, to profess different religions, and to take such contradictory oaths as have been by turns prescribed to them under different sovereigns, and God each time called on to witness their perjuries, whereby truth and falsehood in matters of faith shall come in time to be words without any meaning."

Then he: "You do misapprehend me, Mistress Constance, if you think I would counsel a man to utter a falsehood, or feign to believe that which in his heart he thinketh to be false. But, in heaven's name, I pray you, what harm will your father do if he listens to a minister's discourse, and suffers it to be set forth he doth ponder thereon, and in the meantime escapes to France? whereas, if he refuses the loophole now offered to him, he causeth not to himself alone, but to you and his other friends, more pain and sorsow than can be thought of, and deprives the Church of one of her servants, when her need of them is greatest."

I made no reply to this last speech; for albeit I thought my father would not accede to these terms, I did not so far trust mine own judgment thereon as to predict with certainty what his answer should be. And then Hubert said he had an order from Sir Francis that would admit me on the morrow to see my father; and he offered to go with me, and Mistress Ward too, if I listed, to present it, albeit I alone should enter his cell. I thanked him, and fixed the time of our going.

When he had left us, Lady Surrey commended his zeal, and also his moderate spirit, which did charitably allow, she said, for such as conformed to the times for the sake of others which their reconcilement would very much injure.

Before I could reply she changed this discourse, and, putting her hands on my shoulders and kissing my forehead, said,

"My Lady Lumley hath heard so much from her poor niece of one Mis-

Digitized by Google

tress Constance Sherwood, that she doth greatly wish to see this young gentlewoman and very resolved papist." And then taking me by the arm she led me to that lady's chamber, where I had as kind a welcome as ever I received from any one from her ladyship, who said "her dear Nan's friends should be always as dear to her as her own," and added many fine commendations greatly exceeding my deserts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The London Quarterly Review.

GLEANINGS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE TROPICS.

ART. VI.—1. *A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro, etc.* By Alfred R. Wallace. London: 1853.

2. *Himalayan Journals; or, Notes of a Naturalist in Bengal, the Sikkim, and Nepal Himalayas.* By Joseph D. Hooker, M.D., R.N., F.R.S. London: 1854.

3. *Three Visits to Madagascar during the Years* 1853, 1854, 1856, *with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, etc.* By the Rev. W. Ellis, F.H.S. London: 1859.

4. *The Tropical World: A Popular Scientific Account of the Natural History of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms.* By Dr. G. Hartwig. London: 1863.

5. *The Naturalist on the River Amazons: A Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, etc., during eleven Years of Travel.* By Henry Walter Bates. London: 1863.

THE naturalist will never have to complain, with Alexander, that he has no more worlds to conquer, so inexhaustible is the wide field of nature, and so numerous are the vast areas which as yet have never at all, or only partially, been explored by travellers. What may not be in store for some future adventurer in little known regions; what new and wonderful forms of animals and plants may not reward the zealous traveller, when no less than eight thousand species of animals new to science have been discovered by Mr. Bates during his eleven years' residence on the Amazons? Nor is it alone new forms of animated nature that await the enterprise of the naturalist; a whole mine of valuable material, the working of which is attended with the greatest pleasure, lies before him in the discovery of new facts with regard to the habits, structure, and local distribution of animals and plants. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance to the philosophic naturalist of such studies in these days of thought and progress. The collector of natural curiosities may be content with the possession of a miscellaneous lot of objects, but the man of science pursues his investigations with a view of discovering, if possible, some of those wonderful laws which govern the organic world, some of the footprints of the Creator in the production of the countless forms of animal and vegetable life with which this beautiful world abounds.

We purpose in this article to bring before the reader's notice a few gleanings from the natural history of the tropics, merely surmising that we shall linger with more than ordinary pleasure over the productions of tropical

Digitized by Google

South America, of which Mr. Bates has charmingly and most instructively written in his recently published work, whose title is given at the head of this article; we shall pause to admire, with Dr. Hooker, some of the productions of the mighty Himalayan mountains; and we may also visit Madagascar in company with so trustworthy a traveller as Mr. Ellis.

The ancients, before the time of Alexander's Indian expedition, were unacquainted with any tropical forms of plants, and great was their astonishment when they first beheld them:

"Gigantic forms of plants and animals," as Humboldt says, "filled the imagination with exciting imagery. Writers from whose severe and scientific style any degree of inspiration is elsewhere entirely absent, become poetical when describing the habits of the elephant,—the height of the trees, 'to the summit of which an arrow cannot reach, and whose leaves are broader than the shields of infantry,'—the bamboo, a light, feathery, arborescent grass, of which single joints (*internodia*) served as four-oared boats,—and the Indian fig-tree, whose pendant branches take root around the parent stem, which attains a diameter of twenty-eight feet, 'forming,' as Onesicritus expresses himself with great truth to nature, 'a leafy canopy similar to a many-pillared tent.'" *

It is not possible for language to describe the glory of the forests of the Amazon, and yet the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests, so often mentioned by travellers, are striking realities. Let us read Mr. Bates's impressions of the interior of a primeval forest:

"The silence and gloom," he says, "are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive and mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often even in the still hours of mid-day a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are beside many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the curupira, the wild man, or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain."

Mr. Bates has some exceedingly interesting observations on the tendency of animals and plants of the Brazilian forests to become climbers. Speaking of a swampy forest of Pará he says:

"The leafy crowns of the trees, scarcely two of which could be seen together of the same kind, were now far away above us, in another world as it were. We could only see at times, where there was a break above, the tracery of the foliage against the clear blue sky. Sometimes the leaves were palmate, at others finely cut or feathery like the leaves of mimosæ. Below, the tree trunks were everywhere linked together by sipos; the woody, flexible stems of climbing and creeping trees, whose foliage is far away above, mingled with that of the latter inde-

* "Cosmos," vol. ii., p. 155. Sabine's Translation.

Digitized by Google

pendent trees. Some were twisted in strands like cables, others had thick stems contorted in every variety of shape, entwining snake-like round the tree-trunks, or forming gigantic loops and coils among the larger branches; others again were of zigzag shape or indented like the steps of a staircase, sweeping from the ground to a giddy height."

Of these climbing plants he adds:

"It interested me much afterward to find these climbing trees do not form any particular family or genus. There is no order of plants whose especial habit is to climb, but species of many of the most diverse families, the bulk of whose members are not climbers, seem to have been driven by circumstances to adopt this habit. The orders Leguminosæ, Guttiferæ, Bignoniaceæ, Moraceæ, and others, furnish the greater number. There is even a climbing genus of palms (*Desmoncus*), the species of which are called in the Tupí language Jacitára. These have slender, thickly-spined, and flexuous stems, which twine about the latter trees from one to the other, and grow to an incredible length. The leaves, which have the ordinary pinnate shape characteristic of the family, are emitted from the stems at long intervals, instead of being collected into a dense crown, and have at their tips a number of long recurved spines. These structures are excellent contrivances to enable the trees to secure themselves by in climbing, but they are a great nuisance to the traveller, for they sometimes hang over the pathway and catch the hat or clothes, dragging off the one or tearing the other as he passes. The number and variety of climbing trees in the Amazon forests are interesting, taken in connection with the fact of the very general tendency of the animals also to become climbers."

Of this tendency amongst animals Mr. Bates thus writes:

"All the Amazonian, and in fact all South American monkeys, are climbers. There is no group answering to the baboons of the old world, which live on the ground. The gallinaceous birds of the country, the representatives of the fowls and pheasants of Asia and Africa, are all adapted by the position of the toes to perch on trees, and it is only on trees, at a great height, that they are to be seen. A genus of Plantigrade Carnivora, allied to the bears (*Cercoleptes*), found only in the Amazonian forests, is entirely arboreal, and has a long flexible tail like that of certain monkeys. Many other similar instances could be enumerated, but I will mention only the Geodephaga, or carnivorous ground beetles, a great proportion of whose genera and species in these forest regions are, by the structure of their feet, fitted to live exclusively on the branches and leaves of trees."

Strange to the European must be the appearance of the numerous woody lianas, or air-roots of the parasitic plants of the family *Araceæ*, of which the well-known cuckoo-pint, or *Arum maculatum*, of this country is a non-epiphytous member, which sit on the branches of the trees above, and "hang down straight as plumb-lines," some singly, others in leashes; some reaching half-way to the ground, others touching it, and taking root in the ground. Here, too, in these forests of Pará, beside palms of various species, "some twenty to thirty feet high, others small and delicate, with stems no thicker than a finger," of the genus *Bactris*, producing bunches of fruit with grape-like juice, masses of a species of banana (*Urania Amizonica*), a beautiful plant with leaves "like broad sword-blades," eight feet long, and one foot broad, add fresh interest to the scene. These leaves rise straight upward alternately from the top of a stem five or six feet high. Various kinds of Marants, a family of plants rich in amylaceous qualities (of which the *Maranta arundinacea*, though not an American plant, yields the best arrowroot of commerce), clothe the ground, conspicuous for their

Digitized by Google

broad glossy leaves. Ferns of beautiful and varied forms decorate the tree-trunks, together with the large fleshy heart-shaped leaves of the Pothos plant. Gigantic grasses, such as bamboos, form arches over the pathways. "The appearance of this part of the forest was strange in the extreme, description can convey no adequate idea of it. The reader who has visited Kew, may form some notion by conceiving a vegetation like that in the great palm-house spread over a large tract of swampy ground, but he must fancy it mingled with large exogenous trees, similar to our oaks and elms, covered with creepers and parasites, and figure to himself the ground encumbered with fallen and rotting trunks, branches, and leaves, the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture!" Amid these "swampy shades" numerous butterflies delight to flit. An entomologist in England is proud, indeed, when he succeeds in capturing the beautiful and scarce Camberwell beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*) or the splendid purple emperor (*Apatura iris*), but these fine species do not exceed three inches in expanse of wing, while the glossy blue-and-black *Morpho Achilles* measure six inches or more. The velvety black *Papilio Sesostris*, with a large silky green patch on its wings, and other species of this genus, are almost exclusively inhabitants of the moist shades of the forest. The beautiful *Epicalea ancea*, "one of the most richly colored of the whole tribe of butterflies, being black, decorated with broad stripes of pale blue and orange, delights to settle on the broad leaves of the Uraniæ and other similar plants." But like many other natural beauties, it is difficult to gain possession of, darting off with lightning speed when approached. Mr. Bates tells us that it is the males only of the different species which are brilliantly colored, the females being plainer and often so utterly unlike their partners that they are generally held to be different species until proved to be the same. The observations of this admirable naturalist on other points in the history of the butterflies of the Amazons, are highly important and deeply interesting. We must recur to this subject by-and-by.

We cannot yet tear ourselves away from these forests of Pará. We can well understand the intense interest with which Mr. Bates visited these delightful scenes month after month, in different seasons, so as to obtain something like a fair notion of their animal and vegetable productions. It is enough to make a naturalist's mouth water for a week together to think of the many successful strolls which Mr. Bates took amid the shades of these forests. For several months, he tells us, he used to visit this district two or three days every week, and never failed to obtain some species new to him of bird, reptile, or insect:

"This district," he says, "seemed to be an epitome of all that the humid portions of the Pará forest could produce. This endless diversity, the coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, the entire freedom from mosquitoes and other pests, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combined to make my rambles through it always pleasant as well as profitable. Such places are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn there is no situation more favorable for his indulging the tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean in its effects on the mind—man feels so completely his insignificance there and the vastness of nature. A naturalist cannot help reflecting on the vegetable forces manifested on so grand a scale around him."

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Bates are well-known advocates of Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection. The former gentleman was Mr. Bates's companion in travel for four years, and he has published a very interesting account of his voyage on his return to England. Whatever differences of opinion there may be with respect to

Digitized by Google

the celebrated work which Mr. Darwin gave to the world four or five years ago, unbiassed and thoughtful naturalists must recognize the force with which the author supports many of his arguments, and the fairness with which he encounters every difficulty. The competition displayed by organized beings is strikingly manifested in the Brazilian forests. So unmistakable is this fact, that Burmeister, a German traveller, was painfully impressed with the contemplation of the emulation and "spirit of restless selfishness" which the vegetation of a tropical forest displayed. "He thought the softness, earnestness, and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing, and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations;" a curious question, which we leave to the consideration of moral philosophers. The emulation displayed by the plants and trees of the forests of Pará is thus spoken of by Mr. Bates:

"In these tropical forests each plant and tree seems to be striving to outvie its fellow, struggling upward toward light and air—branch, and leaf, and stem—regardless of its neighbors. Parasitic plants are seen fastening with firm grip on others, making use of them with reckless indifference as instruments for their own advancement. Live and let live is clearly not the maxim taught in these wildernesses. There is one kind of parasitic tree very common near Pará, which exhibits this feature in a very prominent manner. It is called the Sipó Matador, or the Murderer Liana. It belongs to the fig order, and has been described by Von Martius in the 'Atlas to Spix and Martius's Travels.' I observed many specimens. The base of its stem would be unable to bear the weight of the upper growth; it is obliged, therefore, to support itself on a tree of another species. In this it is not essentially different from other climbing trees and plants, but the way the matador sets about it is peculiar, and produces certainly a disagreeable impression. It springs up close to the tree on which it intends to fix itself, and the wood of its stem grows by spreading itself like a plastic mould over one side of the trunk of its supporter. It then puts forth from each side an arm-like branch, which grows rapidly, and looks as though a stream of sap were flowing and hardening as it went. This adheres closely to the trunk of the victim, and the two arms meet on the opposite side and blend together. These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upward, and the victim when its strangler is full grown becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbor, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim, which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end approaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

The strangling properties of some of the fig-tree family are indeed very remarkable, and may be witnessed not only in South America, but in India, Ceylon, and Australia. Frazer observed several kinds of *Ficus*, more than 150 feet high, embracing huge ironbark trees in the forests at Moreton Bay. The *Ficus repens*, according to Sir Emerson Tennent, is often to be seen clambering over rocks, like ivy, turning through heaps of stones, or ascending some tall tree to the height of thirty or forty feet, while the thickness of its own stem does not exceed a quarter of an inch. The small plants of this family, of which the Murdering Liana is one species, grow and reproduce their kind from seeds

Digitized by Google

deposited in the ground; but the huge representatives of the family, such as the banyan-tree, whose

"Bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree;"

and the Peepul, or sacred Bo-tree of the Buddhists (*Ficus religiosa*), originate from seeds carried by birds to upper portions of some palm or other tree. Fig-trees, as Sir E. Tennent has remarked, are "the Thugs of the vegetable world; for, though not necessarily epiphytic, it may be said that, in point of fact, no single plant comes to perfection or acquires even partial development without the destruction of some other on which to fix itself as its supporter." The mode of growth of these trees is well described by the excellent writer just mentioned, and we shall make use of his own language:

"The family generally make their first appearance as slender roots hanging from the crown or trunk of some other tree, generally a palm, among the moist bases of whose leaves the seed carried thither by some bird which had fed upon the fig begins to germinate. This root, branching as it descends, envelops the trunk of the supporting tree with a net-work of wood, and at length, penetrating the ground, attains the dimensions of a stem. But, unlike a *stem*, it throws out no buds or flowers; the true stem, with its branches, its foliage, and fruit, springs upward from the crown of the tree whence the root is seen descending; and from it issue the pendulous rootlets, which on reaching the earth fix themselves firmly, and form the marvellous growth for which the banyan is so celebrated. In the depth of this grove the original tree is incarcerated till, literally strangled by the folds and weight of its resistless companion, it dies and leaves the fig in undisturbed possession of its place."*

But not trees alone do these vegetable garrotters embrace in their fatal grasp, ancient monuments are also destroyed by these formidable assailants. Sir E. Tennent has given an engraving of a fig-tree on the ruins at Pollanarrua, in Ceylon, which had fixed itself on the walls—a curious sight, indeed—"its roots streaming downward over the ruins as if they had once been fluid, following every sinuosity of the building and terraces till they reach the earth." An extremely interesting series of drawings is now to be seen in the Linnean Society's room at Burlington House, illustrating the mode of growth of another strangling or murdering tree, of New Zealand, belonging to an entirely different order from that to which the figs belong (*Urticaceæ*), namely, to one of the *Myrtaceæ*. The association of garrotting habits with those of the stinging nettle family is apt enough, we may be inclined to think; but it is rather disappointing to meet with these disagreeable peculiarities in the case of the myrtle group; but such is the fact: the Rata, or *Metrosideros robusta*—as we believe is the species—climbs to the summits of mighty trees of the forest of Wangaroa, and kills them in its iron grasp. But, notwithstanding these unpleasant impressions which "the reckless energy of the vegetation might produce" in the traveller's mind, there is plenty in tropical nature to counteract them:

"There is the incomparable beauty and variety of the foliage, the vivid color, the richness and exuberance everywhere displayed, which make the richest woodland scenery in northern Europe a sterile desert in comparison. But it is especially the enjoyment of life manifested by individual existences which compensates for the destruction and pain caused by the inevitable competition. Although this competition is nowhere more active, and the dangers to which each individual is exposed nowhere more numerous, yet nowhere is this enjoyment more vividly displayed."

Mr. Bates mentions a peculiar feature in some of the colossal trees which here and there monopolize a large

* "Ceylon," i., p. 95.

Digitized by Google

space in the forests. The height of some of these giants he estimates at from 180 to 200 feet, whose "vast dome of foliage rises above the other forest trees as a domed cathedral does above the other buildings in a city." In most of the large trees of different species is to be seen "a growth of buttress-shaped projections around the lower part of their stems. The spaces between these buttresses—which are generally thin walls of wood—form spacious chambers, and may be compared to stalls in a stable; some of them are large enough to hold half-a-dozen persons." What are these buttresses, how do they originate, and what is their use? We have already seen how great is the competition amongst the trees of a primeval forest, and how every square inch is eagerly battled for by the number of competitors. In consequence of this it is obvious that lateral growth of roots in the earth is a difficult matter. "Necessity being the mother of invention," the roots, unable to expand laterally, "raise themselves ridge-like out of the earth, growing gradually upward as the increasing height of the tree required augmented support." A beautiful compensation, truly, and full of deep interest! As Londoners add upper stories to their houses where competition has rendered lateral additions impossible, so these gigantic trees, in order to sustain the massive crown and trunk, strengthen their roots by upper additions.

One of the most striking features in tropical scenery is the suddenness with which the leaves and blossoms spring into full beauty. "Some mornings a single tree would appear in flower amidst what was the preceding evening a uniform green mass of forest,—a dome of blossom suddenly created as if by magic." In the early mornings, soon after dawn, the sky is always without a cloud, the thermometer marking 72° or 73° Fahr. Now all nature is fresh, and the birds in the full enjoyment of their existence, the "shrill yelping" of the toucans being frequently heard from their abode amongst the wild fruit-trees of the forest; flocks of parrots appear in distinct relief against the blue sky, always two by two, chattering to each other, the pairs being separated by regular intervals, too high, however, to reveal the bright colors of their plumage. The greatest heat of the day is about two o'clock, by which time, the thermometer being 92° or 93° Fahr., "every voice of bird or mammal is hushed; only in the trees is heard at intervals the harsh whirr of a cicada. The leaves, which were so fresh and moist in early morning, now become lax and drooping, and the flowers shed their petals. The Indian and mulatto inhabitants sleep in their hammocks, or sit on mats in the shade, too languid even to talk."

Mr. Bates has given a graphic picture of tropical nature at the approach of rain:

"First, the cool sea-breeze which commenced to blow about ten o'clock, and which had increased in force with the increasing power of the sun, would flag and finally die away. The heat and electric tension of the atmosphere would then become almost insupportable. Languor and uneasiness would seize on every one; even the denizens of the forest betraying it by their motions. White clouds would appear in the east and gather into cumuli, with an increasing blackness along their lower portions. The whole eastern horizon would become almost suddenly black, and this would spread upward, the sun at length becoming obscured. Then the rush of a mighty wind is heard through the forest, swaying the tree-tops; a vivid flash of lightning bursts forth, then a crash of thunder, and down streams the deluging rain. Such storms soon cease, leaving bluish-black motionless clouds in the sky until night. Meanwhile all nature is refreshed; but heaps of flower petals and fallen leaves are seen under the trees. Toward evening life revives again, and the ringing uproar is resumed from bush and tree.

Digitized by Google

The following morning the sun again rises in a cloudless sky, and so the cycle is completed; spring, summer, and autumn, as it were, in one tropical day."

With regard to animal life in the Amazonian forests, it appears that there is a great variety of mammals, birds, and reptiles, but they are very shy, and widely scattered. Brazil is poor in terrestrial animals, and the species are of small size. "The huntsman would be disappointed who expected to find here flocks of animals similar to the buffalo herds of North America, or the swarms of antelopes and herds of ponderous pachyderms of southern Africa."

It has already been observed that the mammals of Brazil are, for the most part, arboreal in their habits; this is especially the case with the monkeys, or *Cebidæ*, a family of quadrumanous animals peculiar to the new world. The reader may observe the habits of some species of this group in the monkey-house of the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park. The strong muscular tail, with its naked palm under the tip, which many of the Cebidæ possess, renders them peculiarly well adapted to a forest life. Mr. Bates states that thirty-eight species of this family of monkey inhabit the Amazon region, and considers the Coaitás, or spider-monkeys, "as the extreme development of the American type of apes." The flesh of one species of Coaitá is much esteemed as an article of food by the natives in some parts of the country. The Indians, we are told, are very fond of Coaitás as pets.

Some of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of Madame Maria Sibylla Merian, a German lady who was born about the middle of the seventeenth century. She was much devoted to the study of natural history, and travelled to Surinam for the purpose of making drawings of its animal productions; many of these drawings are now in the British Museum. This estimable lady, amongst other curiosities of natural history, affirmed the two following ones:—1. The lantern-fly (*Fulgora lanternaria*) emits so strong a light from its body as to enable a person in the night-time to read a newspaper by it. 2. The large spider (*Mygale*) enters the nests of the little humming-birds, and destroys the inmates. It would occupy too much time to tell of the mass of evidence which was adduced in denial of these recorded facts, but, suffice it to say that Madame Merian was set down as an arch-heretic and inventor, and that no credit was attached to her statements. With regard to the first-named heresy, the opinion of modern zoologists is, that there is nothing at all improbable in the circumstance of the Fulgora emitting a strong light, as luminous properties are known to exist in other insects, but that the fact has been rather over-colored by the imagination of the worthy lady. As to the second question, about the bird-destroying propensities of the Mygale, let us hear the testimony of so thoroughly trustworthy a witness as Mr Bates:

"In the course of our walk" (between the Tocantins and Cameta) "I chanced to verify a fact relating to the habits of a large hairy spider of the genus Mygale, in a manner worth recording. The species was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it; the individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree-trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead, the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or sali-

Digitized by Google

va exuded by the monster. I drove away the spider and took the birds, but the second one soon died. The fact of species of Mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees, and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but, in the absence of any confirmation, it has come to be discredited. From the way the fact has been related it would appear that it had been merely derived from the report of natives, and had not been witnessed by the narrators. Count Langsdorff, in his 'Expedition into the Interior of Brazil,' states that he totally disbelieved the story. I found the circumstance to be quite a novelty to the residents here about. The Mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistical tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Aranhas caranguejeiras*, or crab spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterward. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some Mygales are of immense size. One day I saw the children belonging to an Indian who collected for me with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog."

The name of "ant" has only to be mentioned, and the strange habits of the various species immediately suggest themselves to the mind of the naturalist, who is always interested in, and amply repaid by, watching these insects with the closest scrutiny. Brazil abounds in ants, one species of which, the *Dinoponera grandis*, is an inch and a quarter in length; but by far the most interesting to the naturalist, as well as one of the most destructive to the cultivated trees of the country, is the leaf-carrying ant (*Ecodoma cephalotes*). In some districts, we are told, it is so abundant that agriculture is almost impossible, and everywhere complaints are heard of the terrible pest. This insect derives its specific name of *cephalotes* from the extraordinary size of the heads belonging to two of the orders, which, with a third kind, constitute the colony. The formicarian establishment consists of: 1. Worker minors; 2. Worker majors; 3. Subterranean workers. The first-named kind alone does the real active work. The two last contain the individuals with the enormous heads; their functions are not clearly ascertained. In color they are a pale reddish-brown, and the thorax of the true worker, which is the smallest of the orders, is armed with three pairs of sharp spines; the head is provided with a pair of similar spines proceeding from the cheeks behind. This ant, known by the native name of Saüba, has long been celebrated for its habit of clipping off, and carrying away, large quantities of leaves:

"When employed in this work," Mr. Bates says, "their processions look like a multitude of animated leaves on the march. In some places I found an accumulation of such leaves, all circular pieces, about the size of a sixpence, lying on the pathway, unattended by the ants, and at some distance from any colony. Such heaps are always found to be removed when the place is revisited next day. In course of time I had plenty of opportunities of seeing them at work. They mount the tree in multitudes, the individuals being all worker minors. Each one places itself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts with its sharp scissor-like jaws, and by a sharp jerk detaches the piece. Sometimes they let the leaf drop to the ground, where a little heap accumulates until carried off by another relay of workers; but generally each marches off

Digitized by Google

with the piece it has operated upon, and as all take the same road to their colony, the path they follow becomes in a short time smooth and bare, looking like the impression of a cart-wheel through the herbage."

The Saüba ant is peculiar to tropical America, and, though it is injurious to the wild native trees of the country, it seems to have a preference to the coffee and orange trees and other imported plants. The leaves which the Saüba cuts and carries away are used to "thatch the domes which cover the entrances to their subterranean dwellings, thereby protecting from the deluging rains the young broods in the nests beneath." The insects proceed according to a most orderly method, "the heavily-laden workers, each carrying its segment of leaf vertically, the lower edge secured in its mandibles, troop up, and cast their burdens on the hillock; another body of laborers place the leaves in position, covering them with a layer of earthy granules, which are brought one by one from the soil beneath." The labors of this curious insect are immense, and no obstacles stop their excavations. An allied species of Rio de Janeiro worked a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. These ants are sad rogues, being household plunderers and robbers of the farinha, or mandioca meal, of the poor inhabitants of Brazil; and Mr. Bates was obliged to lay trains of gunpowder along their line of march to blow them up, which in the end resulted in scaring the burglars away. We have already alluded to the massive heads possessed by the major and subterranean kinds of neuters, and stated that the work is done by the worker minor or small-headed kind. With regard to the function of the large-headed worker major, Mr. Bates was unable to satisfy himself:

"They are not the soldiers or defenders of the working portion of the community, like the armed class in the termites, or white ants, for they never fight. The species has no sting, and does not display active resistance when interfered with. I once imagined they exercised a sort of superintendence over the others; but this function is entirely unnecessary in a community where all work with a precision and regularity resembling the subordinate parts of a piece of machinery. I came to the conclusion, at last, that they have no very precisely defined function. They cannot, however, be entirely useless to the community, for the sustenance of an idle class of such bulky individuals would be too heavy a charge for the species to sustain. I think they serve in some sort as passive instruments of protection to the real workers. Their enormously large, hard, and indestructible heads may be of use in protecting them against the attacks of insectivorous animals. They would be, on this view, a kind of *pièces de résistance*, serving as a foil against onslaughts made on the main body of workers."

But the third order, the subterranean kind, we are told, is the most curious of all:

"If the top of a small, fresh hillock, one in which the thatching process is going on, be taken off, a broad cylindrical shaft is disclosed, at a depth about two feet from the surface. If this be probed with a stick, which may be done to the extent of three or four feet without touching bottom, a small number of colossal fellows will slowly begin to make their way up the smooth sides of the mine. Their heads are of the same size as those of the other class (worker major); but the front is clothed with hairs instead of being polished, and they have in the middle of the forehead a twin ocellus, or simple eye, of quite different structure from the ordinary compound eyes on the side of the head. This frontal eye is totally wanting in the other workers, and is not known in any other kind of ant. The apparition of these strange creatures from

Digitized by Google

the cavernous depths of the mine reminded one, when I first observed them, of the Cyclopes of Homeric fable. They were not very pugnacious, as I feared they would be, and I had no difficulty in securing a few with my fingers. I never saw them under any circumstances than those here related, and what their special functions may be I cannot divine."

The naturalist traveller, in the midst of much that interests and delights him, has to put up with a great deal that is annoying, and Mr. Bates proved no exception to the rule. The first few nights when at Caripí, he was much troubled with bats; the room where he slept had not been occupied for several months, and the roof was open to the tiles and rafters:

"On one night," he says, "I was aroused about midnight by the rushing noise made by vast hosts of bats sweeping about the room. The air was alive with them; they had put out the lamp, and when I relighted it, the place appeared blackened with the impish multitudes that were whirling round and round. After I had lain about well with a stick for a few minutes they disappeared amongst the tiles, but when all was still again they returned, and once more extinguished the light. I took no further notice of them and went to sleep. The next night several got into my hammock; I seized them as they were crawling over me, and dashed them against the wall. The next morning I found a wound, evidently caused by a bat, on my hip."

Bats remind us of the vampire, a native of South America, concerning whose blood-sucking properties so much discussion has been from time to time raised. The vampire bat was very common at Ega; it is the largest of the South American species. Of this bat Mr. Bates writes:

"Nothing in animal physiognomy can be more hideous than the countenance of this creature when viewed from the front; the large leathery ears standing out from the sides and top of the head, the erect, spear-shaped appendage on the tip of the nose, the grin, and glistening black eyes, all combining to make up a figure that reminds one of some mocking imp of fable. No wonder that imaginative people have inferred diabolical instincts on the part of so ugly an animal. The vampire, however, is the most harmless of all bats, and its inoffensive character is well known to residents on the banks of the Amazons."

That much fable has attached itself to the history of this curious creature we are perfectly convinced, and that its blood-sucking peculiarities have been grossly exaggerated we must allow. When this bat has been said to perform the operation of drawing blood "by inserting its aculeated tongue* into the vein of a sleeping person with so much dexterity as not to be felt, at the same time fanning the air with its large wings, and thus producing a sensation so delightfully cool that the sleep is rendered still more profound," it is clear that the mythical element exists to a great extent in the narrative; but our author's assertion that "the vampire is the most harmless of all bats" does not tally with the statements of other naturalists of considerable note. Mr. Wallace says he saw the effects of the vampire's operations on a young horse, and that the first morning after its arrival the poor animal presented a most pitiable appearance, large streams of clotted blood running down from several wounds on its back and sides:

"The appearance," Mr. Wallace adds, "was, however, I dare say, worse than reality, as the bats have the skill to bleed without giving pain, and it is quite possible the horse, like a patient under the influence of chloroform, may have known nothing of the matter. The danger is in the attacks being repeated every night till the loss of blood becomes serious. To prevent this, red peppers are usually rubbed

* An expression used by Mr. Wood in his "Zoögraphy." It is enough to remark that no known bat has an aculeated tongue.

Digitized by Google

on the parts wounded and on all likely places; and this will partly check the sanguinivorous appetite of the bats, but not entirely, as in spite of this application the poor animal was again bitten the next night in fresh places." *

Both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Waterton, if we remember rightly, have borne similar testimony in favor of the opinion that the vampire does suck blood. A servant of the former gentleman, when near Coquimbo, in Chili, observed something attached to the withers of one of his horses, which was restless, and on putting his hand upon the place he secured a vampire bat. Mr. Waterton, however, could not induce the vampires to bite him, notwithstanding the now veteran naturalist † slept many months in an open loft which the vampires frequented; but an Indian boy who slept near him had his toes often "tapped," while fowls were destroyed, and even an unfortunate donkey was much persecuted, looking, as Mr. Waterton says, "like misery steeped in vinegar."

While at Villa Nova, on the lower Amazons, our naturalist was subjected to another annoyance, in the shape of ticks. The tracts thereabouts "swarmed with carapátos, ugly ticks, belonging to the genus *Ixodes*, which mount to the tops of the blades of grass, and attach themselves to the clothes of passers-by. They are a great annoyance. It occupied me a full hour to pick them off my flesh after my diurnal ramble."

Mr. Bates's stay at Ega, on the upper Amazons, and his expeditions in search of scarlet-faced monkeys, owl-faced night-apes, marmosets, curl-crested toucans, blind ants, and hundreds of other interesting animals, must have been particularly enjoyable, if we except the presence of an abominable gad-fly, which fixes on the flesh of man as breeding-places for its grub, and causes painful tumors. "Ega was a fine field for a natural history collector," and Mr. Bates ticketed with the name of this town more than 3,000 new species of animals.

It is an old and a true saying that you "can have too much of a good thing." A London alderman would soon grumble had he to dine every day on turtle only. "The great fresh-water turtle of the Amazons grows in the upper river to an immense size, a full-grown one measuring nearly three feet in length by two in breadth, and is a load for the strongest Indian. .... The flesh is very tender, palatable, and wholesome; but it is very cloying. Every one ends sooner or later by becoming thoroughly surfeited." Our traveller adds that he became so sick of turtle in the course of two years that he could not bear the smell of it, although at the same time nothing else was to be had, and he was suffering actual hunger. The pools about Ega abound in turtles and alligators, and the Indians capture a great number of the former animals by means of sharp steel-pointed arrows, fitted into a peg which enters the tip of the shaft. This peg is fastened to the arrow-shaft by means of a piece of twine; and when the missile—which the people hurl with astonishing skill—pierces the carapace, the peg drops out and the struck turtle dives to the bottom, the detached shaft floating on the surface serving to guide the sportsman to his game. So clever are the natives in the use of the bow and arrow, that they do not wait till the turtle comes to the surface to breathe, but shoot at the back of the animal as it moves under the water, and hardly ever fail to pierce the submerged shell.

One of the most curious and interesting facts in natural history is the assimilation in many animals of form and color to other objects, animate or inanimate. Thus the caterpillars termed, from their mode of progression, "geometric" bear so close a resemblance to the twigs of the trees or bushes upon which they rest that it is no easy thing to distinguish them at a

* "Travels on the Amazon," p. 44.

† Since this article was in type this excellent naturalist and kind-hearted gentleman has passed away from amongst us.

Digitized by Google

glance; the buff-tip moth, when at rest, looks just like a broken bit of lichen-covered branch, the colored tips of the wings resembling a section of the wood. The beautiful Australian parakeets, known as the Batcherrygar parrots, look so much like the leaves of *Eucalpyti*, or gum-trees, on which they repose, that, though numbers may be perched upon a branch, they are hardly to be seen so long as they keep quiet. Some South American beetles (of the family *Cassidæ*) closely resemble glittering drops of dew; some kinds of spiders mimic flower-buds, "and station themselves motionless in the axils of leaves and other parts of plants to wait for their victims." Insects belonging to the genera of *Mantis*, *Locusta*, and *Phasma*, often show a wonderful resemblance to leaves or sticks. Examples of "mimetic analogy" may also be found amongst birds; but perhaps the most remarkable cases of imitation are to be found among the butterflies of the valley of the Amazon recently made known to us by Mr. Bates. There is a family of butterflies named *Heliconidæ*, of a slow flight and feeble structure, very numerous in this South American region, notwithstanding that the districts abound with insectivorous birds. Now, Mr. Bates has observed that where large numbers of this family are found they are always accompanied by species of a totally distinct family which closely resemble them in size, form, color, and markings. So close is the resemblance that Mr. Bates often found it impossible to distinguish members of one family from those of the other when the insects were on the wing; and he observed, moreover, that when a local variety of a species of the *Heliconidæ* occurred, there was found also a butterfly of another family imitating that local variety. There is no difficulty at all in distinguishing the imitators from the imitated, for the latter have all a family likeness, while the former depart from the normal form and likeness of the families to which they respectively belong. What is the meaning of this curious fact? It is this: the *Heliconidæ*, or imitated butterflies, are not persecuted by birds, dragon-flies, lizards, or other insectivorous enemies, while the members of the imitating families are subject to much persecution. The butterflies imitated are said to owe their immunity from persecution to their offensive odor, while no such fortunate character belongs to the imitating insects. But how, we naturally ask, has this change of color and form been effected? Mr. Darwin and Mr. Bates explain it on the principle of natural selection. Let us suppose that a member of the persecuted family gave birth to a variety—and there is a tendency in all animals to produce varieties—exhibiting a very slight resemblance to some species of *Heliconidæ*. This individual, in consequence of this slight resemblance, would have a better chance of living and producing young than those of its relatives which bear no resemblance whatever to the unmolested family. Some of the offspring of this slightly favored variety would very probably show more marked resemblance to the unpersecuted butterflies; and thus the likeness between insects of totally distinct groups would in course of time be, according to the law of inheritance, quite complete. This is the explanation which Mr. Bates gives of this natural phenomenon. The phenomenon itself is an undoubted one; whether it is or is not satisfactorily accounted for, cannot at present be determined; we must wait for further investigation.

We had intended to speak of some of the South American palms, those wondrous and valuable productions of tropical countries, the India-rubber trees, and other vegetable productions of the Amazons, but we must linger no longer with the excellent naturalist from whose volumes we have derived so much pleasure. Mr. Bates has written a book full of interest, with the spirit of a real lover of nature and with the pen of a philosopher.

Digitized by Google

Leaving, then, the new world, let us cast a glance, in company with one of the greatest botanists of the day, at what we may call the tropical features of the Sikkim Himalayas. Though this region is not strictly speaking within the tropics, yet the vegetation at the base is of a tropical character. In this wonderful district the naturalist is able to wander through every zone of vegetation, from the "dense deep-green dripping forests" at the base of the Himalaya, formed of giant trees, as the *Duabanga* and *Terminalia*, with *Cedrela* and *Gordonia Wallichii*, mingled with innumerable shrubs and herbs, to the lichens and mosses of the regions of perpetual snow. The tropical vegetation of the Sikkim extends from Siligoree, a station on the verge of the Terai, "that low malarious belt which skirts the base of the Himalaya from the Sutlej to Brahma-Koond, in Upper Assam."

"Every feature," writes Dr. Hooker, "botanical, geological, and zoological, is new on entering this district. The change is sudden and immediate: sea and shore are hardly more conspicuously different; nor from the edge of the Terai to the limit of perpetual snow is any botanical region more clearly marked than this which is the commencement of Himalayan vegetation." The banks of the numerous tortuous streams are richly clothed with vines and climbing convolvuluses, with various kinds of *Cucurbitaceæ* and *Bignoniaceæ*. The district of the Terai is very pestilential, and, though fatal to Europeans, is inhabited by a race called the Mechis with impunity. As our traveller proceeded to the little bungalow of Punkabaree, about 1,800 feet in elevation, the bushy timber of the Terai was found to be replaced by giant forests, with large bamboos cresting the hills, numerous epiphytical orchids and ferns, with *Hoya*, *Seitamineæ*, and similar types of the hottest and dampest climates. All around Punkabaree the hills rise steeply 5,000 or 6,000 feet; from the road at and a little above the bungalow the view is described by Dr. Hooker as superb and very instructive:

"Behind (or north) the Himalaya rise in steep confused masses. Below, the hill on which I stood, and the ranges as far as the eye can reach east and west, throw spurs on the plains of India. These are very thickly wooded, and enclose broad, dead-flat, hot, or damp valleys, apparently covered with a dense forest. Secondary spurs of clay and gravel, like that immediately below Punkabaree, rest on the bases of the mountains and seem to form an intermediate neutral ground between flat and mountainous India. The Terai district forms a very irregular belt, scantily clothed, and intersected by innumerable rivulets from the hills, which unite and divide again on the flat, till, emerging from the region of many trees, they enter the plains, following devious courses, which glisten like silver threads. The whole horizon is bounded by the sea-like expanse of the plains, which stretch away into the region of sunshine and fine weather, as one boundless flat. In the distance the courses of the Teesta and Cosi, the great drainers of the snowy Himalayas, and the recipients of innumerable smaller rills, are with difficulty traced at this the dry season. The ocean-like appearance of this southern view is even more conspicuous in the heavens than on the land, the clouds arranging themselves after a singularly sea-scape fashion. Endless strata run in parallel ribbons over the extreme horizon; above these scattered cumuli, also in horizontal lines, are dotted against a clear grey sky, which gradually, as the eye is lifted, passes into a deep cloudless blue vault, continuously clear to the zenith; there the cumuli, in white fleecy masses, again appear; till, in the northern celestial hemisphere, they thicken and assume the leaden hue of nimbi, discharging their moisture on the dark forest-clad hills around. The breezes are south-easterly, bringing that va-

Digitized by Google

por from the Indian ocean which is rarefied and suspended aloft over the heated plains, but condensed into a drizzle when it strikes the cooler flanks of the hills, and into heavy rain when it meets their still colder summits. Upon what a gigantic scale does nature here operate! Vapors raised from an ocean whose nearest shore is more than 400 miles distant are safely transported without the loss of one drop of water, to support the rank luxuriance of this far distant region. This and other offices fulfilled, the waste waters are returned by the Cosi and Teesta to the ocean, and again exhaled, exported, expended, recollected, and returned."

Many travellers complain of the annoyance caused to them by leeches. Legions of these pests abound in the water-courses and dense jungles of the Sikkim, and though their bite is painless, it is followed by considerable effusion of blood. "They puncture through thick worsted stockings, and even trousers; and when full roll in the form of a little soft ball into the bottom of the shoe, where their presence is hardly felt in walking."

A thousand feet higher, above the bungalow of Punkabaree, the vegetation is very rich, the prevalent timber being of enormous size, "and scaled by climbing *Leguminosæ*, as *Bauhinias* and *Robinias*, which sometimes sheathe the trunks or span the forest with huge cables, joining tree to tree." Their trunks are also clothed with orchids, and still more beautifully with pothos, peppers, vines, and convolvuli.

"The beauty of the drapery of the pothos leaves (*Scindapsus*) is pre-eminent, whether for the graceful folds the foliage assumes or for the liveliness of its color. Of the more conspicuous smaller trees the wild banana is the most abundant; its crown of very beautiful foliage contrasting with the smaller-leaved plants amongst which it nestles; next comes a screw-pine (*Pandanus*) with a straight stem and a tuft of leaves, each eight or ten feet long, waving on all sides. *Araliaceæ*, with smooth or armed slender trunks, and *Mappa*-like *Euphorbiaceæ* spread their long petioles horizontally forth, each terminated with an ample leaf some feet in diameter. Bamboo abounds everywhere; its dense tufts of culms, 100 feet and upward high, are as thick as a man's thigh at the base. Twenty or thirty species of ferns (including a tree fern) were luxuriant and handsome. Foliaceous lichens and a few mosses appeared at 2,000 feet. Such is the vegetation of the roads through the tropical forests of Outer Himalaya."

As we ascend about 2,000 feet higher, we find many plants of the temperate zone mingling with the tropical vegetation, amongst which "a very English-looking bramble," bearing a good yellow fruit, is the first to mark the change; next, mighty oaks with large lamellated cups and magnificent foliage succeed, till along the ridge of the mountain to Kursiong, at an elevation of about 4,800 feet, the change in the flora is complete. Here the vegetation recalls to mind home impressions: "the oak flowering, the birch bursting into leaf, the violet, *Chrysosplenium*, *Stellaria* and *Arum*, *Vaccinium*, wild strawberry, maple, geranium, bramble. A colder wind blew here; mosses and lichens carpeted the banks and roadsides; the birds and insects were very different from those below, and everything proclaimed the marked change in the vegetation." And yet even at this elevation we meet with forms of tropical plants, "pothos, bananas, palms, figs, pepper, numbers of epiphytal orchids, and similar genuine tropical genera."

The hill-station of Darjiling, the well-known sanitarium, where the health of Europeans is recruited by a temperate climate, is about 370 miles to the north of Calcutta. The ridge "varies in height from 6,500 to 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, 8,000 feet being the elevation at which the mean temperature most nearly coincides with that of London, viz.,

Digitized by Google

50°." The forests around Darjiling are composed principally of magnolias, oaks, laurels, with birch, alder, maple, holly. Dr. Hooker draws especial attention to the absence of *Leguminosæ*, "the most prominent botanical feature in the vegetation of the region," which, he says, is too high for the tropical tribes of the warmer elevation, too low for the Alpines, and probably too moist for those of temperate regions; cool, equable, humid climates being generally unfavorable to the above-named order. "The supremacy of this temperate region consists in the infinite number of forest trees, in the absence (in the usual proportion, at any rate) of such common orders as *Compositæ*, *Leguminosæ*, *Cruciferæ*, and *Ranunculaceæ*, and of grasses amongst Monocotyledons, and in the predominance of the rarer and more local families, as those of rhododendron, camellia, magnolia, ivy, cornel, honeysuckle, hydrangea, begonia, and epiphytic orchids."

We regret that want of space prevents us dwelling longer on the scenes of tropical Himalaya, so graphically described by Dr. Hooker. We will conclude this imperfect sketch with our traveller's description of the scenery along the banks of the great Rungeet, 6,000 feet below Darjiling:

"Leaving the forest, the path led along the river bank and over the great masses of rock which strewed its course. The beautiful India-rubber fig was common. . . . . On the forest skirts, *Hoya*, parasitical *Orchidiæ*, and ferns abounded; the Chaulmoogra, whose fruit is used to intoxicate fish, was very common, as was an immense mulberry-tree, that yields a milky juice and produces a long, green, sweet fruit. Large fish, chiefly cyprinoid, were abundant in the beautifully clear water of the river. But by far the most striking feature consisted in the amazing quantity of superb butterflies, large tropical swallow-tails, black, with scarlet or yellow eyes on their wings. They were seen everywhere, sailing majestically through the still, hot air, or fluttering from one scorching rock to another, and especially loving to settle on the damp sand of the river; where they sat by thousands, with erect wings, balancing themselves with a rocking motion, as their heavy sails inclined them to one side or the other, resembling a crowded fleet of yachts on a calm day. Such an entomological display cannot be surpassed. *Cicindelæ* and the great *Cicadeæ* were everywhere lighting on the ground, when they uttered a short sharp creaking sound, and anon disappeared as if by magic. Beautiful whip-snakes were gleaming in the sun; they hold on by a few coils of the tail round a twig, the greater part of their body stretched out horizontally, occasionally retracting and darting an unerring aim at some insect. The narrowness of the gorge, and the excessive steepness of the bounding hills, prevented any view except of the opposite mountain-face, which was one dense forest, in which the wild banana was conspicuous."

One of the most remarkable botanical discoveries of modern days is that of a very curious and anomalous genus of plants, named by Dr. Hooker *Welwitschia* in honor of its discoverer, Dr. Frederic Welwitsch, who first noticed this singular plant in a letter to Sir William Hooker, dated August, 1860. "I have been assured," says Dr. Hooker in his valuable memoir of this plant, "by those who remember it, that since the discovery of the *Rafflesia Arnoldii*, no vegetable production has excited so great an interest as the subject of the present memoir." We well remember this singular plant, having seen a specimen in the Kew Herbarium soon after its arrival in this country. The following is Dr. Hooker's account of its appearance and prominent characters:

"The *Welwitschia* is a woody plant, said to attain a century in duration, with an obconic trunk about two feet long, of which a few inches rise

Digitized by Google

above the soil, presenting the appearance of a flat, two-lobed, depressed mass, sometimes (according to Dr. Welwitsch) attaining fourteen feet in circumference (!) and looking like a round table. When full grown, it is dark brown, hard, and cracked over the whole surface (much like the burnt crust of a loaf of bread); the lower portion forms a stout tap-root, buried in the soil and branching downward at the end. From deep grooves in the circumference of the depressed mass two enormous leaves are given off, each six feet long when full grown, one corresponding to each lobe. These are quite flat, linear, very leathery, and split to the base into innumerable thongs that lie curling upon the surface of the soil. Its discoverer describes these same two leaves as being present from the earliest condition of the plant, and assures me that they are in fact developed from the two cotyledons of the seed, and are persistent, being replaced by no others. From the circumference of the tabular mass, above but close to the insertion of the leaves, spring stout dichotomously branched cymes, nearly a foot high, bearing small erect scarlet cones, which eventually become oblong and attain the size of those of the common spruce fir. The scales of the cones are very closely imbricated, and contain when young and still very small solitary flowers, which in some cases are hermaphrodite (structurally but not functionally), in others female."

After describing these flowers in botanical terms, Dr. Hooker adds, "The mature cone is tetragonous, and contains a broadly winged scale. Its discoverer observes that the whole plant exudes a resin, and that it is called 'tumbo' by the natives. It inhabits the elevated sandy plateau near Cape Negro (lat. 14° 40′ S. to 23° S.) on the south-west coast of Africa." Dr. Hooker regards the *Welwitschia* as "the only perennial flowering-plant which at no period has other vegetative organs than those proper to the embryo itself,—the main axis being represented by the radicle, which becomes a gigantic caulicle and develops a root from its base, and inflorescences from its plumulary end, and the leaves being the two cotyledons in a very highly developed and specialized condition."*

Few countries present more objects of interest to the naturalist than the island of Madagascar, amongst the botanical treasures of which island the water yam or lace-leaf (*Ouvirandra fenestralis*) claims especial notice. This beautiful and singular plant, which belongs to the natural order *Naiadaceæ*, was first made known to the scientific world by du Petit Thouars in 1822. Horticulturists are indebted to Mr. Ellis, the well-known author of "Polynesian Researches," for the introduction of this singular plant into England, specimens of which may be seen in the Royal Gardens at Kew and elsewhere:

"This plant," says Mr. Ellis, "is not only extremely curious, but also very valuable to the natives, who, at certain seasons of the year, gather it as an article of food—the fleshy root when cooked yielding a farinaceous substance resembling the yam. Hence its native name, *ouvirandrano*, literally, yam of the water;—*ouvi* in the Malagasy and Polynesian languages signifying yam, and *rano* in the former and some of the latter signifying water. The ouvirandra is not only a rare and curious, but a singularly beautiful plant, both in structure and color. From the several crowns of the branching root, growing often a foot or more deep in the water, a number of graceful leaves, nine or ten inches long and two or three inches wide, spread out horizontally just beneath the surface of the water. The flower-stalks rise from the centre of the leaves, and the branching or forked flower is curious; but the structure of the leaf is peculiarly so, and seems like a living fibrous skeleton rather than an entire leaf. The

* "Transactions of the Linnean Society," vol. xxiv., part i.

Digitized by Google

longitudinal fibres extend in curved lines along its entire length, and are united by thread-like fibres or veins, crossing them at right angles from side to side, at a short distance from each other. The whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern, so as to resemble a piece of bright-green lace or open needlework. Each leaf rises from the crown on the root like a short delicate-looking pale green or yellow fibre, gradually unfolding its feathery-looking sides and increasing its size as it spreads beneath the water. The leaves in their several stages of growth pass through almost every gradation of color, from a pale yellow to a dark olive-green, becoming brown or even black before they finally decay; air-bubbles of considerable size frequently appearing under the full-formed and healthy leaves. It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more attractive and beautiful than a full-grown specimen of this plant, with its dark green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and in the transparent water within that circle presenting leaves in every stage of development, both as to color and size. Nor is it the least curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than the gossamer and flexible as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allow the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface of the water without injury."

No natural order of plants has created or continues to create a greater degree of interest amongst travellers and botanists than the *Orchidaceæ*, of which more than three thousand species have been described; the anomalous structure of their reproductory parts, the singularity in form of the floral envelopes, the grotesque resemblance which many kinds bear to some object or other of the animal world, the rarity, beauty, and delicious fragrance of some forms—all combine to render these plants of great value and interest. As inhabitants of hot and damp localities, orchids are in general epiphytes, as in the Brazilian forests, in the lower portions of the Himalayan mountains, and in the islands of the Indian archipelago; when they occur in temperate regions they are terrestrial in their mode of growth; in extremely dry or cold climates, orchidaceous plants are unknown. Two rare and beautiful epiphytal orchids, the *Angræcum sesquipedale* and *A. superbum*, were obtained by Mr. Ellis in Madagascar and Mauritius, and introduced into this country. Of the former, the largest flowered of all the orchids, Dr. Lindley has given the following description:

"The plant forms a stem about eighteen inches high, covered with long leathery leaves in two ranks, like *Vanda tricolor* and its allies; but they have a much more beautiful appearance, owing to a drooping habit, and a delicate bloom which clothes their surface. From the axils of the uppermost of these leaves appear short stiff flower-stalks, each bearing three and sometimes five flowers, extending seven inches in breadth and the same in height. They are furnished with a firm, curved, tapering, tail-like spur, about fourteen inches long. When first open, the flower is slightly tinged with green except the tip, which is almost pure white; after a short time the green disappears, and the whole surface acquires the softest waxy texture and perfect whiteness. In this condition they remain, preserving all their delicate beauty, for more than five weeks. Even before they expand, the greenish buds, which are three inches long, have a very noble appearance."

To the scientific naturalist few subjects are more full of deep interest than the question of the geographical distribution of animals. Dr. Sclater, the active secretary of the Zoological Society of London, has contributed an instructive paper, "On the Mammals of Madagascar," to the second number

Digitized by Google

of the "Quarterly Journal of Science," from which we gather the following facts: As a general rule, it is found that the faunæ and floræ of such countries as are most nearly contiguous do most nearly resemble one another, while, on the other hand, those tracts of land which are furthest asunder are inhabited by most different forms of animal and vegetable life. Now, Madagascar, with the Mascarene islands, is a strange exception to the rule; for the forms of mammalia which are found in these islands are very different from the forms which occur in the contiguous coast of Africa, although the channel between Madagascar and the continent is in one place not more than 200 miles: "The numerous mammals of the orders Ruminantia, Pachydermata, and Proboscidea, so characteristic of the Æthiopian fauna, are entirely absent from Madagascar. The same is the case with the larger species of carnivora which are found throughout the African continent, but do not extend into Madagascar. Again, the highly organized types of Quadrumana which prevail in the forests of the mainland are utterly wanting in the neighboring island; their place being there occupied by several genera of the inferior family of *Lemurs*." Dr. Sclater shows that this anomaly is not confined to the orders already enumerated, but that similar irregularities prevail to a greater or lesser extent in every part of the mammalian series, and that, in short, the anomalies presented to us of the forms of life prevalent in the island of Madagascar "are so striking that claims have been put forward in its favor to be considered as a distinct primary geographical region of the earth." Dr. Sclater also draws attention to the very curious fact, "quite unparalleled, as far as is hitherto known, in any other fauna, that nearly two-thirds of the whole number of known species of the mammals of this island are members of one peculiar group of Quadrumana." The family of *Lemuridæ* contains no less than eight generic types, all different from those found in Africa and India, although this group is also represented in Africa by the abnormal form *Perodicticus*, and in India by *Nycticebus* and *Loris*, two allied genera. The celebrated Aye Aye (*Chiromys Madagascariensis*), a specimen of which anomalous animal is at present in the new monkey-house in the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, is considered by Prof. Owen to be more nearly allied to some of the African Galagos than to any other form of animal. Of insectivora, the genera *Centetes*, *Ericulus*, and *Echinogale*, small animals resembling hedge-hogs in outward appearance, are thought to be most nearly allied to an American genus. From the anomalies in the mammalian fauna of this island, Dr. Sclater arrives at the following deductions, which, however, as they are based upon the hypothesis of the derivative origin of species, cannot at present be deemed altogether conclusive:

"1. Madagascar has never been connected with Africa, *as it at present exists*. This would seem probable from the absence of certain all-pervading Æthiopian types in Madagascar, such as *Antelope*, *Hippopotamus*, *Felis*, etc. But, on the other hand, the presence of *Lemurs* in Africa renders it certain that Africa as it at present exists, contains land that once formed part of Madagascar.

"2. Madagascar and the Mascarene islands (which are universally acknowledged to belong to the same category) must have remained for a long epoch separated from every other part of the globe, in order to have acquired the many peculiarities now exhibited in their mammal fauna—*e. g.*, *Lemur*, *Chiromys*, *Eupleres*, *Centetes*, etc.—to be elaborated by the gradual modification of pre-existing forms.

"3. Some land-connection must have existed in former ages between Madagascar and India, whereon the original stock, whence the present Lemuridæ of Africa, Madagascar, and India, are descended, flourished.

Digitized by Google

"4. It must be likewise allowed that some sort of connection must also have existed between Madagascar and land which now forms part of the new world—in order to permit the derivation of the *Centetinæ* from a common stock with the *Solenodon*, and to account for the fact that the Lemuridæ, as a body, are certainly more nearly allied to the weaker forms of American monkeys than to any of the Simiidæ of the old world.

"The anomalies of the mammal fauna of Madagascar can best be explained by supposing that, anterior to the existence of Africa in its present shape, a large continent occupied parts of the Atlantic and Indian oceans, stretching out toward (what is now) America on the west, and to India and its islands on the east; that this continent was broken up into islands, of which some became amalgamated with the present continent of Africa, and some possibly with what is now Asia—and that in Madagascar and the Mascarene islands we have existing relics of this great continent."

We fain would have lingered on the natural products of this interesting island, to drink of the refreshing liquid furnished by the traveller-tree, and to admire the sago palms and other vegetable forms, but space forbids our dwelling longer on the natural productions of the tropics.* We could have spoken of the aspects of tropical nature as it appears in Borneo, Java, Sumatra, and other islands of the Pacific ocean, but we must stop. We ought not, however, to conclude these gleanings without a brief notice of Dr. Hartwig's popular book, whose title we have placed at the head of this article. There are those who look with contempt on popular science of all kinds, and regard with undisguised aversion such compilations as the one before us. We do not share these feelings in the least degree; on the contrary, we welcome most heartily such introductions to the study of natural history. True, they may be sometimes of little scientific value, but they are very useful stepping-stones to something more solid. They are more especially intended for the young, but those of mature years may derive much profit by a perusal of many of these works, and even the naturalist may read them with pleasure and instruction. The numerous beautifully illustrated and carefully compiled works on natural history, such as the book before us, together with "The Sea and its Living Wonders," by the same writer, with Routledge's admirable "Natural History," and several of the Christian Knowledge Society's publications, which have appeared within the last few years, are an encouraging sign of the growing interest which the rising generation takes in the study of the great Creator's works, and we heartily wish them "God-speed."

* In our own territory of the Seychelles Islands, 4° to 5° S., 300 miles N. E. of the great island just alluded to, we see one of the strangest of vegetable productions, the double cocoa-nut, or Lodoicea, which was fully described by Mr. Ward in the "Journal of the Linnean Society, 1864:" "The shortest period before the tree puts forth its buds is 30 years, and 100 years must elapse before it attains its full growth. One plant in the garden at Government House, planted 15 years ago, is quite in its infancy, about 16 feet in height, but with no stem yet visible, the long leaves shooting from the earth like the Traveller's Palm (*Urania speciosa*), and much resembling it in shape, but much larger. Unlike the cocoa-nut trees, which bend to every gale and are never quite straight, the coco-de-mer trees are as upright as iron pillars. At the age of 30 the trees first put forth blossoms. The female tree alone produces the nut, and is 6 feet shorter than the male, which attains a height of 100 feet. From fructification to full maturity a period of nearly 10 years elapses." But the remarkable point is the arrangement of the roots, unlike any other tree. "The base of the trunk is of a bulbous form, and this bulb fits into a natural bowl or socket about 2½ feet in diameter and 1½ foot in depth, narrowing to the bottom. This bowl is pierced with hundreds of small oval holes about the size of thimbles, with hollow tubes corresponding on the outside, through which the roots penetrate the ground on all sides, never, however, becoming attached to the bowl, their partial elasticity affording an almost imperceptible, but very necessary *play* to the parent stem when struggling against the force of violent gales. This bowl is of the same substance as the shell of the nut, only much thicker. As far as can be ascertained, it never rots or wears out. It has been found quite perfect and entire in every respect 60 years after the tree has been cut down. At Curieuse many sockets are still remaining which are known to have belonged to trees cut down by the first settlers in the island (1742)." One of these sockets is to be seen in the Museum of woods at Kew.

Digitized by Google

From Chambers's Journal.

WINTER SIGNS.

Lines upon the forehead come—
  Strokes alike of time and grief,
Branches from the heart beneath
  That will never bear a leaf.

Come the summer, come the spring,
  Still they keep their wintry hue;
Deepening, stretching o'er the brow,
  Shadows lift them into view.

Straight and crooked, right and left,
  On the strong and on the weak—
Upward to the hoary head,
  Downward to the hollow cheek.

Shadows from the life within,
  Tarrying ere they pass away,
Plant these stems of sorrow there,
  Growing in the night and day.

Light that fills the eye afresh
  From some inward moving grace,
Casting from it, as a sun,
  Quiet rays upon the face—

Makes these ruts of time appear
  Winding, widening in their space,
Drawing loving eyes and thoughts
  All their history to trace.

Whilst upheaved by a smile,
  Radiant in the breast of light,
These eternal scores of grief
  Tell of many an inner night.

Stories come up from their roots,
  Half unfolded in their course,
Showing how a hundred pangs
  Long ago became their source.

Digitized by Google

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XV.

ANY help which old Murdock was in the habit of getting from his son upon the farm, and it was at no time of much value, either in labor or advice, had latterly dwindled down to a mere careless questioning as to how matters were going on, and his father began to fear that he was "beginning to go to the bad." Poor old man, how little of the truth he knew!

There was now always something cranky and unpleasant in Tom's manner. He was often from home for days together, and, when at home, often out at night until very late; and if questioned in the kindest manner by his father upon the subject, his answers were snappish and unsatisfactory. Poor old Mick—deluded Mick—laid down both his wanderings and his crankiness to the score of his love for Winny Cavana, and the uncertainty of his suit.

From one or two encouraging and cheery expressions his father had addressed to him, Tom knew this to be the view his father had taken of his case, and he was quite willing to indulge the delusion. Now that matters had come to an open rupture between him and Winny—for notwithstanding his father's hopes, he had none—it was convenient for him that his father should continue of the same mind—nay, more, his father himself had suggested a step, which, if he could manage with his usual ability, might turn to his profit, and relieve to a certain extent some of the perplexities by which he was beset.

Old Mick had spent a long and fatiguing day, not merely in his peregrinations through the farm, but from anxiety and watching, having observed Winny go out earlier than usual, and seeing that Tom soon after had followed her down the road. He was rather surprised in about an hour afterward to see Winny return alone, and at not having seen Tom for nearly two hours later in the day, when he returned cross and disappointed, as we have seen. The "untoward circumstances," detailed in the conversation after dinner with his son, had not the same depressing effects upon the old man as upon Tom; for he really believed that they were not only not past cure, but according to his notions of how such matters generally went on, that they were on a fair road to success. He therefore enjoyed a night's sound sleep, while Tom lay tossing and tumbling, and planning and scheming,—and occasionally cursing Edward Lennon, whom he could not persuade himself was not, as his father said, at the bottom of all this. It was near morning, therefore, before he had fretted himself to sleep.

Early the next day old Mick determined to ascertain the actual state of facts. He was up betimes, and having seen what was necessary to be done for the day upon the farm, he set the operations going, and returned to breakfast. Tom had not yet stirred; and as Nancy had told the old masther that she "heered him struggling with the bed-clothes, an' talkin' to himself until nearly morning," he would not allow her to call him, but went to breakfast by himself, telling her to have a fresh pot of tay, an' a dacent breakfast for him when he got up. "Poor fellow," he said to himself, "I did not think that girl had so firm a hoult of him."

Old Mick's anticipations of how matters really stood, and his confi-

Digitized by Google

dence in Ned Cavana's firmness, were doomed to be shaken, if not altogether disappointed. Old Ned saw him hanging "about the borders" with a watchful look directed toward his house. He took it for granted that Tom had mentioned something of what had occurred to him, and he knew at once what he was lingering about for.

Ned had undoubtedly led old Murdock to suppose that he would be "as stout as a bull" with Winny about marrying his son; but when Ned had spoken thus sternly upon the subject, he had not anticipated any opposition upon Winny's part to the match. He did not see how she could object, nor did he see why. Mick had imbibed some slight idea of the kind from what Tom had told him; but Ned had combated this idea with great decision, and some sternness; more by way of showing his neighbor how he could exercise his parental authority, than from any great dread that he would ever be called on to assert it.

But Ned Cavana knew not the nature of his own heart. He had miscalculated the extent of his love for Winny, or the influence her affectionate and devoted life could exercise over that love, in a case where such a dispute might come between them. Thus we have seen him yield to that influence almost without argument, and certainly without a harsh or angry word. When it came to the point that he had to confront her tears, where was the fury with which he met old Murdock's insinuations and suggestions?—where the threats of cutting her off, not *with* but *without* a shilling, and leaving it all to the Church?—where the steady determination with which he had resolved to "bring her to her senses?"—all, all lost in the affectionate smile which beamed upon her pleading love.

Ned Cavana knew now that old Murdock was on the watch for him. He believed that Tom had told him what had taken place between him and Winny; and although he did not dread any alteration in his promise to his daughter, he felt that he could deal more stoutly with old Murdock with the recollection of Winny's tears fresh on her cheeks, than if the matter were to lie over for any time. He therefore strolled through the farmyard, and out on the lane we have already spoken of, and turned down toward the fields at the back of his garden. This movement was not, of course, unnoticed by the man who was on the watch for some such, and accordingly he sloped down toward the gate, at which he and his son had held the conversation—a conversation which had confirmed Winny in her preconceived opinion of Tom Murdock's character and motives.

The two old men thus met once again at the same spot at which the reader first saw them together.

"I'm glad you cum out, Ned," said Murdock, "for I was watin to see you, to tell you about Tom. He done his part yesterda' illegant, an' you may spake to the little girl now as soon as you plaise."

"I have spoken to her, Mick. She tould me all about it herself, last night."

"Well, she didn't resave Tom at all the way he thought she would, nor the way she led him to think she would, aidher. I hope she tould the thruth to you, Ned, and didn't make b'lief to be shy an' resarved, as she did to Tom. Poor boy, he's greatly down about it."

"She did; she tould me the whole thruth, Mick avic, and it's all no use; she won't marry Tom—that's the long an' the short of it."

"Why, then, she mightn't be cosherin wid him the way she was, Ned, and ladin the poor young boy asthray as to her intintions when she brought him to the point."

"My little girl never done anything of the kind, Mick; she'd scorn to do it."

"Well, no matther; she done it now, Ned; and as for Tom, he's the

Digitized by Google

very boy that i'd nather humbug a little girl, nor allow her to humbug him. Did you spake stout to her, Ned?"

"I said all that was necessary, Mick awochal: but I seen it was no use, an' I wouldn't disthress the crathur."

"Disthress the crathur, *aniow!* Athen may be it's what you don't much care how that poor boy 'ithin there is disthressed through her mains."

"As for that, Mick, it needn't, nor it won't, disthress Tom a bit. There's many a fine girl in the parish that i'd answer Tom betther nor my little girl; and when I find that she's not for him, Mick awochal, I tell you I won't disthress the colleen by harsh mains, so say no more about it."

"Athen, Ned, I think you tuck it aisy enugh afther all you tould me d'other day; you'd do this, an' you'd do that, an' you'd cut her off wid a shillin', an' you'd bring her to her senses, an' what wouldn't you do, Ned? I tould you to be studdy, or she'd cum over you wid her pillaver; and I tell you now what I tould you then, that it is all through the mains of that pauper Lennon she has done this—a purty *scauhawn* for her to be wastin' your mains an' your hard earnin's upon. Arrah, Ned, I wondher you haven't more sense than to be deludhered by that beggarman out of your little girl an' your money."

"No, Mick, young Lennon has nothing to say to it; if he never was born, Winny wouldn't marry Tom. I would not misbelieve Winny on her word, let alone her oath; an' she tould me she tuck her oath to Tom that she'd never marry him. He taxed her wid young Lennon, an' so did I; an' she declared, an' I believe her there too, Mick, that there never was a word between them on such a subject; an' let there be no more now between us. It can't be helped. But I will not disthress my little girl by spakin' to her any more about Tom."

"Oh, very well, Ned; that'll do. But, be the book, Tom's not the boy that'll let himself be med a fool of by any one; an' I'm the very fellow that is able an' willin' to back him up in it."

"Athen what do you mane, Mick?—for the devil a wan of me can undherstan' that threat, af it beant the law you mane, an' sure the gandher in the yard beyant id have more sense than to think iv that. My little girl never held out the smallest cumhither upon Tom; but, instead iv that, she tells me that she always med scarse iv herself wheen he was to the fore. So af it be law you mane, Mick, you may do your worst."

"No, it isn't the law I mane, Ned. Law is dear at best, an' twiste as dear at worst; but I mane to say that I'll back up poor Tom 'ithin there, that's brakin' his heart about Winny; an' if you have any regard for her, you'll do the same thing; an' you'll see we'll bring the thing round, as we ought; that's what I mane. The girl can't deny but what she med much iv Tom, until that other spalpeen cum across her. Tom's no fool, an' knows what a girl mains very well."

"She does deny it, Mick, an' so she can. But there's no use, I tell you, in sayin' any more about it. I can see plane an' aisy enough that Winny isn't for him. I tould her I wouldn't strive to force her likin' or dislikin', an' I won't; so just tell Tom that the girl is in earnest. She tould him so herself, an' you may tell him the same thing. He can't think so much about her, Mick, as you let on, for there never was any courting betune them from first to last. I'll spake to you no more about it, Mick, an' you needn't spake to me."

With this final resolve, Ned turned his back completely round upon his neighbor, and walked with a hasty but firm step into the house.

Old Mick stood for some moments looking after him in a state of perplexed surprise. He had some fears, though they were not very great, that Winny's influence over her father was suffi-

Digitized by Google

ciently strong to determine him according to her wishes, if she was really averse to a match with his son; but this latter was a point upon which he had scarcely any fears at all; except such as were suggested by the hints his son himself had thrown out about young Lennon. Upon this part of the case he had spoken to Ned in such a way as to make him determined to be very strict and decided in his opposition to any leaning on his daughter's part in that quarter.

Old Mick, as he stood and looked, was perplexed on both these parts of the case. If he believed that Winny Cavana had really and decidedly refused to marry his son, he could only do so upon the supposition that young Lennon was the mainspring of the whole movement. And, again, to suppose she had preferred a "secret colloguing with that pauper," behind her father's back, to an open and straightforward match with a rich young man, and what he called a handsomer man than ever Lennon was, or ever would be, and with her father's full consent, was what he could not bring himself to believe of any sensible girl. But this he did believe, that if "that young whelp" was really not at the bottom of Winny's refusal, a marriage with his son, be it brought about *by what means it could*, would end in a reconciliation, not only of Winny to so great a match, but of old Ned, as a necessary consequence, to his daughter's acquiescence.

With these thoughts, and counterthoughts, he too turned toward his house, where he found Tom just going to his breakfast, in no very good humor with the past, the present, or the future.

His father "bid him the time of day," and said "he had to look after a cow that was on for cavin'," an' that he'd be back by the time he had done his breakfast. This was a mere piece of consideration upon old Mick's part.

Loss of appetite and uneasiness of manner in a handsome young man of two-and-twenty is unhesitatingly set down by the old crones of a parish to his being "in love," and they are seldom at a loss to supply the *colleen dhass* to whom these symptoms are attributable. In Tom's case, however, there were other matters than love which were accountable for the miserable attempt at breakfast he had made, notwithstanding the elaborate preparations Nancy Feehily had made to tempt him. His father was surprised to find him so soon following him to the fields. But Tom, knowing his father's energy of action when a matter was on his mind, suspected he had not been to that hour of the day without managing an interview with old Cavana, and was on the fidgets to know what passed. But love—as love—had nothing whatever to say to his want of relish for so good a breakfast as had been set before him.

He met his father returning toward the house, not far from the celebrated gate already so often mentioned in this story. The spot where they now met was a little more favorable for a conference than the gate in question, for, unlike it, there was no private bower for eavesdroppers to secrete themselves in.

"Well, father," said Tom, breaking into the subject at once, "have you seen the old fogie about Winny?"

"I have, Tom, an' matthers is worse nor I thought. She has cum round him most complately; for the present anyhow."

"I told you how it would be, father, and be d— !"

"Whist, Tom, don't be talking that way; there's wan thing I'm afther being purty sure of, an' that is, that that spalpeen has nothin' to say to it. It's all perverseness just for a while, an' she'll cum round afther a bit."

"Well, father, I'll cut my stick for that bit, be it long or short; so tell me, what can you do for me about money? You know if she was never in the place, it's nothing to keep me here stravaging about the road."

"Thrue for you, Tom avic. It isn't easy, however, layin' a man's

Digitized by Google

hand upon what you'd want wid you for a start; but sure my credit is good in the bank, an' sure I'll put my name upon a bill-stamp for you for twenty or thirty pounds. Take my advice an' don't go past your aunt's in Armagh. Tom, she's an illigant fine woman, an' will resave you wid a *ceade mille a fultha*, an' revive you out an' out afore you put a month over you. There's not a man in Armagh has a betther thrade than her husband, Bill Wilson the carpenter—cabinet-maker, I b'lieve they call him—an' b'lieve my words, she'll make the most of her brother's son. Who knows, Tom avic? Arrah, maybe you'd do betther down there nor at home. Any way Winny won't be gone afore you come back, an' if we can't manage wan thing maybe we would another—*thig um, thee?*"

"Well, I hope so; but, father, I'll be off before Sunday, and this is Wednesday."

"You'll have lashins of time, Tom; but the sorra wan but I'll be very lonely; for although, Tom, you do be wandhering from home by day, and stopping out late sometimes by night, sure I know you're not far off, an' I always hear you lettin' yourself in betune night an' mornin'. Though Cæsar doesn't bark at you, I hear him whinin' an' shufflin' when you're coming to the back doore?"

"No matter about that now, father; I suppose I can get the money tomorrow or after, and start for my aunt's?"

"Any minute, Tom. I'm never without a bill-stamp in the house in regard of the fairs. Come in, and I'll dhraw it out at wanst, an' I'll engage they'll give you the money on it at the bank; don't be the laste taste afeared of that, Tom."

Whether Tom then intended to be guided by his father's advice, and not go past his aunt's in Armagh, it is not easy to say; but at all events he "let on" that he would not do so. When he got his heels loose, with a trifle of cash in his pocket, he could turn his steps in any direction he wished.

They then returned to the house, and old Mick, putting on his spectacles, opened a table-drawer in the parlor, where he kept his writing materials, accounts, receipts, etc. After some discussion, which had well-nigh ended in an argument, as to whether the amount should be twenty or thirty pounds, a bill was ultimately drawn by the son upon the father for the former sum, at three months. Tom had other reasons than the mere increase of ten pounds in the amount, for wishing to have the word thirty instead of twenty written in the bill; however, he could not screw more than the latter sum out of the old man, which he said was ample to take him to his aunt's in Armagh, where he'd get lashins an' lavins of the best of everything. Tom knew that for this purpose it would be ample, and therefore failed to bring forward any arguments to sustain his view as to the necessity of making it thirty; but as it was he himself who wrote it out, he patted the blotting-paper over it in great haste—a matter which was not, of course, observed by the old man, nor if it had been would he have supposed there was anything unusual, much less for a purpose, in the act. The father having read it carefully over, and seeing that it was all correct, wrote his name with some dignity of manner across the bill. This portion of the writing Tom took care to let dry without any blotting at all, for he held it to the fire instead. Neither did the old man observe this unusual course, the manifest mode being to have used the blotting-paper, as in the first instance.

The matter being now thus far perfected, Tom asked his father if he could have Blackberry—one of the farm horses—to go into C. O. S. early next morning.

"An' welcome, Tom, if he was worth a hundred pounds," said the old man, locking the drawer.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVI.

Tom spent the remainder of that day very quietly, most of it in his own room. His first employment, whatever it may have been, was over an old portfolio, where he kept his own writing materials. What were the chief subjects of his caligraphy is not known. Perhaps love-letters to such of his numerous *enamoratas* as could read may have formed a portion, nor is it impossible but the police might have given a trifle to have laid their hands upon some others. Neither were likely to see the light, however, as Tom Murdock kept that old portfolio carefully locked up in his box.

The next morning at an unusually early hour for him Tom proceeded upon Blackberry, fully caparisoned with the best saddle and bridle in the place, to C. O. S.; where, after ten o'clock, he found no difficulty in procuring cash upon his father's acceptance.

Now, although in the first instance Tom had no notion of stopping at his aunt's in Armagh, or perhaps of going there at all, upon reflection he changed his mind altogether upon the subject. He had some congenial spirits there beside his aunt—spirits with whom he occasionally had had personal communication as well as more frequent epistolary correspondence. Beyond Armagh, therefore, upon second thoughts, he resolved not to go upon this occasion. As to any depression of spirits on account of Winny Cavana, he had none, except the loss of her fortune, which would have stood to him so well in his present circumstances. And here he remembered that his father had told him the interest of "that same" was all he could have touched, and even that at only three per cent.; so that for the mere present he had done as well, if not better. What he had drawn out of the bank upon his father's credit, would settle the two harassing and intricate cases, which two different attorneys, on the part of those whom he had most grievously wronged, had threatened to expose in a court of law. He would have some over—he took care of that—to take him to Armagh and back, where he could not manage *this time* to go at the expense of "the fund." He did not purpose, however, to stop very long at his aunt's. He would tell Winny when he came back that her refusal of him had driven him away—he knew nor cared not whither; but that he found it impossible to live without sometimes seeing her, if it was only from his own door to hers: yes, he would follow that business up the moment he returned. In the meantime it might not be without some good effect his being absent for a short time.

Such were the thoughts and plans with which Tom, after he had settled with the attorneys, left his poor old father, we may say completely alone; for after the rather sharp words which had taken place between the two old men, he could hardly continue his customary visits, or half-casual, half-projected meetings with Ned Cavana, by their respective mearings. Hitherto in this respect, more than in actual visits, the intercourse between these two old men had been habitual, indeed it may be said of daily occurrence, mutually watched for. If one saw the other overlooking his men, either sowing or reaping, or planting or digging, according to the time of the year, the habit almost amounted to a rule, that, whichever saw the other first, quit his own men, and sloped over toward his neighbor to have a look at what was going on, and having there exhausted the pros and cons of whatever the work might be, a general chat was kept up and the visit returned on the spot.

Now, however, matters were to a great extent changed. This "untoward circumstance" between Tom Murdock and Winny Cavana, together with the subsequent conversation upon the subject between the fathers, rendered this friendly inter-

Digitized by Google

course impossible. From all his son had told him, old Mick thought Winny Cavana had treated him badly, and he considered that old Ned had "gone back of his word" to himself. He was a plucky, proud old cock, and his advice to Tom would be "to see it out with the pair of them, without any *pillaver*."

What he meant by "seeing it out" he hardly knew himself, for he had repudiated the law in a most decided manner when taxed with it by Ned. What, then, could he mean by "seeing it out?" Perhaps Tom would not require his advice upon the subject.

From this day forth, however, old Mick was not the man he used to be. A man at his age, however well he may have worn—ay, even to have obtained the name of an evergreen—generally does so having his mind at ease as well as his body in health—the one begets the other; and so an old man thrives, and often looks as well at seventy as he did at sixty. But these old evergreens sometimes begin to fail suddenly if the cold wind of disappointment blows roughly upon their hitherto happy hearts; and Tom Murdock was not three weeks away, when the remarks of the people returning from the chapel, respecting old Mick, were that "they never saw a man so gone in the time." And the fact was so.

Old Mick Murdock had been all his life a cheerful, chatty man, one with whom it was a comfort to "be a piece of the road home." Moreover, he had always been erect in person, with a pair of cheeks like a scarlet Crofton apple—not the occasional smooth flush of delicacy, but the constant hard rough tint of health. There were many young men in the parish whom a walk alongside of old Mick Murdock for a couple of miles would put out of breath, while you would not see a heave, however slight, out of old Mick's chest.

Look on him now: "he has not a word to throw to a dog," as the saying has it; he is beginning to stoop in his gait, and more than once already he has struck his heel against the ground in walking. As yet it is not a drag, and those indications of a break-up in his constitution are comparatively slight. Ere long, however, you will see him with a stick, and you will be hardly able to recognize him as the Mick Murdock of a few months before.

Tom, as we have seen, having settled with the attorneys, started for his aunt's; where, as his father had predicted, he was received with open arms, and a joyful clapping of hands and a *ceade mille a faltha*. "Oh, then, Tom, avic macree, but it's you that's welcome; an' shure I needn't ax you how you are. Oh, but it's you that's grown the fine young man since I seen you last. An' let me see—how long ago is that now, Tom agra? It'll be four years coming Easthre Sunda' next since I was down in Rathcashmore. An' how is Mick a wochal? an' how's *herself*, Tom, the 'colleen dhass,' you know?" And she gave him a poke with her finger between the ribs. "Ah, Tom avic, you needn't look so shy; shure I know all about it, an' why wouldn't I? It'll be an illigant match for the pair iv ye; as good for the wan as for the other—coming Shraft, Tom, eh? In troth Winny will be a comfort to you, as well as a creedit; that's what she will, won't she, Tom?"

"Let me alone now, aunt; I'm tired after the journey; and it's not of her I'm thinking."

"See that now— arra *na bocklish*, Tom, don't be afther telling me that; shure didn't Mick himself write to me two or three times to let me know how matthers was going on, and the grand party he gev on Hallow-Eve, and the fun ye all had, and how you danced wid her a'most the whole night."

"Nonsense, aunt! Did he tell you how anybody else danced?"

"No, the sorra word he said about any wan that was there, barrin' yourself an' herself."

"Well, never heed her now. I'll

Digitized by Google

tell you more about her to-morrow or next day, and maybe ask your advice upon the subject at the same time."

Their conversation was here interrupted, as Tom thought very opportunely, by the entrance of Bill Wilson, whose welcome for his wife's nephew was as hearty, in a manner, as that which he had received from herself. The conversation, of course, now "became general;" and Bill Wilson, although he had never been out of Armagh, seemed to have everybody down about Tom's country pat by heart, for he asked for them all by name, not forgetting, although he left her to the last, to ask for Winny Cavana. It was evident to Tom, from his manner, that he was up to the project in that quarter; and as evident that, like his aunt, he knew nothing of how matters up to this had turned out, or how they were likely to end. He answered his uncle's questions, however, with reasonable self-possession; and his aunt, having perceived from his last observation to herself that there was "a screw loose," turned the conversation very naturally to the subject of Tom's physical probabilities, saying,

"Athen, Tom jewel, maybe it's what you're hungry, an' would like to take something to eat afore dinner; shure an' shure it's the first question I ought to have asked you."

"No, aunt, I thank you kindly, I'll take nothing until your dinner; there's a friend of mine lives in the skirts of the town; I want to see him, and I'll be back in less than an hour."

"A friend of yours, Tom? athen shure if he is, he ought to be a friend of ours; who is he, Tom a wochal?"

"Oh, no, aunt, you never heard of him. He's a boy I have a message to from a friend in the country."

"Why, then, Tom, you'll be wanting to know the way in this strange place, an' shure I'll send the girl wid you to show you. Shure how could you know, an' you never in Armagh afore?"

"No, aunt, I say, I have a tongue in my head, and I'm not an *onshiough*. I'll find him out without taking your girl from her business."

"Athen, Tom jewel, whoever bought you for an *onshiough*, would lay out his money badly, I'm thinking; an' although you were never in this big city afore, the devil a bit afeared I am, but you'll find your way, an' we'll have lashins iv everything that's good for you, and a *ceade mille a faltha*, when you come back."

Tom then left them, bidding them a temporary good-bye. He did not think it at all necessary to enlighten his aunt to the fact that he had paid periodical visits to Armagh from time to time, and had on these occasions passed her very door. But these visits were of short duration, and have been only hinted at. They were sufficient, however, to familiarize him with the portions of the city to which he now directed his steps. But as we are not aware of the precise spot to which he went, nor acquainted with those whose society he sought, we shall not follow him.

His aunt, after he had left, was in no degree sparing in her praise of him to her husband, who had never seen him before, but who indorsed every word she said with the greatest promptitude and good-humor, "as far as he could see."

Bill Wilson was no fool. He gave his wife's nephew a hearty and a sincere welcome, and he knew it would be an ungracious thing not to acquiesce in all that she said to his advantage; but it was an indiscreet slip to add the words "as far as he could see." It implied a caution on his part which did not say much for the confidence he ought to have felt in his wife's opinion, and went merely to corroborate her praises of his personal appearance.

"'As far as you can see,' Bill! Well, indeed, that far you can find no fault at all, at all; that's shure an' sartin. Where would you find the likes iv him, as far as that same goes, William Wilson?—not in Armagh, let me tell you. I ax you did you

Digitized by Google

ever see a finer head iv hair, or a finer pair iv eyes in a man's head, or a handsomer nose, or a purtier mouth? An' the whiskers, Bill!—ah, them's the dark whiskers from Slieve-dhu; none of your moss-colored whiskers that you see about here, Bill. Look at the hoith iv him! He's no leprahaun, Bill Wilson; an' I say if you go out an' walk the town for three hours, you'll not meet the likes iv him till you come back again to where he is himsel'."

"Faix, an' I won't try that, Mary, for I believe every word you're afther sayin'. But, shure, I didn't mane to make little of the young man at all."

"You said 'as far as you could see,' Bill; an' shure we all know how far that is. But amn't I tellin' you what is beyant your sight,—what he is to the backbone, for larnin', an' everythin' that's good, manly, an' honest? There now, Bill, I hope you don't misdoubt me,—'as far as you can see,' indeed!"

"Well, Mary, I meant nothing against him by that; indeed I believe, and I'm shure, he's as good as he's handsome. But I must go out now to the workshop to look after the men. Let me know when he comes back."

Tom was not so long away as he had intended. The person whom he went to look for was not at home, and he returned to his aunt at once. He had not many acquaintances in Armagh, and they were such as might be better pleased with a visit *after dark* than so early in the day.

Before "the dinner" was prepared, Tom had another chat with his aunt, and, as a matter of course, she could not altogether avoid the subject of Winny Cavana. She had been given to understand by her brother that a successful courtship was carrying on between Tom and her. But the humor in which Tom had received her first quizzing upon the subject at once told that intelligent lady of the "loose screw" on some side of the question. Upon so important a matter, a married woman, and own aunt to such a fine young man, one of the parties concerned, Mrs. Wilson could not permit herself to remain ignorant. Her direct questions in the first instance, and her dextrous cross-examination afterward, showed Tom the folly of hoping to evade a full confession of his having been refused; and it may be believed that he set forth in no small degree how ill-treated he had been by the said Winny Cavana *and* her father.

His aunt consoled him, so far as she could, with hopes that matters might not be so bad as he apprehended; reminding him at the same time of the extent of the sea, and the number of good fishes which must still be in it uncaught. That shrewd woman could also perceive, from Tom's manner, under his confession, as well as his first ill-humor, that the loss of Winny Cavana's fortune, and the reversion of her fat farm, were more matters of regret to him than the loss of herself.

"And why not?" she thought, under the impression of Winny's ill-treatment of such a fine han'som' young fellow as her nephew. "Shure, couldn't he have his pick an' choice of any girl in that, or in any other parish; ay, or among her acquaintances in Armagh, for that matter? But as for young Lennon! she was sartin shure Winny couldn't be such a born idgiot as to make much of the likes of him where Tom was to the fore."

She thus encouraged her nephew, taking much the same view of his case as old Mick had done, and giving him pretty much the same advice—"not to dhraw back at all, but to persavare an' get a hoult in her by hook or by crook, an' thrust to a reconciliation aftherwards. He might take her word for it, it was more make b'lief than anything else. Don't give it up, Tom; them sort of girls like persavarince; I know I did, a wochal, in my time. What's on her mind is,

Digitized by Google

that it's afther her money you are, an' not hersel'."

"The devil a much she's out there, aunt; but I wish I could make her think otherwise."

"Lissen here, Tom; 'a council's no command,' they say, an' my advice is this. Let on when you go back that you could get an illigant fine girl in Armagh wid twiste her fortune; but that nothing would tempt you to forsake your own little girl at home, that was a piece iv your heart since ye were both the hoith of a creepeen; do you see? an' I'll back you up in it. Tell her she may bestow her fortune upon Kate Mulvey or any one she likes; that herself is all you want. You know she won't do that when it comes to the point."

"Not a bad plan, aunt. But sure I should let on to my father, and to every one in the neighborhood; and they'll be asking me who she is, and about her father and her mother, and all about her; and I should have answers ready, if I mean the thing to look like the truth."

"An' won't I give you all that as pat as A, B, C? Don't I know the very girl that'll answer to a T, Tom?"

"Why then, aunt dear, mightn't you bring me across her in earnest?"

"Faix, an' I could not, Tom, for a very good reason—that I'm not acquainted wid her, except to see her sometimes; an' I know her name, an' who she is, an' her father's name, an' how he med his money. They're as proud as paycocks, I can tell you; an nayther the wan nor the other would look the same side iv the street wid the likes iv us, Tom; but they don't know that at Rathcash; an' shure, if Winny thries to find out about them, she'll find that you're tellin' the truth as far as the names an' money goes, an I'll let on to be as thick as two pickpockets wid them."

Tom was silent. The closing words of his aunt's speech made him wish that he could pick some of their pockets of about a hundred pounds.

The plan, however, seemed a good one, and had the effect of putting Tom Murdock into good humor; and when Bill Wilson joined them at dinner Tom was so agreeable and chatty, that Bill thought his wife, although she was Tom's aunt, had not said a word too much for him; and he regretted more than ever that he had used the words "so far as he could see." He anticipated—nay, he dreaded—that they would be brought up to him again that night with greater force than ever.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE most part of ready cash, whatever the sum may have been, which Tom had received at the bank, having been, as he called it, "swallowed up by them cormorants, the attorneys," he had, after all, but a trifling balance in his pocket. He was determined, therefore, to live quietly for some time at his aunt's upon "the lashins and lavins," taking her advice, and arranging with her his plan of operations upon his return to Rathcashmore. And his aunt's advice, in a prudent and worldly point of view, was not to be controverted, if anything could tend toward the attainment of his object; that was the question.

It was impossible, however, that Tom could rest altogether satisfied with the company of his aunt and her husband, and three or four children between ten and seventeen years of age; particularly as the eldest of his cousins was a long-necked boy with big, stuck-out ears, who worked in his father's shop, instead of a graceful girl with dark hair and fine eyes, whose domestic duties must keep her in the house as her mother's assistant, or perhaps enable her, when she could be spared, to guide him through the principal parts of the town, of which he would have feigned the most profound ignorance. But the eldest child, just past seventeen, as we have seen,

Digitized by Google

happened to be a boy, not a girl, and Tom did not consider this the best arrangement that could be wished. In consequence, he sometimes spent an evening from home, with one or other, or perhaps with *all* the congenial spirits with whom, as a *delegate*—for the truth may be confessed—from another county, he could claim brotherhood. On this occasion, however, he was not on official business in Armagh; and whatever intercourse took place between them was of a purely social nature.

Tom was not altogether such a *mauvais sujet* as perhaps the reader has set him down in his own mind to be, from the inuendos which have been thrown out respecting him, as well as the actual portions of his character which have made themselves manifest. It must be confessed—nay, I believe it has been admitted not many lines above—that he was a Ribbonman; and although that includes all that is murderous and wicked, when a necessity arises, yet in the absence of such necessity a Ribbonman may not be altogether void of certain good points in his character. It is the frightful *obligation* which he *labors* under that makes a villain of him, should circumstances require the aid of his iniquity. Apart from this, and from what is termed an agrarian grievance, a Ribbonman may not be a bad family-man, although the training he undergoes in "The Lodge" is ill calculated to nourish his domestic sympathies.

Tom had now been upward of a month enjoying the hospitality of his aunt; and notwithstanding that she had done all in her power to entertain him, and "make much" of him, he was beginning to tire of the eternal smoke and flags, and stacks of chimneys, which were always the same to the eye: no bright "blast of sun," no sudden dark cloud, made any difference in them; there they were, always the same dark color, no matter what light shone upon them. No wonder, then, Tom Murdock began once more to long for the fresh breeze that blew about the wild hills of Rathcashmore, the green fields of his father's farm, and the purple heather of Slieve-dhu, with the white rocks of Slieve-bawn by her side.

Absence too had done more really to touch Tom's heart with respect to Winny Cavana than to wean him from the "saucy slut," as he had called her in pique on his departure. He had "come across,"—this is the Irish mode of expressing "had been introduced,"—through his aunt's assistance, several of what she called illigant fine girls, nieces of her husband's and others, and his heart confessed that none of them "were a patch" upon Winny Cavana, after all. He thus became fidgety, and began to speak of returning home. Of course the aunt opposed her hospitality to such a step, for the present at least: "Just as we were beginning to enjoy you, Tom avic," said she; and of course her husband made a show of joining her, although he knew there had been more beer drunk in the house in the last month than in the six preceding ones; neither did the cold meat turn out to half the account. He knew this by his pocket, not by his knowledge of the cookery. Tom, however, made no promise of further sojourn than "to put the following Sunday over him," and it was now Thursday. But the next morning's post hurried matters. It brought him a letter from his father, which prevented his aunt from pressing his stay beyond the following day, when it was finally settled by Tom that he would start for home. "It ran thus," as is the common mode of introducing a letter in a novel or story:

"Dear Tom,—This comes to you hoppin' to find you in good health, which I am sorry to say it does not lave me at present; but thank God for all his mercies. I was very lonesum entirely afther you left me; and the more, dear Tom, as I had not my ould neighbor Ned Cavana to spake to, as used to be the case afore that

Digitized by Google

young chisel of a daughter of his cum round him to brake wid us. She's there still, seemingly as proud as ever; but she'll be taken down a peg wan of these days, mark my words. I have wan piece of good news for you, Tom avic; an' that is, that young Lennon never darkened their doore since you went; and more be token, she never spoke a word to him on Sunda's after mass, but went straight home with her father from the chapel. This I seen myself; for although I have been very daunny since you left me, I med bowld wid myself not to lose prayers any Sunda' wet or dhry, for no other purpose but to watch herself an' that chap. So, dear Tom, you needn't be afeared of him. I think, indeed, I seen him going down the road the three Sunda's wid Kate Mulvey; so I think Winny tould the truth to her father about him. Dear Tom, I have not been well at all at all for the last three weeks, an' I am not able to be out all day as I used to be, an' I hardly know how matthers are goin' on upon the farm. I see old Ned a'most every day from the doore or the garden, where I sometimes go out when it's fine; I see him wandherin' about his farm as brisk an' as hard as ever. I think nothin' would give that man a brash. Dear Tom, I did not like writin' to you to say I was lonesum or unwell until you had taken a turn out of yourself at your aunt's; but I am not gettin' betther, an' I think the sight iv you would do me good. Tell your aunt to let you cum home to me now. Indeed, dear Tom, I'm too long alone; an' havin' no wan to spake to makes me fret, though I wouldn't interfere wid you for a while afther you went. If ould Ned Cavana was the man I tuck him to be, he wouldn't let the few words that cum betune us keep him away from me all this time, an' I not well; but he never put to me, nor from me, since you left, nor I to him. Dear Tom, cum back to me as soon as you can, an' maybe we'll get the betther of him an' Winny, afther all. Hopin' your aunt, an' the childer, an' Bill himself, is all in good health, I remain your father till death,

"MICHAEL MURDOCK."

Tom, as I have hinted, was not without his good points, and, as he read over the above letter from his poor lonely father, his heart smote him for having been so long away, and where, to tell the truth to himself, he had no great fun or pleasure. His conscience, moreover, accused him of one glaring act of ingratitude and villany, he might call it, toward the poor old man. There was something tender and self-sacrificing in the letter, yet it was not without a complaining tone all through, that brought all Tom's better feelings uppermost in his heart; and he resolved to start for home early the next morning. He now felt that he had business at home, which at one time he had never contemplated taking the smallest trouble about, beside keeping his poor old father better company than he had hitherto done. Yet, with all this softening of his disposition, he was never more determined to carry out his object with respect to Winny Cavana, by fair means—or by *foul!*

What his father had said about young Lennon gave him hopes that, in the end, a scheme which he had planned for the latter might not be *necessary.*

Tom knew there could be no use in writing to his father to say he would so soon be home with him. The nearest post-town was seven miles from Rathcashmore; and although any person "going in had orders" to call at the post-office, and bring out all letters for the neighbors of both the Rathcashes, yet were he to write now, his letter was sure to lie there for some days, and he would undoubtedly be home before its receipt. Thus he argued, and therefore endeavored to content himself with the resolution he had formed to make no delay; and whatever "his traps" may have been, they were got together and locked in his box at once.

He had engaged to meet a *particu-*

Digitized by Google

his friend on the following evening, Friday, partly on *business*, previous to returning to *his own part* of the country. But he would now anticipate this visit by going there at once, so as to enable him to leave for home early next morning. He hoped to find his father better than his letter might lead him to suppose; and he had no doubt his presence and society, which he was determined should be more constant and sympathizing than heretofore, would serve to cheer him.

Nothing, then, which his aunt could say, and certainly nothing which her husband had added to what she did say, had any effect toward altering Tom's resolution to start for home on the following morning. By this means he hoped to reach his father on the evening of the second day,—railways had not been then established in any part of Ireland, not even the Dublin and Kingstown line,—and he would save the poor old man from the lonesome necessity of going to church on Sunday, "be it wet or dry."

He carried out his determination without check or hindrance, and arrived at the end of the lane leading up to Rathcashmore house soon after dusk in the evening of Saturday. He travelled by car from C—k; and the horse being neither too spirited, nor too *fresh*, after his journey, stood quietly on the road, with his head down, and his off fore-leg in the "first position," until the driver returned, having left Tom Murdock's box above at the house.

The meeting between old Mick and his son was as tender and affectionate on the old man's part as could well be, and as much so on Tom's as could well be expected. Old Mick had some secret anticipations—presentiment, perhaps, I should have called it—that they would never part again in this world, until they parted for the last time. Daily he felt an increasing weakness of limb. weariness of mind, which whispered to his heart that that parting was not far distant. His son's arrival, however, had the effect which he had promised to himself. He seemed to improve both in spirits and in health. If he had not thrown away the stick,—which the reader was forewarned he would adopt,—he made more use of it cutting at the *kippeens*, and whatever else came in his way, than as a help to his progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The St. James' Magazine.

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

In 1828 the learned Arago, a Frenchman, published a remarkable work on the history of the steam-engine. It contains much information that had hitherto been little known on the scientific labor and discoveries of Salomon de Caus. He cites the work of the latter, entitled "*Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes*," which was first published at Frankfort in 1615, and reprinted at Paris in 1624; and M. Arago draws from it the conclusion that Salomon de Caus was the original inventor of the steam-engine.

Six years after this notice of the life and labor of the French engineer, there appeared in "*Le Musée des Familles*" a letter from Marion Delorme, supposed to have been written on the 3d of February, 1641, to her lover Cinq-Mars, in which she tells him that she is doing the honors of Paris to an English lord, the Marquis of Worcester, and showing him all

Digitized by Google

the curiosities of that city. She goes on to say that among other institutions she had taken milord to Bicêtre, where a madman was confined for insisting on a wonderful discovery he had made on the application of steam from boiling water; that the superintendent of the asylum had shown a book to the marquis written on the subject by this lunatic; and that after reading a few pages the English nobleman begged for an interview with Salomon de Caus, from which he returned in a grave and pensive mood, declaring that this man was one of the greatest geniuses of his age.

Such is the substance of the letter of Marion Delorme; and the editor of "*Le Musée des Familles*" adds that the Marquis of Worcester appropriated the discovery to himself, and recorded it in his work entitled "Century of Inventions," thus causing himself to be looked upon by his countrymen as the inventor of the steam-engine.

The anecdote became very popular, and was copied into standard works, represented in engravings, etc., etc. At length some incredulous authors examined more closely into the matter, and found that not only had Salomon de Caus never been confined in a lunatic asylum, but that he had held the appointment of engineer and architect to Louis XIII. up to his death in 1630, while Marion Delorme is asserted to have visited Bicêtre in 1641!

On tracing this mystification to its source, we find that M. Henri Berthoud, a literary man of some repute, and a constant contributor to "*Le Musée des Familles*," confesses that the letter imputed to Marion Delorme was in fact written by himself!

But the most curious part of the story is that the world refused to believe in M. Berthoud's confession, so great a hold had the anecdote taken on the public mind; and a Paris newspaper went so far even as to declare that the original autograph of this letter was to be seen in a library in Normandy, in which province Salomon de Caus was born. M. Berthoud wrote again denying its existence, and offered a million to any one who would produce the letter. From that time the affair was no more spoken of, and Salomon de Caus was allowed to remain in undisputed possession of his fame, as having been the first to point out the use of steam in his work, "*Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes.*" He had previously been employed as engineer to Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., and he published a volume in folio, in London, "*La Perspective avec les Raisons des Ombres et Miroirs.*"

In his dedication of another work to the queen of England, 15th of September, 1614, we find some allusion made to the construction of hydraulic machines. On his return to France he, as before said, was appointed engineer to Louis XIII., and was doubtless patronized by Cardinal Richelieu, that great promoter of the arts and letters.

The writings of Salomon de Caus were held in much estimation among learned men during the whole of the seventeenth century. He had, however, been anticipated in the discovery of steam for the propelling of large bodies, for on the 17th of April, 1543, the Spaniard, Don Blasco de Garay, launched a steam-vessel at Barcelona, in presence of the Emperor Charles V. It was an old ship of 200 tons, called the *Santissima Trinidad*, which had been fitted up for the experiment, and which moved at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The inventor of this first steamer was merely looked upon as an enthusiast, whose imagination had run mad; and his only encouragement was a donation of 200,000 maravedis from his sovereign, but the emperor no more dreamt of using the discovery than did Napoleon I., three centuries later, when the ingenious Fulton suggested to him the application of steam to navigation. It is well known that Fulton was not even permitted to make an essay of this new pro-

Digitized by Google

pelling force before the French emperor. So then, we must date the fact of the introduction of steam navigation as far back as 1543; anterior to the discovery of Salomon de Caus in 1615; to the Marquis of Worcester in 1663; to Captain Savary in 1693; to Dr. Papin in 1696; and to Fulton and others, who all lay claim to the original idea.

But perhaps we may be wrong in denying originality to these men, for we have no proof that either of them had any knowledge of the discoveries of his predecessor.

It was only on the 18th of March, 1816, that the first steam-vessel appeared in France, making her entrance into the seaport of Havre; she was the *Eliza*, which had left Newhaven, in England, on the previous day.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE CLOUDS AND THE POOR.

No one can write upon the clouds without some reference to Mr. Ruskin's labors. Few will forget the four chapters in the first volume of "Modern Painters," dealing first with men's apathy for those forms of beauty which daily flit around us, and ending with the magnificent contrast between Turner and Claude, showing with what difference they had rendered the calm of the mist and the shock of the tempest, the crimson of the dawn and the fire of sunset. We are, indeed, all of us too apathetic, and the summer and the winter clouds are alike unheeded by us. And yet our grey English clouds have impressed themselves upon even our language and our daily speech. Our word "sky" has nothing in common with the *ciel* of the French and the *cielo* of the Italians, which through the Latin *cælum* refer to the clear blue chasm of the air. Our "sky" is connected with the Old-English *seua*, and literally means "the place of shadows." Our "welkin" is connected with *wolcen*, "a cloud," and is derived from a root which points to the incessant, rolling, billowy motion of the clouds.

But if we have failed to notice the clouds and their beauty, others have not failed. Men, seeing their power, feeling their blessings, have worshipped them. Upon them our Scandinavian ancestors built their creeds, and from them created their gods and goddesses. The beauty and the delicacy of the early Aryan mythology is interwoven with the storm-cloud, which alike inspires the story of the Odyssey and solves the mystery of Œdipus. Mr. Ruskin has already quoted from Aristophanes. We could wish that he had supplemented the Athenian poet, who gives merely the latter sensuous mythological view of the clouds, with passages from the fathers, who so deeply penetrated into both their beauty and their moral aspect. With them the clouds appear no longer puissant goddesses, daughters of Father Ocean, thronging in troops from Mæotis and Mimas, their golden pitchers filled with the waters of the Nile. Their fleecy forms told them of him who "giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," of him who "maketh the clouds his chariots, and rideth on the wings of the wind." They could not feel the whirlwind's blast without remembering that it had borne Elijah heavenward, nor hear the thunder without remembering the thunder and lightning which clothed God on Sinai,

Digitized by Google

nor watch the evening rack without remembering that the clouds, such perhaps as they were gazing at, had received their Master out of his disciples' sight, and that again from them he should descend at his second coming. In these days of atmospheric laws, of measurements of rainfalls, and weather forecasts, we cannot by the utmost effort of the imagination place ourselves in their position. To them, as to the first Christians, heaven was directly above their heads, divided from the earth only by the screen of clouds. They must have regarded those white ethereal shadows, those dark rolling masses, in much the same way as the early sacred painters,—peopled each flake with cherubs and angels, and heard the air rustle with wings.

Be this as it may. Even if religion inspired them with such thoughts, they certainly were not insensible to the beauty which daily blossoms in the sky. "There is," cries St. Chrysostom, "a meadow on the earth and a meadow, too, in the sky. There are the various flowers of the stars, the rose below, the rainbow above."* "Look up to heaven," he says, "and see how much more beautiful it is than the roof of palaces. The pavement of the palace above is much more grand than the roof below."† His writings are full of metaphors drawn from the sky and the clouds. He speaks of "snow-storms of miracles," and "thick-falling showers of cares," and cries, "When God doth comfort, though sorrows come upon thee by thousands like snow-flakes, thou shalt be above them all." He reproaches men for looking down like swine to the earth, and not up to the sky,‡ which he declares is the fairest of roofs, guiding them by its beauty to their Maker.§ And filled with that democratic spirit which so burns in all his writings, he cries to the poor man, "Seest thou this heaven here, how beautiful, how vast it is, how it is placed on high? This beauty the rich man enjoyeth not more than thou, nor is it in his power to thrust thee aside, and make it all his own; for as it was made for him, so it was, too, for thee. . . . . Do not all enjoy it equally—rich and poor? . . . . . Yea, rather, if I must speak somewhat marvellously, we poor enjoy it more than they. . . . . The poor more than any enjoy the luxury of the elements."*

The passage is full of the deepest interest. Mr. Ruskin has shown us with what mixed feelings the Greeks loved the clouds, and how the mediævalist feared them. It would be well to know how they have been and are still viewed in England by the lower classes. For, as we before said, the upper classes care little about the clouds. The *ἀώλοι ἡμέραι* (changeful days) of England pass by unnoticed, except to fill up a gap in a conversation. St. Swithin is our national saint, but we are not enthusiastic devotees. Only when a picnic or a cricket match is involved do we trouble ourselves about the clouds. Then the barometer is studied, and the weathercock becomes an object of interest. In short, only when our pleasures are at stake do we care whether the day is wet or fine. On the other hand, life with the poor man depends on the weather. Three continuous wet days in London throw no less than twenty thousand people out of employment. Fine weather is the poor man's bread-winner, his comforter, his physician. He may therefore be pardoned if, with Ulysses, he in the first place regards it from an economical point of view. Thus the laborers in the north midland counties speak of showery weather as "rich weather," —that is, not only enriching the crops, but themselves. On the contrary, as producing a different effect on their calling, the sailors on the north-east

* "Homilies on the Statues." The Oxford Translation.
† "Homilies on 1 Thessalonians iv. 12."
‡ "Homilies on St. Matthew." Part II.
§ "Homilies on St. John." Part II.

* "Homilies on 2 Corinthians."

Digitized by Google

coast speak of such weather as "shabby weather," and call rain—useless to them—"dirt." This indeed must be the case. In the lowest as in the earliest stages of society, this utilitarian spirit—not necessarily base, but co-existent with even a passionate love of beauty—must prevail. The laborer whose day's wage depends on the clouds, and the fisherman whose meal rests with the winds, will naturally first think of them as subservient to the needs of life. Badly clothed, and ill-fed, they cannot possibly appreciate Mr. Kingsley's admiration of the east wind. The fisherman only knows it as producing a dearth of fish. To the midland peasant it is his "red wind,"—just as Virgil spoke of *niger-rimus Auster*, and as the Greeks called the north wind "the black wind," still the *bise* of the Mediterranean. In the east of England the nightingale is not the bird of song, not Ben Jonson's "dear good angel of the spring," but the "barley-bird," because it arrives when the barley is sown. For, on the whole, barley is more important to the peasant than song, and therefore the bird is thus called. Nevertheless the song may be highly prized, but it is still secondary. Thus we stumble upon a curious explanation of the utilitarian spirit observed in Homer and the earliest painters. And the terms of our country-people throw a plain light upon the Homeric epithets "fruitful" (ζείδωρος), and "loamy" (ἐριβῶλος), applied to the earth; and the phrases of our fishermen curiously illustrate the terms "barren" (ἀτρύγενος), and "teeming with fish" (ἰχθυόεις), as applied to the sea. Society in the same or parallel stage ever gives the same utterance.

The reality, too, of the elements, as Lear and Jacques would say, touches the poor to the quick. Hence in the north they simply call rain "waters," just in the same way as the Greeks used ὕδωρ, whilst in the midland counties they nearly as often say "it is wetting" as "it is raining." Their proverbs, too, smack of the fierceness of men who have struggled with the storm. So the Anglian countryman sings of the first three days of March,

> "First comes David, then comes Chad,
> Then comes Winnol blowing like mad."

Their vocabulary, too, teems with words expressive of every shade and variety of weather. Our skies and clouds have entered far more into the composition of popular phrases than we are commonly aware. Such trivial expressions as "being under a cloud," "laying up for a rainy day," unconsciously reflect the character of our weather. Its power overshadows even the altar and the grave in the common rhyme:

> "Happy the bride whom the sun shines on,
> Happy the dead whom the rain rains on."

And the rhyme at one time really exercised a spell. You find it used by lovers amongst our Elizabethan dramatists, who so faithfully reflected the spirit of the day. Thus, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, Ferdinand cries to the duchess about her lover:

> "Let not the sun
> Shine on him till he's dead."
> *Act iii., Sc. 2.*

But the poor possess an abundance of such expressions. And as life is real to them, so their sayings are quickened with reality. Thus, "to be born in a frost" is in Yorkshire an euphemism for being foolish. In the same county, "to obtain anything under the wind" means to obtain it secretly. In Norfolk the ploughman says "there is a good steward when the wind-frost blows." Just consider, too, the richness of their vocabulary of weather-terms, and the observation which it implies. Take Yorkshire alone, and there we shall find "dag," "douk," "pell," "pelse," "rouk," "rag," "sops," all standing for different kinds and degrees of rain and showers. There the white winter-mist is the "hag," the hoar-frost the "rind," the snow-flakes "clarts of snow," and the summer heat-mist the "gossamer," as Wedgwood no-

Digitized by Google

tices, the *Marien fäden* of Germany. Go into the eastern counties, and the dialect is as rich. The sea-mist is the "sea-fret" and the "sea-roke." The heavy rain, which soaks into the earth, is the "ground-rain." The light rain is the "smur" in Suffolk, the "brange" in Essex, and the "dag" in Norfolk, from which last word the various corruptions "water-dogs" and "sun-dogs" are formed.

Passing, however, from words, let us note a few of the weather-rhymes and weather-proverbs which show what accurate observers necessity has made our peasants. There is not a village where the local phenomena of mists and clouds are not preserved in some rhyme. From Cumberland to Devonshire the land echoes with these weather-saws. In the former county we have—

"If Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full well of that."

In the latter, the rhyme—this time really a rhyme—runs:

"When Haldon wears a hat,
Let Kenton beware of a skat."

The Warwickshire and Worcestershire peasants in the Vale of Evesham repeat a similar couplet about their own Bredon, and the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire churls about their Belvoir. Weather-rhymes lie treasured up throughout the midland counties about

"The green-blue mackerel sky,
Never holds three days dry;"

in the northern counties about "mony haws, mony snaws," and in the eastern of the "near bur, rain fur." In England we, too, can rhyme about *la journée du pèlerin*. For centuries the village poet has sung of "mare's tails" and "hen-scrattins," and the great "Noah's Ark cloud," and the "weather-head," of the changes of the moon, how

"Saturday change, and Sunday full,
Never did good, nor never wull."

For the peasant in his rude fashion is a meteorologist, and has studied the ways of the clouds, "water wagons," as in some counties he calls them. From him Aratus might have filled another *Diosemeia*, and Virgil improved his first Georgic. Our Elizabethan dramatists have borrowed some of their most life-like touches from the peasant's weather-lore. Thus Cunningham, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at Several Weapons*, says of wrangling:

"It never comes but, like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather in the tail on't."
Act. iii., Sc. 1.

And Webster, borrowing from the sailor, makes Silvio say of the cardinal that he

"Lifts up his nose like a foul porpoise before storm."
Duchess of Malfy, Act. iii., Sc. 3.

Shakespeare borrows from both peasant and sailor. His finest descriptions of cloud scenery, as we shall show, are based upon popular phrases. Two of his most beautiful similes illustrate the villager's weather lore. Thus Lucrece is described:

"And round about her tear-distrained eye,
Blue circles streamed like rainbows in the sky,
Those water-galls in her dim element,
Foretell new storms to those already spent."

And again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, the countess says to Helena:

"What's the matter
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colored Iris, rounds thine eye?"
Act. i., Sc. 3.

And the peasant's rhymes and sayings undoubtedly contain some germs of truth, or they could never have so long held their ground. Admiral Fitzroy, in his "Weather Book," has rightly given a collection of such saws, though it might with advantage be greatly enlarged. Science has before now been forestalled by some bold guess of the vulgar. And often has some happy intuition outstripped the slow labor of the inductive process.

But with the English peasant a sense of the beautiful accompanies that of the useful. Living ever out of doors, he names his clouds after natural objects. He thus gives a real-

Digitized by Google

ity to them which is unknown to scientific nomenclature. The "lamb storms" of Derbyshire, and the "pewit storms" in Yorkshire, significantly mark the time of year when the lambs are yeaned in the coughs, and the pewits return to the moors to breed. His symbolism is always true. The peasant in the eastern counties talks of "bulfinch skies" to express the lovely warm vermilion tints of sunset clouds. Tennyson's "daffodil sky" is not truer, nor Homer's κροκόπεπλος Ἠώς more poetical. In Devonshire the peasan has his "lamb's-wool sky," the *tenuia lanæ vellera* of Virgil. In parts of the midland counties he has his "sheep clouds," the *schäffchen am himmel* of the German, the same clouds which the Norfolk peasant boy has described with so perfect a touch:

> "Detached in ranges through the air,
> Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
> Scattered immensely wide from east to west,
> The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest."

The Derbyshire countryman knows the hard stratified masses of cloud (*cumulo-strati*) by the happy name of "rock clouds," and the great white rolling avalanches (*cumuli*) as "snow packs" and "wool packs," the former being rounder than the latter, which lie in folds pressed and packed upon one another. Further living amongst hills and mountains, watching them, as Wordsworth says, "grow" at night, enlarging with the darkness, he finely calls the great hill at the entrance to Dovedale, Thorpe Cloud. He had seen it apparently shift and move with the changes of light and atmosphere, and he could only liken it to a cloud. Perhaps, even at times, some faint glimmering might flit across his mind of the instability of the hills, and the rack to him thus became a symbol of the world's unsubstantial pageant.

The midland counties peasant, too, employs such old-world phrases as the sun is "wading" when it is struggling through a heavy scud, and the sun is "sitting" when her dark side is turned toward the earth. The poets themselves may be in vain searched for a finer expression than the first. The beginning of Sidney's sonnet, which Wordsworth has adopted,

> "With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the sky,"

and Milton's description,

> "As if her head she bow'd
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud,"

are somewhat parallel. But the peasant's expression is equally fine. Most readers of "Modern Painters" will remember Mr. Ruskin's vivid description of what he so well calls the "helmet cloud," which rests on the peaks of mountains. But long before Mr. Ruskin wrote, the Westmoreland and Cumberland dalesman named the cloud that at times floats round the tor of Cross Fell by the still better names "helm cloud" and "helm bar."

We could indeed wish that Mr. Ruskin had more deeply studied peasant life and peasant habits. The meaning of the clouds in Turner's "Salisbury" and "Stonehenge" would have then been more thoroughly appreciated. Fine and poetical as is Mr. Ruskin's interpretation, yet we venture to think that he misses the truth when, in this case, he refers Turner's inspiration to Greek sources. To those who have lived near the Plain, and have mixed with the shepherds, the meaning and the symbolism come far nearer home, and more closely touch the heart. Turner was here no Greek, except as all men who love beauty are Greeks. Here he was, at all events, intensely English. Sprung like so many great poets and painters from the lower class, he could sympathize with the shepherds of the Plain. To them, as to the shepherd in the "Iliad," standing on the hill-top facing the sea, shepherding their flocks, far away from any village, on the vast treeless down, the clouds become a constant source of fear or joy. Their hearts gladden as the light white clouds roll up from the English Channel, and then, as they say, "purl

Digitized by Google
PRESERVED BY THE UNIVERSITY

round" and retreat. In spring and summer they joyfully hail the "water dogs," the "gossamer" of the Yorkshire peasant, which herald the fine weather. They, above all other English peasants, solitary on that wide plain, watch with fear the "sun-galls," Shakespeare's "water-galls," as the broken bits and patches of rainbows are called, hanging glorious, but wrathful, in the far horizon. They mark with dread "the messengers" and "water streamers," and at night, too, anxiously note the amber "wheel-cloud" round the moon.

With all this, like a true poet, Turner sympathized. He entered into the reality of shepherd life upon the Plain; its joys and its dangers. In one picture, therefore, he has given us the rain-clouds showering their blessings upon man, and in the other revealed the dread fatalistic power that ever darkens the background of life.

But we must leave the peasant, and turn to the fisherman. More even than the peasant, he naturally regards the weather in its effects upon his calling. The rain with him—we are speaking more especially now of the North Country fisherman—is "dirt," and a rainy sky a "dirty sky." The "water-galls" of the Salisbury shepherd, from which Shakespeare took those most exquisite similes, have with him lost their beauty, and are changed into "sea-devils," evil prophets of tempest. The flying clouds, that herald the storm, are with him "the flying devil and his imps." He realizes the danger, and therefore christens the clouds with rough names.

He too, like the peasant, is learned in weather-lore, and keeps an almanac of weather-rhymes in his memory. In such fishing villages as Staithes and Runswick, on the north-east Yorkshire coast, a large collection might easily be formed. They partake of the roughness and the truthfulness of the inhabitants. Such jingles as:

"When wind comes before rain
Then let your topsails remain:
But if the wind follows rain,
Then you may close reef again,"

are certainly more accurate in sense than rhythm. Again, the couplet:

"When the sun crosses line, and wind's in the east,
It will haud (hold) that way meast, first quarter at least,"

contains a warning not always to be despised. The riddle of the "brough," that amber halo of clouds seen sometimes round the moon, which the shepherds of Salisbury Plain call "the wheel," and the midland peasants "the burr," is solved by the rhyming adage:

"A far off brough
Means a near hand rough."

But we must not be too critical, and demand both sense and rhythm. It is something if in poetry we obtain truth. At all events, the Yorkshire fishermen's rhymes are quite as good as a great many of those in which Apollo formerly conveyed his prophecies to mankind. And we think that Admiral Fitzroy might have profitably added some of them to his collection.

Many a time have we seen at some little fishing village the fishermen all detained by some "breeder," or "flyer," whose meaning their eyes alone could read. If the threatened storm has not visited the coast, yet the heavy sea tumbling in without a breath of air has shown that the gale has broken not far distant. Still mistakes arise. Life is constantly sacrificed. But the glory and the pride of science is, that, whilst serving the sublimest ends, it still helps the humblest. We may be unable to control the elements. But we shall triumph over the law by obeying the law. The day will come when the notion of chance will be altogether eliminated, and the law by which the clouds are governed recognized. And in the blessings of science all men are partakers. Alike shall the fisherman steer his craft with a firmer faith in the essential goodness of all things, and the hand of the artist gain strength and his eye see a

Digitized by Google

deeper beauty, when each knows that the clouds are as regular in their movements as the stars.

Of course men living by the sea, daily watching the clouds, life itself hanging upon a knowledge, however uncertain, of the meaning of their color and their shapes, have naturally named them in a rude fashion. Landsmen, who only now and then gaze at the clouds, are apt to regard them as ever changing. But not "a wisp" flies in the highest air, not "a creeper" rises out of the sea, whose shapes are not moulded by a definite law. Day by day the same forms repeat themselves with unceasing regularity. The clouds might be mapped out like the land and sea over which they fly. More than half a century has passed since Howard first gave them names. After him Forster wrote, and like him illustrated his theory with diagrams of the principal cloud-forms. And now Admiral Fitzroy has so improved upon their nomenclature, that there is not a cloud that cannot be scientifically named and defined. But our sailors and fishermen have long ago known these facts. Not a stray waif of film flecks the heavens which they have not christened. They know all kinds and shapes, from the "crow-nests," those tiny white spots (*cirriti*) dotting the sky, up to the glorious "Queen Anne's feather," waving far away into the horizon its soft downy plume, rippled and barred by the wind.

Thus to take a few examples. The North Yorkshire fisherman has his "dyer's neif," a small dark purple cloud, so called from its supposed resemblance to the black grained fist (neif) of a dyer. Some three thousand years ago, Elijah's servant, on Mount Carmel, cried that he saw a little cloud rising out of the sea like a man's hand. And still on the Yorkshire coast the fisherman utters the same language, and knows that cloud still as the forerunner of storm and rain. Quite as striking, too, is the way in which his names of clouds throw a light upon Shakespeare. All readers will remember the passage between Hamlet and Polonius, ending with "Very like a whale;" a phrase which has passed into a proverb for anything very improbable. And no actor can utter it on the stage without producing a peal of laughter. Yet the proverb and the laughter are equally inappropriate. The names of the clouds in the passage are all real names. The "dromedary cloud," or, as Shakespeare calls it, "the camel cloud," is well known to sailors. It is a species of cumulus, a white, packed, humped cloud, and when seen in the southern hemisphere is said to foretell heat; but, in the northern, cold. It is also called the "hunchback cloud." "See, there's the hunchback; look at its pads," North Country fishermen will say. The "weasel-cloud" also is known, though not so well, and is more often called "the hog-cloud" and the "wind-hog," from its being the forerunner of wind. But the "whale-cloud" is as well known to sailors, especially those employed in the Greenland trade, as the "bridge-cloud," or "feather-cloud," or any other well recognized form. "We shall hae a bit o' a puff, lads. See that sea-devil; and yonder's a regular finner to the norrard," have we heard North Sea captains say. A "finner," it should be explained, is a small whale.

If ever there was a realist, Shakespeare was. He drew direct from nature. But, like a true artist, he knew how to mould and shape mere barren naturalism by the vitalizing power of the imagination. In its white heat he fused all things. And so, noting the common names of clouds as daily used in conversation by sailors and fishermen and seafaring folk, he could rise from the satire of Hamlet to the high pathetic pitch of Antony's speech:

"Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod into the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Antony. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

Digitized by Google

The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Antony. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act iv., Sc. 12.

Here the whole scene is colored by the imagination and ennobled by human pathos, such as no other man ever possessed. But the basis of the thought is the simplest naturalism, such as other men had seen and observed a thousand times before. The Flying Dragon is mentioned as far back as the latter part of the sixteenth century by Hyll in his "Contemplation of Mysteries," where the first rude ideas of weather forecasts may be found. The "pendent rock" and "forked mountain" are nothing more than the "rock-clouds" of the Derbyshire peasant, concerning which a local rhyme runs:

"When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by fragrant showers."

We must not, however, lose sight of our North Country fisherman. If to him the sky is at times black with terror, yet it is also splendid with beauty. In fine weather it is his garden, the heavenly "meadow," as St. Chrysostom would say, blossomed over with flakes and garlands of cloud-bloom, white and peach-colored. He has his names for them, his "crow buds," and his "cherry flowers," and the great "tree cloud" with its purple branches. It is, too, his fairyland full of loveliest shapes flying and wandering here and there, "pigeons," as he calls those white detached winged "flyers," "flying fish," "streamers," and pencilled "plumes."

Thus far of the peasant and the sailor. They certainly more than any one else recognize the terror and the beauty of cloud scenery. The well-to-do man knows the clouds only as they affect his pleasures. Life is not dependent upon them, and he therefore misses that true enjoyment which springs from reality. On the whole, he thinks with the Epicurean that rain ought to fall by night, whilst his wife sighs for Italy and blue skies. But let us, on the contrary, love the grey cloud, and rather hold with that fine old skipper, who, after enduring six months of unbroken weather in the Bay of Naples, cried out on seeing a cloud, "Turn out, boys, turn out; here's weather as is weather; none of your everlasting blue sky." Let us rather love the storm-rack that beats against our island. This it is that gives the color to the cheeks of our maidens; this that has moulded our features, and deepened the lines of our faces, and hardened the national character.

Let us be thankful, with Mr. Ruskin, that nowhere can the swiftness of the rain-cloud be seen as in England, nowhere in such perfection as among the Derbyshire hills; nowhere the keenness of the storm be felt as on a Yorkshire wold.* But in these days even the power of the elements is threatened. We have seen in Derbyshire, when the west wind blows, the cloughs filled, not with troops of clouds dashing slantwise up the valleys, but choked with dull rolling Lancashire smoke; seen, under this canopy of fog, the snow on the Edges turn yellow and brown. One by one, too, the blast furnaces are burning up the Yorkshire moors. And instead of white wreaths of clouds crowning the wolds, a pillar of fire lights them up by night, and a cloud of smoke darkens them by day.

Luckily the sea-coast still remains unpolluted. And if any one really wishes to study the clouds, let him go to the North Yorkshire and Northumberland coasts in winter. Then will he understand something of their majesty and power; then will he see the true purple wind-tints, see the sky a wilderness full of strange weird creatures—"wild hogs," those purple hump-backed clouds running one after another in a line, and the "Flying Devil and his imps" marshalling the storm, which is banking up out of the German ocean; see, too, the "Norway bishop" rise—a man's figure clothed

* "Modern Painters," vol. v., part vii., chap. iv., § 14.

Digitized by Google

in white, with outstretched arms, under whose ban many a fisherman from Staithes and Runswick has sunk; see the figure melt and disappear in a mist of sleet and snow and hail; and then, last of all, see "the weather-gleam," when all objects loom against the one pale rift of sky, as ships loom in an east wind.

These sights have never been painted, and never can. Even Turner cannot give them. For who can give that which is the greatest pleasure in watching the clouds, the feeling of change? You cannot paint the movement of the rack, as the vapor shifts from form to form, now a mountain, now a dragon, now a fish, each change answering to the changes of the spirit. Only the poets can paint the clouds and their lessons—only Shelley and Shakespeare. But put away even Shakespeare himself. Love them, study them from nature. And, as St. Chrysostom says, the poor man, more than any one else, enjoys "the luxury of the elements." The lawyer may hold *cujus solum ejus ad cœlum;* but he who most enjoys the clouds, as with all things else, is their real possessor. And the artist and the poor man, though they may not have a rood of ground to call their own, here reign over an empire.

Translated from the German.

MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

A SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESSES HELD AT MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

BY ANDREW NIEDERMASSER.

CHAPTER II.

ART.

The Catholic reunions, both in Belgium and in Germany, have taken a special interest in Christian art; for religion is at once the source and the end of true art. "Religion," says Lasaulx, "is the soul of every useful measure, the vivifying principle in the life of nations, the permanent basis of true philanthropy. In its infancy, as well as during its most flourishing periods, at all times and among all nations, art has ever been the handmaid of religion. What is the last and highest aim of architecture? The erection of churches. How has sculpture won its noblest triumphs? In pagan antiquity, by representations of the heathen deities; since the dawn of Christianity, by presenting to the admiration of the world statues of our Saviour and his saints. In like manner the noblest subjects of painting have been furnished by religion, and by history, both sacred and profane. And do we not meet with the same phenomenon in music and religious poetry? Hence we may safely conclude that art is the barometer of a nation's civilization, and above all of its religious status. A people animated with a lively faith will not hesitate to manifest it outwardly, sparing neither trouble nor expense, and art affords the most suitable means of giving expression to its feelings. If, on the other hand, art is neglected by a nation, it is a certain sign that its mental and spiritual condition is abnormal; that it must be under the influence of some disturbing agency.

Art, in its relations to religion and the Church, is one of the subjects that have claimed the attention of the Catholic congresses; they discussed the principles of religious architecture, painting, sculpture, and of church music; they considered the subject of decorating the sanctuaries of religion in all its branches, and examined the highest and most important problems of art.

Art, as cultivated during the first

Digitized by Google

ages of Christianity and during the middle ages, is a subject complete in itself, for we can trace its use, its progress, and decay, as well as the development of the ideas which gave it life. Between Christian and pagan art there is no doubt a connecting link; in fact, we may safely assert that in this respect, no less than in all others, there is a great unbroken chain that unites the present age with antiquity. Still, no one can deny that there is a great and immense difference between Christian nations and those of antiquity. For, since the birth of Christianity, we may trace in history a new, active, and all-pervading principle. What the greatest minds of the pagan world scarcely suspected, has become the common property of all nations and of all men. Christianity is built on foundations very different from those on which rested the cumbrous fabric of paganism. It has impressed an original character on art, in every branch of which it has produced results of undoubted excellence, worthy of our admiration. Christian art suffers not by comparison with the masterpieces of antiquity. Narrow-minded and prejudiced persons only will maintain that the Greeks alone excelled in the arts. The independence and excellence of Christian art, compared with that of classic Greece and Rome, is by no means generally admitted; for many are unwilling to allow to the Church the credit, which it may justly claim, of promoting and patronizing the arts. During the last century art has lacked its proper basis—truth, for art is founded on truth. But since nations have been led astray by the erroneous idea that art was revived at Florence, and thence spread over all Europe, it has lost its independence, confined itself to mere imitations of the Greeks and Romans, and gradually decayed more and more. In the history of art no period appears darker than the so-called age of RENAISSANCE, and since then Christian art has been either misunderstood or entirely despised. Not long ago the masterpieces of Gothic architecture were looked upon as barbarous; paintings on wood which had for ages graced the European temples were removed, broken to pieces, and burnt, and altars of the most elaborate workmanship were treated as mere rubbish. To level to the ground the noble cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was considered a service to art. And this was done, not by the ignorant, but by the protectors of learning; nay, by artists themselves, who were foremost in the work of destruction. A French architect published an essay to prove that it would advance the interests of art to turn the cathedral of Spires into a warehouse. On the cathedrals of Cologne and Strasbourg, also, French architects, living at the beginning of the nineteenth century, had pronounced sentence of condemnation. No later than 1825, when Charles X. was crowned in the cathedral of Rheims, the heads of two hundred statues were struck off, through fear that the statues might be thrown down on occasion of the royal salute. No one seems to have thought of fastening the images; in fact, why should they trouble themselves about the workmanship of barbarians? During the revolution of 1789, the French had unfortunately acquired too much skill in smashing the statues that crowned their grandest cathedrals.

During the period of which we speak, how false was the appreciation of what is beautiful in art! To man's proud spirit it is humiliating, indeed, to know his own weakness; to know that for years he may remain in the darkness of error, without having the strength to burst the chains that fetter him.

At the beginning of the present century more correct ideas on this subject were entertained and spread by several eminent German artists, and for the last thirty years justice has been done to the claims of the middle ages. Actively co-operating with this

Digitized by Google

movement, the Catholic conventions of Germany and Belgium have achieved many desirable results.

At Malines, in 1864, the section for Christian art was very numerously attended; more than a hundred archæologists and artists from every country in Europe had there met to take part in lively and interesting debates on Christian art, whilst seventy musicians, professionals, and amateurs held their sessions in another part of the building. Several years ago, I was present at the general meeting of the German architects at Frankfort, but I own that in interest their discussions fell far below those to which I listened at Malines. In 1857, at the general reunion of the Christian art associations in Germany, which met at Regensburg, several hundred commissioners were present, and on that occasion were displayed the same enthusiasm, the same freshness and interest, which distinguished the discussions at Malines. But this zeal has long died out; the Christian art associations of Germany never met again; and at Würzburg, Frankfort, and Aix-la-Chapelle, the Catholic conventions scarcely deigned to notice Christian art.

The chairman of the section for Christian art at Malines was Viscount du Bus de Ghisignies. The viscount's appearance is noble and striking; he seems to have been born to command. In the heat of the combat du Bus never loses his self-possession; his clear and steady eye watches the battle; not a word escapes his notice; fair and unprejudiced, he deals out equal justice to all. If the opinions of a speaker clash with his own, he twirls his martial moustache with more than ordinary vigor; but he allows to every one the rights he may justly claim. As chairman, his duties are not unattended with difficulty. Romans and Teutons, Frenchmen and Britons, Dutchmen and Belgians, meet alternately in friendly strife; many a blow is exchanged, principle clashes with principle, and deeply-seated prejudices are uprooted. Convinced that the harmony of mind, as that of sounds, is the product of contrast, du Bus acted in accordance with his convictions and nobly fulfilled the task assigned him. The debates of his section were more animated and more instructive than those of any other.

At the right of du Bus sat the vice-president of the section, Professor Cartuyvels, of Louvain, a man well-versed in parliamentary usage, in which he was excelled by no one except, perhaps, by A. Reichensperger. A young clergyman from Brabant, Cartuyvels displays a master mind; equally skilled in æsthetics and in the philosophy and history of art, the value of these acquirements is enhanced by his knowledge of the liturgy, of canon law, and of holy writ. He is thoroughly acquainted with the works of the great masters of Germany and Italy. His words proclaim the enthusiasm with which he devotes all the faculties of his soul to the service of Christian art.

Always prepared to speak, he boldly upholds the principles which he deems correct. He defends them with ardor and confidence of success, and he seldom fails to carry his point; few are able to cope with him. It was a glorious sight to see A. Reichensperger and Cartuyvels engaged in discussion; for

> "Sublimest beauty comes to light
> When powerful extremes unite!"

James Weale was a representative of England and English art at Malines. For many years Weale has made Bruges his home, and exerted considerable influence on Belgian art; nevertheless, he is a thorough Englishman. He is a convert and a disciple of Canon Oakley. By becoming a Catholic, as is often the case in England, Weale incurred pecuniary losses; but this sacrifice has only purified and strengthened his love for the Church. The trials he has undergone have unveiled the heroic qualities of his heart. The greater number of English converts (and this no one who has had

Digitized by Google

the happiness of personal acquaintance with them will dispute) are men distinguished for their great learning and affable manners, and Weale is no exception to this rule. His principles of art are rigorous, I had almost said exclusive, but he is convinced of their correctness. In his views he is unique and definite; he propounds them with uncommon clearness and precision. When opposing false principles, he is not very choice in his expressions, generally preferring the strongest. Weale is the uncompromising enemy of all sham and equivocation. In the domain of art his attainments are immense. He knows England, the Netherlands, Germany, France, and Italy. His quick eye instantly discovers the merits of a painting. That the clergy may become familiar with every branch of Christian art, is his most ardent desire. At Bruges Weale publishes "*Le Beffroi*," an archæological journal; he would have been the most suitable candidate for the newly founded chair of archæology at Louvain.

Having spoken of Weale, we are now led to notice his friend Bethune, of Ghent. He is a painter, but confines himself chiefly to painting on glass. Brought up in the school of the celebrated English architect, Welby Pugin, who, though only forty years of age when he died, in 1852, had already built more than two hundred churches and chapels, his figures are distinguished by purity of style; he carries out in practice the theories of Weale. However, he does not by any means reject everything modern, but judiciously seeks to combine the beauties of the modern with those of the ancient style of art. Bethune is remarkable both for his piety and his learning, and this accounts for the charm and instructiveness of his conversation. He admires Germany and German art, without being blind to its defects; on the contrary, his criticisms on the best productions of modern German painting are severe, not to say harsh. His paintings on glass are in marked contrast to the productions of the Munich school. He does not delight in great historical paintings on glass, which tend to make us forget that we are looking at a window, but seeks to attain unity of design by subordinating his picture to the plan of the architect. In the debates at Malines, Bethune did not take so prominent a part as Weale. Another active member of the section of Christian art was Bethune's brother, Canon F. A. L. Bethune, professor of archæology in the seminary at Bruges. Among the French members, Lavedan deserves to be mentioned in the first instance. He is a well-known French journalist, who seems to have a great taste for the fine arts. With untiring ardor he spoke on every question discussed, and, in spite of being somewhat prolix, his remarks were always listened to with pleasure. Although noted rather for wit and polite literature than for depth of learning, he was master of the situation, and to unhorse him was not an easy task. He pleaded eloquently for the establishment of a permanent art exhibition. Whilst Lavedan, like Weale, applies himself to the theory of art, Jaumot, like Bethune, is a practical artist. Of the few artists that France can boast of, Jaumot is one of the best; but he was not permitted to exhibit his cartoons, and has not met with the encouragement so indispensable to the artist. Jaumot complained of this at Malines, and maintained that the Belgian clergy are much better acquainted with the principles of Christian art than the clergy of France. The Abbe Carion attracted attention by his profound knowledge of archæology; all his remarks proved that he understands thoroughly the subject he treated, though he does not present his ideas in so pleasing a manner as others. Any seminary may justly be proud of such professors as Messrs. Carion, Bethune, and Cartuyvels. No one contributed more to the merriment of the assembly than Van Schendel, of Antwerp,

Digitized by Google

an old painter, who delights in sketches of Dutch family life. He railed at everything, and at times he became quite sarcastic. To find fault seemed to be his sole purpose; whether justly or not, was of little consequence. He succeeded most admirably in boring the chairman. Van Schendel seems to dislike the French language, for he always preferred to speak Dutch. I might speak of many more, but I shall only mention Delbig, a German painter, residing at Liege; Alfred Geelhand, Leon de Monge, Martin, Isard, Mommaerts, of Brussels; Bordeau; de Fleury, an enthusiastic admirer of Flandrin, the great French painter; Van de Necker, the Abbé Huguet, and the Abbé Van Drival.

I cannot forbear speaking of A. Reichensperger, of Cologne. For almost a quarter of a century Reichensperger has been the champion of Christian art, not only in Germany, where he is looked upon as the foremost defender of German art during the middle ages, but also in France and England. In Cologne he had been at the head of the society for completing the cathedral. In the Prussian chambers at Berlin he has always exerted himself in favor of true art. He was president of the general meeting of the Christian art unions, held at Regensburg in 1857, and distinguished himself as an orator at the congress of artists that assembled at Antwerp some years ago. He was also present at Malines, and his presence was of great advantage to the Romanic delegates. Reichensperger is delighted to meet with opposition; nay, he calls it forth, for without it he appears dissatisfied. In fact, a debate is impossible without opposition. At Malines, it is true, opponents were not wanting, but he vanquished them all. Manfully upholding his German principles, he convinced many of their correctness. Reichensperger has often earned applause, he has been the hero of many a parliamentary triumph, during the twelve years that he has been considered one of the five best speakers in the Prussian parliament, but in the Petit Seminaire at Malines he gained his most brilliant successes. His French may not at all times be classical; but his pointed expressions charmed his French audience. His style is not florid, but his speeches sparkle with wit, humor, and sarcasm. His ready logic completely astounded his adversaries. All his remarks called forth thundering applause, which finally grew so noisy that the chairman of the first section, "*Les Œuvres Religieuses*," deemed it necessary to interfere and request a little more moderation.

But what was the subject of all these learned deliberations? Many questions were discussed, and variety constituted one of the principal charms of the proceedings. Æsthetics were treated in the first place; the learned speakers philosophized concerning the ideas of truth, of goodness, and of beauty. One hundred and two years have rolled by since Baumgarten, the father of æsthetics, died. In 1750 and 1758 he published the two volumes of his celebrated work entitled "*Æsthetica*." For more than a hundred years, therefore, æsthetics have been cultivated with more or less zeal, but with very little success; the science seems to stagnate because the principles on which it is based are unsound. Hence most books on æsthetics are loathed. The best among the recent works on this subject was written by Lasaulx; but a philosophy of art, from a Catholic point of view, we do not yet possess, for Dursch's "Æsthetics" has many defects. Jacobs' "Art and the Church" might, if completed, have supplied a want long felt.

The discussions on the beautiful led to no important results. Of more practical consequence was the resolution condemning French pictures. Mommaerts made an attempt to establish in Brussels a society whose object was to be the diffusion of pictures artistically unobjectionable. At Paris Meniolle, assisted by German artists,

Digitized by Google

intends to do the same for France, where hitherto Schulgen, of Düsseldorf, has, so to say, held a monopoly. I hope that both projects may be successful, and escape the fate of many similar enterprises, which are nipped in the bud. In all likelihood no similar society will do so much good, and extend its influence so far, as the Düsseldorf association for the diffusion of good pictures.

Much time was spent in discussing the establishment of museums like those of Sydenham and Kensington, near London, and in listening to speeches on fresco paintings, on the stations of the cross, on exhibitions of works of art, and on the encouragement of artists. On motion of Weale, a resolution was adopted to found a Belgian national museum at Louvain, and Reichensperger prevailed on the assembly to pledge itself to further the completion of St. Rombaut's cathedral at Malines.

Let this suffice. The musicians would complain, perhaps, were we to pass them unnoticed. At the request of the general committee at Brussels, Canon Devroye and Chevalier H. Van Elewyk had prepared eight theses for discussion. These propositions treat of choral music, of the education of organists, of the influence of religious music, of the establishment of societies for the promotion of church music, and the like. It was proposed to found a musical academy, in which a special department for religious music is to be established.

Canon Devroye presided; his interesting remarks were always listened to with pleasure. Dr. Paul Alberdingk-Thijm, of Amsterdam, formerly of Louvain, was vice-president. He is well acquainted with Gregorian music and church music in general—of German music also; even of our most common popular songs he has a thorough practical knowledge; many of our German songs he renders with exquisite taste. We shall see more of him hereafter. Verooitte, of Paris, was chosen to be honorary vice-president. He is well known in France. He founded the academy for religious music in Paris, which has been in successful operation for some time, and has contributed materially to raise the character of religious music in that country. Chevalier Van Elewyk has done all in his power to establish in Louvain a society for the promotion of church music, and his exertions were not in vain. A society having the same object in view was formed at Amsterdam. At Malines there were also several organ-builders, whose practical advice was of great advantage to the musical section; the foremost among them were Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris; Mercklin, of Brussels; and Loret, of Malines.

One of the most remarkable personages at the congress was F. Hermann, prior of the Carmelites in London. F. Hermann Cohen, the pianist, is a native of Hamburg, and greatly esteemed by the Catholics of Germany. The manner of his conversion was most wonderful and in many of its features resembled that of Alphonsus Ratisbonne. Whenever I saw F. Hermann, in his fine Carmelite habit, I thought of another great musician, Liszt, whom I had seen and admired at Rome, and of the Franciscan, F. Singer, who invented the wonderful instrument to the tones of which I had the pleasure of listening at the general convention held at Salzburg in 1857. True, F. Hermann is not only an eminent musician—God has gifted him with many other endowments; as an orator, especially, he is overpowering, able to move the most unfeeling. Another monk, a fine and imposing figure and a master of religious music, the Franciscan friar Egidius, of Jerusalem, offered very valuable advice. Friar Julian, of Brussels, who has supplied three nations with organists, took an active part in the debates. Beside these I shall mention, Arthur de la Croix, of Tournay, who has written several works on religious music; the Abbé Loth, of Rouen, who deserves honorable mention as one of

Digitized by Google

the most zealous promoters of church music; Lemmens, editor of "*L'Organiste Catholique*;" Emile Laminne, of Tongres, who most eloquently insists on the cultivation of music in seminaries, and on the appointment of a special committee for music in every diocese. F. Faa di Bruno, of St. Peter's, in London, spoke on oratorios; the Abbé Deschutter, of Antwerp, on sacred music at concerts. Edmund Duval presented a paper on the accompaniment of plain chant. L'Abbé de Mayer, Prof. Devoght, and Hafkenscheid, of Amsterdam, also made important suggestions. On motion of Dr. Paul Alberdingk-Thijm, the most eminent authorities on sacred music were appointed corresponding members. The following were elected: Meluzzi, musical director at St. Peter's, Rome Dandini, secretary of the academy of St. Cecilia at Rome; Don Hilarion Eslava, of Madrid; the Duke de San Clemente, of Florence; John Lambert, of London; Tornan, archæologist at Paris; Charles Verooitte, of Paris; the Abbé Loth, of Rome; Friar Egidius, of Jerusalem; F. Hermann, of London; T. J. Alberdingk-Thijm, publisher at Amsterdam; and F. Stein, pastor of St. Ursula's, Cologne.

Hitherto very little has been done for the reformation of church music; in Germany, as elsewhere, there still exist many reasons for complaining. Nevertheless, the Gregorian chant is no more antiquated than the ceremonies of the Church, her liturgy, her liturgical language, or the vestments used at her offices. Who is there that does not admire the melody of the sacred hymns, their perfect form, their solemnity, and their dignity? Moreover, the plain chant demands no violent exertion on the part of the singer. The voice is strained neither by difficult figures nor by unnatural intervals, nor does it require the same compass as the modern music. Unlike instrumental music, choral music does not stun the hearer by its noisy effect, so unbecoming divine service.

Nor has sufficient attention been paid to several other points; to the more thorough study of the liturgy, and of the sacred hymns of the Church, and to the cultivation of popular music.

Lastly, we must briefly notice the exhibition connected with the congress of Malines. It was very interesting, and formed a pleasing feature of the first and particularly of the second congress. Those who contributed most towards its success were, James Weale, of Bruges, Bethune, of Ghent, Canon de Bleser, and Abbé Deloigne. Many weeks of patient research, under the most favorable circumstances, would not enable us to meet with so many specimens of mediæval art; in fact, the collection was of great importance to the student of archæology.

The works of living masters, too, were on exhibition, and many of them called forth our especial interest and admiration. They proved conclusively that the attempts recently made to restore Christian art to its pristine purity have not been altogether fruitless. In many places our artisans have again begun to study the mediæval art, and many of them rival in the excellence of their productions the masters of the middle ages. How beautiful were many pieces of bronze statuary, of jewelry, and of embroidery, that we found at Malines! The bronze chandeliers, candelabra, and desks sent by Hart, of London, surpassed in purity of style and beauty the best works of the old Belgian masters. The Romanic and Gothic ciboria, chalices, remonstrances, chandeliers, reliquaries, censers, crosses, croziers, and the like, contributed by such artists as Bourdon de Bruyne, of Ghent, Martin Vogeno, of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hellner, of Kempen-on-the-Rhine, rivalled the most admired productions of the middle ages; the three artists above-mentioned fully deserved the prizes awarded them by the congress. Among the sculptors whose statuary graced the exhibition, well-merited praise was bestowed on de Broeck and Van Wint, of Antwerp, and

Digitized by Google

Pieckerey, of Bruges. The paintings on glass, also, exhibited by Westlake, of London, met with general approbation. The committee which awarded the premiums consisted of Voisin, of Tournay; von Bock, of Aix-la-Chapelle; Van Drival, of Arras; Felix Bethune and John Bethune, of Ghent; Cartuyvels, of Liege; Weale, of Bruges; and Helbeig, of Liege.

Lambotte, of Liege, Reinhold Aasters, of Aix-la-Chapelle, John Goyers, of Malines, and several others had sent samples of workmanship in gold. The silk embroideries of Von Lambrechts-Martin, of Louvain, attracted considerable attention, as did also the sculptures of Champigneulle, of Metz, and of Phyffers, a Belgian sculptor living in London. Many other names I have forgotten; but on the whole the English and Germans excelled the French and Belgians. J. F. Casaretto, of Crefeld, had brought to Malines a number of vestments, banners, chasubles, copes, etc., and displayed them to advantage at the Hotel Liederkercke. They attracted the notice of the Belgian bishops no less than of the foreign clergy, and their excellence was acknowledged by all, especially by Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans. In Germany, for the last twelve years, Casaretto has enjoyed the patronage of the bishops and clergy. Though there were at Malines many excellent samples of workmanship, there was also much that did not soar above mediocrity, and much that fell beneath it. Even many experienced artisans are guilty of gross mistakes; some goldsmiths, for instance, manufacture patens entirely unfit for use. The paten should be perfectly smooth and even, without any ornament. In Malines there were many chalices whose feet were so made that it would be next to impossible to hold them firmly without injuring the hand of the celebrant. In many of the remonstrances and other sacred vessels, also, serious defects were noticeable, a proof that there is still room for improvement. To attain a proper degree of perfection, there should be a closer union of the mechanical and the fine arts and of both with science. Let our artisans be acquainted with the principles of art, let them be thoroughly instructed in the rules laid down by the Church for the guidance of the artist, let them come into closer contact with men of science; in fine, let them, thus instructed, be penetrated by the spirit of faith, purified and ennobled thereby, and they will certainly produce workmanship worthy of our admiration. On this subject many useful suggestions were made by Cardinal Wiseman in 1863, in his well-known lecture on the "Connection between Science and Art."

The results of the debates of the section on art were, as we stated above, the establishment of a professorship of ecclesiastical archæology at Louvain and the foundation of a national museum at the same place. Considering the many reasons so eloquently urged in its favor, we doubt not that active and immediate measures will be taken for the completion of the cathedral of Malines. On the success of the German artists at the Malines exhibition we lay the more stress because, at the same time, Ittenbach, of Düsseldorf, surpassed all his competitors at the Antwerp exhibition of paintings, and the historical painter, Edward Steinle, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, by his cartoons, exhibited at Brussels, gained new triumphs for true Christian art. To the latter fact, Güffers and Swerts, the best Belgian painters, cheerfully bore witness. In the debates at Malines the superiority of German art was repeatedly acknowledged by representatives of all nations.

To return to our fatherland. At the head of the movement for the regeneration of art in Germany, which distinguished the first half of the nineteenth century was a Catholic prince, King Louis I. of Bavaria. It was he, also, who, partly by renovating the cathedrals of Regensburg, Bamberg, and Spires, and partly by erecting so

Digitized by Google

many beautiful temples at Munich, rescued Christian art from the disrepute into which it had fallen. Rarely has so much been done for art in so short a time as in Bavaria under Louis I.; few monarchs have been more liberal patrons of every department of art. Many are of opinion that King Louis' protection should have been confined to German art, but his great soul scorned such narrow-minded ideas, and he extended his care to ancient classical art. Foremost among those who, since 1842, strove to regenerate Christian art in its purely German form was King Louis' friend, Cardinal Geissel, of Cologne. The association for completing the cathedral of Cologne called forth great artistic activity; in that famous edifice was seen the symbol of the Catholic Church in Germany, and of the final return of all Germany to the one true faith.

To their exertions we must ascribe the advancement of Christian art previous to the meeting of the first Catholic general convention. These conventions have always upheld the claims of Christian art. At Linz, in 1850, was founded the "Christian Art Union of Germany." In a few years this society spread over every part of our country. The Rhenish art unions were the most active, and exercised considerable influence on those of southwestern Germany; the latter, however, have proved more lasting and have accomplished more important results.

When once fairly established, the Christian art union held several general meetings, the first of which took place at Cologne in September, 1856. The beginning was insignificant, for scarcely a hundred delegates assembled, and many of these hailed from the Rhenish provinces. In spite of this drawback, the transactions were far more interesting than those of many so-called "historical associations," that busied themselves with Celtic, Roman, and German antiquities. Nay, considering the merit of the speeches delivered, they compare favorably with those of the German architectural society. A still more brilliant future, however, was in store for the Christian art union. In 1857, the second general meeting was held at Regensburg, at which the number of archæologists and artists amounted to several hundred. For three days they assembled in the splendid church of St. Ulric, discussed some most important questions, and listened to several brilliant speeches. The treasures of mediæval art, sent from every part of the diocese of Regensburg, formed a magnificent collection, for, among all the cities of Germany, Regensburg is one of the richest in monuments of mediæval times, whilst its cathedral is one of the finest in the world. A. Reichensperger, the chairman, enforced strict order in debate; next to him sat Dr. F. Streber, professor at Munich. As a successful student of numismatics, his fame was European; in fact he was a man of superior learning. His best work is his "History of Christian Art," which was not published previous to his death, but whose excellence no one will undervalue. If an illustrated edition were published, it would supplant all other class-books on the same subject, and be a sure guide and basis of all future researches. And no wonder, for no man had a clearer and more general knowledge of everything relating to the history of art than Streber. We hope soon to see this history grace every collection of the Catholic classics of Germany.

Another eminent member of the assembly was Dr. Zarbl, canon of the cathedral at Munich. An eloquent speaker, a writer who recounted his travels in an interesting manner, and a zealous pastor of souls, the canon was a patron of Christian art, and intimately acquainted with its literature. His residence resembled a museum of mediæval curiosities. He was president of the Regensburg art union, and well was he fitted to fulfil his duties. When he walked up the aisles of his cathedral, his appearance was majes-

Digitized by Google

tic. His words were impressive and his actions cautious and well considered. Overtopping most men, and inspiring all with respect, strangers looked up to him with a feeling akin to awe, whilst to those who knew him he was a kind and esteemed friend. Canon Zarbl departed this life long ago, to receive the reward of his virtues. A Benedictine of the abbey at Metten, on the Danube, a man whose memory is cherished by thousands of his pupils, F. Ildephonsus Lehner, was the soul of the Regensburg art union in 1857. As director of the seminary he labored successfully to imbue his students with an ardent love of Christian art, the principles of which he had mastered at an early age. This he effected not so much by æsthetical theories as by practical instruction. At Metten he founded a museum of mediæval art, he formed a school which was frequented by many talented young men, and assisted by several friends he founded the Regensburg diocesan art union, and encouraged artistic literature. Foremost among his disciples is George Dengler, of Regensburg, who bids fair to attain considerable eminence in architecture. At the Würzburg general convention, in 1864, F. Ildephonsus was chosen chairman of the section of Christian art, and in an eloquent address he urged the German clergy to study the Catholic liturgy and the regulations of the Church regarding Christian art.

We must not forget to mention G. Jacob. He was associated for a long time with Dr. Amberger, one of the first theologians of the present age, and Grillmaier, the most pious priest that I have ever met with, in the direction of the seminary at Regensburg, where he was professor of the history of art. At the suggestion of the Regent Dirschedl, of Regensburg, and of F. Ildephonsus, Jacob wrote his work on art in the service of the Church, which was published at the time of the Regensburg congress. It is a truly admirable work, especially as a manual for theologians and priests. In a few weeks it spread all over Germany, and during the last seven years nothing has been written equal to it in its kind. The publication of Streber's "History of Art" and a new edition of Jacob's "Handbook" would be of great service to the German clergy, and would greatly promote the study of Christian art.

Sighart, of Freising, who had just published his "Albertus Magnus," also spoke at Regensburg. He is the most distinguished of the many writers on the history of art of whom Bavaria justly boasts; twelve years have elapsed since he began the long series of his valuable works by his history of the cathedral of Freising. His "History of Plastic Art in Bavaria," published in 1863, was the crowning effor of his genius and labors. No other German country can boast of so complete and perfect a history. He also called into existence a museum of mediæval art, and brought to the notice of the learned all the artistic treasures of the archdiocese. His example has been imitated in several Bavarian dioceses.

Himioben, of Mayence, was the representative of the art union founded by him in that diocese. In fact Himioben was one of the firmest stays of the Catholic association in Mayence, and a prominent orator at all the general conventions. His appearance was striking, and predisposed all in his favor. His sparkling eyes, his fine flowing hair, his noble figure, his sonorous voice, and his youthful ardor and enthusiasm, made him the favorite of all who had the pleasure of listening to him. "I have seen the seed germinate, and the flowers bud; you will see them in full bloom, and reap the fruit." Such were his words to a younger friend in the fall of 1860, and well do they express his ideas concerning the regeneration of religious life in the nineteenth century. Himioben used all his influence in favor of renovating the cathedral of Mayence, though he did not live to see the repairs completed. Would that he had witnessed

Digitized by Google

the twentieth of November, 1864, when the Catholic cause acquired new strength by the confederation of the Rhenish cities!

Stein, of Cologne, spoke on church music; Professor Reischl, of Regensburg, on hymnology; Dr. Dursch, of Rottweil, on æsthetics; whilst Wiest urged the renovation of the cathedral at Ulm. But I cannot mention all who addressed the assembly at Regensburg. But though there were many and distinguished orators at Regensburg, the palm of superior success belongs to a musician, J. Mettenleiter, who edited the "*Musica Divina*" in connection with Canon Proske, and who at Regensburg gave a practical proof of what true church music is. All were transported by the magical power of harmony. Regensburg possesses the best school of church music in Germany, and the choir of its cathedral rivals that of the Sistine chapel. Besides Mettenleiter and Proske, we must mention Schrems, Wesselack, and Witt.

The zeal displayed at Regensburg was short-lived; the German art union never met again in general convention. Since 1858 it has again become a mere section of the general conventions of the Catholic societies in Germany. At the Munich convention, in 1861, considerable interest was taken in Christian art; but at Aix-la-Chapelle, Frankfort, and Würzburg it had few if any friends. At Aix-la-Chapelle Professor Hutmacher was chairman of the section of art, at Frankfort Prof. Steinle, whilst at Würzburg the most active members were F. Ildephonsus and Dean Schwarz, of Böhmenkirch, in Wirtemberg.

But though much has been done for Christian art by the establishment of art unions and their general meetings, it has likewise been promoted in many other ways. The members of the Catholic art unions not only devoted themselves to the study of art, but also encouraged others to make researches on this subject, and it is but just to add that during the past twelve years much has been accomplished that deserves unqualified praise. To the Bozen art union we owe the "History of the Development of Religious Architecture in the Tyrol," the second part of which was published a year ago by Karl Atz. The Linz art union, after commissioning Florian Wiener to write directions for researches on religious monuments, is now preparing a history of art in the diocese of Linz. Many years ago Giefers rendered a similar service to Paderborn, Schwarz and Laib to Rottenburg, and Reichensperger to the Rhenish dioceses. Besides establishing the Diocesan museum, the richest collection of this kind in Germany, the Cologne art union founded the "Journal of Christian Art." The Regensburg union published the work of Jacob mentioned above, and distributed it among its members. Sighart made researches in the archdiocese of Munich; whilst Adalbert Grimm, of Augsburg, wrote a history of his native diocese. Great services were rendered to Eichstädt by Maitzl, to Bamberg by Kotschenreuter, to Würzburg by Wieland, to Limburg on the Lahn by Ibach, to Spires by Remling and Molitor, and to Münster by Zeke. By the advice of Prof. Alzog, the Freiburg union commenced in 1862 the publication of an art journal. To the Rottenburg art union we are indebted for an important work on altars, by Dean Schwarz and Pastor Laib. One of the most active societies is that of Luxemburg, which has published an art journal since 1861. These researches were based on those of the historical associations and on some valuable essays, some of which had been written long before. Almost every cathedral in Germany can boast of its historian. Thus Geissel wrote the history of the Imperial cathedral (1826–8); Wetter and Werner that of the cathedral at Mayence (1835); Boisserée that of the Cologne cathedral (1821–3); and Giefers that of the cathedral at Paderborn. To Perger we owe a sketch of St. Stephen's at

Digitized by Google

Vienna; to Himmelstein, one of the cathedral at Würzburg; whilst Grimm and Allioli published an incomplete sketch of the cathedral at Augsburg, and the histories of the Hildesheim, Xanten, and Freising cathedrals were written by Kratz, Zehe, and Sighart. One of the most instructive works lately published is Schreegraf's history of the cathedral at Regensburg, in three volumes. Every diocese in Germany has not yet done its duty, and much can and should still be done by the German clergy. Let us not think lightly of these laborious researches; their usefulness and importance to science will one day be made evident to all. Catholics and Protestants must aid alike in gathering the voluminous materials, which must be placed at the disposition of him whom God will call to write a national history of German art. The labors of these societies have already enabled several prominent men to undertake more extensive works, among which I will mention Sighart's "History of Art in Bavaria," Lübke's "History of Art in Westphalia," Heideloff-Lorenz' "Suabian Art during the Middle Ages," Heider-Eitelberger's "Mediæval Monuments of the Austrian Empire," Haas' "History of Styrian Art," Ernst aus dem Werth's "Monuments of the Lower Rhine," and Hassler's "Ancient Monuments of Wirtemberg." A year ago, Lotz published an excellent work, in two volumes, entitled, "Art-Topography of Germany," whilst Otte's "History of German Architecture" is on the point of appearing. Schnaase, too, in his "History of Art" has profited by the labors of the Catholic art unions, and the same may be said of Müller-Klunzinger and Nagler, of Munich, in their cyclopedias of art.

Let us not grow languid in our investigations concerning German art during the middle ages, until the last monument has been discovered and the last inscription deciphered. Many years must elapse before we shall arrive at this point. When, in his wanderings throughout Europe, Böhmer, the author of the great work on imperial decrees, found an undiscovered document, his joy was indescribable. Equally great was the delight of the editors of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ*" when they brought to light some annals that were supposed to have perished. The same pleasure awaits any one who has the good fortune of discovering a Roman basilica, a remarkable arch, or any other important monument; who deciphers and explains an old inscription, and adds to the stock of our knowledge.

As appears from what has been said above, the religious art unions also established journals and museums. The chief of the periodicals is the "Journal of Christian Art," edited, since 1851, by Baudri. Among the contributors to this publication, which does not meet with the patronage it deserves, are A. Reichensperger, Ernst Weyden, of Cologne, the learned Dr. van Endert, Canon von Bock, of Aix-la-Chapelle, and, occasionally, Münzenberger, of Düsseldorf. Baudri's journal is to Germany what J. N. Alberdingk-Thijm's "*De dietsche Warande*" is to Holland, what James Weale's "*Le Beffroi*" is to Belgium, and what Didron's "*Annales*" are to France. The claims of church music are put forth by the "Cæcilia," published in Luxemburg by Oberhoffer. Pastor Ortlieb, whose premature death we mourn, made a similar attempt, but failed. In fine, the organ of the altar societies is "*Der Kirchenschmuck*," a monthly publication, published in Stuttgart by Schwarz and Laib. These altar societies may now be found in every part of Germany, and their silent influence is great. Some societies, those of Vienna and Pesth, for instance, number thousands of members. The Brussels and Paris societies, beside attending to their own wants, work for foreign missions. The most recent of these societies is the one founded in November, 1864, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, as the Diocesan society of Limburg. The ladies of Germany have furnished splendid

Digitized by Google

pieces of embroidery in the form of sacred vestments.

I cannot speak of altar societies without mentioning Kreuser, of Cologne. Kreuser, with his hoary hair and his mighty snuff-box—a man full of sparkling wit and endless humor—is known to all of us, for up to 1861 we never missed him at the general conventions. Since the Munich convention, however, we have not seen him; he was absent at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Frankfort, and at Würzburg, and we know not the reason of his absence. To speak concisely is very difficult, and few speakers from the Rhenish provinces can boast of this virtue; still, most Germans, and especially the German ladies, listened with pleasure to old Kreuser; and no wonder, for Kreuser never failed to do justice to the ladies of Germany. When Kreuser spoke in a city, his speech was followed immediately by the establishment of an altar society. He carried everything by storm, and the impression made by his speeches was not merely transient, but produced lasting fruits. Kreuser is a poet, also, a happy improvisatore, able to cope with the most daring rhymster. He is one of the best read men in Germany, and deserves our gratitude for his exertions in the cause of Christian art. Twenty years have rolled by since he published his "Letters on the Cologne Cathedral," and during the last twelve years his work on architecture has been studied again and again. That Kreuser's style is deficient in grace and harmony we will not dispute, still much benefit may be derived from the perusal of his works.

Francis von Bock, also, deserves our notice. He is the author of a "History of the Liturgic Vestments," in two vols., illustrated with two hundred colored engravings. Boldly he demands the use of appropriate workmanship; fearlessly measures swords with every opponent, and often his impetuosity is crowned with success. To him Casaretto, of Crefeld, is indebted for valuable suggestions. He was also one of the founders of the school of art under the direction of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Dr. von Bock has visited every country in Europe, Turkey excepted, which he intends shortly to visit for the purpose of continuing his researches. Where can be found an ancient vestment whose texture he did not scrutinize, and a piece of which he has not begged for still closer examination? At Gran, at Malines, in Bohemia, in Sicily, at Rome, at Paris, at Vienna—everywhere Dr. von Bock has left traces of his unwearying activity. The Rhenish goldsmiths owe him a debt of gratitude. He has written papers on the church at Kaiserswerth, on the Benedictine church at Munchen-Gladbach, on Cologne, and on the relics at Gran and Aix-la-Chapelle. His principal work is on the "Insignia of the Holy Roman Empire." It is a magnificently illustrated specimen of typography, equal in every respect to any similar work published in England or France. At Malines every one spoke loudly in its praise, and in 1864 the author received from the Emperor Francis Joseph the Cross of the Iron Crown. Von Bock's style reminds me of the chimes I have heard in Holland; it consists in a constant repetition of the same pleasing melody.

Von Bock stands in odd contrast to Dean Schwarz, of Böhmenkirch, the able editor of the "*Kirchenschmuck.*" He is the personification of repose and dignity, a deep thinker, and a first-class archæologist. For many years he has wielded great influence with the clergy.

Whilst the altar societies are displaying greater activity every day, the Christian art unions, it is said, are daily becoming less zealous. In some places, no doubt, this is true; but in many dioceses they have been changing into associations for furthering the completion of the diocesan cathedral. To mention but a few instances, this was the case in Regensburg. Since his accession to the episcopal see

Digitized by Google

Bishop Ignatius von Senestrey applied himself with energy to the completion of his cathedral. King Louis I. having furnished the means, we have no doubt that in a few years architect Denzinger will finish the two towers. At Mayence, likewise, everything is being done for the completion and decoration of the cathedral. The work has been intrusted to the skill of Metternich, and Director Veit, assisted by Lasinsky Settegast and Hermann, is frescoing the walls and the vaults. Since the fall of the partition between the sanctuary and the nave in the Cologne cathedral, and since the great festival of October 15th, 1863, the building has been steadily progressing, and the cathedral lottery promises to furnish the means for completing the towers within seven years. Schmidt has added a new pyramid to St. Stephen's cathedral in Vienna, which has now the highest spire in the world. After rivalling the English architect Welby Pugin by planning almost two hundred churches and chapels, Statz is now building a cathedral at Linz. Archbishop Gregory von Scheer has given a new appearance to the metropolitan Church of Our Lady at Munich, whilst the bishop of Passau, Henry von Hofstätter, has proved his devotion to the interests of art by renovating many churches in his diocese. Among all the German prelates none have built more churches than Cardinal Geissel, of Cologne, and Bishop Müller, of Münster.

Is it not an encouraging sign that we are completing the immense edifices of the middle ages? Is it not a proof of vital energy that the Catholics of all countries are building the grandest churches in the most correct style? As architectural science progresses, a like advance must take place in mechanics, and, notwithstanding many blunders, every branch of art is daily more and more perfected. Not many years hence all our temples will be completed and adorned with the splendor becoming the divine service. Let every one do his duty, fulfilling the task allotted him by divine Providence.

Let us conclude our rapid survey by calling to mind the men who have begun and directed this movement. Among the Germans, Joseph von Görres, F. von Schlegel, and Sulpitius Boisserée will head our list. France justly boasts of de Caumont, Didron, Montalembert, Viollet le Duc, Cahier, and the Abbé Martin. Oudin must not be forgotten, nor Rossi, the historian of the catacombs. The merits of Seroux d'Agincourt, Waagen, Guilhabaud, Schnaase, Kugler, Passavant, Stieglitz, Geyer, Kallenbach, Forster, Moller, Heideloff, Otte, Springer, Hefner-Alteneck, Krieg von Hochfelden, von Quast, Jacob Schmitt, and many others known to every votary of art. To us is assigned the task of reaping the fruits of their labors.

Digitized by Google

From The St. James' Magazine.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

Properzia Rossi, a female artist, celebrated for her misfortunes, though more for her proficiency in sculpture, painting, and music, died of a broken heart, just as Pope Clement VII. had invited her to Rome, to show his admiration for her masterpiece in the church of San Petronio at Bologna.

Too late—oh, far too late! Praise comes in vain
To lull the fever'd agonies of pain.
I am no more the artist idly proud,
But the gaunt mortal waiting for a shroud.
No more the songstress, whose impassioned lay
O'er taste and feeling held unrivall'd sway;
But a weak woman, desolate and worn,
Her pulses throbbing, and her heart-strings torn,
Looking above—sad, humbled, and alone—
Where mercy dwells with Jesus on his throne—
Ay, fondly hoping for one smile of light
From the meek Man of sorrows and of might,
Who from sin's thrall is powerful to save,
Died on the cross, and triumph'd o'er the grave!

What though the light of genius fired mine eye,
That radiant meteor leaves us when we die,
And conscience whispers that the gifts of heaven
Were oft misused. I thirst to be forgiven,
Panting I turn from streams once deeply quaff'd,
And crave the Rock's sole vivifying draught!
Ay, as I kneel and supplicate for grace,
I veil in lowliness my tear-bathed face;
Implore for pardon with intense distress,
And spurn the gauds of earthly happiness!
Oh, what avails it that aerial forms,
And colors vivid as the bow of storms,
Hang o'er my fancy with bewitching spell?
Say, have I used these varied talents well?
Oh, what avails it that my hands would mould
Beautiful models from the marble cold?
Have the rich sculptures in the hallow'd fane
Brought one soil'd spirit to her God again?—
Recall'd a virtuous feeling to the heart,
And by religion consecrated art?
Have the fair features and bright hues I wove
In one dark breast illumed the spark of love?
Or lured the soul from sin's deceptious toys
To pure devotion's memorable joys?
Oh, have the gifts of music and of song
Soothed one sad being of the human throng?—
Angelic thoughts—submissive, hopeful, kind—
Breathed o'er a mournful or a shatter'd mind?
And has my genius, with a potent sway,
Gilded the road to heaven—that straight and narrow way?

Digitized by Google

God has been very bounteous ; he has given
Much to enhance the blessedness of heaven.
The *threefold cords** of talismanic power
Were meant to yield employment for the hour—
Life's potent hour of labor, want, and pain—
Brief as the April drops of sunny rain ;
And yet by mercy recompensed above,
If well improved in hope, and faith, and love.
But conscience whispers, and in these dark days
That voice grows louder as my strength decays,—
Of wasted talents, of forgotten crime,
And of a judgment awfully sublime!
Of duties unfulfill'd, of gifts misspent,
Of future pangs, of fitting punishment!

I muse no longer on the *present*—no—
My life is with the *future* or the *past*,
And both are mingling in a magic flow,
Like turbid waters in a fountain cast.
The *past*—oh, whether fair, or dark, or both,
Is but a picture mirror'd on the wave.
The moral sicknesses—guile, anger, sloth—
Arise as spectres from a yawning grave;
What boots it that misfortune paled my cheek,
That penury and pain obscured my way?
Sorrow is voiceless ; 'tis remorse that speaks
In awful tones of merited decay,
And of the worm that dieth not—the vale
Of never-ending, still-beginning death.
Methinks I hear the harsh, continuous wail,
The sobs and catchings of convulsive breath.
Guilt unatoned for—thoughts and words of sin—
How do they rise up, burning as on glass!
The evil pent the wishful heart within
Asking for vengeance! O the hideous mass
Of wickedness heap'd up, long, long conceal'd!
But now as by a lightning flash reveal'd.

Woe! woe! the Eternal Judge's fiery dart
Hath pierced the labyrinthine cells within,
Where underneath the pulses of my heart
Dwells the mysterious form of crouching sin.
Thoughts, baneful wishes,—ay, as well as deeds,
Against me in strong phalanx are array'd.
In vain these tears—in vain this bosom bleeds :
I look upon myself, and am dismay'd,
Powerless, and weak, and agonized I cry,—
And hear the words, "Lost sinner, thou must die!"

Clouds roll around me, and from an abyss,
Drear, dark, profound, behold a hideous form!
Closer and closer serpents coiling hiss,
And thunders boom along a sky of storm.

* Music, painting, and sculpture.

Digitized by Google

There is no deed to offer thee of good,
Thou mocking fiend! laugh on without restraint!
I seem as borne along a sulphurous flood,
Too meteorically wild to paint.
The couch heaves under me, my sight is gone,—
I am with the accuser, and alone!

Alone! alone! O tell me not 'tis so,
That I must grapple powerless with the foe.
Jesus, thou Lamb of God, arise! arise!
Arrest these doubts, these daring blasphemies.
It was for sinners thou didst shed thy blood,
For guilty mortals, not for angels' good.
Listen! attend! a sinner asks for aid,—
For *me* that blood was spilt, for *me* thou wast betrayed.

As when a night of storms has sped away,
And robed in florid hues appears the day,
Stealingly, gently lighting up the skies
With gleams, as from a seraph's smiling eyes,
Thus o'er my spirit breeds a gracious calm,
O'er my deep wounds is pour'd a healing balm.
Methinks the mild Redeemer stands above,
And pleads *his* righteousness, *his* cross, *his* love;
While angels' voices wafted straight from heaven
Proclaim, "Thy Savior calls! thou art forgiven!"

From The Hibernian Magazine.

THE CAPUCHIN OF BRUGES.

"Three monks, sat by a bogwood fire—
Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey,
Close sat they by that bogwood fire,
Watching the wicket till break of day."

BALLAD POETRY.

SAVING the color of their garments, which, instead of grey, were of a dark brown, and the omission of any allusion to their long flowing beards, the above lines convey as accurate an idea as any words could of the parties that occupied the spacious guest-chamber of the Capuchin convent of Bruges on the last night of October, 1708.

Seated round the capacious hearth, on which, without aid of grate, cheerfully blazed a pile of dark gnarled logs dug up from the fens, which, in the days of Cæsar, were shaded by the dense forests of Flanders, three lay-brothers of the order kept watch for any wayfarer that might require hospitality or information on the evening in question. Their convent stood—and a portion of it still stands—at the southern extremity of the town, close beside the present railway station. But Bruges was not, a century and a half ago, what it is to-day. War, and the recent decline of its ancient commerce, rendered it, at

Digitized by Google

the period of which we write, anything but a safe or attractive locality for either tourist or commercial traveller to visit. There was no "Hotel de Flandre," or "Fleur de Blé," or even "Singe d'Or," for the weary itinerant to seek refreshment or lodging. Neither were there gens-d'armes in the streets, nor affable shopkeepers in their gas-lit *magasins*, as at present, to whom the benighted stranger might apply for information regarding the locality in which his friends resided. The convents and monasteries, however, with which Belgium was then, as now, studded, were ever open to the traveller, be his rank or condition what it might, and pre-eminent for their hospitality were the Capuchin fathers.

The night was a wild one; and the dying blasts of October seemed bent on a vigorous struggle ere they expired.

"What an awful storm!" exclaimed Brother Anselm, rising to secure the huge oak window shutters that seemed, as if in terror, every moment ready to start from their strong iron fastenings.

"God preserve us! but 'tis fearful," replied one of his companions, Brother Bonaventure, "and what dreadful lightning!"

Peal after peal of thunder resounded through the spacious hall and adjoining corridors; and then, again, came the wind beating the rain, in torrents, against door and casement, and completely drowning the chimes of the Carillon, though the market-place, where the belfry stood, was close beside them. Still not a word escaped their third companion, Brother Francis, a venerable old man who sat nearer than his younger brethren to the ample fireplace. He continued silently reciting "Ave" after "Ave" on the beads of the large rosary attached to his girdle, and seemed, in the excess of his devotion, utterly unconscious of the storm that howled without.

A loud knocking at the outer gate, followed quickly by the ringing of the stranger's bell, at length announced the arrival of some guest. In an instant, the old man let his beads fall to their accustomed place by his side—for the rule of St. Francis gave charity toward the neighbor a first place among its spiritual observances—and hastened, as eagerly as his younger brothers, to admit the poor traveller, who must be sore distrait, on such an awful night.

Lighting a lantern, they proceeded through the court to the outer porch, and drawing back the slide that covered a small grated aperture in the wicket, demanded who the wayfarer might be. The gleam of the lamp fell upon the uniforms of two military men, who seemed engaged in supporting a third between them, while their horses stood neighing in terror, and pawing the ground beside them. In a second the gate was unbarred, and three of Vendôme's troopers entered the court-yard; two of them still supporting their comrade, who had been badly wounded in a skirmish with Marlborough's troops, near Audenarde, that morning. Leaving Anselm with the two other soldiers to look after the horses, brothers Francis and Bonaventure led the wounded man into the convent. He seemed weak and faint; but the cheerful blaze of the fire, and the refreshment speedily administered by the good brothers, soon restored him somewhat, though he still suffered acutely from his wound, and was utterly unable to stand without the aid of support.

For the first time Brother Francis broke silence. From the moment he caught a distinct view of the stranger's face, as he sat in the light of the fire, his gaze seemed riveted upon him; and an observer might have noticed the old man's lip quiver and his face grow paler, might have even observed a tear steal down his cheek, as he continued for a while to gaze in silence on the pallid features of the young soldier. At length he addressed him, not in French or Flem-

Digitized by Google

ish, but in a language which to Brother Bonaventure was foreign.

The stranger's face brightened at the sound of his own tongue, and he readily made answer to the few hurried questions put him by the old monk. Their conversation was of very brief duration; but its result seemed astounding. For when Anselm returned with the soldiers, he found Bonaventure and the stranger chafing the old man's temples as he lay in a swoon on the bench before them.

To their inquiries as to the cause of this strange occurrence, Anselm could give no definite answer. All he knew was, that although he could not understand what passed between Brother Francis and their comrade, the conversation seemed to produce a wonderful effect on the former. He trembled from head to foot, and then smiled, and seemed about to grasp the stranger in his arms, when he suddenly fell back on the bench as they now saw him. The young soldier—he was almost a boy, and strikingly handsome — was equally puzzled. Brother Francis had merely asked him if he were Irish; and when he answered "Yes;"—if his name was Herbert, and if it was Gerald Herbert, and if his father and grandfather were Irish;—and when he replied that his name was Gerald Walter Herbert, and that his grandfather was not Irish, but English, the old man muttered something which he could not catch, and fainted. That was all he could tell them; but what that had to do with Brother Francis's fit still remained a mystery.

For a considerable time the aged monk lay senseless and almost motionless, the only symptoms of animation he presented being those afforded by the convulsive throbbing of his heart, and an occasional deep-drawn sigh. His brothers seemed deeply afflicted, and sought by every means in their power to restore him; for Francis, though few knew anything of his history, was, notwithstanding, the favorite of the whole community.

Toward midnight the old man revived, and his first inquiry was for the young soldier. He now embraced him, and, as he pressed him again and again to his heart, with tears and blessings called him "his son," "his dear child." Brothers Anselm and Bonaventure looked at each other in mute astonishment. They feared that their dear old friend, the patriarch of the lay-brothers, was losing his reason. They knew that, for thirty years at least, he had been an inmate of the cloister, while the party whom he thus lovingly called his son could at furthest number twenty birthdays, if indeed he could count so many. Still greater, however, was their surprise, when, on a closer scrutiny, they could not fail to observe a marked family likeness between their aged brother and the individual on whom all his affections seemed now centred.

But this was no time for the indulgence of curiosity. The two troopers, drenched and travel-stained, must be attended to, and the wound of their comrade looked after. Fortunately their convent numbered among its inmates one of the best leeches in all West Flanders. He had been already summoned to the aid of Brother Francis, and now that he no longer required his services, he directed his attention to the other invalid, whose case seemed the less urgent of the two. In a short time his skilful hand extracted a spent ball from the sufferer's knee, and, by the application of a soothing poultice, restored him to comparative ease. Nor were Brothers Anselm and Bonaventure idle meanwhile. Piles of well-buttered *tartines* made of wholemeal bread baked in the convent, with plentiful dishes of rashers and omelets, and a flagon or two of foaming Louvain beer, soon covered the table. Cold meats, too, of various kinds, were served up in abundance; and the two dragoons were soon busily engaged in satisfying appetites good at all times, but now considerably sharpened by a hard ride and a long fast.

Digitized by Google

It was the first peaceful meal they enjoyed since the Duke of Burgundy got command; and they blessed their stars for having been selected to escort young Herbert to the rear. Having completed the bandaging of his wound, and administered such medicine as he deemed best calculated to make up for his patient's loss of blood, the infirmarian led him to the chamber prepared for his reception; and Brother Francis begged to be allowed to take charge of him. His request was granted, but on the sole condition that no conversation of an exciting nature should take place between him and the invalid till such time as all feverish and inflammatory symptoms had subsided. Day after day, and night after night, the old man watched, in strict silence, beside the stranger's couch; and all were in amazement at such assiduity and attention on the part of one who, as long as any remembered him, seemed utterly detached from all earthly affections. They even saw him mingle tears with his prayers, as he knelt beside the pillow of the sleeper. It was whispered that the guardian knew something about the matter; for he, too, now came frequently, and looked with evident interest on the invalid. No one else ventured to speak to Brother Francis on the subject, for though generally kind and gentle, and communicative as a child, there were times when he became sad and reserved—and this seemed one of them.

Ten days passed on, and the invalid made such rapid progress that the infirmarian and his staff pronounced him quite out of danger, in no further need of medical treatment, and only requiring the aid of the cook to recover completely his wonted vigor. The interdict was now removed, and Brother Francis seemed happy. He could, henceforth, speak as he pleased to his young protégé. The latter felt equally delighted; for he felt, he knew not why, a sort of unaccountable attachment—it was certainly more than mere gratitude—toward the old man growing daily stronger and stronger within him. And then Brother Francis called him "my son"—but perhaps, as an old man, that was the name by which he addressed all youngsters. At all events, he loved the old monk as a child loves a father, and always felt sad when the duties of his rule obliged his venerable friend to leave him for a time.

"And so you tell me you have no recollection of your father?" said Brother Francis, with a sigh, as they sat together one evening—it was the eve of St. Martin—in the same apartment where we first introduced them to our readers.

"None whatever," replied his companion; "he left France as a volunteer with d'Usson's division, and was killed at Limerick when I was but three years old. So I often heard my mother say."

The speaker did not remark the shudder that ran through the old man's frame at mention of Limerick; but only paid attention to his next question, which rapidly followed.

"And your father's father?"

"Was, as I have already said, an Englishman—but he, too, died in the wars long ago. They say he fell in Spain."

The old man could no longer restrain his feelings. Bursting into tears, and clasping his young companion to his bosom, as he had done on the night of their first meeting, he said:

"No, my child—your grandfather, Walter Herbert, is not dead, but yet survives to give you that blessing which your own poor father could not bestow on you with his parting breath—he stands before you."

It was a touching scene to witness—that old Capuchin monk, with his long white beard, and coarse dark gown, and leathern cincture, and bare sandalled feet, locked in the fond embrace of the young soldier of "the Brigade," on that eve of St. Martin, in the old convent of Bruges! We do not mean to intrude on the sacred

Digitized by Google

privacy of domestic feeling, but leaving parent and child to commune with each other in the fulness of their hearts, will, with our readers' kind permission, assume, for the nonce, the province of the Senachie, and briefly relate as much of their history as we have ourselves learned, Outre Mer—and is still oftentimes related on long winter evenings by the brothers who have succeeded—literally stepped into the sandals of—Brother Francis and his comrades.

THE CAPUCHIN'S STORY.

Walter Herbert, or, as he was called in religion, Brother Francis, was the only child of an ancient family in Nottinghamshire. Entering the army at an early age, he found himself stationed with his regiment in Limerick, when the army of the "Confederates" sat down before that city in the summer of sixteen hundred and forty-two. He was then in his twentieth year. Forming part of Courtenay's company, when the city opened its gates to Garret Barry and Lord Muskerry, he retired with his commander to King John's castle, where, though closely besieged, they resolutely held out till St. John's eve, when Courtenay was obliged to capitulate. In the course of the attack on the castle, a mine was sprung by the besieging party, and a turret, in which Herbert was stationed, fell to the ground with a terrific crash. For weeks he lay delirious; and when at length he awoke to consciousness, he found himself the occupant of a handsomely-fitted chamber looking out on the church of St. Nicholas. His host was a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking person, of grave yet affable manners. He was a widower, and his household consisted of himself, an aged housekeeper, two sons, and an only daughter. The latter—Eily O'Brien—was the sick man's principal nurse, and no Sister of Mercy could have bestowed more care on a suffering invalid than she did on Walter Herbert—stranger though he was to her creed and her country. From lengthened and almost continual intercourse, a feeling of mutual affection sprang up between the young people. Gratitude on the one hand, and sympathy for the sufferings of the handsome young officer on the other, heightened this feeling, till it grew into deep and lasting love. Like Desdemona, she loved him "for the dangers he had passed;" and he loved her "that she did pity them." But an insurmountable obstacle to their union lay in their difference of religion. Herbert was a Protestant; and old Connor O'Brien would never hear of any child of his being united to one of that creed which, in its struggle for ascendency, he believed to be the cause of so much suffering to his country, even though no other impediment whatever existed. A private marriage was thus their only alternative, and to this, in an evil hour, poor Eily consented.

Months rolled on—months of bliss to Walter and Eily—but their separation was at hand. Important letters called Herbert away, almost at a moment's notice. He hoped, however, that his absence would be of no lengthened duration, and that he would soon return to publicly claim his own Eily as his wife. But alas! his hopes were doomed to sad and bitter disappointment. On his arrival in England, he found the entire country in arms; and as it became impossible to remain neutral, or return to Ireland, he was forced to join the newly-formed corps just raised in his native county by Henry Ireton, his father's landlord. Once under military discipline there was no retreating; and though all his thoughts were turned to Ireland, he was doomed to maddening suspense regarding her who alone made Ireland dear to him. All communication between the two countries was now suspended. At Edgehill and Newbury he retreated before the king's troops—and at Marston Moor and Naseby had a share in defeating them. But victory or defeat was alike void of inter-

Digitized by Google

est to him. It was even with indifference he heard of his promotion for having saved his general's life at Naseby. The sole engrossing thought of his existence was how to get back to Limerick. That long-sought for opportunity at last arrived; but when it did, it scarcely brought joy to Herbert. He was ordered to join in the invading Parliamentary force; and, when he called to mind the fierce fanatics who were to be his fellow-soldiers, love made him tremble for the Irishry.

The fourteenth of June saw him on the battle-field of Naseby—the following autumn found him sailing up the Shannon—and, ere the close of the year, he was gazing on the steeple of St. Mary's and the towers of Limerick from the battlements of Bunratty, which had fallen into the hands of the Parliamentarians. He fancied he could even see the very house in which he had spent so many happy days. But beyond fancy he could not go. To reach the city was utterly impossible. All he could learn, from an Abbey fisherman whom they had taken prisoner, was that Connor O'Brien was still alive, and that his daughter was married and had a beautiful little boy. Who her husband was his informant could not say; but he thought he was an officer in Earl Glamorgan's army. Herbert, however, well knew who he was, and he would have risked worlds to have sent back his prisoner in safety, with even one line to Limerick. But Lord Inchiquin's troops were too vigilant to allow of any communication with the city. Even this intelligence, scanty though it was, afforded him some consolation. He knew his wife was safe, and unable any longer to endure the Tantalus-like position in which he was placed, he found means of returning again to England.

His next and last visit to Ireland was in the summer of sixteen hundred and fifty. He was then pretty high in command, and had hopes, as he sat down with Waller's army of investment before Limerick, in the July of that year, that should he be only able to effect an entrance into the town, his authority would be sufficient to protect whomsoever he pleased. But the year passed away, and still the city held out. And, had he but his wife and child without its walls, he would have counselled its burghers to hold out even still more manfully, for he well knew the iron heart and bloody hand of the execrable Hardress Waller.

The spring of the next year found him still before Limerick; and could he but communicate with any of its gallant defenders, his hatred of treachery would have urged him to expose to them the perfidy of one of their own whom they had raised to the rank of colonel. This wretch was named Fennell; and, for his treason in selling the passes of the Shannon at Killaloe, their commander-in-chief Cromwell had promised him and his descendants many a fair acre in Tipperary. By this pass Ireton and his myrmidons crossed the river into Clare; and with them passed Walter Herbert. Still his heart was full of hope of saving all he held dear in the leaguered city. Spring passed away, and summer again came; and still the assailing host made no progress toward the capture of the town which Ireton and his father-in-law regarded as the key of all the Munster territories. In the burning heat of July, while pestilence daily thinned the ranks of the besieged, an assault was ordered on the almost defenceless keep that guarded the northern extremity of the salmon weir, and Herbert was reluctantly obliged to form one of the storming party. His immediate senior in command was a person named Tuthill—one of those heartless hypocrites who could preach and pray while his brutal soldiery were massacring the wives and children of the brave men whom the chances of war made his victims. The fort was carried by overwhelming numbers; and Herbert was doomed to witness, with horror, the butchery of the surviving defenders, mercilessly

Digitized by Google

ordered by Tuthill—an order which he unhappily had no power of countermanding, but in the execution of which he took no part. Still the city held out, though the "leaguer sickness" was rapidly decimating its brave garrison. The north fortress of Thomond bridge was next carried by assault—but to no purpose. The townsmen succeeded in breaking down two of its arches, and thus cutting off all approach to the city in that quarter, and in resisting the sortie three hundred of their assailants perished. Winter was now fast approaching, and the plague extending from the city, in which fifty of its victims were now daily interred, commenced to thin the ranks of the besiegers themselves. Ireton had serious thoughts of raising the siege, and he would, beyond all question, have done so, were it not for treachery. Fennell, the traitor of Killaloe, was again at work—this time, unfortunately, within the very walls of the city itself.

A truce of some days was agreed on; and Herbert was one of those appointed to treat with the townsmen. The deputies met on neutral ground, midway between the city and camp, and within range of the rival batteries. His heart was now full of greater hopes than ever. Could he but meet with any member of Eily's family, he hoped that his love for her would induce them to listen to his counsels. But fate, it would seem, had leagued all chances against him. Had he met them, he meant to put them on their guard against Fennell's treachery, and, without absolutely breaking trust, give them such a key to Ireton's fears and readiness to make concessions as would, he hoped, lead to an honorable capitulation, and prevent the bloodshed which, from the shattered state of the town walls, and the additional element of treachery within those walls, he now judged to be inevitable, unless they came to terms with Ireton. But not one of them appeared; for the traitor had laid his plans deeply, and succeeded in diverting them and the clerical party, to which they faithfully adhered, from anything like a compromise. He wished that the sole merit and reward of surrendering the city should be his own. And he succeeded. The conference ended fruitlessly; and Herbert returned to the camp well-nigh broken-hearted.

The plague continued its ravages meanwhile; and, day after day, within the city, the dying were brought by their relatives to the tomb of Cornelius O'Dea, where many, it was believed, were restored to health through the intercession of that saintly prelate, who lay buried in the cathedral. Its effects were visibly traced in the ranks of the besieging army. Still Ireton, relying on treason within, pressed on the siege. By a bridge of pontoons he succeeded in connecting the Thomond side of the river with the King's Island, where he now planted a formidable battery, to play on the eastern side of the city. Herbert had fortunately escaped witnessing the horrors of Drogheda and Wexford; but a sight almost as appalling now met his eyes. In the smoke of the cannonade crowds of plague-stricken victims—principally women and children—ventured outside the city walls to catch one pure breath of air from the Shannon, on "the Island" bank,—and there lie down and die. But when this was discovered, the heartless Waller forbade even this short respite from suffering. By his orders, those unhappy beings, who could have no share in protracting the siege, were mercilessly flogged back by the soldiery into the plague-reeking city—and such as refused to return were, by the same pitiless mandate, *hanged** within sight of their fellow-townsmen!

The daily sight of this revolting butchery was sickening to the noble heart and refined feelings of Herbert. But suffering for him had not yet reached its climax. As he was seated in his tent, one evening toward the

* Historical.

Digitized by Google

close of October, fatigued after a long foraging excursion to the Meelick mountains, and musing sadly on the fate of her who was almost within sight of him, and yet whom, by what seemed to him an almost supernatural combination of adverse circumstances, he had not seen for years, his attention was arrested by the cries of a female who seemed struggling with her captors. His manhood was aroused by such an outrage—committed almost in his very presence—and he rose at once to rescue the victim from her assailants. But, horror of horrors! at the very door of his tent, and in the grasp of an armed ruffian, lay the fainting and all but inanimate form of his wife! To fell the wretch, and clasp the beloved object to his bosom, was but the work of a second. But, oh! how sorrow and sickness had changed that once beautiful face, and wasted that once symmetrical form. Death had already clutched her in his bony gripe, and selected her for his own. His kiss was upon her lips, for they were livid and plague-stained. And her beautiful blue eyes! how they now wandered with the wild look of a maniac. All that remained of the beautiful Eily he once knew were the long fair ringlets that now fell down in dishevelled masses on her heaving bosom. The sight almost drove him mad. In vain he clasped her to his heart, and called her by the dear fond name of wife. She knew him not, yet, when she spoke, her ravings were all about him; and he often wondered afterward how his brain stood the shock, when, without knowing him, she still called on him, "her own dear, dear Walter, to save her, to take her away from those terrible men—at least to come to her—for, to come to him, she had left her poor old father and little Gerald behind."

Wholly occupied with his wife, Herbert paid no attention to the sergeant's guard that stood at the tent door under arms. When at length he perceived them, he flew into a phrenzy of passion, asking them how they dared stand thus in his presence?—and ended by ordering "the catiffs who could thus treat a woman to get out of his sight presently."

But the orderly remained unmoved. Were his hands free at the moment, Herbert would have unquestionably run him through for presuming to disobey his orders, such was the irritated state of his feelings. But he could not leave the shrinking, still unconscious being that clung to him for support. Stamping his foot in a rage, he demanded what he wanted, or why he remained there?

"Pris'ner, sir," was the sergeant's laconic reply, as he mechanically touched his hat.

"What prisoner?"

"The woman, sir."

"Heavens and earth! do you mean to drive me mad, man?" and the soldier recoiled for an instant at the voice and look of his officer.

"Can't help it, sir—gen'ral's orders. Woman came to the camp three times, sir—supposed to be a spy, and ordered to be hanged."

"Hanged!" In a second his burthen was laid on the camp-bed, and the sergeant laid prostrate by a blow that would have almost felled an ox.

The guard now interposed; and from them he learned that the party in question had been several times seen to leave the city, in defiance of Sir Hardress Waller's orders. Twice already she had been flogged back, but she came out again, that day, at noon, and was by the general's orders sentenced to execution. The soldier added that an old rebel* calling himself her father, when he heard of the sentence, offered himself in her stead; but Sir Hardress ordered him to be instantly flogged back. "She was to have been hanged," he continued, "at sunset, but she broke loose from them and ran toward his tent as he had seen."

"Touch not a hair of her head, on your peril," exclaimed Herbert as the

* A fact. *Vide* "Ferrar's History of Limerick," page 54.

Digitized by Google

corporal concluded, and kissing the pallid lips of his wife, he rushed out of the tent to seek the general, just as returning consciousness revealed to Eily the name of her deliverer.

"Walter, my own dear husband. Oh! come back, don't leave me," were the last words he heard as he flew toward the tent of the commander-in-chief, more like a maniac than anything else.

"By the bones of St. Pancras, he's either mad, or she is," said a tall weaver from Lambeth, who wore the badge of a lance-corporal.

"Ay is he, and sore wrathful to boot," replied his rear-rank man, with a grin—he was a butcher from Newgate. "But we are the sufferers, and shall, I fear, be late for supper. The gallows, however, is ready to hand, thank God, and we shall make short work of it when the captain returns."

The name of God on the lips of such a miscreant, and on such an occasion, makes us almost shudder. But, reader, these were Cromwellian times, and such were Cromwellian customs.

Herbert found Ireton and his second in command seated at the supper table—and hell could not have unchained two such incarnate demons on that same evening. The object of his visit was soon explained. But it seemed only to supply subject of mirth to his superior officers.

"Pooh, pooh! man," said the commander-in-chief, "you are, I fear, grown quite a papist, too soft-hearted entirely. I wonder how you would act had you been at the *battue* in Drogheda or Wexford?" and Ireton sipped his hock with a devilish leer.

"But, general, she is my wife," gasped Herbert.

"Folly, man!" rejoined Waller; "no faith to be kept with heretics, you know, and all these Irish are such. You will easily find another, I trow you, when we sack the city one of these fine days."

Herbert heeded not the coarse jest of the speaker, but, turning to the general, implored him to turn a serious ear to a matter on which the happiness of his life depended. But Ireton seemed inclined to laugh it off as an excellent joke.

Driven to desperation, the brave soldier, who never before feared or supplicated any man, sank on his knees, and with tears of agony besought him to cancel Waller's iniquitous sentence. He even asked him to do so in memory of the act by which, at the risk of his own life, he saved his at Naseby. And Ireton seemed almost inclined to relent, and hope began to brighten in the heart of the suppliant, when a whisper from Waller to the general blasted them for ever. He had himself in person given the order for execution, and his callous heart was too obdurate to feel compunction even for a bad act. Summoning an orderly, he gave him some instructions in an undertone; and Herbert was directed by his commander-in-chief to make his report of the progress of the trenches under his command in the King's Island. This was but a feint to turn his attention from the main object of his visit. His report was, however, quickly made, and as there was no other pretext for detaining him he arose to depart. There was something more than fiendish in the laugh of Hardress Waller as he wished him safe home, and a good night's rest.

That night, a heart-broken man knelt beneath the gibbet erected on the green sward in front of King John's castle. For him all earthly happiness was now over; and there, in the presence of the pale moon that looked silently on his sorrow, that cold October night, he vowed eternal fealty to his wife in heaven, eternal hatred to her murderers. There was a strange admixture of reverence and irreligion, of love and hatred, in his feelings and sentiments, no doubt; but the camp of Cromwell was but an indifferent school for the culture of Christian ethics. Beside, his brain was, for the time, astray from sorrow and outraged feeling; he followed but

Digitized by Google

the dictates of human passion unrestrained by either reason or religion. His heart and his hopes were already buried in the grave that was soon to close over the remains of his first and only love; and, from that night out, though his life was a long and a chequered one, he was never known to smile, till he became an inmate of the monastery where we found him at the commencement of our narrative.

The remainder of the siege was a blank chapter in his life. By nature a soldier, he got through his duties fearlessly but mechanically, without the slightest feeling of interest in any enterprise in which he had a share. To him defeat or victory was a matter of utter indifference; and it was in this mood he entered the fallen city, as the sun was sinking, on the 27th of October, 1651, and took up his quarters with Ireton, in the old Dutch-gabled house which is still standing, and adjoins the Tholsel in Mary street. It is more than probable that his reason would have altogether succumbed beneath the terrible shock it had sustained, were it not for some new incidents that now occurred to awaken it for a time to activity.

By sunrise on the 29th, the Cromwellian garrison beat to arms. It was the signal for the assemblage of the Irish troops in the old cathedral of St. Mary's, where, in accordance with the third article of capitulation, they were to lay down their arms. It was not Fennell's fault that they escaped the fate of the soldiers and women of Drogheda and Wexford. He had done his work of treachery well; and we cannot venture to say what his feelings were when he beheld his brave but ill-fated countrymen assembled round the altar to deposit at its rails the weapons they had so long and so gallantly wielded in the cause of one who was afterward to despoil their children of their lawful heritage, and sanction its appropriation by the murderers of his father. Ah! no Irishman can ever forget the ingratitude of the second Charles. But Walter Herbert thought little of the ceremony gone through that morning in the old church of the O'Briens till all was over. As the disarmed garrison marched down the long aisle of the cathedral many of them dropped dead —it might have been of the plague, or it might have been of a broken heart. Among the dead were two whose faces he had not looked on for years— Terence and Donat O'Brien, his wife's brothers. The sight awakened a new thought within him—that of his child whom he had not yet seen—and but few moments elapsed ere he was standing in front of the old corner house opposite the church of St. Nicholas. But its appearance was sadly changed since last he saw it. Gable and chimney bore evident marks of the enemy's cannon, while all around wore an air of desolation and sorrow. He looked up into one well-remembered window, but no fragrant geraniums were now there, as of old; no lark carolled the cheering song he so often listened to, with pleasure, some nine years before; balcony, and shutter, and curtain had disappeared. The whole house seemed in mourning. Even his knock rang through the house as through a sepulchre—so he thought. Twice he repeated it; and, at length, an aged head peered cautiously through a dormer window, and asked who was there. His answer quickly brought down the old domestic; but a flood of tears was her only welcome, as she opened the door and admitted him. She had been the nurse of Eily and her brothers in childhood, and partly his own in sickness; and was now the survivor of all her old heart loved; of all, save one, a blue-eyed, curly-headed boy, who now hid behind her, evidently scared at the presence of a visitor in that desolate dwelling. A few words of greeting on the part of old Winny or Winifred assured him that he was known and welcome; and a few words of fondness addressed to the child soon restored his confidence. He was even, ere long, seated con-

Digitized by Google

tentedly on his father's knee, playing with his sword-buckle—for that fair-headed, blue-eyed boy was the only child of Eily O'Brien and Walter Herbert. And as he gazed with pride on his beautiful boy, new hope and a new sense of duty sprang up within him. He felt that there was even yet something to live for. To protect that half-orphan child and his sorrowing grandsire would from that moment be the sole duty of his life, the sole solace of existence; and to this he pledged himself in Eily's little room, to which he ascended with his youthful companion, who, at his nurse's bidding, now called him father, and twined his little hands round his neck as he kissed him. The sudden roll of drums at length announced to him that it was time to depart, and fondly embracing his child once more, he hurried out of the house. He would never have left it did he then but know that in so doing he was bidding his boy farewell for ever.

The beating to arms announced the commencement of the mock trial of two dozen individuals, whom Ireton had already virtually sentenced to death, by excluding them from the protection guaranteed to the remaining citizens in the terms of capitulation. How readily would Herbert have saved every one of them, but his vote was only effective in one case, that of the gallant Hugh O'Neil, the city governor. The rest were condemned, by a majority, to die; and it was not without a tear he beheld that long file of brave and resolute men led forth to the scaffold. Priest and layman, soldier and citizen, were alike sacrificed, and for no crime save that of loving and defending their native land. And what Englishman, thought he, would not readily be guilty of the same offence? All passed silently from the death-chamber; all, save one, a venerable man, who, with Father Woulfe, was arrested in the lazar-house while administering the last sacraments of the Church to its plague-stricken inmates, soon to be deprived of all spiritual ministry. Herbert thought he recognized him, as he stood erect and fearless in the council-hall, and with hand pointed toward heaven, summoning Ireton to meet him, ere a month, at its judgment bar. He had certainly seen him before, but dressed in white serge, and not, as now, in purple. Nay, if he remembered rightly, he had been Eily's confessor, and, with the parish clergyman's permission, had married them privately in the church of St. Saviour, having first obtained a promise, freely granted by Herbert, that the children of that union, if such there were, should be brought up in the religion of the mother. What would he not have done to preserve the live of that venerable, heavenly-looking man! The last of Ireton's victims was one whose presence among the condemned he witnessed with astonishment. He had seen him closeted for hours with that same Ireton; and knew him to have been promised lands and money for certain services to be rendered to the general. But treachery was met with treachery; and Fennell, the traitor, ended his days on the same scaffold with Terence O'Brien, the bishop and martyr.

. . . . . .

The last guard was relieved on the day of execution—it was the eve of All-Hallows—and the clock of the town-hall was just chiming midnight as Herbert, who was the officer of the night, commenced his rounds. As he passed along, in silence and alone, by the Dean's Close, on his way to the castle barracks, he was suddenly stopped, at the head of an arched passage, over which an oil lamp feebly flickered, by an individual closely wrapped up in a large, dark frieze over-coat. To draw his sword was his first impulse; but a single glance at that wan face, whose gaze was sadly fixed upon him, changed his purpose in an instant. And, though armed to the teeth, he trembled in presence of that defenceless old man, and stood in silence before him.

Digitized by Google

"Don't you know me, Walter?" said the stranger.

"Alas! too well," was his reply. "But can I hope that you will ever forgive me?"

"My creed tells me to forgive even my enemies—but I believe you never meant to be such"—and the old man extended his hand to Herbert.

They stood alone—with no eye upon them save that of the all-seeing One, and, in his presence, Walter fell on his knees, protesting his purity of intention, and asking the old man's blessing. And Conner O'Brien, for it was he, with head uncovered, blessed the stranger for the first time, and, raising him up, clasped him to his bosom as his son—the husband of his darling Eily, now sleeping with her mother in Killely.

Herbert was about to respond, with a fervent assurance of his undying love and devotion to her, when the old man stopped him short, and, drawing him into the recess of the bow way, asked him if he might now rely on his friendship and protection.

"Henceforth, as God is my witness," earnestly replied Herbert, "your interest and mine are but one."

"Good!" returned his companion. "Then, when occasion presents itself, you will procure a pass for myself and a friend in whose safety I feel the deepest interest. For my own life I care not, as I have no one save you and my grandson now remaining to care for." Then the old man, despite his resolution, sobbed aloud. "But my friend," he continued, after a few moments, "cannot yet be spared. We cannot afford to lose him, and it is solely on his account—though he knows nothing of my project—that I have waited here to meet you."

After some further brief conversation, they parted with a fond embrace—the old man to his friend, and Walter to the barracks. When his watch was ended, he lay down to enjoy, for the first time during many months, a peaceful slumber of several hours.

The 1st of November, 1651, dawned brightly on the old city of Luimneach, and its now shattered fortifications—brightly on the brown heath of the Meelick mountains—brightly on the waving woods of Cratloe—brightly on the rapids at the salmon weir, and on the snowy sails of the English transports at anchor in "the pool"—brightly on the gory head of Terence O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, impaled on the center tower of the city—brightly, too, on his murderer, Henry Ireton, as he reviewed the body of troops destined for the siege of Carrigaholt Castle; for God "maketh his sun to rise upon the good and bad." Ere the sun set the vanguard of that body had left the Cratloe hills far behind them, on their march westward; and Herbert was second in command of the first division. He was well mounted, and with him rode two peasants thoroughly acquainted with the country, and destined to serve him as guides. Of late his soldiers remarked that he had grown unusually silent and morose, and few of them cared to intrude on him uninvited. Thus it happened that, during the march, he rode considerably in advance, though always within sight of his detachment, with no other companions than the two guides.

With one of them he seemed well acquainted, and the soldiers remarked that he conversed freely with him on the road. The other seemed to speak but seldom, and then only to his brother guide. This, however, was no matter of surprise, as it was supposed he spoke in Irish, a language almost utterly unknown to the English commander. And such, in reality, was the fact. Whether he understood English or not, he spoke in his native tongue to O'Brien, who, as the reader may have guessed, was Herbert's other guide on the evening in question. As they approached Ennis the old man seemed much excited, alleging, as his reason, that he feared being recognized; but it was not difficult to perceive that his anxie-

Digitized by Google

ty was more for his companion than himself. They succeeded, however, in reaching their destination, and encamped near Kilfiehera to await the arrival of the main body from Kilrush. Under pretext of exploring the wild coast of Kilkee and Farahee, Herbert left the camp at sunrise, attended solely by the two individuals who had been his companions on the march from Limerick. He returned alone, however, in the evening, and rumor went abroad that he had been deserted by his guides amid the wild recesses of the coast. This new piece of treachery on the part of the Irishry, after being warmly denounced round the Cromwellian camp-fires that night, was forwarded next morning to Limerick, to be faithfully chronicled, with many other facts of like authenticity, in "Ludlow's Memoirs." Herbert was too much overjoyed at the escape of his father-in-law and the friend in whom he seemed so deeply interested, to give himself any concern about the camp-fire gossip, or Ludlow's version of the matter.

The next week found him again in Limerick. Sudden news of the alarming illness of the general had reached the camp, and the expedition to the west was, for the time, abandoned. Herbert found his new post a trying one—to keep watch and ward with Hardress Waller, one of his wife's murderers, beside the dying bed of another. Waller was Ireton's confidant, the ready instrument of all his infamy; and Herbert was selected by the general to attend him as the only surviving officer attached to his own regiment since it was first raised in Nottingham, the native county of both. To escape from his post was impossible. Nothing short of suicide could free him from it; and the thought of his little son, if no higher motive, prevented him from putting an end to his existence. Night after night was he doomed to sit by the bed-side of the dying man and listen to the wild ravings of remorse and blasphemy that, almost every moment, escaped his plague-stained lips. He would start up betimes, and, with the frantic look of a maniac, call for his sword to ward off the fiends that seemed to mock his tortures; and then he would sink back exhausted, still wildly raving of Charles Stuart, and Terence O'Brien, the "Lord's anointed," as he now called them, whom he had murdered. Nay, he would clutch Herbert's hand, and, with tears, implore his forgiveness. But Hardress Waller stood there too, and a look from him would again rouse the murder-fiend within him. All feeling of compunction would then pass away; and grim despair again lay hold of him. Oh! it was a fearful sight—that death-bed of despairing remorse. It never left Herbert's memory, and was the commencement of that change that ultimately converted the Puritan soldier into a Christian monk.

Ireton died in his house in Mary street on the 26th of November, 1651, still "raging and raving," says the chronicler,* of the unfortunate prelate, whose unjust condemnation he imagined hurried on his death. Herbert was of the party appointed to guard the remains to England, and, before setting out, hastened to his father-in-law's house to bring his child with him. But, alas! he found it empty, and not the slightest trace of Winny or the boy. Nor could any one tell him what had become of either. With a bursting heart, he set out with the funeral cortège to Cork, and thence to Bristol, resolved never more to draw sword in Cromwell's cause. Arrived in London, he delivered up his charge, and at once quitted the kingdom, without waiting for the lying in state at Somerset House, or final interment in Westminster Abbey, of Ireton's plague-stricken corpse. Though pledged never again to serve in the ranks of the monsters whose atrocities in Ireland made him so often blush for his native country, he could not yet entirely wean him-

* Burke, "*Hibernia Dominicana.*"

Digitized by Google

self away from his old profession. After a few months passed in idleness and *ennui* on the continent, during which he vainly tried to forget the loss of his wife and child, he entered the Earl of Bristol's regiment as a volunteer, and faithfully maintained the cause of King Charles till his restoration. It was when forming a part of his body-guard at Lord Tara's residence in Bruges, where the exiled monarch occasionally resided, that he first met with the Capuchin fathers, and was by them received into the Catholic Church. With the king he returned to England, but only to have all his sad recollections awakened by meeting once more with his old enemies, Waller and Ireton.

Ireton! some astonished reader will exclaim. Why, surely, we buried him years ago, and are not expected, we presume, to believe in ghosts in this enlightened nineteenth century of ours.

And yet we must repeat what we have written. On his return to London, Walter Herbert again stood face to face with Waller and Ireton—the former, with a smile of hypocritical adulation, welcoming the return of him whose father he had aided in murdering—the latter, a hideous spectacle, first dangling on a gallows at Tyburn, and then grimly staring at the by-passers—if those sightless sockets could be said to stare—from the highest spike on Westminster Hall. It was a shocking sight to Herbert—that ghastly skeleton and that ghastly head—and recalled to his memory, with sadness and horror, another but far different head which, ten years before, he saw set up, pallid and blood-stained, on the castled tower of Limerick. God is very just, thought he, as he passed on, with a shudder.

On his return to England Herbert found himself friendless. All his relatives had died, or perished on the battle-field, during the civil wars, and of his child there was still no trace. All he could learn was that he had been sent to his grandfather, then resident on the continent; but where the grandfather resided, there was no means of ascertaining. Tired of England, and the cruelties and perfidies he daily saw endorsed by the sign-manual of one who, he imagined, should have learned toleration and honor in the school of affliction—in hopes also of meeting with his child—he quitted his native land for ever, and joined the ranks of the Duke of Lorraine, the old ally and friend of his former commander, the Earl of Bristol. With him and Sir George Hamilton he fought the battles of Spain for nigh fifteen years; and his last achievement in her service was one of the brightest on record. With a few resolute companions he held his ground for two entire days in the shattered citadel of Cambrai, though the battery to which they returned shot for shot was under the personal inspection of Louis XIV. and the renowned hunchback Luxemburg. The bursting of a shell laid him senseless, and when, after a long and painful illness, he was again restored to health, he resolved, in thanksgiving, to devote the remainder of his days to the exclusive service of God, in the convent where he first learned to know him.

During the recital of the foregoing narrative, which, for brevity's sake, we have given consecutively, and in our own words, Brother Francis was frequently interrupted by his youthful auditor, as new light was thrown by him on events in his family history which, till then, he had never heard satisfactorily cleared up. He had already learned from his mother that his grandfather had been an English officer, supposed to have fallen in Cromwell's wars, though a vague report reached the family that he was seen in Spain after Cromwell's death. Of his grandmother, he only heard that she died young, and that her father resided for a considerable time in Brussels, with his grandson, whom, at his death, he confided to the care of the guardian of St. Antoine's at Lou-

Digitized by Google

vain, who was his brother-in-law, and who had brought the boy, when a mere child, from Ireland. He further learned that, after the completion of his studies, and contrary to the wish of his uncle, who intended him for the ecclesiastical state, his father embraced the profession of arms, and, shortly after his marriage, embarked with the French troops sent by King Louis to Ireland. He fell at the siege of Limerick, and his widow died of a broken heart soon after the intelligence of her husband's death reached her. He was himself then but a boy, and was placed by his mother's relatives at the Benedictine college of Douai, whence he passed, in due time, like his father, to the ranks, and was then serving, as we have already seen, in the Duke of Vendôme's army.

"But you did not say who the other person was that accompanied you on the march from Limerick to Carrigaholt, or what became of him or his companion," resumed the young soldier, when he had concluded.

"That remains to this day a mystery to me," replied his grandfather, "for I never saw either after we parted that evening. I left them on a lofty isolated rock off the coast of Clare, to which they were conveyed, as the surest place of safety, by a few poor fishermen, then dwelling in a ruined keep on the verge of the cliffs, which, if I remember rightly, they called Dunlicky. Had I much curiosity I might have possibly learned the stranger's name, but I never inquired, and probably, as I did not, my father-in-law never told me. Certain it is that he must have been a person of high distinction, as all addressed him with marked respect, I might almost say reverence, and seemed most devoted to him, though, as far as I could see, he possessed no earthly means of remunerating them—nothing, in fact, save the half-military, half-rustic garments in which he was clad. And as they left him and his companion in one of the two small huts that served as a shelter in stormy weather for the few wild-looking sheep that browsed on the island, they promised soon to return with such necessaries as he might require during his stay among them. On returning to the canoe that brought us from the mainland, I remembered that I heard something fall from the stranger as he stepped ashore on a ledge of the island. In my hurry at the moment I paid no attention to the circumstance; and it was only on our arrival at the foot of the cliff on which the old castle stood, that I found the object which he had dropped lying in the bottom of the boat. Hoping soon to be able to restore it to its owner, I took it with me, and ever since it has remained in my possession; for I need scarcely say, after all you have heard, that an opportunity of restoring it never since presented itself. I still retain it, with the father guardian's permission, in hopes of one day discovering its lawful claimant."

Here Brother Francis drew from the folds of his garment a small ebony crucifix, inlaid with pearl, and richly set in gold, and, reverently kissing it, handed it to his companion. The latter, after carefully examining it, read the following inscription, beautifully engraved in text characters round the rim—"J. B. RINUC. LEG. AP. R.R.D.D. EDM^{DO}. O'DWYER EP^{S}. LUIM^{I}. M.DCXLVI." Still the history and after fate of the owner of the crucifix remained a mystery to them. Perhaps some reader of the foregoing pages may be able to throw some light on the subject, if not for their benefit, at least for ours.

Little more remains to be told of Brother Francis. In his ninetieth year he died peacefully in the midst of the brotherhood with whom so many years of his life had been happily spent—and his eyes were closed in death by the hands of Eily O'Brien's grandchild, young Gerald Herbert, who had likewise joined the order, and given up the camp and its turmoil, and the world and its deceit, to don the cowl of St. Francis, and spend the rest of his days with the humble, hospitable Capuchins of Bruges.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE DUC D'AYEN.

THE stirring events, political and military, which followed on the outbreak of the great French revolution, giving a shock to every institution, secular and religious, and leaving their mark on the history of every civilized country, affected also, to an unexampled degree, the fortunes of families and individuals throughout Europe. The troubles that overwhelmed the thrones of kings, and seemed to threaten the Church herself with destruction, penetrated even to the very lowest classes of society. The great were ruined as well as their princes; the wealthy and noble were proscribed and exiled; new families arose as well as new dynasties; and if the cottage was spared persecution, it did not escape the conscription, while in many cases its inmates died on the guillotine by the side of the tenants of the neighboring palace. By this great and universal convulsion hearts and characters were tried to the utmost; and if many in every class sank under the ordeal which called for courage, patience, and prudence, and other virtues in the heroic degree, it is no less true that many others, who seemed to have been born for a life of quiet and ordinary duty, for unbroken and uneventful happiness, displayed unexpected strength of character, great qualities of heart and mind, and revealed graces of the highest order under the blows of affliction. We are in some respects fortunate in living just at the distance we do from a period like this; for it has not yet passed into the region of pure history, in which we can feel no practical concern; and yet time enough has elapsed since its close for us to reap a part at least of the rich inheritance that it has left behind it of memoirs and correspondence relating to those who played an actual part in its scenes. It was crowded with lives that deserve to be written, full of interest and instruction.

Let us confine ourselves to France alone. That country produced a number of most remarkable men, brought to the surface, as it were, by the breaking up of the great fountains of her national life, who, for bad or for good, played the chief part in the political changes which so powerfully affect Europe to the present day, or, as the soldiers of a new era of military glory, bore her flag in triumph into every capital on the continent. These men figured in events which write themselves sooner than any other on the pages of history; and every one, therefore, has heard of the names and exploits of the emperor and his marshals. More noble and heroic, more beneficial, and more truly glorious to their country, were the lives of hundreds—men and women—who took a part in the great outburst of fresh religious activity which followed upon the restoration of freedom to Catholicism, of whose piety, charity, and devotion the present Church of France is the fruit and the monument. A great deal remains to be done as to the biography and history of this great religious restoration, in many respects already equalling, in others even outshining, the earlier glories of the French Church, for a moment submerged by the revolution. Lastly, there is another department also in which literary labor will be well repaid—the history of the sufferers in the revolution, whether ecclesiastics or secular, whether they perished on the guillotine, were transported to Cayenne, or claimed as emi grants the hospitality of England and other European countries.

Many of these emigrants were per-

Digitized by Google

sons who had never known what it was to have a whim ungratified; who had lived all their lives amidst the frivolous dissipation of the highest society in Paris, infected as it was with the withering influences of Voltairianism; and who had shared in the illusive enthusiasm with which the earlier steps of the revolution had been welcomed. Exile, poverty, forced inaction, obscurity, and the utter want of all that had before been the occupation of their lives, came upon them as a far more severe, because more wearing and protracted, trial than if they had had to bear the short agony of the massacres or the revolutionary tribunal. Yet, under an ordeal such as this, great and wonderful virtues often unfolded themselves, which bore witness to the sound religious training that so many of them had received, of which their patience and courage were the natural fruits. In this way their history furnishes us with many characters of wonderful interest; and the effect of it is not only to enlist our sympathies for individuals, but to give us also a higher idea of the upper classes in France than is generally derived from the annals of that dreadful period.

I have been led to these remarks by reading a little volume lately published in Paris, under the title "*Anne Paule Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu.*" There may, perhaps, be many more such memoirs: this, at all events, though written without pretension or ambition, certainly gives the history of a very beautiful character, drawn out by continual misfortune, and it contains incident enough to furnish the plots of three or four romances. Although it deals chiefly with the history of Madame de Montagu, it gives us incidentally the outline both of the lives and characters of her sisters. There are also, of course, other subordinate figures in the picture; and the author has shown great skill in giving us a very graphic account of each in a few words or lines. I shall proceed, without further prologue or apology, to use the materials furnished by this volume for a short sketch of Madame de Montagu and her sisters.

These ladies were the daughters of the Duc and Duchesse d'Ayen. The duke was the eldest son of the last Maréchal de Noailles; his wife was the daughter of M. d'Aguesseau, son of the chancellor of that name. They had five daughters, called, as the custom was, Mdlle. de Noailles, Mdlle. d'Ayen, Mdlle. d'Epernon, Mdlle. de Maintenon, and Mdlle. de Monclar. The eldest married her cousin, the Viscount de Noailles; the second became Madame de la Fayette, wife of the celebrated marquis; Mdlle. d'Epernon was twice married, but died young, and we shall have no occasion to mention her name again; Mdlle. de Maintenon is the principal subject of the volume we have before us, having married the Marquis de Montagu; Mdlle. de Monclar became Madame de Grammont. The sisters probably owed more to their mother than to any one else in the world, and were formed by her; a short notice of her is, therefore, the natural introduction to their history.

Many who have been acquainted with the effects of the influence of the French emigrants who came to England at the time of the revolution have remarked that some of the most devout and religious among them must have had a certain tinge of strictness and rigor about them which betrayed the distant influence of Jansenism, even over those who were in no sort of way its disciples. This may be seen even in some of their ascetical works. The Duchesse d'Ayen seems either to have been brought up in this school, or to have taken up its teaching from something in her own character congenial to it. As was natural in a granddaughter of d'Aguesseau, she loved order and prudence with hereditary instinct, and was, moreover, acquainted with suffering; her piety was most genuine, and as wife and mother none could surpass her. The

Digitized by Google

duc was a man of the world, a thorough gentleman, with all the dilettante learning that befitted his high station. He had passed through several brilliant campaigns, was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and shone even in Paris in the art of conversation. His time was mostly spent at court, or in gay circles away from home; but when he did return the most delicate attentions were lavished on his wife; and she, on her side, had taught their five children to greet his visits with love equal to their respect. And in truth, though their father's quick temper inspired the girls with some natural fear, his many amiable qualities could not fail to call forth their deepest affection.

Madame d'Ayen they dearly loved. The free unbroken intercourse which is natural to English homes was not in accordance with the rules of those stately Parisian families, but the first act of the day was to go and salute their mother; next, they were sure to meet her going to or returning from mass, when they were taking their morning walk; afterward, they all dined together at three, and then came the pleasant hours spent in her bedroom, while she instructed and amused them by turns in gentle maternal converse. They had other instructors; but she really formed their minds.

A bright worldly future opened before these young girls, with their good birth, high connections, and splendid fortune. Who would have dreamed of coming storms? But the pious mother did not wait for misfortune to teach them companionship with sorrow; they began when children to visit the suffering, and two poor people of the parish stood sponsors for Mdlle. de Maintenon at the baptismal font. She was born in 1766, and the parish church was St. Roch; opposite stood the family hotel, with its spacious gardens reaching up to the Tuileries.

After their marriages the sisters became brilliant stars in Parisian society, and the tenderest union ever reigned between them. The eldest, Madame de Noailles, was admired by every one for her sweetness and grace, being commonly called either "that angel," or the "heavenly viscountess." Even the family confessor, the saintly Abbé Edgworth, writing of her after her death to Madame de Montagu, says, "The fate of that angelic soul, which I knew so intimately on earth, can inspire no uneasiness. For my part, I acknowledge in all simplicity that she seems now to return me tenfold all the good I formerly wished her. The mere remembrance of her strengthens me, and would keep me from loving earth, could it still offer any enjoyment."

The sisters vied with each other in love and veneration for their mother and Madame de Noailles especially had the happiness of being scarcely ever separated from her. The young wife, however, espoused with ardor her husband's political opinions; and he was much more liberal in his views than the Duchesse d'Ayen. Like many other nobles of the time, both about court and in the provinces, M. de Noailles hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of the revolution, believing it would bring about a new era for France, a grand national reform. Madame d'Ayen, on the contrary, looked on events with some mistrust; her experience, her natural prudence and cautious character, made her more anxious, more inclined to circumspection.

Even after the Bastille had been taken, and when so many families began to emigrate, M. de Noailles, like his brother-in-law M. de la Fayette, continued to hope. The events of 1792, however, induced him to seek refuge in England. The Duc d'Ayen had taken refuge in Switzerland; but when he heard of the attack on the Tuileries in June, 1792, he flew to the aid of the king and the royal family, considering that though his post of captain of the royal guard had been abolished, the danger of Louis had created it anew. He was with that

Digitized by Google

small band of devoted adherents who would have defended the king on the fatal 10th of August—the last day of the real monarchy—when Louis' heart failed him, and he took refuge in the assembly. The Duc d'Ayen managed again to get away into Switzerland; the other members of his family, quitting their splendid hotel, hid themselves in a wretched dwelling of the nearest faubourg. Madame de Noailles was to have joined her husband in London, where they intended shortly to embark for America; but she lingered with her mother, first to assist her grandfather, the Maréchal de Noailles, in his dying moments, and next to console his aged widow, now well-nigh reduced to second childhood. The result was captivity and death for all time. Madame de Noailles' virtue shone forth with lustre throughout these trying hours, and it is as a meek victim of the revolution that she especially deserves remembrance.

At first the three ladies were simply detained as "suspected" in their own hotel, during the winter of '93; but in April following they were transferred as prisoners to the Luxembourg. There they found in a room below them their relatives, the Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife, who had already suffered a detention of five months. Not far off was a cousin, the Duchesse d'Orléans, widow of Philippe Egalité, lately executed. These were sad recognitions, few or no prisoners being ever set at liberty, though many went through the mockery of a trial. Soon after Madame d'Ayen's arrival, M. and Madame de Mouchy were guillotined. From the first she and her daughter prepared for death. Both did all they could to alleviate the suffering around them. Madame d'Ayen gave up her bed to the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was very ill, and treated with even exceptional cruelty. Madame de Noailles shared her mother's attendance on this lady, and on several others. She made the beds for all their relatives, helped them to dress, and washed up the dishes; in short, waited upon the whole party as if she had been accustomed all her life to servile occupations. With true virtue, she even showed no repugnance at anything, but preserved throughout her usual sweet serenity of temper. Her consolation was to mount up twice a week to an upper story, under pretence of breathing the fresh air, but in reality to obtain a view from the window of her children in the garden beneath. She had contrived to keep up some correspondence outside, and they came at the stated hour, under the care of their tutor. Occasionally she managed to receive notes from him, or to send him one. An extract from the last she wrote, and when she *felt* an eternal separation impending, shows the strength of her piety:

"God sustains me, and will, I am convinced, to the end. Farewell! Be assured that my gratitude toward you will accompany me above. But for you, what would have been my children's fate? Farewell, Alexis, Alfred, Euphemia! Bear God in your hearts every day of your lives; attach yourselves steadfastly to him; pray for your father, and for his true happiness; remember your mother also, and that her sole desire has been for your eternal welfare. I hope to be re-united with you in the bosom of God, and in that hope give my last blessing to you all."

These words show a soul which could not be ill prepared for death. When hastily summoned one day to leave the Luxembourg for the Conciergerie, a certain road to execution, both Madame de Noailles and her mother were quite ready. Madame d'Ayen had the "Imitation" open at that beautiful chapter on the cross. Hastily writing on a scrap of paper—"Courage, my children, and pray"—she put it in as a mark, and begged the Duchesse d'Orléans, if her life were spared, to give it to them. This commission was faithfully executed, and the little book still exists, showing

Digitized by Google

traces of Madame d'Ayen's last tears as she named her daughters.

The poor old maréchale scarcely knew what was going on, but followed mechanically. The Conciergerie was crowded, and afforded small accommodation for new-comers. Madame de Noailles thought it useless to sleep that night. When her mother pressed her to lie down a little, she said, "Why seek repose on the brink of eternity?" Early next morning all three were astir, and persuaded each other to break their fast, for no dinner had been provided on the previous evening. Madame de Noailles insisted on dressing both her mother and grandmother, whispering, "Have good courage, mamma; there is only one hour more!"

But nearly the whole day passed in terrible expectation. Not till five in the afternoon came the open carts that were to carry forty condemned prisoners to the Barrière du Trône for execution. Long previous to detention, Madame de Noailles had secured, in case of danger, the services of a good priest—Père Carrichon, of the Oratory. News of their coming fate reached him, and, faithful to his promise, despite the personal risk, he arrived at the prison door in time. The first cart filled and passed out. It contained eight ladies, of whom the last was the old maréchale. In the second were Madame d'Ayen and her daughter; after whom six men took their places.

The account given by Père Carrichon of this closing scene is our last view of Madame de Noailles, and tallies with what has gone before. Serene and gentle, her thoughts appeared wrapt in God. Père Carrichon tried to make himself seen as the cart came out. Evidently Madame de Noailles was looking for some one; but her glance did not rest on him. Having made a great circuit, he posted himself in a conspicuous place at the opening of a bridge. Again Madame de Noailles anxiously scanned the crowd around, and again without discerning the face she sought. Père Carrichon was tempted to give up the effort in despair. Priestly charity prevailed, however, and he hastened forward to the Rue St. Antoine. A violent storm had come on; thunder and lightning raged, the wind blew furiously. The poor victims were drenched; the ladies' hair streamed about their faces, and their hands, closely tied behind each, could give no relief. What with the jolting and wind, they could hardly keep their seats on those narrow planks. The savage curiosity of the populace yielded to the violence of the storm; the crowd dispersed; windows and doors closed. Père Carrichon ventured nearer the cart, amid the very escort of soldiers intent on guarding themselves from the storm. Suddenly Madame de Noailles' countenance lighted up with her own sweet smile; her eyes were thankfully raised to heaven, and then she leaned forward, whispering to her mother. She had seen him, Père Carrichon felt sure of it. A grateful smile stole over the duchess's face also.

Père Carrichon continued walking beside the cart; his heart raised in prayer; the mute confession was made, the silent absolution given. Solemn, touching scene!—those two heads, one so fair, reverentially bent down with looks of mingled contrition and hope; the priest fulfilling his errand of mercy; and the storm raging on.

At length the carts stopped. The executioner and his assistants came forward, one carelessly twirling a rose between his lips. The guillotine fell on the maréchale; afterward on Madame d'Ayen; and Madame de Noailles suffered next. Up to the last moment both mother and daughter employed themselves in exhorting their companions to Christian repentance. The vicomtesse devoted herself especially to a young man whom she had overheard blaspheming. One foot was already on the bloody ladder, when, turning round a last time, she

Digitized by Google

murmured, with imploring accents, "I conjure you, say—Forgive me!" Their own sweet countenances spoke only of heaven. So beautiful were these deaths, that, despite the horrors of the scene, Père Carrichon could but raise his full heart in praise and thanksgiving to God. Thus lived and died the eldest of these five sisters.

The second, Madame de la Fayette, is a beautiful character; so enthusiastic in spirit, so warm and generous in heart. Endowed with good natural powers, her mind had been highly cultivated, she could reason well, and possessed a ripe judgment. Prompt and decided on great occasions, she was then energetic enough in carrying out her resolutions; but by a strange contradiction of nature, doubts often assailed her in little matters, and she would hang back, uncertain what course to pursue. Ardent in her piety, she was yet tormented with scruples; and unfortunately Madame d'Ayen had so far condescended to these as to allow her daughter not to make her first communion till after marriage. Naturally enough, at that late period the great act was accomplished with much mental suffering. Madame de Montagu said with truth that this beloved sister was not sufficiently interior, and thirsted too eagerly after the consolations of human affections; but for sincerity, faith, zeal, and submission to the divine will Madame de la Fayette was most admirable. Her greatest quality was self-sacrifice, unshrinking devotion to those she loved—the virtue of a wife and a mother. M. de la Fayette attests that he owed to her unalloyed happiness during a wedded union of thirty-four years. "Gentle, tender, virtuous, and high-souled, this incomparable woman has been the charm and pride of my existence."

She too was imprisoned, but was afterward released. Her first thought was to join her husband, a captive at Olmutz. Other duties detained her for a while; but the ultimate object was kept steadily, though silently, in view. Madame de la Fayette sent her young son out of France across the Atlantic, confiding him to Washington's protection; then she hastened to look after her daughters in Auvergne, and settle money accounts there. Happily, she was able to buy back Chavaniac, the property of an old aunt who had brought up her husband. Business concluded, she sought for Madame de Grammont; the two sisters had not met since the tragic death of their relatives. Madame de Noailles' orphan children were living with their aunt. Tearing herself from them, Madame de la Fayette—who could only obtain a passport for America—then went round by sea to Altona, in Denmark, where her other sister, Madame de Montagu, and many French exiles, had fixed their residence for a while. This also was a meeting in which bitter pain was mingled with joy. "Did you see them?" were the only words Madame de Montagu could sob forth, after a long, mute caress. "Alas! I had not that happiness," replied Madame de la Fayette, whose filial heart was choking with the same remembrances.

Proper measures having been taken for obtaining an audience of the emperor, Madame de la Fayette announced her intention of proceeding to Vienna forthwith, that she might solicit permission to share her husband's captivity. The simple words in which she mentioned her generous purpose thrilled through the little circle; vain attempts were made to dissuade her from it; she gently, but firmly, persisted. Her sister could best understand the feelings that guided her, and that she did so was expressed by silent repeated pressures of her hand.

Madame de la Fayette—accompanied by her two girls, aged thirteen and fifteen—reached Vienna under an assumed name. The emperor granted her request, and she hastened joyfully to Olmutz. Such was her enthusiasm at sight of the gloomy fortress in which her husband was confined, that she began repeating To-

Digitized by Google

bias' beautiful canticle (c. xiii.), and entered with it on her lips.

It was the 15th of October, 1795. M. de la Fayette had already been a close prisoner for three years; during the last eighteen months especially he had received no tidings of what was going on in the world without. A vague rumor of excesses committed in France had indeed reached his unbroken solitude, but not the name of one victim; he knew nothing of the fate of his wife and children. Now, without one word of preparation, the door of his cell was unlocked; figures darkened the threshold. Could it be? His heroic wife and their two children! Yes; they had come to share the hardships of his prison life.

The emperor of Austria had spoken to Madame de la Fayette of her husband's place of confinement in a manner which showed her afterward that he was quite ignorant of the rigorous treatment to which the prisoner was subjected. Two little cells, with a wretched bed and a table and chair in each, formed the sole accommodation. As for eating, there was one pewter spoon, no such luxury as knife or fork being allowed. Pens, paper, and ink were only forthcoming on rare occasions, and then the open letter had to be written under the eye of an official. Madame de la Fayette endured all these annoyances for two years; and truly the abnegation of her young daughters during this long period is nearly as admirable as her own. The girls employed themselves very usefully in concocting new articles of clothing out of old materials. Madame de la Fayette, like her husband, soon began to suffer from such close confinement; but when, after eleven months' illness, she applied for leave to go and consult a physician at Vienna for a few days only, the answer was that, once outside the fortress, she would never be re-admitted. The prison doctor could only exchange conversation in Latin with her husband, and neither of them appear to have been adepts in that language; moreover, his hurried visit was obliged to take place in the presence of an officer.

Friends wearied both France and foreign powers with solicitations for the release of General de la Fayette. Fox painted the miseries endured at Olmutz in eloquent terms before a British House of Commons; but it was not until October, 1797, that the prison gates opened at length, through Bonaparte's intervention.

The name she bore often proved detrimental to her, but Madame de la Fayette gloried in it. With Robespierre's fall all prisoners in France were set at liberty. General de la Fayette, however, was accused of having betrayed the revolution because he had refused to become privy to its crimes, and his wife was therefore detained. Interrogated by Legendre, who told her how much he detested the very name of la Fayette, she boldly expressed her readiness to defend him and it against whatsoever accuser. Legendre remanded her to prison "for insolence."

This devoted love for husband and children did not suffice to fill her heart. It was burning also with other affections. To Madame de la Fayette we owe a touching life of the Duchesse d'Ayen, written while at Olmutz, on the margin of a stray volume of Buffon, with a broken toothpick for her pen and a piece of Chinese ink. When told of the tragic fate that had overtaken her relatives, she could not believe it at first; especially it seemed impossible that men could have been so barbarous to her "angelic sister." On recovering a little from this overwhelming sorrow, she wrote to her children:

"I thank God for having preserved to me life and reason, and do not regret your absence at such a moment. He kept me from revolt against him; but I could not long have borne the semblance of any human consolation. To follow in the track of such dear footsteps would have sweetened the last pangs for me."

Digitized by Google

In the prisons of the revolution her sole thought was how to relieve the wants and sufferings of those around. With her cousin, the Duchesse de Duras, at Plessis, she was constantly interceding for the sick and poor among their fellow captives, and this at a time when a chance word sufficed for death, as sixty victims chosen by caprice or at hazard were regularly dragged forth each day for execution. Her spirit never forsook her under trying circumstances, and she often showed wonderful presence of mind. Once she pleaded her own cause before the tribunal of Puy, and on several occasions harangued the people. Her language at these times was always nobly firm, and sometimes proud even to haughtiness. In a letter addressed to Brissot, after asking for liberty, or at least the favor of remaining a prisoner on parole, which the whole village of Chavaniac volunteered to guarantee, she concludes by saying, "I consent to owe you this service." Her letters to the two ministers, Roland and Servan, or to foreign princes on behalf of her husband, are no less elevated in tone. She never stoops to flatter. No wonder that she exercised a species of fascination over all those who approached her; with whatever feelings the acquaintance began, it was impossible to know and not to love her.

In all her sorrows, ardent faith sustained her. When danger again threatened at Paris, she writes to Madame de Montagu: "We must abandon ourselves wholly to God in this critical hour. Let us live like Abraham, ready to start whenever God calls, and to go wheresoever he appoints." When she felt her end approaching, once more she repeated aloud that canticle of Tobias, singing which she had, years before, entered the fortress of Olmutz. True in death to her character through life, her heart was inflamed with celestial desires, and still overflowing with human affection. Drawing all her loved ones round her, she gave them a last blessing, and gently expired, holding her husband's hands within her own.

Of four daughters of the Duc d'Ayen, Madame de Grammont was the least attractive. Her person was small, her appearance stiff, her features marked; there was nothing soft about her look or manner. Her virtue was of a stern kind; she had schooled herself into a certain absence of feeling, neither right nor lovable; but fortunately her actions often contradicted her professions. Thus her kindness never failed, and her charity to the poor was boundless. There was a contradiction too between what she said and what she wrote—her speeches are always more or less stern, while her letters frequently betray deep affection; like a person who speaks from principle, but dares to let herself out on paper, sure of restraining emotion when necessary. Sacrifice was the prominent feature of her piety; duty dictated her every sentiment.

Eight out of her nine children she saw carried to their graves in youth, and each time she could say with composure, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Writing to Madame de Montagu about a daughter whose end was approaching, she uses these words: "As life ebbs away, her peace and self-possession are perfect. . . . . I do not despair of helping her passage into the bosom of God after having erst borne her in my own; and it is sweet to make her repeat, 'I was cast into thy arms, O Lord, from the beginning: thou art my God, even from my mother's womb.'" It was not in her character to disclose the struggle of natural feeling that was going on in her heart at the time that she was writing words like these.

Once Madame de Grammont writes to her sister: "The expectation, experience, and long continuance of misfortune have at length made me *impassible*." "And I," adds Madame de Montagu, commenting on the word in

Digitized by Google

her journal, "am still a reed shaken by every breath." The two phrases aptly characterize each sister.

In 1848, Madame de Grammont, who had been an eye-witness of the two preceding revolutions, was quite surprised at the fears entertained by those around her. "But, grandmamma," said a member of her family, "if the guillotine were set up again as in the reign of terror, surely you would feel some uneasiness?" "Poor child!" replied the old lady, "that has nothing to do with the question. Must we not all die? The important thing is to be well prepared; the mode of death is a mere detail." And thus unmoved she lived on to the age of eighty-five—that is, till the year 1853—having survived all her sisters. Though her husband had been banished for some time, she never emigrated; and sixty-seven years of her life were passed in retirement at their château of Villersexel. There she was much beloved, being a true mother to all the poor.

Her sisters also were warmly attached to her. Madame de Montagu held her in such veneration, that though a little the older of the two, she always kept a journal for Madame de Grammont to read, that she might point out her faults and help her to amend. She called Madame de Grammont her *second conscience*, and the province in which she resided the kingdom of Virtue, with Peace (Villersexel) for its capital.

Madame de Grammont felt their mother's loss, in her way, as deeply as the rest. Perhaps, too, this heavy trial laid the foundation of her remarkable firmness; for there are some strong natures that cannot bend through fear of breaking. When able afterward to communicate with Madame de Montagu, she writes:

"Since the immolation of those dear victims, the cross is my sole place of refuge. With you, and all those we love in this world and the other, I cast myself into God's arms. There let all disquietude cease; there let our minds and hearts rest for ever; thence let us derive strength to perform our allotted task here below."

Her father had entreated Madame de Grammont to consult her personal safety in those perilous times by joining himself and Madame de Montagu in Switzerland. She declined, because her husband was only just recovering from a dangerous illness, and also through fear of compromising his family. Indeed, so much was circumspection necessary, that her letters were written on cambric handkerchiefs, which Madame de Grammont took the further precaution of sewing inside her messenger's waistcoat lining.

Madame de Montagu affords a strong contrast to Madame de Grammont. She went through life thrilling at every step; full of tears that often gushed for joy, but oftenest welled up from deep fountains of sorrow; heroic in faith, like the others, but quivering and writhing beneath each new load of anguish. She never grew accustomed to suffering, and yet God tried her well; but he could not weary her love for himself. And thus, while human affections were ever causing sharp pain, divine love gave her strength to bear *it* without asking her to overcome *them*. Such was her character, which grace supported without changing.

Madame de Montagu was admired in the world, but never cared for triumphs of any kind. Her sole wish was to please God and her home circle, and do good to her fellow-creatures. We may believe that the pauper sponsors who held her at St. Roch watched over their charge through life. For well and zealously, though full of natural shrinkings, did Madame de Montagu perform her part on the busy stage. Her timidity was put to its first great trial when, at sixteen, she had to undergo her first introduction to her intended husband, on whom she dared not raise her eyes, to see whether her parents' choice suited her, in appearance at least, until he fortunately turned away to look at a picture. Next

Digitized by Google

came the further suffering of receiving congratulatory visits from all Paris, during which the poor bride elect was seated bolt upright, pale and trembling, beside her mother, and between two goodly rows of members of either family, ranged along both sides of the apartment. At church on the wedding-day she regained her composure, because all else was forgotten in the earnest prayer breathed that she might well perform her new duties.

Almost immediately the young wife had to sacrifice her greatest pleasure, that of seeing her mother and sisters frequently. M. de Montagu was obliged to join his regiment, and she was left under the tutelage of her father-in-law, a kind and clever man, but eccentric and full of vagaries. To please him she did everything not wrong, commencing that petty series of daily yieldings, insignificant to careless eyes, but so meritorious because so difficult. This is woman's battle-field, obscure but high; and in this path Madame de Montagu always walked, perfectly ignorant that her simplicity was in any way extraordinary. The good she did by example, and without any words, was immense; only near relatives and intimate friends could perceive it. One of these, M. de Mun, used to say that she was the only *dévote* he ever knew who made him wish to be saved. So far could she condescend even to the pleasures of others, that in exile, after all her sorrows, she danced at a rustic ball. And to a nature like hers, such griefs as she had known were undying even in their keenness. One of her characteristic traits was that she never forgot an anniversary: everything that had happened to herself and to those dear to her was treasured up, and recalled as the days came round. If it was an occasion of gladness, it was celebrated in public; but her life was more crowded with the memories of sorrow, and these she kept for the quiet of her own room.

We should occupy a larger space than that which is at our disposal were we to try to follow Madame de Montagu through the various stages of her exile from France. She first came to England, settling at Richmond; then she went with her husband to Aix-la-Chapelle, whence the success of the revolutionary armies drove them again to England. They stayed at Margate for a while; then the declaration of war between England and France brought out an order for the *émigrés* not to live on the coast, and Richmond received them once more. Economy, however, forced them to seek a cheaper abode at Brussels. Afterward this place of refuge became unsafe, and Madame de Montagu was forced to separate from her husband, and accept the hospitality of an aunt, Madame de Tessé—a *philosophe* old lady, who had been a friend of Voltaire's, but who, as one of her grandnieces said of her, "*tout en se croyant incrédule, ne laissait pas de faire un grand signe de croix derrière ses rideaux chaque fois qu'elle prenait une médecine.*" Madame de Tessé lived at Lowemberg, in Switzerland; her character is charmingly hit off in the memoir before us; she would have delighted Mr. Thackeray. But the presence of Madame de Montagu brought persecution upon her kind relation, who took the characteristic resolution of selling her property and going elsewhere. She took her niece and family first to Erfurt, then to Altona, where many French *émigrés* were assembled. Her plan was to find a quiet spot beyond the Elbe, where she could live in peace and carry on her farming operations; for her great delight was to manage everything herself, and to supply all the needs of her household from her own resources. They were a long time in finding a place that would suit Madame de Tessé. At length an estate named Wittmold was found, on the banks of the lake of Ploen; and here the exiles found rest for some time. The best elements of Madame de Montagu's beautiful character were developed under the hardships and

Digitized by Google

sufferings of this life of poverty and continued apprehension. She had, of course, never known even the idea of want before she left France. When she left Paris, she so little expected to have to manage for herself, that it was only in consequence of Madame de Grammont's imperturbable prudence that she made any provision for the future. They had to part in secret, as it was dangerous to let the servants know of the intended flight of Monsieur and Madame de Montagu. In the suppressed agitation of the moment, Madame de Grammont was characteristically thoughtful. She asked her sister whether she was sure she had her jewels. "Why take them? we are not going to a fête." "*Raison de plus; c'est parceque vous n'allez pas à une fête, qu'il faut les emporter.*" The advice was afterward found to have been indeed important; but even the sale of her jewels only supported Madame de Montagu for a time. In the course of her long exile, she never made herself a very perfect manager.

She tried to study domestic economy; but she proved a greater proficient in not spending on herself than in learning how to manage household affairs on small means. Still her superintendence of the farm produced good results, from the zeal with which it inspired the workpeople. However low her funds, she always visited the sick and poor, managing to procure them some relief; she also worked unceasingly at objects for sale. Throughout life she never knew idleness, devoting fixed hours to prayer, reading, the instruction of her children, and works of charity. As years went on, she more and more begrudged the hours often forcibly given in social life to frivolous conversation. Her pleasure was to employ each moment usefully in some home duty; but this could not always be the case during exile, especially when residing with her kind but worldly aunt, Madame de Tessé.

At this period it was that she organized her *œuvre des émigrés;* a stupendous work, if we consider that there were 40.000 persons to assist, and 16,000,000 francs the moderate sum estimated as requisite for carrying it out with success. Unfortunately the details in figures of this work have been lost; for Madame de Montagu carefully noted down every fraction received, from what quarter it came, and how expended. But we know that the correspondence alone cost annually about 500 francs during the four years it existed—that is, from 1796 to 1800. She collected money in Germany, Denmark, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, and England; and beside distributing pecuniary assistance, solicited employment for persons of all ages and sexes. She had children to get into schools, young women to place as governesses, drawings and needlework to sell, etc. All this was done without quitting her quiet home on the borders of Lake Ploen, or giving up one domestic occupation. When pressed for time she sat up at night. Winter only increased her zeal. "The colder it is," said she, "the warmer my heart grows." Indeed, she ended by selling for this work the mourning worn for her mother and sister, which she had kept as a relic; at another time she also sold her prayer-book for the same object. But she never would take from this fund for members of her own family; she preferred working for them, not from pride, but through delicacy. For another charity she once cut off her beautiful hair and sold it, receiving eighty francs.

It is curious to remark that this gentle woman nevertheless had her own firm opinions, even on politics; and though never obtruding, still constantly held them. One is surprised to find also that these opinions were not often identical with the views held by those she most respected and loved. In 1790, M. de Beaune, her father-in-law, alarmed at the turn affairs were taking, wished to emigrate with all his family. His idea was to draw Frenchmen together on neutral

Digitized by Google

ground, to place their families in safety, and having gained the support of foreign powers, to return with a good army for the protection of the king and the party of order in the state. Madame de Montagu fully shared these views; but her husband at this time disapproved of emigration, considering it the greatest mistake that could be committed by the king's friends. He hoped to arrive at an understanding between the liberal party and the *droite*, so as to save both the monarchy and liberty. His two elder brothers-in-law, MM. de Noailles and la Fayette, went far beyond these views. Without wishing to overturn royalty, their dream was to see it based on republican principles.

So indignant did this render M. de Beaune, that he broke with them entirely, and wished Madame de Montagu to give up seeing her two sisters, who naturally embraced their husbands' opinions. She could by no means understand that persons were to be proscribed because of their political opinions; but, not to irritate M. de Beaune further, she would not receive Madame de la Fayette, who offered to pay her a visit at Plauzat in Auvergne, and went instead to meet her privately at a neighbouring inn.

Meanwhile M. de Montagu had yielded to his father's wishes, and at the end of 1791 resolved to emigrate; his choice, however, fell on England rather than Coblentz, where M. de Beaune then was. Madame de Montagu was to accompany her husband. Ere leaving Plauzat she had the happiness of seeing her mother again, but could not summon up courage to tell her of her own approaching departure for England. Both mother and daughter looked on public matters exactly in the same way; there was great similarity between them as to judgment; but the duchesse was not impulsive, like Madame de Montagu. They parted most tenderly, with a presentiment of coming evil; but little did either dream that the guillotine was to separate them for ever.

Then commenced for Madame de Montagu the miseries and heart-burnings of exile. Twice she visited England, spending some time at Richmond and Margate. Griefs began to accumulate; she lost a child for the third time; Marat was lording it over Paris; M. de Montagu in disgust again quitted France, and went to serve under his father's orders on the banks of the Rhine; the massacres of September took place, followed by the fatal battle of Jemappes. The *émigrés* were henceforth banished. Then the king and queen fell victims to the revolution; Savenay destroyed the last hopes of the Vendeans. In addition to all these public sorrows, and to the pressure of poverty, Madame de Montagu lost another child, her fourth; it seemed as if all her children were born but to die.

All her life she suffered from great delicacy of constitution, and this natural tendency was further increased by her extreme sensibility. Just after losing a child for the first time, and while she was praying, bathed in tears, beside its dead body, a messenger came to tell her that Madame de Grammont had just given birth to her first infant. Madame de Montagu, drying up all traces of her own sorrow, immediately hastened off to congratulate the young mother; but she had scarcely left her sister's room when she fainted in the adjoining apartment. A severe illness followed, the precursor of many others; indeed, it may be said that her whole life was passed amid moral and physical suffering. Death was ever busy in her family.

She lost her only son Attale, a fine young man, just when he had attained his twenty-eighth year; and in this case sorrow was aggravated by the circumstance of his dying through accident —a gun went off in his hand. No fears, however, were entertained at first. Madame de Montagu herself was only recovering by slow degrees from

Digitized by Google

a dangerous malady; a sudden and fatal termination had occurred for her son, and she knew it not. They dared not tell her. But the next day, being Trinity Sunday, Madame de Grammont suggested that she should receive holy communion, though still in bed: the priest, in presenting the sacred host, invited her to meditate on the passion, and especially on the sentiments of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross, where *her son died.*

Madame de Montagu immediately understood him. Her husband then brought to her bedside the young widow and three orphan girls. Attale's mother wept in silence, at length ejaculating: "Thy decree, O Lord, has thus ordained, and I submit. But strike no more, for I am ready to faint beneath the weight of my cross." But she reproached herself afterward for this.

Often before had she endured the mother's agony; but this was the hardest blow of all. And Madame de Montagu lived on to see many loved ones go before her; father, and husband, and several other relations preceded her to the tomb; for she lingered till 1839. Among them was M. de la Fayette, who died in 1834, having survived his wife twenty-seven years. Madame de Montagu and all the members of her family requested to be buried at Picpus.

This spot was hallowed to them by sacred memories, for there reposed above thirteen hundred victims of the revolution. Its continued existence as a cemetery was due to the pious labors of Madame d'Ayen's daughters. In the days of terror, a pit had been dug outside the Barrière du Trône, and all the persons immolated in that quarter of Paris were promiscuously thrown into it. The savage mode of proceeding has been related. As each head fell from the guillotine, it was cast, together with the body, still dressed, into a large barrel painted red. Each night after the executions were over, these barrels were taken to Picpus, and their contents indiscriminately emptied into the pit. The ground had formerly belonged to an Augustinian convent. There, it could not be doubted, lay the remains of Madame d'Ayen and her daughter. Madame de Montagu and Madame de la Fayette, on their return to France, ardently wished to raise a monument to their memory; but on discovering the immense number of victims interred together, it seemed more desirable that the undertaking should be of a less private nature. By their joint efforts, many families of other victims were attracted to the pious enterprise; souls devoted to prayer gathered round; the old convent and church of Picpus rose from their ruins. A cemetery was constructed round that gloomy pit, where not even a name had been scrawled to recall the memory of those who slept below. Madame d'Ayen's three daughters could at least enjoy the sad consolation of praying near their mother's tomb.

All the sisters had bitterly, keenly, felt the cruel stroke that deprived them of three such near relatives, and in such a painful manner; but none suffered more enduringly than Madame de Montagu. She was staying with Madame de Tessé, in Switzerland. News had reached her of the execution of her grand-aunt and uncle, M. and Madame de Monchy; but she was completely ignorant of what had become of her mother and sister. Fears, however, were rife. One day she set out to meet her father, whom she had not seen for some time; and he was so changed, that, perceiving him on the way, she only recognized him from his voice. Each alighted, and his first question was to ask whether she had heard the news; but, seeing her excessive emotion, he hastened to assure her of his own perfect ignorance. She felt a calamity impending, but dared not press for information in the presence of a third person. They drove to an inn; and when father and daughter were alone together, he, after some preparation, informed her that he had just lost his mother. A deadly paleness over-

Digitized by Google

spread her countenance; confused and dizzy, she exclaimed with clasped hands, "And I—," "I am uneasy about your mother and sister," answered M. d'Ayen, cautiously. But she was not to be deceived. His looks belied his words. That was the hour of bitterest anguish in Madame de Montagu's life. Cries and tears gave no relief. Again and again she saw the scene re-enacted. Reason trembled, but still she strove to pray and be resigned. Remembering her mother's pious practice in times of sorrow, she also recited the magnificat; then, with beautiful feeling, in the midst of her own anguish, she knelt down and prayed, all shuddering, for those that made them suffer. But nature struggled still; and days passed ere she recovered sufficient composure to be left alone. When all the details reached her, strong religious feeling transformed the dungeon, the cart, the scaffold, into so many steps by which the martyrs had ascended up to heaven.

The love unceasingly manifested by the three sisters for their martyred relatives is very touching. They were first reunited at Vianen, near Utrecht, in 1799. The ostensible object was to settle the division of property rendered necessary by their mother's death; but in reality they were much more occupied in calling up sweet memories of her and of their beloved sister. Madame de la Fayette was then about forty years of age; Madame de Montagu had reached her thirty-second year; and Madame de Grammont was rather more than a twelvemonth younger. They remained a month together, their husbands and families being also on the spot. Not a little suffering was caused by cold and hunger, for their united purses could still only produce insufficient means; fuel was wanting, and they had scanty fare. The three, however, would sit up at night to enjoy each other's society, wrapping their mantles round them to keep out the cold, and sharing one wretched *chaufferette*. They spoke very low, so as not to disturb husbands and children sleeping in the adjoining rooms. One great subject of conversation was to point out their mutual defects—a Christian habit acquired under Madame d'Ayen's training, and surprisingly brought into play again under such circumstances.

Madame de Grammont remarked that events were graven in letters of fire in Madame de Montagu's countenance, and characteristically advised her to become more calm. She also took the opportunity of teaching her how to meditate—a service which the elder sister gratefully acknowledges in her diary. Madame de Montagu observed with admiration Madame de Grammont's recollected demeanor at mass, which they attended almost daily, saying she looked like an angel, absolutely annihilated in the presence of God. "As for me, I feel overwhelmed at my poverty beside her." Indeed, the two sisters vied in humility with each other. Madame de Grammont having once said, "You excite me to virtue and attract me to prayer," Madame de Montagu quickly replied, "Then I am like the horses in this country; for one sees wretched-looking animals along the canals drawing large boats after them."

But the chief theme at night was ever their mother. Madame de Montagu was accustomed to unite herself with the dear victims in special prayer every day at the "sorrowful hour," and the other two now undertook the same practice. They also composed beautiful litanies in remembrance of them during their stay at Vianen. Madame de Grammont held the pen, writing sometimes her own inspiration, and sometimes what her sisters dictated. They called these prayers "Litany of our Mothers."

One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Madame de Montagu was her intimacy with the celebrated Count Stolberg, whose conversion to Catholicism seems to have been mainly attributable to the influence of her character. She came across him during her residence at Ploen and Witt-

Digitized by Google

mold. He was at that time at the head of the government of the Duke of Oldenburg; and he assisted her with all his power in her charitable labors for the relief of the French emigrants. The acquaintance between them sprung up in 1796. Count Stolberg, with his wife and sister,—the only one of the three who did not afterward become Catholic,—had already begun to see something of the inconsistencies and deficiencies of Lutheranism. They were calm, thoughtful, upright souls; grave, severe, and simple, after the best type of the German character. They often conversed on and discussed religious matters among themselves; but they were very ignorant about the Catholic Church and its doctrines. Madame de Montagu taught them more about Catholicism, without speaking on the subject directly, than a whole library of controversial theology. Fragile in health, sensitive to excess, overflowing with sympathy and tenderness, tried by long and varied suffering, and strengthened, elevated, and spiritualized by the cross, without having been hardened or made impassible,—her whole character showed a force and power and greatness that was obviously not its own. Such persons have an irresistible attractiveness; and they speak with a strange silent eloquence to intelligent hearts in favor of the religion which can produce and sustain them. Madame de Montagu was not a person to introduce controversial topics; but she won upon her new friends gradually, and at last they could not help telling her so, after listening to the account they had begged her to give of her own and her sisters' sufferings. After a time their hearts strongly turned to Catholicism; but intellectual difficulties remained on the mind of Stolberg, which were not set at rest till 1800, after he had been engaged in a correspondence with M. de la Luzerne and M. Asseline, to whom Madame de Montagu and her sisters had introduced him. The French prelates did their part; but the illustrious convert must ever be considered as in truth the spiritual child of Madame de Montagu.

From All the Year Round.

A FEW SATURNINE OBSERVATIONS.

HERE is a gentleman at our doors, Mr. R. A. Proctor, who has written a book upon that planet Saturn, and he asks us to stroll out in his company, and have a look at the old gentleman. It is a long journey to Saturn, for his little place is nine and a half times further from the sun than ours, and his is not a little place in comparison with our own tenement, because Saturn House is seven hundred and thirty-five times bigger than Earth Lodge.

The people of Earth Lodge made Saturn's acquaintance very long ago; nobody remembers how long. Venus and Jupiter being brilliant in company, may have obtruded themselves first upon attention in the evening parties of the stars, and Mars, with his red face and his quick movement, couldn't remain long unobserved. Saturn, dull, slow, yellow-faced, might crawl over the floor of heaven like a gouty and bilious nabob, and be overlooked for a very little while, but somebody would soon ask, Who is that sad-faced fellow with the leaden complexion, who sometimes seems to be standing still or going backward?

He was the more noticeable, because

Digitized by Google

those evening parties in the sky differ from like parties on earth in one very remarkable respect as to the behavior of the company. We hear talk of dancing stars, and the music of the spheres, but, in fact, except a few, all keep their places, with groups as unchanging as those of the guests in the old fabled banquet, whom the sight of the head of Medusa turned to stone. Only they wink, as the stone guests probably could not. In and out among this company of fixtures move but a few privileged stars, as our sister the moon and our neighbors the planets. These alone thread the maze of the company of statues, dancing round their sun, who happens to be one of the fixed company, to the old tune of Sun in the middle and can't get out. Some of the planets run close, and some run in a wide round, some dance round briskly, and some slip slowly along. Once round is a year, and Saturn, dancing in a wide round outside ours, so that in each round he has about nine times as far to go, moves at a pace about three times slower than ours. His year, therefore, is some twenty-seven times longer; in fact, a year in the House of Saturn is as much as twenty-nine years five months and sixteen days in our part of the world. What, therefore, we should consider to be an old man of eighty-eight would pass with Saturn for a three-year-old.

A hundred and fifty years ago, Bishop Wilkins did not see why some of his posterity should not find out a conveyance to the moon, and, if there be inhabitants, have commerce with them. The first twenty miles, he said, is all the difficulty; and why, he asked, writing before balloons had been discovered, may we not get over that? No doubt there are difficulties. The journey, if made at the rate of a thousand miles a day, would take half a year; and there would be much trouble from the want of inns upon the road. Nevertheless, heaviness being a condition of closeness and gravitation to the earth, if one rose but the first twenty miles, that difficulty of our weight would soon begin to vanish, and a man—clear of the influence of gravitation—might presently stand as firmly in the open air as he now does upon the ground. If stand, why not go? With our weight gone from us, walking will be light exercise, cause little fatigue, and need little nourishment. As to nourishment, perhaps none may be needed, as none is needed by those creatures who, in a long sleep, withdraw themselves from the heavy wear and tear of life. "To this purpose," says Bishop Wilkins, "Mendoca reckons up divers strange relations. As that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years. And another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hayrick, slept there for all autumn and the winter following, without any nourishment." Though, to be sure, the condition of a man free of all weight is imperfectly suggested by the man who had a hayrick laid atop of him. But what then? Why may not smells nourish us as we walk moonward upon space, after escape from all the friction and the sense of burden gravitation brings? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India that lived only upon pleasing odors; and Democritus was able for divers days together to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread. Or, if our stomachs must be filled, may there not be truth in the old Platonic principle, that there is in some part of the world a place where men might be plentifully nourished by the air they breathe, which cannot be so likely to be true of any other place as of the ethereal air above this? We have heard of some creatures, and of the serpent, that they feed only upon one element, namely, earth. Albertus Magnus speaks of a man who lived seven weeks together upon the mere drinking of water. Rondoletius affirms that his wife did keep a fish in a glass of water without any food for three years, in which space it was constantly augmented, till at first it could

Digitized by Google

not come out of the place at which it was put in, and at length was too big for the glass itself, though that were of large capacity. So may it be with man in the ethereal air. Onions will shoot out and grow as they hang in common air. Birds of paradise, having no legs, live constantly in and upon air, laying their eggs on one another's backs, and sitting on each other while they hatch them. And, if none of these possibilities be admitted, why, we can take our provision with us. Once up the twenty miles, we could carry any quantity of it the rest of the way, for a ship-load would be lighter than a feather. Sleep, probably, with nothing to fatigue us, we should no longer require; but if we did, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.

As for that difficulty of the first twenty miles, it is not impossible to make a flying chariot and give it motion through the air. If possible, it can be made large enough to carry men and stores, for size is nothing if the motive faculty be answerable thereto—the great ship swims as well as the small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat. Indeed, we might have regular Great Eastern packets plying between London and No Gravitation Point, to which they might take up houses, cattle, and all stores found necessary to the gradual construction of a town upon the borders of the over-ether route to any of the planets. Stations could be established, if necessary, along the routes to the moon, Mars, Venus, Saturn, and the rest of the new places of resort; some London society could create and endow a new Bishop of Jupiter; and daring travellers would bring us home their journals of a Day in Saturn, or Ten Weeks in Mars, while sportsmen might make parties for the hippogriff shooting in Mercury, or bag chimeras on the mountains of the moon.

Well, in whatever way we may get there, we are off now for a stroll to Saturn, with Mr. R. A. Proctor for comrade and cicerone, but turning a deaf ear to him whenever, as often occurs, he is too learned for us, and asks us to "let N P′ P″ N′ represent the northern half of Saturn's orbit (viewed in perspective), *n* E n′ E′ the earth's orbit, and N p p′ p″ N′ the projection of Saturn's orbit on the plane of the earth's orbit. Let N S N′ be the line of Saturn's nodes on this plane, and let S P′ be at right angles to N S, N′, so that when at P′ Saturn is at his greatest distance from the ecliptic on the northern side." When of such things we are asked to let them be, we let them be, and are, in the denseness of our ignorance, only too glad to be allowed, not to say asked, to do so. We attend only, like most of our neighbors, to what is easy to us. Sun is gold, and moon is silver; Mars is iron, Mercury quicksilver, which we, in fact, rather like still to call Mercury, thinking nothing at all of the imprisoned god with the winged heels when we ask how is the mercury in the thermometer. Jove is tin; yes, by Jove, tin is the chief among the gods, says little Swizzles, who, by a miracle, remembers one thing that he learnt at school—Jove's chieftainship among the heathen deities. Venus is copper, for the Cyprian is Cuprian; and as for Saturn, he is lead. A miserable old fellow they made Saturn out in the days of the star-decipherers. Mine, Chaucer makes Saturn say, is the drowning in wan waters, the dark prison, the strangling and hanging, murmur of discontent, and the rebellion of churls. I am the poisoner and the housebreaker, I topple down the high halls, and make towers fall upon their builders, earth upon its miners. I sent the temple roof down upon Samson. I give you all your treasons, and your cold diseases, and your pestilences. This is the sort of estimation in which our forefathers held the respectable old gentleman we are now going out to see.

When Galileo's eyes went out to-

Digitized by Google

ward Saturn through his largest telescope—which, great as were the discoveries it made, was clumsier and weaker than the sort of telescope now to be got for a few shillings at any optician's shop—he noticed a peculiarity in the appearance of Saturn which caused him to suppose that Saturn consisted of three stars in contact with one another. A year and a half later he looked again, and there was the planet round and single as the disc of Mars or Jupiter. He cleaned his glasses, looked to his telescope, and looked again to the perplexing planet. Triform it was not. "Is it possible," he asked, "that some mocking demon has deluded me?" Afterward the perplexity increased. The two lesser orbs reappeared, and grew and varied in form strangely: finally they lost their globular appearance altogether, and seemed each to have two mighty arms stretched toward and encompassing the planet. A drawing in one of his manuscripts would suggest that Galileo discovered the key to the mystery, for it shows Saturn as a globe resting upon a ring. But this drawing is thought to be a later addition to the manuscript. It was only after many perplexities of others, about half a century later, that Huygens, in the year sixteen fifty-nine, announced to his contemporaries that Saturn is girdled about by a thin, flat ring, inclined to the ecliptic, and not touching the body of the planet. He showed that all variations in the appearance of the ring are due to the varying inclinations of its plane toward us, and that, being very thin, it becomes invisible when its edge is turned to the spectator or the sun. He found the diameter of the ring to be as nine to four to the diameter of Saturn's body, and its breadth about equal to the breadth of vacant space between it and the surface of the planet.

The same observer, Huygens, four years earlier, discovered one of Saturn's satellites. Had he looked for more, he could have found them. But six was the number of known planets, five had been the number of known satellites, our moon and the four moons of Jupiter, which Galileo had discovered; one moon more made the number of the planets and of the satellites to be alike, six, and this arrangement was assumed to be exact and final. But in sixteen seventy-one another satellite of Saturn was discovered by Cassini, who observed that it disappears regularly during one-half of its seventy-nine days' journey round its principal. Whence it is inferred that this moon has one of its sides less capable than the other of reflecting light, and that it turns round on its own axis once during its seventy-nine days' journey; Saturn itself spinning once round on its axis in as short a time as ten hours and a half. Cassini afterward discovered three more satellites, and called his four the Sideria Lodoicea, Ludovickian Stars, in honor of his patron, Louis the Fourteenth. Huygens had discovered, also, belts on Saturn's disc. Various lesser observations on rings, belts, and moons of Saturn continued to be made until the time of the elder Herschel, who, at the close of the last century, discovered two more satellites, established the relation of the belts to the rotation of the planet, and developed, after ten years' careful watching, his faith in the double character of its ring. "There is not, perhaps," said this great and sound astronomer, "another object in the heavens that presents us with such a variety of extraordinary phenomena as the planet Saturn: a magnificent globe encompassed by a stupendous doublering; attended by seven satellites; ornamented with equatorial belts; compressed at the poles; turning on it axis; mutually eclipsing its rings and satellites, and eclipsed by them; the most distant of the rings also turning on its axis, and the same taking place with the furthest of the satellites; all the parts of the system of Saturn occasionally reflecting light to each other—the rings and moons

Digitized by Google

illuminating the nights of the Saturnian, the globe and moons enlightening the dark parts of the rings, and the planet and rings throwing back the sun's beams upon the moons when they are deprived of them at the time of their conjunctions." During the present century, other observers have detected more divisions of the ring, one separating the outer ring into two rings of equal breadth seems to be permanent. It is to be seen only by the best telescopes, under the most favorable conditions. Many other and lesser indications of division have also at different times been observed. Seventeen years ago an eighth satellite of Saturn was discovered by Mr. Bond in America, and by Mr. Lassell in England. Two years later, that is to say, in November, eighteen fifty, a third ring of singular appearance was discovered inside the two others by Mr. Bond, and, a few days later, but independently, by Mr. Dawes and by Mr. Lassell in England. It is not bright like the others, but dusky, almost purple, and it is transparent, not even distorting the outline of the body of the planet seen through it. This ring was very easily seen by good telescopes, and presently became visible through telescopes of only four-inch aperture. In Herschel's time it was so dim that it was figured as a belt upon the body of the planet. Now it is not only distinct, but it has been increasing in width since the time of its discovery.

These were not all the marvels. One of the chief of the wonders since discovered was a faint overlapping light, differing much in color from the ordinary light of the ring, which light, a year and a half ago, Mr. Wray saw distinctly stretched on either side from the dark shade on the ball overlapping the fine line of light by the edge of the ring to the extent of about one-third of its length, and so as to give the impression that it was the dusky ring, very much thicker than the bright rings, and, seen edgewise, projected on the sky. Well may we be told by our guide, Mr. Proctor, that no object in the heavens presents so beautiful an appearance as Saturn, viewed with an instrument of adequate power. The golden disc, faintly striped with silver-tinted belts; the circling rings, with their various shades of brilliancy and color; and the perfect symmetry of the system as it sweeps across the dark background of the field of view, combine to form a picture as charming as it is sublime and impressive.

But what does it all mean? What is the use of this strange furniture in the House of Saturn, which is like nothing else among the known things of the universe? Maupertuis thought that Saturn's ring was a comet's tail cut off by the attraction of the planet as it passed, and compelled to circle round it thenceforth and for ever. Buffon thought the ring was the equatorial region of the planet which had been thrown off and left revolving while the globe to which it had belonged contracted to its present size. Other theories also went upon the assumption that the rings are solid. But if they are solid, how is it that they exhibit traces of varying division and reunion, and what are we to think of certain mottled or dusky stripes concentric with the rings, which stripes, appearing to indicate that the ring where they occur is semi-transparent, also are not permanent? Then, again, what are we to think of the growth within the last seventy years of the transparent dark ring which does not, as even air would, refract the image of that which is seen through it, and that is becoming more opaque every year? Then, again, how is it that the immense width of the rings has been steadily increasing by the approach of their inner edge to the body of the planet? The bright ring, once twenty-three thousand miles wide, was five thousand miles wider in Herschel's time, and has now a width of twenty-eight thousand three hundred on a surface of more than twelve thousand millions of

Digitized by Google

square miles, while the thickness is only a hundred miles or less. Eight years ago, Mr. J. Clerk Maxwell obtained the Adams prize of the University of Cambridge for an essay upon Saturn's rings, which showed that if they were solid there would be necessary to stability an appearance altogether different from that of the actual system. But if not solid, are they fluid, are they a great isolated ocean poised in the Saturnian mid air? If there were such an ocean, it is shown that it would be exposed to influences forming waves that would be broken up into fluid satellites.

But possibly the rings are formed of flights of disconnected satellites, so small and so closely packed that, at the immense distance to which Saturn is removed, they appear to form a continuous mass, while the dark inner mass may have been recently formed of satellites drawn by disturbing attractions or collisions out of the bright outer ring, and so thinly scattered that they give to us only a sense of darkness without obscuring, and of course without refracting, the surface before which they spin. This is, in our guide's opinion, the true solution of the problem, and to the bulging of Saturn's equator, which determines the line of superior attraction, he ascribes the thinness of the system of satellites, in which each is compelled to travel near the plane of the great planet's equator.

Whatever be the truth about these vast provisions for the wants of Saturn, surely there must be living inhabitants there to whose needs they are wisely adapted. Travel among the other planets would have its inconveniences to us of the earth. Light walking as it might be across the fields of ether, we should have half our weight given to us again in Mars or Mercury, while in Jupiter our weight would be doubled, and we should drag our limbs with pain. In Saturn, owing to the compression of the vast light globe and its rapid rotation, a man who weighs twelve stone at the equator weighs fourteen stone at the pole. Though vast in size, the density of the planet is small, for which reason we should not find ourselves very much heavier by change of ground from earth to Saturn. We should be cold, for Saturn gets only a ninetieth part of the earth's allowance of light and heat. But then there is no lack of blanket in the House of Saturn, for there is a thick atmosphere to keep the warmth in the old gentleman's body and to lengthen the Saturnian twilights. As for the abatement of light, we know how much light yet remains to us when less than a ninetieth part of the sun escapes eclipse. We see in its brightness, as a star, though a pale one, the reflection of the sunshine Saturn gets, which if but a ninetieth part of our share, yet leaves the sun of Saturn able to give five hundred and sixty times more light than our own brightest moonshine. And then what long summers! The day in Saturn is only ten and a half hours long, so that the nights are short, and there are twenty-four thousand six hundred and eighteen and a half of its own days to the Saturnian year. But the long winters! And the Saturnian winter has its gloom increased by eclipses of the sun's light by the rings. At Saturn's equator these eclipses occur near the equinoxes and last but a little while, but in the regions corresponding to our temperate zone they are of long duration. Apart from eclipse, the rings lighten for Saturn the short summer nights, and lie perhaps as a halo under the sun during the short winter days.

Digitized by Google

From Chambers's Journal.

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

WHEN Mrs. Caxton innocently made her wiser-half the father of an anachronism, that worthy scholar was much troubled in consequence. His anachronism was a living one, or he might have comforted himself by reflecting that greater authors than he had stood in the same paternal predicament. Our old English dramatists took tremendous liberties this way, never allowing considerations of time and place to stand in the way of any allusion likely to tell with their audience. Shakespeare would have been slow to appreciate a modern manager's anxiety for archæological fidelity. His Greeks and Romans talk about cannons and pistols, and his Italian clowns are thorough cockneys, familiar with every nook and corner of London. And so it is with other caterers for the stage. Nat Lee talks about cards in his tragedy of "Hannibal;" Otway makes Spartan notables carouse and drink deep; Mrs. Cowley's Lacedæmonian king speaks of the *night's still Sabbath;* D'Urfey's ancient Britons are familiar with Puritans and packet-boats; and Rymer (though he set himself up for a critic) supplies a stage direction for the representative of his Saxon heroine to pull off her patches, when her lover desires her to lay aside her ornaments.

When Colman read "Inkle and Yarico" to Dr. Moseley, the latter exclaimed: "It won't do. Stuff! Nonsense!"—"Why?" asked the alarmed dramatist.—"Why, you say in the finale:

> 'Come let us dance and sing,
> While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring!'

It won't do; there is but one bell in the island!" This mistake was excusable enough; but when Milton described

> "A green mantling vine,
> That crawls along the side of yon small hill,"

he must certainly have forgotten he had laid the scene of "Comus" in North Wales. Ernest Jones, describing a battle in his poem, "The Lost Army," says:

> "Delay and doubt did more that hour
> Than bayonet-charge or carnage shower;"

and some lines further on pictures his hero

> "All worn with wounds, when day was low,
> With severed sword and shattered shield;"

thus making his battle rather a trial of the respective powers of ancient and modern weapons than a conflict between equally-armed foes. Mr. Thackeray perpetrates a nice little anachronism in "The Newcomes," when he makes Clive, in a letter dated 183–, quoting an Academy exhibition critique, ask: "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush?"—the author, in his anxiety to compliment the artist, forgetting that there was no consort till 1840.

A bull in a china-shop is scarcely more out of place than a bull in a serious poem, but accidents will happen to the most regular of writers. Thus Milton's pen slipped when he wrote:

> "The sea-girt isles
> That like to rich and various gems *inlay*
> The *unadorned* bosom of the deep;"

a quotation reminding us that the favorite citation,

> "Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most,"

is but a splendid bull, beautiful for its

Digitized by Google

boldness. Thomson was an adept at making pretty bulls; here is another:

"He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed;"

as if it were possible to see some of them, although they were concealed. Pope, correct Pope, actually tell us:

"Young Mars in his boundless mind,
A work t' *outlast immortal* Rome designed."

The author of "The Spanish Rogue" makes "a silent noise" invade the ear of his hero. General Taylor immortalized himself by perpetrating one of the grandest bulls on record, in which he attained what a certain literary professor calls "a *perfection* hardly to be surpassed." In his presidential address he announced to the American Congress that the United States were at peace *with all the world*, and continued to cherish relations of amity with the *rest* of mankind. Much simpler was the blunder of an English officer, during the Indian mutiny, who informed the public, through the *Times*, that, thanks to the prompt measures of Colonel Edwardes, the Sepoys at Fort Machison "were all unarmed and taken aback, and, being called upon, laid down their arms." There was nothing very astonishing in an Irish newspaper stating that Robespierre "left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time;" but it was startling to have an English journal assure us that her majesty Queen Victoria was "the last person to wear *another man's* crown."

A single ill-chosen word often suffices, by the suggestion of incongruous ideas, to render what should be sublime utterly ridiculous. One can hardly believe that a poet like Dryden could write:

"My soul is packing up, and just on wing."

Such a line would have come with better grace from the author of "The Courageous Turk," a play containing the following curious passage:

"How now, ye heavens! grow you
So proud, that you must needs put on curled locks,
And clothe yourself in periwigs of fire?"

Nearly equalled in absurdity by this from Nat Lee's "Œdipus:"

"Each trembling ghost shall rise,
And leave their grisly king without a waiter."

When the news of Captain Cook's death at Owhyhee came to England, the poetasters, of course, hastened to improve the occasion, and one of the results of their enthusiasm was a monody commencing:

"Minerva in heaven disconsolate mourned
The loss of her Cook;"

an opening sufficient to upset the gravity of the great navigator's dearest friend.

Addison lays it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Filli-buster Henninpen seems to have agreed with the essayist, or he would hardly have informed General Walker, in one of his dispatches, that "Doctors Rice and Wolfe died of the cholera, and Dr. Lindley sickened, *after which the health of the camp visibly improved.*" Intentionally or not, the stout-hearted soldier suggests that the best way of getting rid of the cholera is to make short work of the doctors. Among the obituary notices in a weekly paper, not many months ago, there appeared the name of a certain publican, with the following eulogium appended to it: "He was greatly esteemed for his strict probity and steady conduct through life, he having been a subscriber to the 'Sunday Times' from its first number." This is a worthy pendant to Miss Hawkins's story of the undertaker writing to the corporation of London, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill;" and not far short, in point of absurdity, is Madame Tussaud's announcement of the exhibition of the effigy of the notorious Palmer, "who was executed at Stafford with two hun-

Digitized by Google

dred other celebrities." The modern fashion of naming florists' flowers must be held responsible for the very dubious paragraph we extract from a gardening paper: "Mrs. Legge will be looked after; she may not be so certain as some, but she was nevertheless very fine in the early part of the season. Lady Popham is useful, one of the old-fashioned build, not quite round in the outline, but makes up well."

Thackeray seems to have had an intense dislike to the trouble of revision, for his popular works, especially those published periodically, abound in trivial mistakes, arising from haste, forgetfulness, and want of care. The novelist mortally wounds an old lady with a candle instead of a candlestick, and afterwards attributes her death to a stone staircase. Newcome senior is colonel and major at one and the same time; Jack Belsize is Jack on one page and Charles on another; Mrs. Raymond Gray, introduced as Emily, is suddenly rechristened Fanny; and Philip Fermor on one occasion becomes transformed into the author's old hero, Clive. With respect to the last-mentioned gentleman, author and artist seem to have differed, for while Mr. Thackeray jests about Clive's beautiful whiskers and handsome moustaches, Mr. Doyle persists to the end in denying young Newcome's possession of those tokens of manhood.

It is not often that an author is satirical upon his own productions; but Charles Dickens has contrived to be so. Describing the old inns of the Borough, in his "Pickwick Papers," he says they are queer places, with galleries, passages, and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough "to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, *supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any.*" How little could Boz have anticipated certain charming Christmas books witching the world a few years later! So, also, "American Notes," Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the transatlantic Eden lay unsuspected in the future, when he made Old Weller suggest Mr. Pickwick's absconding to America till Dodson & Fogg were hung, and then returning to his native land and writing "a book about the 'Merrikens as 'ill pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough!"

From The Month.

SAINTS OF THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

1. Abbot Antony said: The days are coming when men will go mad; and, when they meet a man who has kept his senses, they will rise up against him, saying, "You are mad, because you are not like us."

2. While Arsenius was still employed in the imperial court, he asked of God to lead him in the way by which he might be saved.

Then a voice came to him: "Arsenius, flee the company of men, and thou art in that saving way."

3. Abbot Agatho said: Unless a man begin with the observance of the Precepts, he will not make progress in any one virtue.

Digitized by Google

4. Abbot Ammonas said: Such be thy thought as that of malefactors in prison. For they are ever asking, "Where is the judge? and when is he coming?" and they bewail themselves at the prospect.

5. Holy Epiphanius said: To sinners who repent God remits even the principal; but from the just he exacts interest.

6. Abbot Sylvanus had an ecstacy: and, coming to himself, he wept bitterly.
"What is it, my father?" said a novice to him.
He made answer: Because I was carried up to the judgment, O my son, and I saw many of our kind going off to punishment, and many a secular passing into the kingdom.

7. An old man said: If you see a youngster mounting up to heaven at his own will, catch him by the foot, and fling him to the earth; for such a flight doth not profit.

8. Abbot Antony fell on a time into weariness and gloom of spirit; and he cried out, "Lord, I wish to be saved; but my searchings of mind will not let me."
And, looking round, he saw some one like himself, sitting and working, then rising and praying, then sitting and rope-making again. And he heard the angel say: "Work and pray; pray and work; and thou shalt be saved."

9. Arsenius, when he was now in solitude, prayed as before: "Lord, lead me along the way of salvation." And again he heard a voice, which said: "Flight, silence, quiet; these are the three sources of sinlessness."

10. "Which of all our duties," asked the brethren, "is the greatest labor?" Agatho answered: "Prayer; for as soon as we begin, the devils try to stop us, since it is their great enemy. Rest comes after every other toil, but prayer is a struggle up to the last breath."

11. Abbot Theodore said: "Other virtue there is none like this, to make naught of no one."

12. Abbot Sylvanus said: "Woe to the man whose reputation is greater than his work."

13. Holy Epiphanius said: "A great safeguard against sin is the reading of the Scriptures; and it is a precipice and deep gulf to be ignorant of the Scriptures."

14. Once a monk was told, "Thy father is dead." He answered: "Blaspheme not; my Father is immortal."

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANY.

The Dead Sea.—The level of the Dead Sea is at last finally settled by the party of Royal Engineers, under Captain Wilson, who were sent by the Ordance Survey for the purpose of surveying Jerusalem and levelling the Dead Sea. The results of the survey are being prepared for publication. The levelling from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea was performed with the greatest possible accuracy. The depression of the surface of the Dead Sea on the 12th of March, 1865, was found to be 1,292 feet, but from the line of drift-wood observed along the border of the Dead Sea it was found that the level of the water at some periods of the year stands two feet six inches higher, which would make the least depression 1,289·5 feet. Captain Wilson also learnt from inquiry among the Bedouins, and from European residents in Palestine, that during the early summer the level of the Dead Sea is lower by at least six feet; this would make the greatest depression to be as near as possible 1,298 feet. Most of the previous observations for determining the relative level of the two seas gave most discordant results. The Dead Sea was found by one to be 710 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, by another to be on the same level, by another to be 710 feet lower, and by another to be 1,446 feet lower; but the most recent before that now given, by the Duc de Luynes and Lieutenant Vignes of the French navy, agrees with the present result in a very remarkable manner.

Eozoon in Ireland.—The fossil Rhizopod is not confined to the Canadian rocks. Mr. W. A. Sanford has discovered Eozoon in the green marble rocks of Connemara in Ireland. His assertion that it is to be found in these deposits at first excited very grave doubts as to the accuracy of his observations. Since his first announcement of the discovery, his specimens have been examined by the distinguished co-editor of the "Geological Magazine" (Mr. H. Woodward), and this gentleman fully confirms Mr. Sanford's opinion. In the specimens prepared from Connemara marble, "the various-formed chambers—the shell of varying thickness—either very thin, and traversed by fine tubuli, the silicate filling which resembles white velvet-pile, or thick, and traversed by brush-like threads, are both present. Although the specimens were not so carefully prepared as those mounted for Dr. Carpenter, still the structure was so plainly perceptible as to render the diagnosis incontrovertible."

The Mont Cenis Tunnel.—The following particulars of the state of the works at Mont Cenis will be read with interest. We owe them to a recent report of M. Sommeiller, the engineer in charge. The length of the tunnel from Bardonnêche to Modena is 12,220 metres, and, at the end of 1864, 2,322 metres had been pierced on the Bardonnêche side, whilst the work had advanced 1,763 metres from the Modena end, making in all 4,085 metres—nearly a third of the whole distance. From the 1st of January to the 10th of June of the present year the progress of the work has been considerably augmented, upwards of 654 metres having been accomplished. The excavation is now, however, retarded by a mass of granite, which lessens the work of the machinery by one-third. The presence of this impediment was almost exactly predicted by MM. Elie de Beaumont and Sismonda, who stated, as a result of their survey, that granitic rocks would be met with at a distance of 1,500 or 2,000 metres from the mouth of the tunnel on the Italian side.

Lightning.—M. Boudin has recently laid before the Academy of Sciences a return of the deaths which have been caused by the action of lightning in France during the period 1835-63. During these thirty years 2,238 persons were struck dead. Among 880 victims during 1854-63, there were but 243 of the female sex; and in several instances the lightning, falling among groups of persons of both sexes, especially struck those of the male sex, and more or less spared the females. In a great number of cases flocks of more than 100 animals,

Digitized by Google

cattle, hogs, or sheep, have been killed, while the shepherds or herdsmen in their midst have remained uninjured. In 1853, of 34 persons killed in the fields, 15, or nearly half, were struck under trees; and of 107 killed between 1841–53, 21 had taken shelter under trees. Reckoning, then, at only 25 per cent. the proportion struck under trees, we find that of 6,714 struck in France nearly 1,700 might have escaped the accidents which occurred to them by avoiding trees during storms.

More about the Nile.—Another source of the Nile has been discovered by the adventurous Mr. Baker, whose name has been frequently mentioned of late among geographers. But this so-called source is a lake only, the Luta Nzige, about two hundred and sixty miles long, and of proportionate breadth, which lies between the lake discovered by Captain Speke and the heretofore explored course of the Nile. The great river flows from one to the other, forming on the way the Karuma waterfall, one hundred and twenty feet in height, in which particular it represents the Niagara Fall between lakes Erie and Ontario. But it seems right to remark that the true source of the Nile has not yet been discovered, and that it must be looked for at the head of one of the streams which flow into the upper lake —the Victoria Nyanza of Speke. That the two lakes are reservoirs which keep the Nile always flowing, may be accepted as fact; but to describe them as sources is a misuse of terms. If Dr. Livingstone, in his new exploration, should get into the hill-country above the Victoria Nyanza, we might hope to hear that the real source, the fountain-head, of the Nile had been discovered. It is worthy of remark that these lakes of the Nile are laid down and described in old books on the geography of Africa. Ptolemy mentions them; and they are represented in some of the oldest Arabian and Portuguese maps. It is well known to scholars that the Emperor Nero sent two officers expressly to search for the head of the Nile. "I myself," writes Seneca, "have heard the two centurions narrate that after they had accomplished a long journey, being furnished with assistance by the king of Ethiopia, and being recommended by him to the neighboring kings, they penetrated into far distant regions, and came to immense lakes, the termination of which neither the inhabitants knew nor could any one hope to do so, because aquatic plants were so densely interwoven in the waters." This description holds good to the present day; and it is thought that certain rocks seen by the centurions mark the site of the Karuma Falls. Mr. Baker describes his voyage down the Luta Nzige as "extremely beautiful, the mountains frequently rising abruptly from the water, while numerous cataracts rush down their furrowed sides. . . . . The water is deep, sweet, and transparent," and, except at the outlet of the river, the shores are free from reeds. "Mallegga, on the west coast of the lake, is a large and powerful country, governed by a king named Kajoro, who possesses boats sufficiently large to cross the lake." "About ten miles from the junction," he writes, "the channel contracted to about two hundred and fifty yards in width, with little perceptible stream, very deep, and banked as usual with high reeds, the country on either side undulating and wooded. At about twenty miles from Magungo, my voyage suddenly terminated; a stupendous waterfall, of about one hundred and twenty feet perpendicular height, stopped all further progress. Above the great fall, the river is suddenly confined between rocky hills, and it races through a gap, contracted from a grand stream of perhaps two hundred yards width to a channel not exceeding fifty yards. Through this gap it rushes with amazing rapidity, and plunges at one leap into a deep basin below."

The Burning Well at Broseley.—Mr. John Randall, F.G.S., writes to the "Geological Magazine" anent this extinct petroleum spring. The so-called burning well has ceased to exist for nearly a century. It was fed by a spring, and petroleum and naphtha also found their way from rents in the rock into the water of the well. Springs of petroleum on a much larger scale are met with in the neighborhood, and the yield of them was formerly much greater than at present. Many hogsheads from one of these were exported some years ago under the name of "Betton's British Oil." The rocks were tapped by driving a level through one of the sandstone rocks of the coal

Digitized by Google

measures; but these are now drained, and very little is found to flow from them.

The Origin of the Salt in the Dead Sea.—One of our most distinguished explorers of the Holy Land attributes the intensely saline character of the Dead Sea to the hill of Jebell Usdum. This is a huge ridge of salt, about a mile wide, and running N.E. and S.W. for a distance of three miles and a half, then due N. and S. for four miles further. It is situated near the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, and renders that portion of it much more salt than the northern portion. Further, Mr. Tristram thinks that it is the proximate cause of the saltness of the Dead Sea, the drainage to which has been dissolving away portions of salt, and carrying it to the Dead Sea, ever since the elevation of the ridge of Akabah separated the latter from the Red Sea, or since the desiccation of the ocean, which existed to the Eocene period, presuming (which seems most probable) that the fissures of the Ghor were of submarine origin, and that the valley itself was during the Tertiary period the northernmost of a series of African lakes, of which the Red Sea was the next.—*Geological Magazine.*

Iron Implements in Crannogues.—In a letter addressed to the London *Reader*, by Mr. George Henry Kinahan, some important points relative to the antiquity of iron, and the necessity for seeking for traces of this metal, have been dwelt upon. While investigating one of the largest crannogues or artificial islands in Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland, he found only stone implements, with the exception of a rude knife, which appeared to be of some sort of bronze. But he observed facts which would seem to indicate that iron implements had been in use among the inhabitants of the crannogues. These facts are as follows: 1st, All the stakes that were drawn had been pointed by a sharp cutting instrument, as were evidenced by the clean cuts. 2d, Pieces of deer's horn that were found had been divided by a very fine saw, as was proved by the absence of marks of graining on the surface of the sections. 3d, On some of the bones there were furrows, evidently made by sharpening fish-hooks or some pointed implement on them. 4th, In various places nests of peroxide of iron were observed, as if an iron instrument had once been there, but had been corroded away in course of time. Mr. Kinahan draws particular attention to the circumstances that "few metals corrode as fast as iron, and that, while stone and bronze would last for ages, iron would disappear, owing to corrosion, in a comparatively short space of time."

The Gibraltar Cave Fossils.—Mr. Busk in his paper on this subject says: The rock in which the caverns of Gibraltar were found is limestone, and extends for about three miles from north to south, at an elevation varying from 1,400 to 1,200 feet. It is geologically divided into three nearly equal portions by cleavages which separate the higher parts of the rock on the north and south from the central and lower part. At the southern face of the rock there is comparatively low ground, the Windmill Hill being about 400 feet above the level of the sea; but the strata there are inclined in an opposite direction to the great mass of what is termed the "Rock of Gibraltar." In the Windmill rock the caverns have been found, and in these latter a great quantity of bones was discovered. The bones, which were mingled with pottery, flint implements, and charcoal, appear to have been deposited at different periods, and were found at various depths, the lowest being fourteen feet below the floor of the cavern. Those in the lowest layer consisted of the bones of mammals, several of which were of extinct species. They were imbedded in ferruginous earth partially fossilized, and were covered with stalagmite—no human bones were with them. Above this layer were deposited the remains of about thirty human skeletons, with fragments of pottery, flint implements, particles of charcoal, and a bronze fishing-hook. Some of the pottery had been turned in a lathe, and bore evidence of classic art. In another cavern, discovered under the foundation of the military prison, the remains of two isolated skeletons were also found. Only one skull had been discovered there, and that had been sent to Mr. Busk, who remarked that the lower jaw transmitted with the cranium did not belong to it, showing that there must have been another skull

Digitized by Google

in the cavern, though no trace of it had been found. There was nothing in the form of the skull to distinguish it from the ordinary European type; but the bones of the leg were remarkably compressed; for which appearance it was difficult to account. Since Mr. Busk's attention had been drawn to this character, he had observed a similar compression in the leg-bones of other human skeletons which were known to be of great antiquity. Whether this conformation was to be regarded as a race-character, or was produced by special occupation or habit, Mr. Busk would not venture an opinion upon.—*Social Science Review.*

Sun's Photosphere.—From a strict examination of the sun-pictures obtained at Kew, near London, and from Mr. Carrington's maps, Mr. De la Rue and assistants have arrived at the conclusion that the sun-spots are cavernous, and lie below the general level of the luminous surface, whilst, on the contrary, the faculæ are elevated above the latter. The reason that the faculæ appear brighter is, that on account of their height above the solar surface, they are less dimmed by passing through its atmosphere. They further conclude that the sun's luminous surface is of the nature of cloud, and that the spots are influenced by the planet Venus. They find that the faculæ retain nearly the same appearance for days together, and consider them to be small particles of solid or liquid matter in suspension, and composed of the same cloudy matter as the luminous surface of the sun. They notice that in the majority of cases the faculæ appear to the left of the spots, as if they had been abstracted from them, and, rising to a greater elevation where the velocity of rotation is greater, are consequently left behind. They remark that all the spots which are seen on the solar surface about the same time show a resemblance to each other; for instance, if one spot increases to the central line or past it, another will do the same; if one spot diminishes from its first appearance, another will do the same; if one spot breaks out on the right half, another will do the same. It appears from Mr. Carrington's and all the Kew pictures, that the influence of Venus is exerted in such a manner that as the spots approach the neighborhood of this planet by rotation they decrease; but as the solar surface passes away in the same manner, this influence causes it to break out into spots on the opposite side. The question is also proposed, whether the falling behind of the faculæ may not be the physical reaction of the motion of the spots detected by Mr. Carrington, the current passing upward and carrying the luminous matter fall ing behind, whilst the current coming down from a colder region moves forward, carrying the spot with it, and accounting for its deficient luminosity.—*Social Science Review.*

The Arctic Expedition.—The Open Polar Sea again.—Last month we published an extract in which it was stated as the belief of the writer that there was an open Arctic sea. Here is another opinion which we find in the *London Reader* of a late date: "We have received from the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences a map of Spitzbergen, with explanatory remarks in illustration (by N. Duner and A. E. Nordenskiöld). This beautiful map is the result of the two last expeditions undertaken to explore that group of islands. It is based upon astronomical observations, made at about eighty different places on the shores of Spitzbergen, with prism-circles by Pistor and Martins, mercury horizons and good chronometers by Frodsham and Kessels. The observations were calculated by Professors D. G. Lindhagen and Duner. The latitude and longitude of seventy-nine different points are given—the longitude of Sabine's Observatory, determined as 11° 40′ 30″, being taken as the starting point of the longitudes. The value of such a map is at once apparent. All the highest mountains were ascended during the expedition, and the height of twenty-eight peaks is given; the highest being Lindström's Mount of 3,300 English feet. The permanent snow-line commences at about 1,500 feet. The whole interior country forms an even ice plateau, here and there interrupted by rocks. There are many good harbors, and on this map the places are marked where the explorers anchored. Fish, fowl, and reindeer are to be met with in great numbers. We quote from the memoir as bearing upon one of the most interesting questions of the day. 'During the last years the idea has been vindicated that the Polar

Digitized by Google

basin is composed of an open sea, only here and there covered with drift ice. The learned geographer, Dr. Petermann, has even asserted that it would be as easy to sail from Amsterdam Island (79° 47′) to the Pole, as from Tromsö to Amsterdam Island. This view is in itself so contrary to all experience that it scarcely merits refutation, but as different prominent English Arctic navigators seem inclined to adopt the same view, in spite of the experience gained by their own numerous Arctic expeditions, we will here give some of the most important reasons against this supposition. All who for a long period have navigated the northern seas, whalers and Spitzbergen hunters, have come to the conclusion that the Polar basin is so completely filled with ice that one cannot advance with vessels, and all the attempts that have been made to proceed toward the north have been quite without success. Passing by older voyagers, Torell and Nordenskiöld ascended, during the expedition in 1861, on the 23d of July, a high top on Northeast Land, Snötoppen (80° 23′ L.), without being able, from that height, to see trace of open water to the north of the Seven Islands. A few days later, when the ice between Northeast Land and the Seven Islands was separated a little, they could push forward as far as to Parry's Island, though they, even from the highest tops on these islands (1,900 feet, 80° 40′ L.), could see nothing but ice northward. From the top of White mountain, at the bottom of Wijde Jans Water (3,000 feet), we could, on the 22d of August, 1864, not see anything but ice between Giles Land and Spitzbergen. Some vessels that had the same year attempted to sail round Northeast Land were shut up by ice, and had to be abandoned by their crews. Before leaving the ships, an attempt was made to sail north, in order to return this way to Amsterdam Island, but they were soon met by impenetrable fields of ice. Notwithstanding a high prize has been offered for the reaching of high degrees of latitude, none of the whalers, who else sail boldly wherever the hope of gain allures them, have considered it possible to win this prize. We have had opportunities of speaking to most of the masters of vessels sailing to Spitzbergen. All experience hitherto acquired seems thus to prove that the Polar basin, when not covered with compact, unbroken ice, is filled with closely-packed, unnavigable drift-ice, in which, during certain very favorable years, some larger apertures may be formed, which apertures, however, do not extend very far to the north. Older narratives, by Dutch whalers, who are said to have reached 86° or 87°, nay, even 89½°, must therefore be received with the greatest diffidence, if not looked upon as pure fictions, and the prospect of being able to advance with vessels from Spitzbergen to the Pole is, no doubt, extremely slight. *It would be particularly unwise to choose the spring for such an attempt, and the passage east of Spitzbergen. At that time and by that passage it would be difficult, if not impossible, to reach even* 78° *of latitude.* Whereas, on the west side, one can every year depend on reaching the 80th degree of latitude, and in favorable years it might be possible, *in September or October*, to sail even a couple of degrees higher.' "

Digitized by Google

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SIXTEEN REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE, made to a devout servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an anchorite of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward the Third. 12mo., pp. 214. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We Catholics of the United States have good reason to congratulate ourselves upon the appearance of this work. The selection of such a work for republication is proof of good judgment in the Boston publishers, while certainly nothing can be more elegant and tasteful than the "getting up."

Mother Juliana lived in the city of Norwich, England; and, as we are notified by the famous Father Cressy, who first published and edited her "Revelations," she wrote during the reign of Edward the Third, and about three years before his death. She was an anchoret or recluse, a religious woman who, like St. Bees and many others in England and elsewhere, lived alone, shut up by herself, in contemplation and prayer. It is to us a great mystery that these "Revelations," so excellent in themselves, and edited once by such a man, should be so little known in our day, and should owe their reproduction once more in English literature to Protestant curiosity and not to Catholic piety. We know of nothing of the same kind which can compare with them. There is an odor of supernatural sweetness about them, and a depth of contemplative thought, a freshness moreover and originality, which has never impressed us before when reading books of revelations. Critical authors have sometimes complained of works of this nature that much in them of what seems elevated or profound is evidently derived, at second hand, from the speculations of theologians, and especially of the philosophical schoolmen; while other things, supposed to have been seen in vision, are the reproduction of early histories, once popular, but proved to be apocryphal and destitute of all authority. Nothing of the kind can be said of these revelations of Mother Juliana. They sometimes touch upon questions most profound and difficult, but in the simplest and most inartificial manner, and there is not the slightest appearance of reproducing what she had read elsewhere. Every thought bears the stamp of originality and freshness. All is drawn from the same deep well of contemplation. All comes from her own mind, whether that mind be divinely illuminated or not. There is not the least semblance of searching after what is wonderful, or calculated to strike an undisciplined and curious imagination. For our own part, we cannot resist the impression that the beautiful and holy light which beams upon these pages is a divine illumination, is something supernatural. When we say *supernatural*, this does not necessarily infer anything strictly miraculous, or revelation in the highest sense of the word (supernaturally attested, as well as supernaturally given). We mean simply to say that there is apparent a certain unction and power of spiritual vision which betokens an extraordinary gift of divine love and light, to which her natural power, unaided, could never reach. In reading this book one is impressed in the same way as when reading the Holy Scriptures or Thomas à Kempis. There is a natural beauty of style and thought, but that is not all. There is inspiration, too. It is like a far-reaching landscape in a fair day, where the distant hills are not fairly distinguishable from the sky, and the beauty of earth is mingled with the beauty of heaven.

We have room to give just one example, which we select as showing, in a few lines, the general characteristics of piety, sweetness, simplicity, and beauty which everywhere pervade this little book:

"He is our clothing, that for love wrappeth us, and windeth us, halseth us, and all becloseth us, hangeth about us for tender love, that he maie never leave us. And so in this sight I saw that he is all thing that is good, as to my understanding.

"And in this he shewed a litle thing, the quantitie of a hasel-nutt, lying in the palme of my hand, as me seemed; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereon

Digitized by Google

with the eie of my understanding, and thought, 'What may this be?' and it was answered generallie thus.

"'*It is all that is made.*' I marvelled how it might last: for methought it might sodenlie have fallen to naught for litleness.

"And I was answered in my understanding, '*It lasteth and ever shall: for God loveth it. And so hath all thing being by the love of God.*'"

COMPLETE WORKS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK. Comprising his Sermons, Letters, Lectures, Speeches, etc. Carefully compiled from the best sources, and edited by Lawrence Kehoe. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 668 and 810. New York: Lawrence Kehoe, No. 7 Beekman street.

In opening these two capacious volumes, one of the first things that strikes us is the great number of excellent pieces from the pen of the late Archbishop of New York which are now entirely forgotten by the general public. There never was an author more careless of his fame than Dr. Hughes. He cast his writings upon the world, and gave no thought to them afterward. He was not even at the pains of keeping single copies of his own publications. So it has happened that many of his best productions have not only been long out of print, but have never even been heard of except by a few of the writer's special friends, or some of our oldest and best read Catholic citizens. We make no doubt that the collection for which the Catholic public is so much indebted to the zeal and industry of Mr. Kehoe, will cause considerable surprise among those who supposed themselves to be well acquainted with Archbishop Hughes's literary labors. How many persons, for instance, have ever heard or remember anything of a tract of some thirty or forty pages called "An Answer to Nine Objections," which Father Hughes published when he was first a priest? Or of his controversies with Dr. Delancey, the late Protestant Episcopal bishop of western New York, and Dr. Onderdonk, P. E. bishop of Pennsylvania? Or of his letters on "Infallibility," written while he was in Philadelphia? Or his once famous series of letters on the "Importance of being in Communion with the Catholic Church?" And yet some of these deserve to rank among the most important and valuable productions of his pen. Our readers will find them all in Mr. Kehoe's volumes, and many other pieces with them which possess a more than ordinary interest. There is a long letter here to the Leopoldine Society of Vienna, in which Dr. Hughes exposes in a very graphic and masterly manner the condition of the Irish emigrants in this country: to the best of our belief it has never been published before. There is a touching and beautiful narrative, extracted from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith for 1840 of the conversion of the Dodge Family in western New York. There is a description of a storm at sea, written during the bishop's voyage to Europe in 1839. And the second volume closes with a "Christmas Vesper Hymn," which has often been printed before, and even set to music, but will doubtless be new to many people.

We have mentioned these portions of Mr. Kehoe's collection, not only because they are less known than the archbishop's great controversies; but because every true friend of the lamented prelate's fame ought to desire them to be far better known than they are. Archbishop Hughes was one of the kindest, tenderest-hearted men that ever lived; and any one who should judge him by the severe, caustic tone of his letters to Breckinridge, for example, or his speeches on the school question, would gravely mistake his character. Most of the pieces that we have named, and some others as well, show him in his true and most amiable light.

The first volume is occupied principally by the archbishop's various letters and speeches on the School Question; his letters to David Hale, Mayor Harper, and Colonel Stone; Letters on the Importance of being in Communion with the Catholic Church; Kirwan Unmasked; and a number of miscellaneous lectures and sermons. The second contains a number of letters, sermons, etc., on the Temporal Power of the Pope; various lectures; over thirty miscellaneous sermons; the Church Property Controversy with Senator Brooks and others; and a great deal of miscellaneous matter, including the archbishop's speeches at banquets etc., during his last visit to Europe. Bishop Bayley's admirable lecture on

Digitized by Google

the Life and Times of Archbishop Hughes is given in full, by way of introduction to the second volume.

Mr. Kehoe's collection is the most important contribution to the history of the Church in the United States that has been made for many a year. Archbishop Hughes not only played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of his time and country, but he may be said without much exaggeration to have *made* that history. His writings are destined to hold a permanent place in American Catholic literature by the side of those of Bishop England, while from their subjects, as well as the comparatively cheap form in which they are now presented to us, they will no doubt be more popular than those of the illustrious Bishop of Charleston.

CAPE COD. By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 12mo., pp. 252.

This is a readable book, notwithstanding some of its critics have put it down as "dry." The keen observations, and quaint remarks sprinkled all over its pages, keep its reader in good humor chapter after chapter until the book is read. Thoreau's books are healthy, and deserve to be read, especially by our young men.

This is true of the general tone of his writings. Occasionally, however, there is a slight vein of skepticism running through them. But he has less of this than his contemporaries. Thoreau had deep religious feeling, but he found no expression for it in the religious denominations around him. Had he lived in the fifth century he would have been a father of the desert. As it is, he gives you the natural side of life and things exclusively, but with freshness and originality.

The sturdy integrity of the man, the fixed determination of seeing life and things with his own eyes, and his resolve to have his own say about them, is what characterizes all his writings, and what makes them valuable where popular opinion sways.

As a sample of his talent for description, read the following pen-drawing of a wrecker:

"We soon met one of these wreckers,—a regular Cape Cod man, with a bleached and weather-beaten face, within whose wrinkles I distinguished no particular feature. It was like an old sail endowed with life—a hanging cliff of weather-beaten flesh—like one of the clay boulders which occurred in that sand-bank. He had on a hat which had seen salt water, and a coat of many pieces and colors, though it was mainly the color of the beach, as if it had been sanded. His variegated back—for his coat had many patches, even between the shoulders—was a rich study to us, when we had passed him and looked around. It might have been dishonorable for him to have so many scars behind, it is true, if he had not had many more, and more serious ones, in front. He looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort; too grave to laugh, too tough to cry; as indifferent as a clam,—like a sea-clam with hat on, and legs, that was out walking the strand. He may have been one of the Pilgrims—Peregrine White, at least—who has kept on the back side of the Cape and let the centuries go by. He was looking for wrecks, old logs, water-logged and covered with barnacles, or bits of boards and joists—even chips, which he drew out of reach of the tides and stacked up to dry. When the log was too large to carry far, he cut it up where the last wave had left it, or, rolling it a few feet, appropriated it by sticking two sticks into the ground crosswise above it. Some rotten trunk, which in Maine encumbers the ground, and is, perchance, thrown into the water on purpose, is here thus carefully picked up, split and dried, and husbanded. Before winter the wrecker painfully carries these things up the bank on his shoulders by a long diagonal slanting path made with a hoe in the sand, if there is no hollow at hand. You may see his hooked pike-staff always lying on the bank, ready for use. He is the true monarch of the beach, whose 'right there is none to dispute,' and he is as much identified with it as a beach bird."

THE STORY OF THE GREAT MARCH. From the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet Major George Ward Nichols, Aid-de-camp to General Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 394. New York: Harper Brothers.

The advance of General Sherman, with 70,000 men, through the heart of the seceded states, will ever be memorable in the annals of American history as the greatest achievement of modern times. From the time of his departure from Atlanta, Ga., until the purpose on which he started was accomplished in the surrender of Gen. Johnston, near Raleigh, N. C., his move-

Digitized by Google

ments attracted the attention, and called forth the criticism, of *un*military as well as military men in Europe and America. Many were the prophecies uttered of his total failure, but the able captain who conceived the plan and to whose care it was intrusted, carried the expedition successfully through. Of this march most of our readers have read more or less, in the daily papers. These statements have oftentimes been very incorrect and vague, from the excitement and hurry of the correspondents in getting them up. The handsome volume before us, however, is a clear and concise narrative of that great march, noted down from day to day by a member of General Sherman's staff. The author in this sketch gives us a true narrative of the entire march, and account of the interview between Sherman and Johnston. His style is plain and unaffected, but occasionally a little inflated. This, however, is pardonable, for he is very brief, and brevity, the poet says, "is the soul of wit." He wastes but few words in "saying his say," and has evidently taken much pains in getting his statements in as small space as possible. The book is embellished with a fine map of the march, and several appropriate wood-cuts. It also contains General Sherman's official reports of the campaign, and statement before the Congressional committee on the conduct of the war—valuable documents in themselves. We copy the following extracts from the chapter personal to General Sherman:

"Late in the summer of 1864, I was relieved from detached service in the west, and ordered to report to the general commanding the military division of the Mississippi. I found General Sherman at Atlanta, seated in the parlor of his headquarters, surrounded by several of his generals, and shall never forget the kindness with which he received me when he heard that I was a stranger in the western army; he said, 'Very well; I will retain you on my staff.' The expression of gentleness, sympathy, and consideration which accompanied this brief announcement, made an impression upon me which will be fully understood by any officer who has had the fortune to be suddenly ordered to a strange and distant field of duty, where anxiety and embarrassment awaited him. The incident is introduced here because it gives the key-note to a striking feature in the character of General Sherman.

"A striking evidence of his sense of justice and his unselfishness may be seen in his refusal to accept the commission of a major-general in the regular army which was offered him previous to the fall of Atlanta. In his letter declining the honor, he said: 'These positions of so much trust and honor should be held open till the close of the war. They should not be hastily given. Important campaigns are in operation. At the end, let those who prove their capacity in merit be the ones appointed for these high honors.'

"General Sherman's memory is marvellous. The simplest incidents of friendly intercourse, the details of his campaigns, citations of events, dates, names, faces, remain fresh in his mind. A soldier who may have addressed him long years ago in the swamps of Florida; some heroic deed of an officer at Shiloh; a barn or a hill-side in Georgia; a chance expression of your own which you may have forgotten; minutest description of the plan of the campaign; whatever he has seen, heard, or read, he remembers with astonishing accuracy. Napoleon had a similar trait.

"He is also remarkably observant, especially of the conduct and character of the officers of the army. He sees what many persons suppose it is impossible for his eye to reach. In an army of 70,000 men, it might be reasonably imagined that the commanding general is too far removed from the great mass to know or be known by them; but when it is remembered that Sherman has marched during this campaign alternately with one and another corps, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that he is thoroughly acquainted with the character of the different organizations In truth, nothing escapes that vigilant and piercing eye, from the greatest to the minutest detail of the command.

"General Sherman is sociable in the best sense of the word. When the responsibilities of the hour are cast aside—and he throws them off with the utmost facility—he enters into the spirit of a merry-making with all the zest and appreciation of the jolliest of the party. He has a keen sense of wit and humor; and not unfrequently he is the centre and life of the occasion. He converses freely, yet he is reticent to the last degree, knowing how to keep his own counsel, and never betraying his purpose. He is cautious and often suspicious; yet no man ever accused him of deceit or dishonesty either in word or deed. His unmeasured scorn and contempt are visited upon pretense, new philanthropy, arrogance, self-conceit, or boasting; but he never fails to recognize and pay a hearty tribute to unpretentious merit, courage, capacity, Christian manliness and simplicity. He is not prodigal of promises, but his word once given is

Digitized by Google

sacred as holy writ. General Sherman is terribly in earnest in his method of conducting war, but he is neither vindictive nor implacable. He once said to a Methodist preacher in Georgia who had, by voice and example, helped to plunge the nation into war: 'You, sir, and such as you, had the power to resist this mad rebellion; but you chose to strike down the best government ever created, and for no good reason whatsoever. You are suffering the consequence, and have no great reason to complain.'

"Yet there is a depth of tenderness akin to the love of woman behind that face, which is furrowed with the lines of anxiety and care, and those eyes, which dart keen and suspicious glances. Little children cling to the general's knees and nestle in his arms with intuitive faith and affection. During our sojourn in Savannah his headquarters and private room became the play-ground of hosts of little ones, upon whom the door was never closed no matter what business was pending.

"General Sherman's integrity seemed to pervade every trait in his character. His intense dislike of the men who have been interested in the war only to make money out of it, is well known. From the first instant of the rebellion pecuniary considerations were cast aside by the general, and he has given himself wholly to the service of his country. He knows the value of money, but he can say with honorable pride that the atmosphere of integrity and honesty about him withers and destroys the lust of gain. Not even the taint of suspicion in this regard has ever been cast upon him nor upon the officers associated with him.

"In person, General Sherman is nearly six feet in height, with a wiry, muscular, and not ungraceful frame. His age is only forty-seven years, but his face is furrowed with deep lines, indicating care and profound thought. With surprising rapidity, however, these strong lines disappear when he talks with children and women. His eyes are of a dark brown color, and sharp and quick in expression. His forehead is broad and fair, sloping gently at the top of the head, which is covered with thick and light brown hair, closely trimmed. His beard and moustache, of a sandy hue, are also closely cut. His constitution is iron. Exposure to cold, rain, or burning heat seems to produce no effect upon his powers of endurance and strength. Under the most harassing conditions I have never seen him exhibit any symptoms of fatigue. In the field he retires early, but at midnight he may be found pacing in front of his tent, or sitting by the camp fire smoking a cigar. His sleep must be light and unrestful, for the galloping of a courier's horse down the road instantly wakes him, as well as a voice or a movement in his tent. He falls asleep as easily and as quickly as a little child—by the road-side, upon the wet ground or the hard floor, or when a battle rages near him. His mien is never clumsy or commonplace; and when mounted upon review he appears in every way the great captain that he is.

"When sounds of musketry or cannonading reach his ears, the general is extremely restless until he has been satisfied as to the origin, location, and probable results of the fight in progress. At such moments he lights a fresh cigar, and smokes while walking to and fro; stopping now and then to listen to the increasing rattle of musketry; then muttering 'Forward,' will mount old 'Sam,' a horribly fast-walking horse, which is as indifferent to shot and shell as his master, and starts off in the direction of the fire.

"One afternoon during the Atlanta campaign the general paid a visit to General Hooker, who had pitched his headquarters in a place almost as much exposed to the fire of the enemy as any that could have been found along the line. The two generals seated themselves comfortably, with their feet planted against the trees, watching the operations immediately in front and in full view of the rebels. Very soon a rebel shell passed them, shrieking overhead, clearing the crockery from the dinner-table with amazing rapidity, and frightening the cook Sambo, who afterward excused himself on the ground that his mate had been killed the night before by one of 'them things.' Another shell quickly followed, demolishing a chair which had just been vacated by an officer. Meanwhile the rifle bullets were singing and 'fizzing' about in a reckless way, chipping the bark from the trees, and cutting their leaves and branches. Still the two generals sat, discussing military questions, with the utmost indifference until the sun went down; while the staff officers, not seeing any fun in the business, carried on their own conversation as companionably as could reasonably be expected in a spot where the protecting trees were five to ten feet apart.

"The general's habits of life are simple. Primitive almost as first principles, his greatest sacrifice will be made when he resigns campaigning for a more civilized life. He has a keen sense of the beauty of nature, and never is happier than when his camp is pitched in some forest of lofty pines, where the wind sings through the tree-tops in melodious measure, and the feet are buried in the soft carpeting of spindles. He is the last one to complain when the table-fare is reduced

Digitized by Google

to beef and 'hard tack,' and, in truth, he rather enjoys poverty of food as one of the conditions of a soldier's life. I remember that he apologized to our guest, the secretary of war, one day at Savannah, because certain luxuries, such as canned fruits and jellies, had found their way to his table.

"'This,' he remarked, 'is the consequence of coming into houses and cities. The only place to live, Mr. Secretary, is out of doors in the woods.'

"General Sherman's patriotism is a vital force. He has given himself and all that he has to the national cause. Personal considerations, I am sure, have never influenced him. Doubtless he is ambitious, but it is impossible to discern any selfish or unworthy motive, either in his word or deeds. I do not believe it possible for a man more absolutely to subordinate himself and his personal interests to the great cause than he. His patriotism is as pure as the faith of a child; and, before it, family and social influences are powerless. His relatives are the last persons to receive from his hand preferment or promotion. In answer to the request of one nearly allied to him that he would give his son a position on his staff, the general's reply was curt and unmistakable: 'Let him enter the ranks as a soldier, and carry a musket a few years!'

"In no instance is it possible for the general to favor the advancement of soldiers upon mere political grounds; bravery and capacity are the considerations which weigh with him. When a paper is handed to him for endorsement, accompanied by questions relative to promotion, he leaves the selection of the candidate to army or corps commanders, reserving his own opinion until the proper time.

"He has had as great responsibilities to meet as any man of the age, but there has never yet been an instance when he was not equal to the occasion, even to the acceptance of a new truth. Few men have so harmoniously united common sense and genius as General Sherman."

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE BOYNE. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo., pp. 375. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1865.

Another new story by Mrs. Sadlier! "Why, it is only the other day," the reader will naturally exclaim, "I read one also from her pen." But such is the fact. "The Old House by the Boyne" is, however, her latest production, and well does it sustain her reputation as one of our best living Irish novelists at home or abroad. Mrs. Sadlier is thoroughly Irish in her stories, and her sole object in them all is the elevation and edification of her countrymen and countrywomen on this side the Atlantic. A most praiseworthy object, and one which must in the end bring forth good fruit. The low and the vulgar, which the English novelists, and we are sorry to say some Irish writers also, take particular pains to bring forward as *the* leading characters in their works, find no place in Mrs. Sadlier's books. All that is good and generous in the Irish character is given its true value, and when necessity compels her to describe the ruffian, she does so in such a manner as to make the reader abhor his actions, and not as other writers have done—make him a sort of a hero, as if his crime was the rule and not the exception.

Her descriptions of Irish manners, customs, and characteristics can always be relied upon as correct, for she has made the Irish character her constant study, and beside, she feels for the miseries and misfortunes of that unfortunate but generous and kind-hearted people.

Mrs. Sadlier has done much for the Catholic literature of America. Her works, original and translated, put together, make a large library in themselves, and every year sees additions to them. We trust she will be spared a good long time yet, to aid by her prolific pen the good cause in this country.

THE PEEP O' DAY; or, John Doe, and Crohoore of the Billhook. By the O'Hara Family. A new edition, with Introduction and Notes. By Michael Banim, the survivor of "The O'Hara Family." Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1865.

These are the first four parts of "The Works of the Brothers Banim," known as "The O'Hara Family," now publishing in numbers by the Sadliers. The Banims were, without an exception, the most powerful Irish novelists of the present century. Their style of writing was altogether different from that of Griffin, who was their superior in describing some phases of Irish life. All through Griffin's writings can be found that deep religious feeling which he never for a moment lost sight of. The Banims, although Catholics, launch

Digitized by Google

out more boldly into the world of passion and folly, and give us more dramatic scenes; more of reality than the "gentle Griffin" could possibly allow his pen to write. For this reason we look upon Banim's works as bolder and more vivid pictures of Irish life, as it existed forty years ago, than Griffin's. Griffin's are sounder and safer reading, for no word ever escaped his pen that could not be uttered in any society.

The present editor, Mr. Michael Banim, says in the preface to the first volume "that my brother and myself were joint producers of the stories now about to be republished. This being the case, it will, I trust, be conceded that the editorship has not been intrusted, by the publisher, to unfit hands. It is my intention, as each volume appears, in condensed shape, to state in how far I have been concerned therewith. It is my intention also, as we go on, to append notes here and there. It will be my endeavor to make these notations as little cumbrous as possible, and to throw into them whatever of anecdote or historical reference may appear to me interesting to the reader."

So far the notes are highly interesting. We only wish the publishers had given us the work in volumes, just as it appears in Dublin, instead of in numbers. We do not like to read a story by "piecemeal," hence our objection to the publication of novels in monthly or semi-monthly parts. When the whole is completed and published in bound volumes, these writings will be a valuable addition to our literature.

REMY ST. REMY; or, The Boy in Blue. By Mrs. C. H. Gildersleeve. 12mo., pp. 352. New York: James O'Kane. 1865.

Another story of the late rebellion. And we may make up our mind to be overloaded with stories of this description for at least the next ten years. "The Boy in Blue" is the latest we have seen, and is an indifferent one enough. There are plots sufficient in the book for two or three good stories, but they are badly managed, and the various parts of the story clumsily put together. "The Boy in Blue" proves to be a girl, who thus unsexed herself for the double purpose of thwarting the vengeance of a rejected lover, whom she refused to marry because he was *disloyal*, and of being near a *loyal* lover whom she afterward married. The scene opens in Massachusetts, jumps abruptly to the army of the Potomac, and from there to that of the Cumberland, where the principal events occur. The characters are nearly all East Tennesseeans, and are made to figure in the story without any regard to time or place. The book is one we cannot recommend; for none of the characters are any better than the law allows them to be. The heroine is no model for any virtuous modest girl; for no woman of correct training or good morals could dress herself in the habiliments of the opposite sex. If the authoress cannot write a better story than this one, she had better give her time and attention to something else than novel writing. It is not her *forte*.

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES; OR, THE CATECHISM IN EXAMPLES. The Apostles' Creed, etc. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. 12mo., pp. 236. New York: D. & J Sadlier. 1865.

An excellent little book, and should meet with a general circulation. The present volume contains anecdotes on the different articles of the Creed, and is to be followed, we believe, by two more on the other portions of the Catechism. The translation is well made, and the book is very neatly got up. We earnestly recommend it to our readers as a book worthy of universal circulation.

THE METROPOLITES; OR, KNOW THY NEIGHBOR. A Novel, by Robert St. Clar. 12mo., pp. 575. The American News Company. 1865.

Here is a formidable volume describing fashionable society in New York. The parentage of the leading character in the story is at first unknown, but is supposed to be the son of some German emigrant who was shipwrecked and drowned off the coast. He was brought up by a German woman, and passed through all phases of New York life, from being a bootblack and newsboy, to find himself an office boy with a lawyer, who, seeing in him talent, sent him to college and paid for his education. Nathan P. Trenk is the cognomen by which this person is designated

Digitized by Google

in the story. The author seems to have taken every good quality possessed by different men and placed them *all* in the person of his beloved Nathan. His hero far exceeds in perfection the gods of the ancients. He speaks French like a Frenchman; German like a German; Spanish like a Spaniard; English of course, and we are led to infer that if he chose he could converse in the language of Timbuctoo, Malay, or in the Sanscrit. In fact, he excelled in all things—was perfect in dancing, music, tragedy, yachting, *and the law.* He is made to possess nearly all these qualities before he was even sent to school!! He was also better looking than any of his comrades—a perfect Apollo. One gets tired of this hero called Nathan, and cannot help asking, with the poet,

"How one small head could hold it all."

As a story, "The Metropolites" is a failure. There are many good passages in it; but it is too inflated in style, too absurd and impossible in its scope and plot, and too pretentious, to suit the merest tyro in light literature. It ends too abruptly—in fact, the story is not finished; for only one or two of the characters are disposed of, and you are left to imagine what became of the author's *beau ideal* of a man—Nathan. But there is no danger of such a question troubling the reader, for it is very few will have the patience to wade through its pages to the end. If there be any such, we pity them.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC. Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. New York: P. O'Shea.

We have seen some of the advance sheets of Dr. Brownson's forthcoming work with this title. The book will be out in the course of this month. It will make a very handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, elegantly printed. It appears from what we have seen of it to have been written with great care, and to be a profoundly philosophical work on the principles of government, and especially on the constitution of the United States.

NATURAL HISTORY. A Manual of Zoölogy for Schools, Colleges, and the General Reader. By Sanborn Tenney, A.M. Illustrated. 8vo., pp. 540. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

This is an excellent manual for schools and colleges; beautifully illustrated; well printed on fine paper, from large type; nicely bound; and is altogether *a fine* book.

THE LIVES OF THE POPES. By Chevalier d'Artaud. Translated from the French. Edited by Rev. Dr. Nelligan. Nos. 1 and 2, pp. 96. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1865.

This is, we believe, the first attempt to give the "Lives of the Popes" in English. The French work from which this is a translation has been looked upon as a very reliable one. This work is one that was much needed in this country, and will no doubt have a decided success.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From P. O'Shea, New York. Nos. 13 and 14 of the GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHURCH, by M. l'Abbé J. E. Darras.

From P. Donahoe, Boston. PARRA SASTHA; or, The History of Paddy Go-Easy, by William Carleton.

From Ticknor & Fields, Boston. LYRICS OF LIFE, by Robert Browning.

From Charles Scribner, New York. Froude's History of England. Vols. III. and IV.

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 9.—DECEMBER, 1865.

From Le Correspondant.

GENERAL DE LA MORICIÈRE.

I.

It is the sad destiny of those who outlive their generation to be called upon to speak over the graves of friends, companions, and chiefs who have the happiness of being the first to depart. Forced to envy those who precede them their lot, they readily yield to the temptation of beguiling their regrets by recalling their memory; and while thus essaying to lighten their own griefs, they think, perhaps not justly, that they have something of which to remind forgetful contemporaries, or which they may teach an indifferent posterity.

The *élite* of the men who date from the early years of the century begin already to be decimated by death, and this death which strikes them with a premature blow, while in the full possession of the gifts which God had lavished on them, has often been preceded by a disgrace or a retreat so prolonged that we naturally regard them as having long since entered into history. Their stern and melancholy fate, aggravated by the inconstancy of their country, may at least serve to lengthen the perspective from which our eye contemplates them.

What can less resemble the times in which we live than those early and splendid years of the parliamentary royalty in which Léon de la Moricière was first revealed to France and to glory? A whole powerful generation, delivered from military despotism and the imperial censorship, enfranchised, brought up, or completed by the free and loyal *régime* of the Restoration, was then in full sap and full bloom. A constellation of rare men, men of original powers and popular renown, appeared at the head of all the great departments of the national intelligence, and fulfilled the first condition of the life of a people that are free and master of their destiny. The nation was governed or represented by its most eminent men. All its living forces, all its real wants, all its legitimate interests, were represented by men of an incontestable superiority. The names of Casimir Perier, Royer-Collard, Molé, Berryer, Guizot, Thiers, Broglie, Fitz James, Villemain, Cousin, Dufaure, gave to the contests of the tribune and to the country itself an *éclat* never surpassed, not even in 1789. Lamartine, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset stamped poetry with a character as original as ineffaceable. Ary Scheffer, Dela-

Digitized by Google

roche, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, in the arts; Cuvier, Biot, Thénard, Arago, Cauchy, in the sciences; Augustin Thierry, Michelet, Tocqueville, in history and political philosophy, opened new paths, into which rushed the ardent and high-spirited youth of the nation. Lacordaire and Ravignan made radiate from the Christian pulpit a halo of eloquence and popularity unknown since Bossuet.

Perhaps this fertile opening of political, intellectual, and moral life did not encounter an analogous development in the military life; perhaps this purely civil glory extinguished the necessary attraction of the glory of arms. To this doubt, the army of Africa takes upon itself to reply.

In the ranks of that army new men, predestined to glory, began forthwith to appear. Each year, each day, augmented their renown. The true soldiers of free and liberal France were found. We learned to greet in that army a new line of soldiers, as chivalric, as formidable, as brave, as the bravest among their fathers, and adorned with virtues but too often wanting in our soldiers in former times —modest and austere virtues, civic virtues, which were the honor, and in the hour of danger the salvation, of their country. The illustrious Changarnier is the only one of that glorious phalanx that can receive here below the homage of our loyal gratitude. Of his noble companions, some, like Damesme, Négrier, Duvivier, Bréa, gave themselves to be killed in the streets of Paris in 1848, so that France might remain a civilized country; others, and the most illustrious, Cavaignac, Bedeau, La Moricière, have died one by one, obscurely and prematurely, rendered by implacable destiny useless to the country they had saved. This oppresses the heart, and certainly does no honor to our times.

Among all those valiant knights, the youngest, the most sympathetic, the most brilliant, and the most rapidly popular, was this same La Moricière, who has just been torn from us by death while still so full of fire, light, and life, of strength and faith, of physical and moral strength, of faith in God and in the future of France. Although few to-day know, or, having known, remember, that the future conqueror of Abd-el-Kader, a simple lieutenant of engineers at the taking of Algiers by Marshal Bourmont, faithful to the traditions of his royalist race, accompanied to the coast almost alone that disgraced and proscribed conqueror, and then returned to take his rank in the army where he was to conquer the most brilliant renown, without suspecting, assuredly, that he himself would one day experience injustice, ingratitude, proscription, exile, and forgetfulness.* But all the world knows that the name of La Moricière, as that of Changarnier, is inseparably connected with the most dramatic episode of our African history—the two expeditions against Constantine. The pencil of Horace Vernet has made us all familiar with those prodigious exploits; he has made live again for us the immovable intrepidity of Changarnier, inclosed in the square battalion that saved the army on occasion of the first retreat, and then the impetuous daring of La Moricière at the head of his Zouaves, the red fez on his head, the white burnous on his shoulder, rushing the first up to the breach, where he was soon to disappear in the cloud of smoke and dust, in the midst of a fearful explosion, to be found again, his eyes almost destroyed, under a formless group of soldiers blackened with powder, their garments charred, and their flesh burnt.† From that day he was married to fame. All France felt what has been so well rendered by Tocqueville in a private letter dated November, 1837: "I am even more interested in La Moricière than I can

* I must be permitted to refer for all the details of the military career of General de la Moricière to the article of M. de Meaux in "Le Correspondant" for April, 1860.

† "*Les Zouaves et les Chasseurs à pied*," by his Royal Highness the Duke d'Aumale, 1855. "*Histoire de la Conquête d'Alger*," by Alfred Nettement.

Digitized by Google

explain. He carries me away in spite of myself; and when I read the account of his storming of Constantine, I seem to see him arrive first at the summit of the breach, and my soul for the moment is with him. I love him also, I believe, for France; for I cannot help believing that there is a great general in that little man.*

Incorporated with the Zouaves from the foundation of the corps in 1830, it was he who, in gaining with them all his grades up to that of colonel, created the European reputation of that unequalled troop, at the same time that by his vigilant activity in the Arab bureaus, he preluded his remarkable faculties as an organizer and administrator. Major-general at thirty-four, lieutenant-general at thirty-seven, governor-general of Algeria *ad interim* at thirty-nine, he never quitted Algeria till he had rendered it for ever French by forcing Abd-el-Kader to surrender his sword to the Duke d'Aumale, a young and meritorious prince, whose own rising glory was soon to set unexpectedly in the sad night of exile. He quitted Algeria in the beginning of 1848, and bore with him a reputation whose brightness was dimmed by not a shade or a breath. His courage, his rare strategic ability, the number and splendor of his victories, were enhanced by the most rigid integrity and at the same time by a humanity and a generosity all the more meritorious from the pain it must have cost his impetuous nature to exercise it in favor of barbarous enemies who massacred and mutilated our soldiers who were taken prisoners.*

He re-entered France, already invested with a sort of legendary halo, and was everywhere recognized as the true type of disinterested heroism, intelligent boldness, moral dignity, independence a little haughty, and liberal instincts, which become the armies of France, at least such as they were then. Race apart, these *Africans*, as brilliant as original in the military history of Europe, as foreign to the brutal manners of the soldier of fortune led by Gustavus Adolphus and Frederic II. as to the savage and cruel pride of the lieutenants of Napoleon, showed themselves always the citizens of a free country, the missionaries of civilization, as well as the first soldiers in the world.

But military glory did not suffice for La Moricière. Sensible to an attraction then all powerful, he aspired to enter political life, and as soon as he was initiated into it he relished it, and devoted himself to it with that passion which he carried into everything he undertook. In 1846 he solicited and obtained the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies, he took his place with the moderate opposition. By a privilege rarely accorded, it was given him to conquer at once, on this new and dif-

* Tocqueville, born the 29th of July, 1805, was nearly of the same age with La Moricière, who was born the 6th of February, 1806. Before being colleagues in the Chamber of Deputies and in the ministry, they had, still young, met in 1828 at Versailles, where Tocqueville was a judge auditor, and where he received a visit from La Moricière, then hardly out of the Polytechnic School. In a letter of that date which is found in the precious collection published by M. Gustave de Beaumont, Tocqueville traces a portrait of the future hero which remained a striking likeness to his last days: "I must say that I have been charmed with him personally; I thought I saw in him all the features of a truly remarkable man. I who am habituated to live among men profuse in words with little meaning, was wholly surprised at the craving for clear and distinct understanding with which he seemed to be constantly tormented. The *sang-froid* with which he stopped me to demand an account of one idea before proceeding to another, which several times a little disconcerted me, and his manner of speaking of only what he perfectly understands, have given me an opinion of him superior to almost any that I have ever formed of any man at first sight."

* "In leaving the shores on which he had landed young and obscure, and which he quitted illustrious without appearing old, he bore with him a recollection more precious than the fame of his heroic deeds; his glory was without a stain, his hands, always burning for the combat, were sullied by no abuse of victory. When the irritation against an enemy that massacred our soldier prisoners was at its height, La Moricière, pursuing one day a tribe that was in insurrection notwithstanding their oaths, and having driven them to the sea, he suddenly halted his columns and suspended his vengeance. What fear had seized his intrepid soul? He himself tells us: 'In the disposition of mind in which our soldiers then were, that vengeance might have been too severe!' Beautiful and touching words, which reveal the man in the warrior, and attest a fear of excess in the bosom of a courage that paused at no obstacles."—*Le Général de la Moricière*, by Viscount de Meaux, p. 11.

Digitized by Google

ficult battle-field, a distinction and an authority almost as fully acknowledged and as legitimate as that which he had gained on the theatre of his exploits in Algeria.

La Moricière was born with the gift of eloquence—that gift which is the first condition neither of the love of liberty nor of the exercise of power, but which is seldom separated from either in countries and times which permit free discussion. He united the three qualities, very rare, which the prince of contemporary orators, M. Thiers, exacts of those who aspire to govern—knowledge of public affairs, ability to expose them lucidly and in order, and the weight of character necessary to defend them. But, against the ordinary rule, his eloquence was not at all the result of labor. With him the orator was not slowly disengaged, as with the most illustrious, step by step, in a continuous progress toward perfection; he revealed himself at once as a bold and successful improvisator, who, on a chosen ground, had nothing to fear from anybody. He jeered those who passed for eloquent without having his extemporary facility. "You Academicians," said he, "must always retire to make the toilet of your speech, and are never ready when you are wanted." As for him, he was always ready, and it was a real pleasure to hear him, and to see him spring to the tribune, to mount it as if it were his horse, stride it, so to speak, and master it at a single word, with the ease of the perfect horseman—then broach the most complicated questions, provoke the most formidable adversaries, even M. Thiers himself, overcome the tumult, regain and fix the distracted attention, instruct and charm even those whom he failed to convince. His eye sparkling, his head aloft, his voice thrown out by jerks, he seemed always in speaking to be sounding a charge. He managed figures, metaphors, arguments, with as much celerity, dash, and freedom as his Zouaves. Supple and impetuous, bounding as the panther, he turned around his adversary, as if seeking his vulnerable point, before springing upon and prostrating him. Rarely did he descend from the tribune without having moved his auditory, enlightened a question, corrected a misapprehension, repaired a defeat, prepared or justified a victory. Never was the celebrated word of Cato on the Gauls, *Rem militarem agere et argute loqui*, more exactly verified. Under this relation, as under so many others, he was the most French of the Frenchmen of our age.

This double superiority was manifested with an *éclat* as sudden as complete in the midst of the frightful dangers of the revolution of February, 1848. Named minister by a last effort of expiring legality, he presented himself with his accustomed intrepidity before the insurgent populace. The populace mistook and outraged him: dragged from his horse, wounded with the thrusts of a bayonet, he with difficulty escaped with his glorious life from the cowardly assassins. When the Provisional Government issued from the mob, he would neither serve it nor combat it. But he promised to accept the Republic, and to be loyal to it, if it would preserve the army. That army was about to become, in the hands of the National Assembly and under the orders of the *African* generals, the last bulwark of European civilization. When the terrible days of June came to show the depth of the abyss excavated by February, La Moricière was then by the side of his friend Cavaignac, who, become his chief, after having been his lieutenant, and retained himself from personally engaging in the struggle by his duties as head of the executive, hastened to confide to him the principal part in repressing the most terrible insurrection that ever broke out in the most revolutionary city in the world. Those who were there—those who breathed the inflamed atmosphere of those solemn and terrible days, run through those narrow streets incumbered with barricades and heaps of the

Digitized by Google

slain, and where flowed literally streams of blood, those deserted quays and blocked-up quarters, whose silence was broken only by *the sublime horror of the cannonade*—those who were obliged to deliberate through three days and two nights amidst the roar of that cannonade, while came alternately messages of death and bulletins of the most sad but most necessary victories—those alone can know by what means and at what cost their country could really be saved, without violating the laws of justice, honor, or humanity. Those who were not there will never form a conception either of the extent of the danger or of the yawning gulf in which he came so near being swallowed up, nor of the mixture of determined energy and invincible patience needed to vanquish those misguided but intrepid masses inured to war, and desperate, and whose blows too large a number of former military officers directed against the inexperience of the Gard Mobile or the hesitation of the troops that had just entered Paris.

La Moricière, more than any other, was the man for the occasion. His fiery temperament protected him from that patriotic sadness which overcast the countenance of General Cavaignac all through the bloody crisis which must raise him to supreme power. In exposing himself as at Constantine, for a longer time, and to still greater danger than at Constantine, in rushing himself the first against the barricades, defended by adversaries far more formidable than Arabs or Kabyles; in prolonging the struggle with a revolution madder that that of the insurgents, La Moricière finally succeeded in wresting Paris from the insurrection. The confidence with which he inspired the troops, the high spirits and gaiety, the heroic recklessness which he mingled with his indomitable resolution, triumphed over every obstacle, and decided the victory. Thanks to that victory, and to that alone, France was drawn from the abyss and saved from barbarism.

Hence, on his return from the fearful struggle, he was greeted only with a unanimous shout of enthusiasm and gratitude. Cavaignac hastened to set his seal to the general acclamation by associating him to his government as minister of war.

There was then a short period of confidence, of union, of calm, and of relative security. Those days must have been sweet to the two friends placed at the head of the country which they had just saved, and which gave them freely the gratitude which they had so richly merited. Their union, intimate and loyal, cordial and frank, contributed often to the charm and well-being of that bright interval. It received an official and touching consecration during the discussion of the constitution, on the occasion of the articles relative to the public force. It was a beautiful scene. An imprudent member, *apropos* of the promotion, a little irregular, of the future Marshal Bosquet, accused the minister of war of acting from private friendship, and spoke of those whom chance and fortune had placed at the head of the army. La Moricière remained calm under the insult, but Cavaignac, seated by his side on the ministerial bench, was indignant, and, ascending the tribune, and addressing the aggressor, said: "There is one thing that astonishes me; it is that you, sir, who were there, on the soil of Africa, as well as me,—that you could see no other motive for the elevation of that man but chance and fortune. As for me, if I am surprised, it is to see him in the second rank, while I am in the first." A noble word, and worthy of the noblest antiquity, such as could sometimes, by the side of others by no means felicitous, fall from the lips of the proud and loyal Cavaignac, then still the idol of the fickle enthusiasm of conservative France, and which was so soon to leave him only the right to say, with not less of modest dignity, "I have not fallen from power; I have descended from it."

La Moricière was then at the

Digitized by Google

apogee of a fortune which nobody was disposed to regard as excessive or usurped. At the age of forty he was everywhere known, was invested with universal popularity, and was the second man of France. The superiority he had won on the battle-fields of Africa and at the much more formidable barricades in the streets of Paris, he maintained and exercised in the councils of his country and on the uncertain and perilous soil of the tribune.* Even when individuals were not of his opinion, which was often the case with his friends of the evening as with those of the morrow, they regretted or were astonished not to agree with him; they ceased not to admire him, and were drawn toward him. It was known, it was felt, that however the passions of the moment might mislead him, the miserable instincts of envy, servility, selfishness, mean ambition, or thirst for wealth, could never find a place in his robust and manly heart. We loved him even when we were forced to oppose him. Beside, we knew not yet how much better and further on many essential points he saw, in his transports and gruffness, than many others more calm or more experienced, and who were, though in a different manner, as much deceived as he.

Moreover, in the public life of free nations and great assemblies, if the clashing of opinions and the collision of self-loves give birth to noisy or passionate dissents, they are rarely deep or lasting. This is evident from what is seen every day and has been for a long time in England. One is not forced there to brood in silence and darkness over animosities which their very impotence renders incurable. Often, on the contrary, in that open-day life, friendships the most serious, and alliances the most sincere, succeed to misunderstandings or transports which with well-born souls cannot survive the action of time and the lights of experience, when people are agreed on the great conditions of liberty, dignity, probity, and honor, without which all is null of itself. But more than this, La Moricière, a short time before getting power, gave to what was then called the *conservative reaction* a pledge the best fitted of all to make us forget the dissensions which had separated him from us. It was he who directed the first steps of the Roman expedition, and imprinted on it from the outset its real character, *that of defending the Pope, and assuring the liberty and the security of the visible head of the Church.*

To him is due the honor of initiating that expedition, of which twelve years later he must write the sorrowful epilogue with the blood of the young martyrs of Castelfidardo. To him and to the assemblies belongs the glorious responsibility of that grand act of French politics, which has been too often thrown at us as a crime, by the Cæsarian democracy, hoping to gain the right to give to others an homage not their due.

Even afterwards, when the substitution of Prince Louis Napoleon for General Cavaignac had removed him from office, when the dismissal of his friends, Odillon-Barrot, Tocqueville, and Dufour, had involved his resignation of his embassy to Russia, which he had accepted at their request—when, in fine, the conservative party met him often among its most active opponents, before dividing and turning against itself, La Moricière preserved in the eyes of all a position apart and a marked ascendency. In the present he had no peer, and the future, whatever might happen, seemed to reserve to him a place always eminent, and always preponderant in the destinies of France and of Europe.

* "Never has been pushed further the intelligence, and the power of labor, with the passion for struggle under all the forms which create public life."—*Discours du Général Trochu sur la tombe de la Moricière à Saint-Philibert de Grand-Lieu.*

II.

In one day, or, rather, in one night,

Digitized by Google

all this present and all this future crumbled. La Moricière, at the age of forty-five, falling from the most enviable position a French soldier could occupy, without its being possible to reproach him with the shadow of a crime or even of a fault, saw for ever closed to him all access to either of the two careers in which he had won so much glory, and in which he walked as the peer, or the superior, of all his contemporaries. His military and public life was closed. The most brilliant of our soldiers succumbed to a military revolution. The statesman and the tribune, so in love with popular sympathies, was swept away by a movement sanctioned by a popularity none could dispute. He was broken when the law was broken with the assent of the people; he was broken for having remained faithful to an opinion which had for it constitutional right and the inviolability of oaths; broken much less by the unmerciful demands of victory than by the forgetfulness and abandonment of France; broken for not having comprehended that France had wholly changed her gait and her tendencies, and no longer held anything which she had pretended to hold and to love ever since 1814. He must then, in his turn, undergo those prodigies of inconstancy and ingratitude with which the contemporary public delights to visit princes when they are liberal, and superior men when they are honest.

No cup of bitterness was spared him: I mean bitternesses of the mind and the heart, the most poignant and the most unbearable of all; and I speak not for him alone, but also for his valiant and unfortunate companions in glory and in exile. In the first years of his exile he met, outside of his family and his wife, little sympathy in that Belgium where Catholics especially were almost all under the fascination of the conqueror. At that period of life when we have the full consciousness of our strength and our resources, when the employment of the gifts received from God is a prime necessity, he saw himself condemned to forego not only the exercise of power and the management of great affairs to which he had become accustomed, but all public life, and, indeed, all active life. In vain he repeated the device of his generous rival and friend Changarnier, *Happiness is gone, but honor remains;* in vain he spoke and wrote with Count de Maistre after Tilsit, *Europe is Bonaparte's, but my heart is mine;* he was forced to experience a long while the mortal tediousness of the dead calm after the salutary and quickening excitements of the storm, and to sink into a wearisome idleness, the mother, as Fouquet says to Pignerol, of despair. He had to bear the laceration of impatience, that mortal despite, that sterility of walks and books for a man of his condition, that lassitude of a life deprived of all occupation, that fatigue of doing nothing of which the bare thought made Saint-Simon shudder, and held him fast in the ante-chamber of Louis XIV.

But there was for him a more cruel trial still, a thousand times more bitter, of which neither Fouquet nor Saint-Simon had the remotest conception.

France was on the point of making war, a great war; and these valiant guards, these great war-chiefs, are not to be there! From Africa are drawn the battalions they formed, which they commanded, and so often led to victory. These battalions are now to march under other chiefs to new victories. Themselves so long first and alone, on whom the eyes of France and of Europe were so long accustomed to be fixed—themselves all glowing with military ardor, full of vigor and patriotism—having never failed their country, honor, or justice, are now condemned to inaction, to forgetfulness, to nothingness; noted subalterns rise and seize the first rank in the eyes of the world!—who can tell, who can conceive, the anguish, the torture of these men, so illustrious, so intrepid, and, be it not forgotten, so innocent, so irre-

Digitized by Google

proachable before the country and the army?

The "Epoque" tells us to-day that a word, a single word, had sufficed to recall them to France, and to commands in the Crimea, the baton of the marshal, and all the augmented splendor and prosperity which victory brings in its train. Nothing is known of it. Always is it a fact that this word, whether it would have been listened to or not, was not spoken, and since it was not, it no doubt ought not to have been spoken.

What, moreover, was that marshal's baton so cruelly stolen from those who had so well earned it? Those grades, decorations, gildings, and salaries, the vulgar food of vulgar souls, were they what attracted, what inflamed, these heroic souls? No, a thousand times no. It was danger; it was devotedness, enthusiasm, action, the service of France, the love of country, the love of the noble flag which they had borne aloft for twenty years; the glorious brotherhood of arms with so many good soldiers and brave officers, their own offspring, so to speak; the burning desire, a thousand times legitimate, of adding new laurels to those already won; in a word, it was HONOR—and it was precisely honor that condemned them to silence, to inaction, to death—the real death and the only death they had ever dreaded.

Never did Calderon, the great Spanish poet, in those famous dramas of his which always turn on the imperious exigencies, the merciless refinements, the torturing delicacies of honor, imagine a situation more striking, a trial more acute, a narrower pass, or a yoke more crushing. The trial was submitted to, the pass was traversed, the yoke was borne to the end. All we cannot say, and what we do say is nothing by the side of the suffering we have seen, felt, known, and shared. Perhaps a day will come when these tortures of the soul will be comprehended and rewarded with the admiration which is their due. But who knows? To hope that, it is necessary to believe in the justice of history, and who knows if there will be again any history worthy of the name? We may well doubt it, when we mark what is passing around us in an age which for a long time boasts of having regenerated history, and when we see liberals make the panegyric of the 10th of August, Christians applaud the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and writers in high credit with their several parties undertake to rehabilitate the reign of terror, the Inquisition, and the Roman empire.

Nothing was wanting, we have said, to the evil fortune of our friend. After years of exile in Belgium, his only son fell ill in France. And while were debated with the desolate father the conditions of his return, the son, the only hope of his family, died. When at length he was permitted to return, it was too late; he received not the last sigh of his child. He was inconsolable. "They restore me my country," he said; "but who will restore me my child?" It was no longer his country, such as he had known it, that was restored to him—the country, above all, by which he had been so well known, so proudly boasted, and so admired. The real exile is not in being torn from our native country, but in remaining in it and finding no longer that which made it specially dear to us. La Moricière perceived it only too soon. But he comprehended the difference alike of time and men, and conformed with an intelligent and manly resignation, which held in nothing from his adhesion, and which took nothing from the energy of his convictions or the dignity of his attitude. For the rest, he had brought back with him from the land of his exile neither the illusions of the *emigré*, blind animosities, nor mean or noisy bitterness. And yet he was not at the end of his cross.

There remained to him a last human good, a last plank saved from shipwreck!—his old popularity among

Digitized by Google

his contemporaries, and the companions in that shipwreck, near his old political friends, in the bosom of the party which he had not only served and defended, but, above all, had honored and protected with his glory. That popularity he risked totally in the most abandoned, the most contested, and the most vilipended cause in the world. He risked all, and he lost! A priest whom he had known as a soldier in Africa, under the flag of France, before becoming his relation and his friend, offered him, in the name of Pius IX., an opportunity of braving new perils, with the certainty of being vanquished in the desperate struggle. He ran thither. Forthwith a long and loud howl of insult and derision rose from the bosom of the whole so-called European democracy. He was dragged to the *gemoniæ*—both he and the young warriors that followed in his footsteps. A hideous clamor arose from the lowest depths of human baseness, from the Thames to the Arno, and pursued with invectives, railleries, and calumnies the devoted band and their heroic chief. The vapid calumniators of disinterested virtue spoke all at once, and spoke alone; France and Europe justified them. New Italy blushed in her turn to find herself approached by men bold enough to dare to fight and die under the colors of a pontiff and a father. She asked and obtained freedom to crush them. But she essayed to kill them with falsehood before attacking them with the sword, and by falsehoods such as the world had not heard since the imperial trap set at Bayonne in 1808. A Cialdini dares call, in an order of the day to his army, La Moricière and his companions "*mercenaries* thirsting for gold and pillage," and King Victor Emmanuel announces to the Emperor of the French that he "is marching his troops into the Marches and Umbria to re-establish order there in relation to the temporal authority of the Pope, and, if it should be necessary, to give battle to the revolution on the Neapolitan territory."* Eight days after the troops of the king pounced, ten to one, on the little army of La Moricière. The obscure burgh of Castelfidardo is immortalized by that butchery. Pimodan perished there by a death worthy of his chief, who sought refuge in Ancona, and capitulated when his last gun was dismounted. This French general—and what a general!—gave up his sword to the Piedmontese! His young companions, prisoners like himself, passed over Italy in the midst of insults and outrages. La Moricière, himself released as soon as the work of spoliation was consummated, returned to France, where he met the scoffs and jeers of those who insulted his departure.

From that moment all was accomplished or marching toward the end foreseen and determined. The darkest forebodings, the saddest predictions, are verified. Christian France is resigned, and Europe has habituated herself to what five years ago appeared to be the *nec plus ultra* of impossible iniquity. People have even come to regard confining the spoliation within its present limits as a benefit which, if assured, would make a *Te Deum* break forth from the whole Catholic world, asleep or deceived.

La Moricière had seen and suffered all this, and it was only the last phase of a disgrace which lasted fifteen years without relaxation and without revenge. As his life, rent asunder, drew toward its end, by an insolent freak of fortune, by a contrast and a coincidence the strange mystery of which will astonish the future, Abd-el-Kader arrives in France to be received there as a sovereign!

The conqueror and the conquered, it is said, met in the street: La Moricière on foot, confounded with the

* *Circular of M. Thouvenel*, Minister of Foreign Affairs, 18th October, 1860. The "National Opinion," a worthy "Moniteur" of Piedmont, adds in its number for Sept. 14, 1860: "Victor Emmanuel proposes precisely to protect the Holy Father and his temporal authority against the enthusiasm of the volunteers."

Digitized by Google

multitude; Abd-el-Kader with all the pomp of his official train, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor on his breast. They exchanged a single look. After which, the prisoner of 1847 is found sufficiently avenged on the prisoner of the 2d of December; pursuing his course with loud din, caressed, feasted, toasted by courtiers, functionaries, and freemasons, presented to the universitarian youth as the type of modern civilization and the religion of large souls, Abd-el-Kader quitted triumphantly the soil of France, to return with his wives, who accompanied him, to his palace in the East; La Moricière entered his house to die there, and he did die there, all alone, forgotten by the multitude, unknown by the rising generation, and buried in the silence of the flatterers and satellites of fortune. The death of this great servant of France is announced by the official journal among the "Miscellaneous Facts," after an article on conducting water into Paris! At the decline of day his coffin, in being directed toward a village cemetery, traverses obscurely the streets of that Babylon which he had saved, really saved, from barbarism—those very streets lately ploughed by the pompous *cortège* of a marshal of France, named grand master of freemasonry by an imperial decree.

Whilst the Cialdinis, the Fantis, and so many authors and fomentors of the *guet-apens* of Castelfidardo, so many other violators of the law of nations and of their sworn faith, survive and triumph, rolling in opulence and prosperity, La Moricière, for having been faithful to law, to honor, and to religion, is extinguished and disappears, vanquished, ignored, forgotten.

I have said that I suspect the judgments of history, because history is almost always the servant or the priestess of Success; but its recitals are always instructive, and I consent that it be questioned to ascertain if it furnish many instances of a destiny more tragic.

III.

But after having touched the bottom of the abyss, the soul rises to contemplate and adore the grandeur and glory of adversity. La Moricière, we know and confess it, triumphant and satisfied, marshal of France, conqueror at Alma or Magenta, hailed by the curiosity of the eager multitude, fat and heavy by prosperity, had not risen above the throng of successful generals, had attained no other glory than military glory, with which France in all times has been smitten, and in all times been saturated. His image, placed in its rank in the galleries of Versailles, in the midst of so many others, would have awakened in the souls of the visitors only a transient and commonplace emotion; but La Moricière, betrayed by fortune, disgraced, proscribed, insulted; La Moricière, conqueror of anarchy and victim of the dictatorship; La Moricière, condemned by his sense of honor to the punishment of an obscure idleness; La Moricière, beaten at Castelfidardo and a captive at Ancona; La Moricière, submitting to the wrongs of fate with a modesty and a gravity wholly Christian, then dying all alone, but standing with the crucifix in his hand—is a personage of another stamp, and rises at once from the ranks of the herd to the loftiest height of human admiration. This is a glory apart, which reyouths the soul, which stimulates and purifies it, and which it would not exchange for any other. This is a spectacle such as history too rarely offers, such as we Frenchmen, we Catholics, too docile worshippers of force and fortune, have special need of. Yes, this glory is enviable, and in reality the most enviable of all glories. In vain nature rebels, reason and faith unite to proclaim it. We are all moved by the recollection of Catinat, old, retired, and resigned in his retreat, and recalling there, as says Saint-Simon, "by his simplicity, his frugality, his contempt of the world, his peace of mind, and the uniformity of

Digitized by Google

his conduct, the memory of those great men who, after triumphs the best merited, returned tranquilly to their plough, always loving their country, and little affected by the ingratitude of Rome, which they had so well served." But Catinat, really unfortunate; Catinat, a prisoner, exiled, disgraced; Catinat, removed at the flower of his age from the command of armies, had been much greater still, and, as our La Moricière, have recalled St. Louis in chains. The ancients said that the good man struggling with adversity is the most worthy, if not alone worthy, of the favor of God. Christianity adds, that it is a sight the most necessary and salutary to the heart of man.

La Moricière was chosen among us to give this high lesson in all its majesty and in all its beauty. He has shown that double character of docility under trial, and of empire over misfortune, which makes great men and great saints. It was because there was in him the stuff of a great Christian.

Trials and exile rapidly developed in his soul the germs of faith which early domestic education had planted, and which pure and noble examples near him led him to admire and cherish. By his marriage with the granddaughter of the Marchioness of Montagu, he entered a family in which calamities the most atrocious and the most unexpected, borne with superhuman energy, had left in the soul only a sublime serenity, and compassion greater still for the executioners than for the martyrs. Inflamed by the recitals of a mother-in-law who continued to the last his most devoted and enthusiastic friend, he had the first thought of a publication destined to count among the treasures of our history, and of which he himself dictated the first draft.* In learning to appreciate the action of Christian virtue on the most touching victims of the Reign of Terror as on the obscure duties of domestic life, he was conducted further and higher still. A study, an active study, ardent and profound, of the doctrines and results of religion, became henceforth his principal occupation, and he continued it with unwearied perseverance to his last moments. Once a Christian in practice as well as in belief, he would be so openly, and no more recoil before human respect and the disdains of infidelity than before the Arabs or the barricades. He was seen at the foot of the Christian pulpit, following the words of the preacher with deep attention, and the lively gesticulation habitual to him, marking on his nobly chiselled features an expressive assent and sometimes an impatient contradiction, as if he felt that he must in his turn mount the tribune and reply. One day, at Brussels, a former colleague and friend, who had known him quite different from what he was now, found him bending over his maps, tracing the progress of our army in the Crimea. To hold them unrolled he took the books which he now generally used, and which were the Catechism, his mass-book, the Imitation of Jesus Christ, and a volume of Père Gratry. At sight of these four witnesses of a preoccupation so novel, the visitor could not dissemble his surprise. "Yes, indeed," said the general, "I use these, I occupy myself with that. I do not wish, like you, to remain with my feet dangling in the air, between heaven and earth, between light and darkness. I wish to know whither I go, and by what I am to hold. I make no mystery of it."

This public courage against the enemies of the faith availed him from God the unhoped for and incomparable gift of magnanimous patience, which he needed to enable him to accept and bear his trials, and to offer to God all the goods of his glorious life, which he had sacrificed. The progress of

* "*Anne Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu.*" Rouen, 1859. It may be well to remind the American reader that the Marquise de Montagu, grandmother of General La Moricière's wife, was a sister of Madame Lafayette, who so heroically shared the prison of Olmutz with her husband, and whose faith and purity gave a superhuman strength and energy to her noble character.—THE TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

that great soul, becoming every day more obvious, was manifested especially by his resignation in presence of the heavy cross which was inflicted on him.

"We welcome the cross at a distance," says Fénelon, "but shrink from it when close by." It was not so with La Moricière. He had seldom welcomed the cross when afar, but when it came home to him, he embraced it, raised it up, and bore it even to the tomb, with a supernatural generosity, serenity, and simplicity. The *crucifying experience* which, according to Fénelon, is always needed to detach us from ourselves and the world, found in him no revolt, no fainting, no feebleness. He entered this new career and walked in it to the end with the vehement and obstinate resolution of a man of war determined to become a man of God.

A great genius has said it concerns the honor of the human species that souls born to suffer should know how to suffer well. La Moricière was not born to suffer; he was born to combat, to command, to conquer, and to dazzle; nevertheless, when life became to him only one long suffering, he learned how to suffer well, to suffer as a Christian, as a soldier of Christ, as the conqueror of evil—to suffer not during fifteen days or fifteen months, but through fifteen years, till death came to relieve him from his post.

All of us who have known and visited him in this second and sorrowful phase of his existence, owe to him great and valuable lessons, which his memory and the stern example of his death must render for ever sacred to us. Doubtless, the acts of the saints, the examples of the heroes of the Christian life, their trials and their triumphs, transmitted by historians or commentators to their spiritual posterity, are much; but they are nothing, or next to nothing, in the real presence, if I may so speak, of a man marked with the seal of election, of a confessor, not merely of the faith, but of virtue, patience, resignation, and Christian abnegation. What history, what preaching, could avail so much as a clasp of that valiant hand, an accent of that vibrating voice, a look of that lion's eye, coming to the support of a truth recognized, asserted, and practised by a soul of that temper?

No; the flame of that beautiful eye, so limpid and so proud, will never be forgotten by any who have once seen it, whether touched with the surprise of generous indignation or softened by sympathy and the desire to persuade; and that flame, always living in our memory, will continue to illumine for us the mysteries of life and suffering.

Besides, no exterior metamorphosis accompanied the deep and salutary change in his interior. Such as he was seen on the field of battle, or in the assemblies of which he was a member, in the most brilliant and the most agitated portion of his career, such he was in the solitude and obscurity of his new life. He was as vehement and as dazzling as ever, with all his fire and all his charm, with his exuberance of life, youth, originality, enthusiasm, which seemed always anxious to overflow on all and on everything around him. Only sourness, wrath, irritation even the most legitimate, seemed swallowed up in one master passion, the passion for good—seeking and accepting the will of God, in the love of souls.

Nothing in him was worn-out or enfeebled, but all was pacified, reduced to order, animated with a higher and purer inspiration. The touching forgetfulness of his human glory, humanly buried, rendered him only the more dear and the more sacred to his friends. These friends were still numerous; and friends, relations, old comrades, old colleagues, we were all proud of him, all under his charm as soon as he reappeared, for too brief moments, amongst us. Nothing, indeed, could be more natural, for I cannot too often repeat that he preserved in his private relations all his old fascination, and all his old attrac-

Digitized by Google

tiveness. Essentially French, with all the good and generous instincts of our country; essentially modern, also, in the turn of his mind, his ideas, and his convictions, having nothing stern, morose, or superannuated in his religion, and willing to place at the service of the old law, and the old faith, all the resources of modern civilization, which none better knew or more justly appreciated; in fine, he remained a liberal in spite of so many disappointments, so many defections, and so many mad crimes committed in the name of liberty—a liberal certainly more moderate and more practical than in the days of his youth, but liberal *although a soldier*, as affirms to us one of those valiant knights who fought with him at Castelfidardo. He thought with the new generation, and held liberty a thing so beautiful and so good that he was willing to accept it frankly and cordially whatever the hand that offered it.

As the price of his suffering, God granted him the conversion of his soul. As the price of his conversion, it was given him to fix for a last time the eyes of Europe and of posterity on himself, by a struggle as unequal as generous, in the service of a cause as legitimate as abandoned. All has been said both before and since his death on the epic grandeur and the Christian heroism of the sacrifice he made for the Papacy, so basely betrayed. It was, as repeated over and over again, not the sacrifice of his life, which he had a hundred times exposed with joy on the field of battle, but the sacrifice of his name, his reputation, his military glory, the victories he had won. *Se et ante actos triumphos devovit*, according to the truly Roman device of the medal offered him by the magistracy of Rome. "He marched," says General Trochu, "with weakness against force, a signal and rare honor which remains attached to his name in the judgment of all honest men of all creeds and of all countries."

Let us endeavor to define clearly what it was, aside from the justice of the sovereign and the sanctity of the right he went to defend, that marks his devotion with a character of exceptional grandeur and purity, which places him—dare I say it?—almost above Lescure and Larochejaquelein. He was not young, obscure, and inexperienced, as were those heroes so pure; he was not attracted by novelty, the irresistible charm of the unknown, the chances of the struggle, or the fortune of battle; he was vanquished in advance, and he knew it; he marched in cool blood to an inevitable defeat, and a defeat not simply material. To yield to that sublime seduction of a duty which can end only in a catastrophe, he was obliged to break with most of his political friends. He knew perfectly to what he exposed himself; he knew thoroughly the cosmopolitan power and implacable fury of the party which he was sure to stir up against him. He knew that *clerical* unpopularity is that which is the hardest to efface, and the last that is pardoned. He knew it, and as formerly before the breach of Constantine, he threw himself, head lowered, against it. He had the noble courage to be unpopular, and so became unpopular even to heroism. Taking the man such as we have known him, with his character, his age, and his antecedents, I fear not to affirm that in no epoch has Christian chivalry ever conceived anything more difficult, more meritorious, more worthy of eternal memory.

Thus in what must be his check, God granted him here below a glory as rare as refined and imperishable. He counts in the first ranks of those who are the seconds for God in the great duel between good and evil—men predestined to be sponsors for the good, for honor and justice.*

A handful of young men, miserably scanty in numbers, alone responded to an appeal of so magnificent, so seductive an example; and of all the symptoms

* Mgr. Dupanloup "*Oraison funèbre des morts de Castelfidardo.*"

Digitized by Google

of the decadence or transformation of European society, there is none more alarming, more humiliating, than that very paucity of their numbers. *Their small number honors them, but accuses us*, said, with too much truth, a brave man, who died at the very moment he was going to join them. But this small number sufficed for what La Moricière sought, and for all that he regarded as possible. It sufficed to represent the honor of Catholic France in the midst of the cowardly abandonment of Europe. Above all, it sufficed to strip the lying mask from Piedmontese usurpation, and to spot with blood the hypocritical hands about to be placed on the shoulder and the white tunic of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

This done, nothing remained for La Moricière but to die as he has died. Death came suddenly, but it did not take him unprepared. It found him on foot, vigilant, decided, invincible, as when, in the times of his youth, he looked it every day in its face. It found him armed with a force and a faith it found not in him then. In seeing it approach he "unhooked his crucifix as he formerly unhooked his sword." The word is from a bishop and it will remain: "She was sweet toward death, as she had been sweet toward life," said Bossuet of his Henrietta of England. He would have said of our hero, that he was strong against death, as he had been strong against life. He would have greeted with his immortal accents that death of the soldier which was also, and above all, the death of a saint. What more admirable or more complete! That last night after a day divided between private and public prayer, and the study of the history of the Church in which he will have a page—a page how resplendent!* That word only to call a priest—that only cry to procure the grace of absolution—those rapid moments passed while standing in solitude, the crucifix in his hand—and, in fine, the supreme moment which finds him in full adoration on his knees before his God!—can there be conceived a life more generously, more Christianly finished, a death more happy in its suddenness? Behold him saved from tasting, drop by drop, the bitterness of separation from his family—his noble wife, always so worthy of him, and whom God had given for his companion and his light, and his daughters, whom he adored with the tenderness and passionate anxiety of an old soldier. Behold him transported at once from his obscure and wearisome idleness into eternal activity, into a splendor and a glory which no one can henceforth take from him! What a triumphant exit from his exile here below! What a triumphant entry into the heavenly country, the army of the elect, of the confessors of the faith, the chevaliers of Christ! *Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus.*

How he now loves and esteems those fifteen years of human disgrace, during which divine grace invaded his soul, and led him through thorns and the cross, scoffs, jeers, disasters, bitterness, anguish, to the Christian coronation of his career!

"I will go," said the Bishop of Orleans, in speaking of the graves of the young soldiers of La Moricière, immolated under his eyes in his last battle,—"I will go there, to cast a look toward heaven and demand the triumph of justice and eternal honor on the earth; I will go there to relieve my heart from its sadness and to strengthen my soul in its faintings. I will learn from them to keep burning within me zeal for the Church and zeal for souls,—to devote myself to the struggle of truth and justice, even to the last whisper of my voice and my last sigh."

And we will go, and the great and dear bishop will come with us;—we

* It is well known that on Sunday, the eve of his death, he assisted for the last time at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, in the village church of Plouzel. He remained there kneeling through the whole office. On his return he read "*l'Histoire de l'Eglise*," by the Abbé Darras. It was his last reading. The volume was open, near his bed, when he rose to call a domestic to go for the parish priest, who barely arrived in time to receive his last sigh.

Digitized by Google

will go and ask, and learn all that we lack, near that grave opened on the barren heath in Bretagne, at the foot of an unrecognized cross, where lie the remains of the immortal chief of those victims — of him who, as Duguesclin, Duguesclin his countryman, had well deserved to sleep among the kings at Saint-Denis. So long as there shall be a Christian France, that distant and solitary tomb will appear to the soul clothed with a solemn grandeur and a touching majesty. Far from the intoxications of the battle-field, far from the theatre of his struggles and his successes, under that mound of earth which will cover to the day of judgment that brave heart and that victorious arm,— there, there with love it will go to invoke that great soul, betrayed by fortune and magnified by sacrifice. It is there that it will admire without reserve the warrior, the statesman, who preserved unstained his honor—the honor of the soldier, of the citizen, and of the Christian. It is there that it will be needful to go to learn the emptiness of human hopes, and at the same time that there is even in this world true greatness and real virtue. That grave will tell us how necessary it is to despise iniquitous victories, and to serve in the army of justice against the army of fortune; to protest against enervating indolence, against servile compliances, against the idolatry of Success; to place above the poor tinsel of a false greatness fidelity to convictions deserted, to the torn flag of liberty denied, to friends persecuted, to the proscribed, and to the vanquished. That tomb will teach us, in the confusion and instability of the present, to preserve before all things integrity of character, which makes all the power and all the value of the man here below. But from that tomb will come forth at the same time a harder and a more necessary lesson still. It will teach us how to be gentle and strong in adversity; to find calm and joy in suffering; to bear it without depression and without sourness; to consent, where need is, to be only a useless servant, and to gain thus eternal life. Yes, all this will be revealed by the grave of him who will not be forgotten, because he united in his life things too often separated; because he was not only a great captain, a great servant of his country, a faithful soldier of liberty, an honest man, a great citizen, but also a great Christian, an humble and brave Christian, who loved his soul, and has saved it.

CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN I had been a short time in my Lady Lumley's chamber, my Lord Arundel sent for his granddaughter, who was wont, she told me, at that hour to write letters for him; and I stayed alone with her ladyship, who, as soon as Lady Surrey left us, thus broke forth in her praise:

"Hath any one, think you, Mistress Sherwood, ever pictured or imagined a creature more noble, more toward in disposition, more virtuous in all her actions, of greater courage in adversity or patience under ill-usage than this one, which God hath sent to this house to cheer two lonely hearts, whilst her own is well-nigh broken?"

"Oh, my Lady Lumley!" I exclaimed, "I fear some new misfortune hath befallen this dear lady, who is indeed so rare a piece of goodness that none can exceed in describing her deserts. Hitherto she hath condescended to impart her sorrows to her poor friend; but to-day she shut up her griefs in her own bosom, albeit I could read unspoken suffering in every lineament of her sweet countenance."

"God forgive me," her ladyship replied, "if in speaking of her wrongs I should entertain over-resentful feelings toward her ungracious husband, whom once I did love as a mother, and very loth hath my heart been to condemn him; but now, if it were not that I myself received him in my arms what time he was born, whose life was the cause of my sweet young sister's death, I should doubt he could be her son."

"What fresh injury," I timidly asked, "hath driven Lady Surrey from her house?"

"*Her* house no longer," quoth Lady Lumley. "She hath no house, no home, no husband worthy of the name, and only an old man nigh unto the grave, alas! and a poor feeble woman such as I am to raise a voice in her behalf, who is spurned by one who should have loved and cherished her, as twice before God's altar he vowed to do. Oh," cried the poor lady, weeping, "she hath borne all things else with a sweet fortitude which angels looking down on her must needs have wondered at. She would ever be excusing this faithless husband with many pretty wiles and loving subterfuges, making, sweet sophist, the worst appear the better reason. 'Men must needs be pardoned,' she would say, when my good father waxed wroth at his ill-usage of her, 'for such outward neglect as many practice in these days toward their wives, for that it was the fashion at the court to appear unhusbandly; but if women would be patient, she would warrant them their love should be requited at last.' And when news came that Phil had sold an estate for to purchase—God save the mark!—a circlet of black pearls for the queen; and Lord Arundel swore he should leave him none of his lands but what by act of parliament he was compelled to do, she smiled winsomely, and said: 'Yea, my lord, I pray you, let my dear Phil be a poor man as his father wished him to be, and then, if it please God, we may live in a cottage and be happy.' And so turned away his anger by soft words, for he

Digitized by Google

laughed and answered: 'Heaven help thee, Nan! but I fear that cottage must needs be Arundel Castle, for my hands are so tied therein that thy knavish husband cannot fail to inherit it. And beshrew me if I would either rob thee of it, mine own good Nan, or its old walls of thy sweet presence when I shall be dead.' And so she always pleaded for him, and never lost heart until . . . Oh, Mistress Sherwood, I shall never forget the day when her uncle, Francis Dacre—wisely or unwisely I know not, but surely meaning well—gave her to read in this house, where she was spending a day, a letter which had fallen into his hands, I wot not how, in the which Philip—God forgive him!—expressed some kind of doubt if he was truly married to her or not. Some wily wretch had, I ween, whispered to him, in an evil hour, this accursed thought. When she saw this misdoubt written in his hand she straightway fell down in a swoon, which recovering from, the first thing she did was to ask for her cloak and hat, and would have walked alone to her house if I had not stayed her almost by force, until Lord Arundel's coach could be got ready for her. In less than two hours she returned with so wan and death-like a countenance that it frighted me to see her, and for some time she would not speak of what had passed between her lord and herself; only she asked for to stay always in this house, if it should please her grandfather, and not to part from us any more. At the which speech I could but kiss her, and with many tears protest that this should be the joyfullest news in the world to Lord Arundel and to me, and what he would most desire, if it were not for her grief, which, like an ill wind, yet did blow us this good. 'Yea,' she answered, with the deepest sigh which can be thought of, 'a cold, withering blast which driveth me from the shelter which should be mine! I have heard it said that when Cardinal Wolsey lay a-dying he cried, "It were well with me now if I had served my God with the like zeal with which I have served my king," or some words of that sort. Oh, my Lady Lumley!' the poor child exclaimed, 'if I had not loved Philip more than God and his Church, methinks I should not thus be cast off!' 'Cast off,' I cried; 'and has my graceless nephew, then, been so wicked?' 'Oh, he is changed,' she answered—'he is changed. In his eyes, in his voice, I found not Philip's looks, nor Philip's tones. Nought but harshness and impatience to dismiss me. The queen, he said, was coming to rest at his house on her way to the city, and he lacked leisure to listen to my complaints. Then I felt grief and anger rise in my breast with such vehemency that I charged him, maybe too suddenly, with the doubt he had expressed in his letter to my Lord Oxford. His face flushed deeply; but drawing up haughtily, as one aggrieved, he said the manner of our marrying had been so unusual that there were some, and those persons well qualified to judge, who misdoubted if there did not exist a flaw in its validity. That he should himself be loth to think so, but that to seek at that moment to prove the contrary, when his fortunes hung on a thread, would be to ruin him.'

"There she paused, and clasped her hands together as if scarce able to proceed; but soon raising her head, she related in a passionate manner how her heart had then swelled well-nigh to bursting, pride and tenderness restraining the utterance of such resentful thoughts as rose in her when she remembered his father's last letter, wherein he said his chief prop and stay in his fallen estate should be the wife he had bestowed on him; of her own lands sold for the supply of his prodigal courtiership; of her long patience and pleading for him to others; and this his present treatment of her, which no wife could brook, even if of mean birth and virtue, much less one his equal in condition, as well dowered as any in the land,

Digitized by Google

and as faithful and tender to him as he did prove untoward to her. But none of these reproaches passed her lips; for it was an impossible thing to her, she said, to urge her own deserts, or so much as mention the fortune she had brought him. Only twice she repeated, 'Ruin your fortunes, my lord! ruin your fortunes! God help me, I had thought rather to mend them!' And then, when he tried to answer her in some sort of evading fashion, as if unsaying, and yet not wholly denying his former speech, she broke forth (and in the relation of this scene the passion of her grief renewed itself) in vehement adjurations, which seemed somewhat to move him, not to be so unjust to her or to himself as to leave that in uncertainty which so nearly touched both their honors; and if the thought of a mutual love once existing between them, and a firm bond of marriage relied on with unshaken security, and his father's dying blessing on it, and the humble duty she had shown him from the time she had borne his name, sufficed not to resolve him thereunto, yet for the sake of justice to one fatherless and brotherless as herself, she charged him without delay to make that clear which, left uncertain, concerned her more nearly than fortune or state, and without which no, not one day, would she abide in his house. Then the sweet soul said she hoped, from his not ungracious silence and the working of his features, which visibly revealed an inward struggle, that his next words should have been of comfort to her; but when she had drawn nigh to him, and, taking his hand, called him by his name with so much of reproachful endearment as could be expressed in the utterance of it, a gentleman broke into the room crying out: 'My lord, my lord, the trumpets do sound! The queen's coach is in sight.' Upon which, she said that, with a muttered oath, he started up and almost thrust her from him, saying, 'For God's sake, be gone!' 'And by a back-door,' she added, 'I went out of mine own house into the street, where I had left my Lord Arundel's coach, and crept into it, very faint and giddy, the while the queen's coach did enter the court with gay banners waving, and striking-up of music, and the people crying out, "God bless the queen!" I cry God mercy for it,' she said, 'but I could not say amen.' Now she is resolved," my Lady Lumley continued, "never to set her foot again in any of her husband's houses, except he doth himself entreat her to it, and makes that matter clear touching his belief in the validity of their marriage; and methinks she is right therein. My Lord Arundel hath written to remonstrate with his grandson touching his ill-usage of his lady, and hath also addressed her majesty thereupon. But all the comment she did make on his letter, I have been told, was this: 'That she had heard my Lord Arundel was in his dotage; and verily she did now hold it to be so, for that she had never received a more foolish letter; and she did pity the old white horse, which was now only fit to be turned out to grass;' and other biting jests, which, when a sovereign doth utter them, carry with them a rare poignancy."

Then my Lady Lumley wiped her eyes, and bade me to be of good cheer, and not to grieve overmuch for Lady Surrey's troubles (but all the while her own tears continued to flow), for that she had so noble and religious a disposition, with germs of so much virtue in it, that she thought her to be one of those souls whom Almighty God draws to himself by means of such trials as would sink common natures; and that she had already marked how, in much prayer, ever-increasing good works, and reading of books which treat of wholesome doctrine and instruction, she presently recalled the teachings of her childhood, and took occasion, when any Catholics came to the house, to converse with them touching religion. Then, with many kind expressions, she dismissed me; and on the stairs, as I went out, I met

Digitized by Google

Lady Surrey, who noticed mine eyes to be red with weeping, and, embracing me, said:

"I ween Lady Lumley hath been no hider of my griefs, good Constance, and, i' faith, I am obliged to her if she hath told thee that which I would fain not speak of, even to thee, dear wench. There are sorrows best borne in silence; and since the last days we talked together mine have grown to be of that sort. And so farewell for to-day, and may God comfort thee in thy nobler troubles, and send his angels to thine aid."

When I returned to Holborn, Mistress Ward met me with the news that she had been to the prison, and heard that Mr. Watson was to be strenuously examined on an approaching day —and it is well known what that doth signify—touching the names of the persons which had harbored him since his coming to England. And albeit he was now purposed steadily to endure extreme torments sooner than to deny his faith or injure others, she did so much apprehend the weakness of nature should betray him, that her resolve was taken to attempt the next day, or rather on the following night, to further his escape. But how, she asked, could my father be dealt with in time touching that matter? I told her I was to see him on the morrow, by means of an order from Sir Francis Walsingham, and should then lay before him the issues offered unto his election. She said she was very much contented to hear it; and added, she must now secure boatmen to assist in the escape who should be reliable Catholic men; and if in this she did succeed, she feared not to fail in her design.

At the hour I had fixed upon with Hubert, on the next day, he came to carry me to the prison at Bridewell. Mistress Ward prevailed on Mr. Congleton to go thither with us, for she was loth to be seen there in company with known persons, and added privily in mine ear, "The more so at a time when it may happen I should get into trouble touching the matter I have in hand." When we reached the place, Hubert presented to the gaoler Sir Francis's letter, which was also signed by the governor, and I was forthwith conducted to my father's cell. When I entered it, and advanced toward that dear prisoner, I dared not in the man's presence to show either the joy or grief I felt at that meeting, but stood by his side like one deprived of the power of speech, and only struggling to restrain my tears. I feared we should not have been left alone, and then this interview should have proved of little use or comfort; but after setting for me a chair, which he had sent for—for there was only one small bench in the cell—this officer withdrew, and locked the door on me and that dear parent, whose face was very white and wan, but who spoke in as cheerful and kind a manner as can be thought of, albeit taxing me with wilfulness for that I had not complied with his behest that none should come to visit him. I would not have the chair which had been sent for me—for I did hold it to be an unbecoming thing for a daughter to sit down in her father's presence (and he a priest), who had only a poor bench to rest his limbs on—but placed myself on the ground at his feet; which at first he misliked, but afterward said it should be as I pleased. Then, after some affectionate speeches, wherein his great goodness toward me was shown, and my answers to them, which disburthened my heart of some of the weight which oppressed it, as did likewise the shedding of a few tears on his hand, which was clasped in mine, I spoke, in case time should press, of Sir Francis's offer, and the condition thereunto attached, which I did with a trembling voice, and yet such indifferent tones as I could affect, as if showing no leaning to one way of thinking or the other, touching his acceptance of these terms. In the brief time which did elapse between my speaking and his reply, methinks I had an equal fear lest he should as-

Digitized by Google

sent or dissent therein—filial love mightfully prompting me to desire his acceptance of this means of deliverance, yet coupled with an apprehension that in that case he should stand one degree less high in the favor of God and the eyes of men. But I was angered with myself that I should have mine own thoughts therein, or in any way form a judgment forestalling his, which peradventure would see no evil in this concession; and forecasting also the consequences which should ensue if he refused, I resolved to move him thereunto by some such words as these: "My dearly beloved father, if it be possible, I pray you yield this small matter to those that seek to save your life. Let the minister come to satisfy Sir Francis, and all shall be well, yea, without your speaking one word, or by so much as one look assenting to his arguments."

I dared not to meet his eyes, which he fixed on me, but kept kissing his hand whilst he said: "Daughter Constance, labor not to move me in this matter; for far above all other things I may have to suffer, nothing would touch me so near, or be so grievous to me, as to see you, my well-beloved child, try to persuade me unto that which in respect of my soul I will never consent to. For, I pray you, first as regards religion, can I suffer any to think, albeit I should give no cause for it but silence, that my faith is in any wise shaken, which peradventure would prove a stumbling-block to others? or, touching truth and honesty, shall I accept life and freedom on some such supposition as that I am like to change my religion, when I should as soon think to cast myself into hell of mine own free will as to deny one point of Catholic belief? No, no, mine own good child; 'tis a narrow path which doth lead to heaven, and maybe it shall prove exceeding narrow for me ere I reach its end, and not over easy to the feet or pleasant to the eye; but God defend I should by so much as one hair's-breadth overpass a narrowness which tendeth to so good a conclusion; and verily, to be short, my good child, tender my thanks to Sir Francis Walsingham—who I doubt not meaneth excellently well by me—and to young Master Rookwood, who hath dealt with him therein; but tell them I am very well pleased with my present abode as long as it shall please God to keep me in this world; and when he willeth me to leave it, believe me, daughter Constance, the quickest road to heaven shall be the most pleasing to me."

His manner was so resolved that I urged him no further, and only heaved a deep sigh. Then he said, kindly: "Come, mine own good child, give me so much comfort as to let me hear that thou art of the same way of thinking in this matter as thy unworthy but very resolved father."

"My dear father," I replied, "methinks I never loved you so well, or honored you one half so much as now, when you have cast off all human consolation, yea, and a certain hope of deliverance, rather than give occasion to the enemies of our faith to boast they had prevailed on you, in ever so small a matter, to falter in the open profession thereof; and I pray God, if ever I should be in a like plight, I may not prove myself to be otherwise than your true child in spirit as in nature. As to what shall now follow your refusal, it lieth in God's hands, and I know he can deliver you, if he doth will it, from this great peril you are in."

"There's my brave wench," quoth he then, laying his scarred hand on my head; "thy mother had a prophetic spirit, I ween, when she said of thee when yet a puling girl, 'As her days, so shall her strength be.' Verily God is very good, who hath granted us these moments of peaceful converse in a place where we had once little thought for to meet."

As I looked upon him, sitting on a poor bench in that comfortless cell, his noble fair visage oldened by hardships and toils rather than years, his eyes so full of peace, yea of contentment, that

Digitized by Google

joy seemed to beam in them, I thought of the words of Holy Writ, which do foretell which shall be said hereafter of the just by such as have afflicted them and taken away their labors: "There are they whom we had some time in derision and for a parable of reproach. We fools esteemed their life madness and their end without honor. Behold, how they are numbered with the children of God, and their lot amongst the saints."

At that time a knock against the wall was heard, and my father set his ear against it, counting the number of such knocks; for it was Mr. Watson, he said, beginning to converse with him in their wonted fashion. "I will tell him I am engaged," quoth he, in his turn tapping in the same manner.

"But peradventure he hath somewhat to communicate," I said.

"No," he answered, "for in that case he would have knocked three times at first, for on this signal we have agreed." Smiling, he added, "We do confess to each other in this way. 'Tis somewhat tedious, I do admit; but thanks be to God we lack not leisure here for such duties."

Then I briefly told him of Mistress Ward's intent to procure Mr. Watson's escape.

"Ay," he said, "I am privy to it, and I do pray God it may succeed. It should be to me the greatest joy in the world to hear that good man was set free, or made free by any good means."

"Then," I added, "will you not join in the attempt, if so be she can convey to you a cord? and the same boat should carry you both off."

"Nay," he replied; "for more reasons than one I am resolved against that in mine own case which in Mr. Watson's I do commend. This enterprise must needs bring that good woman, Mrs. Ward, into some sort of danger, which she doth well to run for his sake, and which he doth not wrong to consent unto, she being of a willing mind to encounter it. For if the extremity of torture should extort the admissions they do seek from him, many should then grievously suffer, and mostly his own soul. But I have that trust in God, who hath given me in all my late perils what nature had verily not furnished me with, an undaunted spirit to meet sufferings with somewhat more than fortitude, with a very great joy such as his grace can only bestow, that he will continue to do so, whatever straits I do find myself in; and being so minded, I am resolved not again by mine own doing to put mine own and others' lives in jeopardy; but to take what he shall send in the ordinary course of things, throwing all my care on him, without whose knowledge and will not so much as one hair of our heads doth fall to the ground. But I am glad to be privy to the matter in hand for Mr. Watson, so as to pray for him this day and night, and also for that noble soul who doth show herself so true a Christian in her care for his weal and salvation."

Then, changing to other themes, he inquired of me at some length touching the passages of my life since he had parted with me, and my dispositions touching the state of life I was about to embrace, concerning which he gave me the most profitable instructions which can be thought of, and rules of virtue, which, albeit imperfectly observed, have proved of so great and wholesome guidance to my inexperienced years that I do stand more indebted to him for this fine advice, there given me, than for all other benefits besides. He then spoke of Edmund Genings, who, by a special dispensation of the Pope, had lately been ordained priest, being but twenty-three years of age, and said the preparation he had made for receiving this holy order was very great, and the impression the greatness of the charge made upon his mind so strong, that it produced a wonderful effect in his very body, affecting for a time his health. He was infirmarian at Rheims, and labored among the sick students, a very model of piety and

Digitized by Google

humility; but *vivamus in spe* was still, as heretofore, his motto, and that hope in which he lived was to be sent upon the English mission. These, my father said, were the last tidings he had heard of him. His mother he did believe was dead, and his younger brother had left La Rochelle and was in Paris, leading a more gay life than was desirable. "And now I pray you, mine own dear honored father," I said, "favor me, I beseech you, with a recital of your own haps since you landed in England, and I ceased to receive letters from you." He condescended to my request, in the words which do follow:

"Well, my good child, I arrived in this country one year and five months back, having by earnest suit and no small difficulty obtained from my superiors to be sent on the English mission; for by reason of the weakness of my health, and some use I was of in the college, owing to my acquaintanceship with the French and the English languages, Dr. Allen was loth to permit my departure. I crossed the seas in a small merchant-vessel, and landed at Lynn. The port-officers searched me to the skin, and found nothing on me; but one Sledd, an informer, which had met me in an inn at Honfleur, where I had lodged for some days before sailing for England, had taken my marks very precisely; and arriving in London some time before I landed in Norfolk, having been stayed by contrary winds in my longer passage, he there presented my name and marks; upon which the queen's council sent to the searchers of the ports. These found the said marks very apparent in me; but for the avoiding of charges, the mayor of the place, one Mr. Alcock, and Rawlins the searcher, requested a gentleman which had landed at the same time with me, and who called himself Haward, to carry me as a prisoner to the lord-lieutenant of the county. He agreed very easily thereunto; but as soon as we were out of the town, 'I cannot,' says this gentleman, 'in conscience, nor will not, being myself a Catholic, deliver you, a Catholic priest, prisoner to the lord-lieutenant. But we will go straight to Norwich, and when we come there, shift for yourself, as I will do for myself.'

"Coming to Norwich, I went immediately to one of the gaols, and conferred with a Catholic, a friend of mine, which by chance I found out to be there imprisoned for recusancy. I recounted to him the order of my apprehension and escape; and he told me that in conscience I could not make that escape, and persuaded me I ought to yield myself prisoner; whereupon I went to my friend Haward, whom, through the aforesaid Catholic prisoner, I found to be no other than Dr. Ely, a professor of canon and civil law at Douay. I requested him to deliver to me the mayor's letter to the lord-lieutenant. 'Why, what will you do with it?' said he. 'I will go,' I said, 'and carry it to him, and yield myself a prisoner; for I am not satisfied I can make this escape in conscience, having had a contrary opinion thereon.' And I told him what that prisoner I had just seen had urged. 'Why,' said Haward, 'this counsel which hath been given you proceedeth, I confess, from a zealous mind; but I doubt whether it carrieth with it the weight of knowledge. You shall not have the letter, nor you may not in conscience yield yourself to the persecutors, having so good means offered to escape their cruelty.' But as I still persisted in my demand, 'Well,' said Mr. Haward, 'seeing you will not be turned by me from this opinion, let us go first and consult with such a man,' and he named one newly come over, who was concealed at the house of a Catholic not very far off. This was a man of singular wit and learning, and of such rare virtues that I honored and reverenced him greatly, which Mr. Haward perceiving, he said, with a smile, 'If he be of your opinion, you shall have the letter, and go in God's name!' When we came

Digitized by Google

to him, he utterly disliked of my intention, and dissuaded me from what he said was a fond cogitation. So being assuaged, I went quietly about my business, and travelled for the space of more than a year from one Catholic house to another in Norfolk and Suffolk, ministering the sacraments to recusants, and reconciling many to the Church, which, from fear or lack of instruction or spiritual counsel, or only indifferency, had conformed to the times. Methinks, daughter Constance, for one such year a man should be willing to lay down a thousand lives, albeit, or rather because, as St. Paul saith, he be 'in journeyings often, in perils from his own nation, in perils from false brethren' (oh, how true and applicable do these words prove to the Catholics of this land!), 'in perils in the city, in perils of the wilderness, in perils of the sea.' And if it pleases God now to send me labors of another sort, so that I may be in prisons frequently, in stripes above measure, and, finally, in death itself, his true servant,—oh, believe me, my good child, the right fair house I once had, with its library and garden and orchard, and everything so handsome about us, and the company of thy sweet mother, and thy winsome childish looks of love, never gave me so much heartfelt joy and comfort as the new similitude I experience, and greater I hope to come, to my loved and only Master's sufferings and death!"

At this time of his recital my tears flowed abundantly; but with an imparted sweetness, which, like a reflected light, shone from his soul on mine. But to stay my weeping he changed his tone, and said with good cheer:

"Come now, my wench, I will presently make thee merry by the recital of a strait in which I once found myself, and which maketh me to laugh to think on it, albeit at the time, I warrant thee, it was like to prove no laughable matter. It happened that year I speak of that I was once secretly sent for by a courtlike gentleman of good wealth that had lived in much bravery, and was then sick and lying in great pain. He had fallen into a vehement agitation and deep study of the life to come; and thereupon called for a priest—for in mind and opinion he was Catholic—that he might learn from him to die well. According to the custom of the Church, I did admonish him, among other things, that if he had any way hurt or injured any man, or unjustly possessed other men's goods, he should go about by-and-by to make restitution according to his ability. He agreed to do so, and called to mind that he had taken away something from a certain Calvinist, under pretence of law indeed, but not under any good assurance for a Catholic conscience to trust to. Therefore he took order for restitution to be made, and died. The widow, his wife, was very anxious to accomplish her husband's will; but being afraid to commit the matter to any one, her perplexed mind was entangled in briers of doubtfulness. She one day declared her grief unto me, and beseeched me, for God's sake, to help her with my counsel and travail. So, seeing her distress, I proffered to put myself in any peril that might befall in the doing of this thing; but, indeed, persuaded myself that no man would be so perverse as of a benefit to desire revengement. Therefore committing the matter to God, I mounted on horseback, and away I went on my journey. When I came to the town where the man did dwell to whom the money was to be delivered, I set up my horse in the next inn, that I might be readier at hand to scape immediately after my business was despatched. I then went to the creditor's house, and called the man forth alone, taking him by the hand and leading him aside from the company of others. Then I declared to him that I had money for him, which I would deliver into his hands with this condition, that he inquired no further either who sent or who brought it unto him, or what

Digitized by Google

the cause and matter was, but only receive the money and use it as his own. The old fellow promised fair, and with a good will gave his word faithfully so to do, and with many thanks sent me away. With all the speed I was able to make, I hastened to mine host's house, for to catch hold of my horse and fly away. But forthwith the deceitful old fellow betrayed me, and sent men after to apprehend me, not supposing me this time to be a priest, but making the surmise against me that forsooth I was not a man but a devil, which had brought money of mine own making to bewitch him. All the people of the town, when they heard the rumor, confirmed the argument, with this proof among others, that I had a black horse, and gave orders for to watch the animal diligently, whether he did eat hay as other horses, or no. As for me, they put a horse-lock about my leg, shut me up close in a strong chamber, and appointed a fellow to be with me continually, night and day, which should watch if I did put off my boots at any time, and if my feet were like horses' feet, or that I was cloven-footed, or had feet slit and forked as beasts have; for this they affirmed to be a special mark whereby to know the devil when he lieth lurking under the shape and likeness of a man. Then the people assembled about the house in great numbers, and proffered money largely that they might see this monster with their own eyes; for by this time they were persuaded that I was indeed an ill spirit, or the very devil. 'For what man was ever heard of,' said they, 'which, if he had the mind, understanding, and sense of a man, would, of his own voluntary will, and without any respect or consideration at all, give or proffer such a sum of money to a man utterly unknown?' God knoweth what should have ensued if some hours later it had not chanced that Sir Henry Stafford did ride into the town, and, seeing a great concourse of people at the door of the inn, he stopped to inquire into the cause; which when it was related to him, he said he was a magistrate, and should himself examine, face to face, this limb of Satan. So I was taken before him into the parlor; and being alone with him, and knowing him to be well-disposed in religion, albeit conforming to the times, I explained in a general manner what sort of an errand had brought me to that place. Methinks he guessed me to be a priest, although he said nothing thereon, but only licensed me to depart and go away whither I would, himself letting me out of the house through a back-door. I have heard since that he harangued the people from the balcony, and told them, that whilst he was examining me a strong smell of sulphur had come into the chamber, and a pack of devils carried me off through the window into the air; and he doubted not I had by that time returned to mine own lodging in hell. Which he did, I knew, for to prevent their pursuing me and using such violence as he might not have had means to hinder."

"It was not, then," I asked, "on this occasion you were apprehended and taken to Wisbeach?"

"No," he answered; "nor indeed can I be said to have been apprehended at all, for it happened in this wise that I became a prisoner. I was one day in Norwich, whither I had gone to baptize a child, and, as Providence would have it, met with Haward, by whose means I had been set at liberty one year before. After ordinary salutations, he said to me, 'Mr. Tunstall' (for by that name only he knew me), 'the host of the inn where you were taken last year says I have undone him, by suffering the prisoner I had promised to deliver to escape; for he having been my surety with the mayor, he is threatened with eight months' imprisonment, or the payment of a large fine. He hath come to this town for to seek me, and hath seized upon me on this charge; so that I be only at liberty for six hours, for I

Digitized by Google

promised that I would bring you to him by four o'clock (a Catholic merchant yielding him security thereof), or else that I should deliver him my body again. 'I am content,' he said, 'so that I have one of you two.' So either you, Mr. Tunstall, or I, must needs go to prison. You know my state and condition, and may guess how I shall be treated, if once I appear under my right name before them. You know, also, your own state. Now, it is in your choice whether of us shall go; for one must go; there is no remedy; and to force you I will not, for I had rather sustain any punishment whatsoever.' 'Now God be blessed,' I cried, 'that he hath thrown me in your way at this time, for I should never while I lived have been without scruple if you had gone to prison in my stead. Nothing grieveth me in this but that I have not finished off some business I had in this town touching a person in some distress of mind.' 'Why,' said Haward, 'it is but ten o'clock yet; you may despatch your business by four of the clock, and then you may go to the sign of the Star and inquire for one Mr. Andrews, the lord-lieutenant's deputy, and to him you may surrender yourself.' 'So I will,' I said; and so we parted. At four of the clock I surrendered myself, and was straightway despatched to Wisbeach Castle, where I remained for three months. A message reached me there that a Catholic which had led a very wicked life, and was lying on his death-bed, was almost beside himself for that he could get no priest to come to him. The person which delivered this advertisement left some ropes with me, by which means I escaped out of the window into the moat with such damage to my hands that I was like to lose the use of them, and perhaps of my life, if these wounds had mortified before good Lady l'Estrange dressed them. But I reached the poor sinner, which had proved the occasion of my escaping, in time for to give him absolution, and from Mr. Rugeley's house visited many Catholics in that neighborhood. The rest is well known to thee, my good child. . . . "

As he was speaking these words the door of the cell opened, and the gaoler advertised me I could tarry no longer; so, with many blessings, my dear father dismissed me, and I went home with Mr. Congleton and Hubert, who anxiously inquired what his answer had been to the proposal I had carried to him.

"A most resolved denial of the conditions attached to it," I said, "joined to many grateful acknowledgments to Sir Francis and to you also for your efforts in his favor."

"'Tis madness!" he exclaimed.

"Yea," I answered, "such madness as the heathen governor did charge St. Paul with."

And so no more passed between us whilst we rode back to Holborn. Mr. Congleton put questions to me touching my father's health and his looks, —if he seemed of good cheer, and spoke merrily as he used to do; and then we all continued silent. When we arrived at Ely Place, Hubert refused to come into the house, but detained me on the outward steps, as if desirous to converse with me alone. Thinking I had spoken to him in the coach in an abrupt manner which savored of ingratitude, I said more gently, "I am very much beholden to you, Hubert, for your well-meaning toward my father."

"I would fain continue to help you," he answered in an agitated voice. "Constance," he exclaimed, after a pause, "your father is in a very dangerous plight."

"I know it," said I, quickly; "but I know, too, he is resolved and content to die rather than swerve an inch from his duty to God and his Church."

"But," quoth he then, "do you wish to save him?"

I looked at him amazed. "Wish it! God knoweth that to see him in safety I would have my hand cut off, —yea, and my head also."

Digitized by Google

"What, and rob him of his expectant crown—the martyr's palm, and all the rest of it?" he said, with a perceptible sneer.

"Hubert!" I passionately exclaimed, "you are investigable to me; you chill my soul with your half-uttered sentences and uncertain meanings! Once, I remember, you could speak nobly,—yea, and feel so too, as much as any one. Heaven shield you be not wholly changed!"

"Changed!" quoth he, in a low voice, "I am changed;" and then abruptly altering his manner, and leaving me in doubt as to the change he did intend to speak of, he pressed me to take no measures touching my father's release till he had spoken with me again; for he said if his real name became known, or others dealt in the matter, all hope on Sir Francis's side should be at an end. He then asked me if I had heard of Basil lately. I told him of the letter I had had from him at Kenninghall some weeks back. He said a report had reached him that he had landed at Dover and was coming to London; but he hoped it was not true, for that Sir Henry Stafford was very urgent he should continue abroad till the expiration of his wardship.

I said, "If he was returned, it must surely be for some sufficient cause, but that I had heard nothing thereof, and had no reason to expect it."

"But you would know it, I presume, if he was in London?" he urged. I misliked his manner, which always put me in mind of one in the dark, which feeleth his way as he advances, and goeth not straight to the point.

"*Is* Basil in England?" I inquired, fixing mine eyes on him, and with a flutter at my heart from the thought that it should be possible.

"I heard he was," he answered in a careless tone; "but I think it not to be true. If he should come whilst this matter is in hand, I do conjure you, Constance, if you value your father's existence and Basil's also, let him not into this secret."

"Wherefore not?" I quickly answered. "Why should one meet to be trusted, and by me above all other persons in the world, be kept ignorant of what so nearly doth touch me?"

"Because," he said, "there is a rashness in his nature which will assuredly cause him to run headlong into danger if not forcibly withheld from the occasions of it."

"I have seen no tokens of such rashness as you speak of in him," I replied; "only of a boldness such as well becomes a Christian and a gentleman."

"Constance Sherwood!" Hubert exclaimed, and seized hold of my hand with a vehemency which caused me to start, "I do entreat you, yea, on my bended knees, if needs be, I will beseech you to beware of that indomitable and resolved spirit which sets at defiance restraint, prudence, pity even; which leads you to brave your friends, spurn wholesome counsel, rush headlong into perils which I forewarn you do hang thickly about your path. If I can conjure them, I care not by what means, I will do so; but for the sake of all you do hold dear, curb your natural impetuosity, which may prove the undoing of those you most desire to serve."

There was a plausibility in this speech, and in mine own knowledge of myself some sort of a confirmation of what he did charge me with, which inclined me somewhat to diffide of mine own judgment in this matter, and not to turn a wholly deaf ear to his advertisement. He had the most persuasive tongue in the world, and a rare art at representing things under whatever aspect he chose. He dealt so cunningly therein with me that day, and used so many ingenious arguments, that I said I should be very careful how I disclosed anything to Basil or any one else touching my father's imprisonment, who Mr. Tunstall was, and my near concern in his fate; but would give no promise thereupon: so he was forced to content himself with as much as he could obtain, and

Digitized by Google

withdrew himself for that day, he said; but promised to return on the morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When at last I entered the house I sought Mistress Ward; for I desired to hear what assistance she had procured for the escape of the prisoners, and to inform her of my father's resolved purpose not himself to attempt this flight, albeit commending her for moving Mr. Watson to it and assisting him therein. Not finding her in the parlor, nor in her bedchamber, I opened the door of my aunt's room, who was now very weak, and yet more so in mind than in body. She was lying with her eyes shut, and Mistress Ward standing by her bedside. I marked her intent gaze on the aged, placid face of the poor lady, and one tear I saw roll down her cheek. Then she stooped to kiss her forehead. A noise I made with the handle of the door caused her to turn round, and hastening toward me, she took me by the hand and led me to her chamber, where Muriel was folding some biscuits and cakes in paper and stowing them in a basket. The thought came to me of the first day I had arrived in London, and the comfort I had found in this room, when all except her were strangers to me in that house. She sat down betwixt Muriel and me, and smiling, said: "Now, mine own dear children, for such my heart holds you both to be, and ever will whilst I live, I am come here for to tell you that I purpose not to return to this house to-night, nor can I foresee when, if ever, I shall be free to do so."

"O, what dismal news!" I exclaimed, "and more sad than I did expect."

Muriel said nothing, but lifting her hand to her lips kissed it.

"You both know," she continued, "that in order to save one in cruel risk and temptation of apostasy, and others perhaps, also, whom his possible speaking should imperil, I be about to put myself in some kind of danger, who of all persons in the world possess the best right to do so, as having neither parents, or husband, or children, or any on earth who depend on my care. Yea, it is true," she added, fixing her eyes on Muriel's composed, but oh how sorrowful, countenance, "none dependent on my care, albeit some very dear to me, and which hang on me, and I on them, in the way of fond affection. God knoweth my heart, and that it is very closely and tenderly entwined about each one in this house. Good Mr. Congleton and your dear mother, who hath clung to me so long, though I thank God not so much of late by reason of the weakening of her mind, which hath ceased greatly to notice changes about her, and you, Constance, my good child, since your coming hither a little lass commended to my keeping. . . . ." There she stopped, and I felt she could not name Muriel, or then so much as look on her; for if ever two souls were bound together by an unperishable bond of affection, begun on earth to last in heaven, theirs were so united. I ween Muriel was already acquainted with her purpose, for she asked no questions thereon; whereas I exclaimed, "I do very well know, good Mistress Ward, what perils you do run in this charitable enterprise; but wherefore, I pray you, this final manner of parting? God's providence may shield you from harm in this passage, and, indeed, human probability should lead us to hope for your safety if becoming precautions be observed. Then why, I say, this certain farewell?"

"Because," she answered, "whatever comes of this night's enterprise, I return not to this house."

"And wherefore not?" I cried; "this is indeed a cruel resolve, a hard misfortune."

"Heretofore," she answered, "I had noways offended against the laws of the country, except in respect

Digitized by Google

of recusancy, wherein all here are alike involved; but by mine act to-night I do expose myself to so serious a charge (conscience obliging me to prefer the law of divine charity to that of human authority), that I may at any time and without the least hope of mercy be exposed to detection and apprehension; and so am resolved not to draw down sorrow and obloquy on the gray hairs of my closest friends and on your young years such perils as I do willingly in mine own person incur, but would not have others to be involved in. Therefore I will lodge, leastwise for a time, with one who feareth not any more than I do persecution, who hath no ties and little or nothing on earth to lose, and if she had would willingly yield it a thousand times over for to save a soul for whom Christ died. Nor will I have you privy, my dear children, to the place of mine abode, that if questioned on it you may with truth aver yourselves to be ignorant thereof. And now," she said, turning to me, "is Mr. Sherwood willing for to try to escape by the same means as Mr. Watson? for methinks I have found a way to convey to him a cord, and, by means of the management he knoweth of instructions how to use it."

"Nay," I answered, "he will not himself avail himself of this means, albeit he is much rejoiced you have it in hand for Mr. Watson's deliverance from his tormentors; and he doth pray fervently for it to succeed."

"Everything promiseth well," she replied. "I dealt this day with an honest Catholic boatman, a servant of Mr. Hodgson, who is willing to assist in it. Two men are needed for to row the boat with so much speed as shall be necessary to carry it quickly beyond reach of pursuers. He knoweth none of his own craft which should be reliable or else disposed to risk the enterprise; but he says at a house of resort for Catholics which he doth frequent, he chanced to fall in with a young gentleman, lately landed from France, whom he doth make sure will lend his aid in it. As dextrous a man," he saith, "to handle an oar, and of as courageous a spirit, as can be found in England."

As soon as she had uttered these words, I thought of what Hubert had said touching a report of Basil being in London and of his rashness in plunging into dangers; a cold shiver ran through me. "Did he tell you this gentleman's name?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "he would not mention it; but only that he was one who could be trusted with the lives of ten thousand persons, and so zealous a Catholic he would any day risk his life to do some good service to a priest."

"And hath this boatman promised," I inquired, "to wait for Mr. Watson and convey him away?"

"Yea, most strictly," she answered, "at twelve o'clock of the night he and his companion shall approach a boat to the side of some scaffolding which lieth under the wall of the prison; and when the clock of the tower striketh, Mr. Watson shall open his window, the bars of which he hath found it possible to remove, and by means of the cord, which is of the length he measured should be necessary, he will let himself down on the planks, whence he can step into the boat, and be carried to a place of concealment in a close part of the city till it shall be convenient for him to cross the sea to France."

"Must you go?" I said, seeing her rise, and feeling a dull hard heaviness at my heart which did well-nigh impede my utterance. I was not willing to let her know the fear I had conceived; "of what use should it be," I inwardly argued, "to disturb her in the discharge of her perilous task by a surmise which might prove groundless; and, indeed, were it certainly true, could she, nay, would she, alter her intent, or could I so much as ask her to do it?" Whilst, with Muriel's assistance, she concluded the packing of her basket, wherein the weighty cord was concealed in an ingenious

Digitized by Google

manner, I stood by watching the doing of it, fearing to see her depart, yet unable to think of any means by which to delay that which I could not, even if I had willed it, prevent. When the last contents were placed in the basket, and Muriel was pressing down the lid, I said: "Do you, peradventure, know the name of the inn where you said that gentleman doth tarry which the boatman spake of?"

"No," she replied; "nor so much as where the good boatman himself lodgeth. I met with him at Mr. Hodgson's house, and there made this agreement."

"But if," I said, "it should happen by any reason that Mr. Watson changed his mind, how should you, then, inform him of it?"

"In that case," she answered, "he would hang a white kerchief outside his window, by which they should be advertised to withdraw themselves. And now," she added, "I have always been of the way of thinking that farewells should be brief; and 'God speed you,' and 'God bless you,' enough for those which do hope, if it shall please God, on earth, but for a surety in heaven, to meet again."

So, kissing us both somewhat hurriedly, she took up her basket on her arm, and said she should send a messenger on the morrow for her clothes; at which Muriel, for the first time, shed some tears, which was an instance of what I have often noticed, that grief, howsoever heavy, doth not always overflow in the eyes unless some familiar words or homely circumstance doth substantiate the verity of a sorrow known indeed, but not wholly apparent till its common effects be seen. Then we two sat awhile alone in that empty chamber—empty of her which for so long years had tenanted it to our no small comfort and benefit. When the light waned, Muriel lit a candle, and said she must go for to attend on her mother, for that duty did now devolve chiefly on her; and I could see in her sad but composed face the conquering peace which doth exceed all human consolation.

For mine own part, I was so unhinged by doubtful suspense that I lacked ability to employ my mind in reading or my fingers in stitch-work; and so descended for relief into the garden, where I wandered to and fro like an uneasy ghost, seeking rest but finding none. The dried shaking leaves made a light noise in falling, which caused me each time to think I heard a footstep behind me. And despite the increasing darkness, after I had paced up and down for near unto an hour, some one verily did come walking along the alley where I was, seeking to overtake me. Turning round I perceived it to be mine own dear aged friend, Mr. Roper. Oh, what great comfort I experienced in the sight of this good man! How eager was my greeting of him! How full my heart as I poured into his ear the narrative of the passages which had befallen me since we had met! Of the most weighty he knew somewhat; but nothing of the last haunting fear I had lest my dear Basil should be in London, and this very night engaged in the perilous attempt to carry off Mr. Watson. When I told him of it, he started and exclaimed:

"God defend it!" but quickly corrected himself and cried, "God's mercy, that my first feeling should have led me to think rather of Basil's safety than of the fine spirit he showed in all instances where a good action had to be done, or a service rendered to those in affliction."

"Indeed, Mr. Roper," I said, as he led me back to the house and into the solitary parlor (where my uncle now seldom came, but remained sitting alone in his library, chiefly engaged in praying and reading), "I do condemn mine own weakness in this, and pray God to give me strength for what may come upon us; but I do promise you 'tis no easy matter to carry always so high a heart that it shall not sink with human fears and griefs in such passages as these."

Digitized by Google

"My dear," the good man answered, "God knoweth 'tis no easy matter to attain to the courage you speak of. I have myself seen the sweetest, the lovingest, and the most brave creature which ever did breathe give marks of extraordinary sorrow when her father, that generous martyr of Christ, was to die."

"I pray you tell me," I answered, "what her behavior was like in that trial; for to converse on such themes doth allay somewhat the torment of suspense, and I may learn lessons from her example, who, you say, joined to natural weakness so courageous a spirit in like straits."

Upon which he, willing to divert and yet not violently change the current of my thoughts, spake as followeth:

"On the day when Sir Thomas More came from Westminster to the Tower-ward, my wife, desirous to see her father, whom she thought she should never see in this world after, and also to have his final blessing, gave attendance about the wharf where she knew he should pass before he could enter into the Tower. As soon as she saw him, after his blessing upon her knees reverently received, hastening toward him without care or consideration of herself, passing in amongst the throng and company of the guard, she ran to him and took him about the neck and kissed him; who, well liking her most natural and dear daughterly affection toward him, gave her his fatherly blessing and godly words of comfort beside; from whom, after she was departed, not satisfied with the former sight of him, and like one that had forgotten herself, being all ravished with the entire love of her father, suddenly turned back again, ran to him as before, took him about the neck, and divers times kissed him lovingly, till at last, with a full and heavy heart, she was fain to depart from him; the beholding thereof was to many that were present so lamentable, and mostly so to me, that for very sorrow we could not forbear to weep with her. The wife of John Harris, Sir Thomas's secretary, was moved to such a transport of grief, that she suddenly flew to his neck and kissed him, as he had reclined his head on his daughter's shoulder; and he who, in the midst of the greatest straits, had ever a merry manner of speaking, cried, 'This is kind, albeit rather unpolitely done.'"

"And the day he suffered," I asked, "what was this good daughter's behavior?"

"She went," quoth he, "to the different churches, and distributed abundant alms to the poor. When she had given all her money away, she withdrew to pray in a certain church, where she on a sudden did remember she had no linen in which to wrap up her father's body. She had heard that the remains of the Bishop of Rochester had been thrown into the ground, without priest, cross, lights, or shroud, for the dread of the king had prevented his relations from attempting to bury him. But Margaret resolved her father's body should not meet with such unchristian treatment. Her maid advised her to buy some linen in the next shop, albeit having given away all her money to the poor, there was no likelihood she should get credit from strangers. She ventured, howsoever, and having agreed about the price, she put her hand in her pocket, which she knew was empty, to show she forgot the money, and ask credit under that pretence. But to her surprise, she found in her purse the exact price of the linen, neither more or less; and so buried the martyr of Christ with honor, nor was there any one so inhuman found as to hinder her."

"Mr. Roper," I said, when he had ended his recital, "methinks this angelic lady's trial was most hard: but how much harder should it yet have been if you, her husband, had been in a like peril at that time as her father?"

A half kind of melancholy, half

Digitized by Google

smiling look came into the good old man's face as he answered:

"Her father was Sir Thomas More, and he so worthy of a daughter's passionate love, and the affection betwixt them so entire and absolute, compounded of filial love on her part, unmitigated reverence, and unrestrained confidence, that there was left in her heart no great space for wifely doating. But to be moderately affectioned by such a woman, and to stand next in her esteem to her incomparable father, was of greater honor and worth to her unworthy husband, than should have been the undivided, yea idolatrous, love of one not so perfect as herself."

After a pause, during which his thoughts, I ween, reverted to the past, and mine investigated mine own soul, I said to Mr. Roper:

"Think you, sir, that love to be idolatrous which is indeed so absolute that it should be no difficulty to die for him who doth inspire it; which would prefer a prison in his company, howsoever dark and loathsome (yea consider it a very paradise), to the beautifullest palace in the world, which without him would seem nothing but a vile dungeon; which should with a good-will suffer all the torments in the world for to see the object of its affection enjoy good men's esteem on earth, and a noble place in heaven; but which should be, nevertheless, founded and so wholly built up on a high estimate of his virtues; on the quality he holdeth of God's servant; on the likeness of Christ stamped on his soul, and each day exemplified in his manner of living, that albeit to lose his love or his company in this world should be like the uprooting of all happiness and turning the brightness of noonday to the darkness of the night, it should a thousand times rather endure this mishap than that the least shade or approach of a stain should alter the unsullied opinion till then held of his perfections?"

Mr. Roper smiled, and said that was a too weighty question to answer at once; for he should be loth to condemn or yet altogether to absolve from some degree of overweeningness such an affection as I described, which did seem indeed to savor somewhat of excess; but yet if noble in its uses and held in subjection to the higher claims of the Creator, whose perfections the creature doth at best only imperfectly mirror, it might be commendable and a means of attaining ourselves to the like virtues we doated on in another.

As he did utter these words a servant came into the parlor, and whispered in mine ear:

"Master Basil Rookwood is outside the door, and craves—"

I suffered him not to finish his speech, but bounded into the hall, where Basil was indeed standing with a traveller's cloak on him, and a slouched hat over his face. After such a greeting as may be conceived (alas, all greetings then did seem to combine strange admixtures of joy and pain!), I led him into the parlor, where Mr. Roper in his turn received him with fatherly words of kindness mixed with amazement at his return.

"And whence," he exclaimed, "so sudden a coming, my good Basil? Verily, you do appear to have descended from the skies!"

Basil looked at me and replied: "I heard in Paris, Mr. Roper, that a gentleman in whom I do take a very lively interest, one Mr. Tunstall, was in prison at London; and I bethought me I could be of some service to him by coming over at this time."

"O Basil," I cried, "do you then know he is my father?"

"Yea," he joyfully answered, "and I am right glad you do know it also, for then there is no occasion for any feigning, which, albeit I deny it not to be sometimes useful and necessary, doth so ill agree with my bluntness, that it keepeth me in constant fear of stumbling in my speech. I was in a manner forced to come over secretly; because if Sir Henry Stafford, who willeth me to remain abroad till I have

Digitized by Google

got out of my wardship, should hear of my being in London, and gain scent of the object of my coming, he should have dealt in all sorts of ways to send me out of it. But, prithee, dearest love, is Mrs. Ward in this house?"

"Alas!" I said, "she is gone hence. Her mind is set on a very dangerous enterprise."

"I know it," he saith (at which word my heart began to sink); "but, verily, I see not much danger to be in it; and methinks if we do succeed in carrying off your good father and that other priest to-night in the ingenious manner she hath devised, it will be the best night's work done by good heads, good arms, and good oars which can be thought of."

"Oh, then," I exclaimed, "it is even as I feared, and you, Basil, have engaged in this rash enterprise. O woe the day you came to London, and met with that boatman!"

"Constance," he said reproachfully, "should it be a woful day to thee the one on which, even at some great risk, which I deny doth exist in this instance, I should aid in thy father's rescue?"

"Oh, but, my dear Basil," I cried, "he doth altogether refuse to stir in this matter. I have had speech with him to-day, and he will by no means attempt to escape again from prison. He hath done it once for the sake of a soul in jeopardy; but only to save his life, he is resolved not to involve others in peril of theirs. And oh, how confirmed he would be in his purpose if he knew who it was who doth throw himself into so great a risk! I' faith, I cannot and will not suffer it!" I exclaimed impetuously, for the sudden joy of his presence, the sight of his beloved countenance, lighted up with an inexpressible look of love and kindness, more beautiful than my poor words can describe, worked in me a rebellion against the thought of more suffering, further parting, greater fears than I had hitherto sustained.

He said, "He could wish my father had been otherwise disposed, for to have aided in his escape should have been to him the greatest joy he could think of; but that having promised likewise to assist in Mr. Watson's flight, he would never fail to do so, if he was to die for it."

"'Tis very easy," I cried, "to speak of dying, Basil, nor do I doubt that to one of your courage and faith the doing of it should have nothing very terrible in it. But I pray you remember that that life, which you make so little account of, is not now yours alone to dispose of as you list. Mine, dear Basil, is wrapped up with it; for if I lose you, I care not to live, or what becomes of me, any more."

Mr. Roper said he should think on it well before he made this venture; for, as I had truly urged, I had a right over him now, and he should not dispose of himself as one wholly free might do.

"Dear sir," quoth he in answer, "my sweet Constance and you also might perhaps have prevailed with me some hours ago to forego this intention, before I had given a promise to Mr. Hodgson's boatman, and through him to Mistress Ward and Mr. Watson; I should then have been free to refuse my assistance if I had listed; and albeit methinks in so doing I should have played a pitiful part, none could justly have condemned me. But I am assured neither her great heart nor your honorable spirit would desire me so much as to place in doubt the fulfilment of a promise wherein the safety of a man, and he one of God's priests, is concerned. I pray thee, sweetheart, say thou wouldst not have me do it."

Alas! this was the second time that day my poor heart had been called upon to raise itself higher than nature can afford to reach. But the present struggle was harder than the first. My father had long been to me as a distant angel, severed from my daily life and any future hope in this world. His was an expectant martyrdom, an exile from his true home, a daily dy-

Digitized by Google

ing on earth, tending but to one desired end. Nature could be more easily reconciled in the one case than in the other to thoughts of parting. Basil was my all, my second self, my sole treasure,—the prop on which rested youth's hopes, earth's joys, life's sole comfort; and chance (as it seemed, and men would have called it), not a determined seeking, had thrust on him this danger, and I must needs see him plunged into it, and not so much as say a word to stay him or prevent it. . . . . I was striving to constrain my lips to utter the words my rebelling heart disavowed, and he kneeling before me, with his dear eyes fixed on mine, awaiting my consent, when a loud noise of laughter in the hall caused us both to start up, and then the door was thrown open, and Kate and Polly ran into the room so gaily attired, the one in a yellow and the other in a crimson gown bedecked with lace and jewels, that nothing finer could be seen.

"Lackaday!" Polly cried, when she perceived Basil; "who have we here? I scarce can credit mine eyes! Why, Sir Lover, methought you were in France. By what magic come you here? Mr. Roper, your humble servant. 'Tis like you did not expect so much good company to-night, Con, for you have but one poor candle or two to light up this dingy room, and I fear there will not be light enough for these gentlemen to see our fine dresses, which we do wear for the first time at Mrs. Yates's house this evening."

"I thought you were both in the country," I said, striving to disguise how much their coming did discompose me.

"Methinks," answered Polly, laughing," your wish was father to that thought, Con, and that you desired to have the company of this fine gentleman to yourself alone, and Mr. Roper's also, and no one else for to disturb you. But, in good sooth, we were both at Mr. Benham's seat in Berkshire when we heard of this good entertainment at so great a friend's house, and so prevailed on our lords and governors for to hire a coach and bring us to London for one night. We lie at Kate's house, and she and I have supped on a cold capon and a veal pie we brought with us, and Sir Ralph and Mr. Lacy do sup at a tavern in the Strand, and shall fetch us here when it shall be convenient to them to carry us to this grand ball, which I would not have missed, no, not for all the world. So I pray you let us be merry till they do come, and pass the time pleasantly."

"Ay," said Kate, in a lamentable voice, "you would force me to dress and go abroad, when I would sooner be at home; for John's stomach is disordered, and baby doth cut her teeth, and he pulled at my ribbons and said I should not leave him; and beshrew me if I would have done so, but for your overpersuading me. But you are always so absolute! I wonder you love not more to stay at home, Polly."

Basil smiled with a better heart than I could do, and said he would promise her John should sleep never the less well for her absence, and she should find baby's tooth through on the morrow; and sitting down by her side, talked to her of her children with a kindliness which never did forsake him. Mr. Roper set himself to converse with Polly; I ween for to shield me from the torrent of her words, which, as I sat between them, seemed to buzz in mine ear without any meaning; and yet I must needs have heard them, for to this day I remember what they talked of;—that Polly said, "Have you seen the ingenious poesy which the queen's saucy godson, the merry wit Harrington, left behind her cushion on Wednesday, and now 'tis in every one's hands?"

"Not in mine," quoth Mr. Roper; "so, if your memory doth serve you, Lady Ingoldsby, will you rehearse it?" which she did as follows; and albeit I only did hear those lines

Digitized by Google

that once, they still remain in my mind:

"For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read a verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word and every letter,
Your gracious reading graced my verse the better;
Sith then your highness doth by gift exceeding
Make what you read the better for your reading,
Let my poor muse your pains thus far importune,
Like as you read my verse—so read my fortune!"

"'Tis an artful and witty petition," Mr. Roper observed; "but I have been told her majesty mislikes the poet's satirical writings, and chiefly the metamorphosis of Ajax."

"She signified," Polly answered, "some outward displeasure at it, but Robert Markham affirms she likes well the marrow of the book, and is minded to take the author to her favor, but sweareth she believes he will make epigrams on her and all her court. Howsoever, I do allow she conceived much disquiet on being told he had aimed a shaft at Leicester. By the way, but you, cousin Constance, should best know the truth thereon" (this she said turning to me), "'tis said that Lord Arundel is exceeding sick again, and like to die very soon. Indeed his physicians are of opinion, so report speaketh, that he will not last many days now, for as often as he hath rallied before."

"Yesterday," I said, "when I saw Lady Surrey, he was no worse than usual."

"Oh, have you heard," Polly cried, running from one theme to another, as was her wont, "that Leicester is about to marry Lettice Knollys, my Lady Essex?"

"'Tis impossible," Basil exclaimed, who was now listening to her speeches, for Kate had finished her discourse touching her Johnny's disease in his stomach. The cause thereof, she said, both herself thought, and all in Mr. Benham's house did judge to have been, the taking in the morning a confection of barley sodden with water and sugar, and made exceeding thick with bread. This breakfast lost him both his dinner and supper, and surely the better half of his sleep; but God be thanked, she hoped now the worst was past, and that the dear urchin would shortly be as merry and well-disposed as afore he left London. Basil said he hoped so too; and in a pause which ensued, he heard Polly speak of Lord Leicester's intended marriage, which seemed to move him to some sort of indignation, the cause of which I only learnt many years later; for that when Lady Douglas Howard's cause came before the Star-Chamber, in his present majesty's reign, he told me he had been privy, through information received in France, of her secret marriage with that lord.

"'Tis not impossible," Polly retorted, "by the same token that the new favorite, young Robert Devereux, maketh no concealment of it, and calleth my Lord Leicester his father elect. But I pray you, what is impossible in these days? Oh, I think they are the most whimsical, entertaining days which the world hath ever known; and the merriest, if people have a will to make them so."

"Oh, Polly," I cried, unable to restrain myself, "I pray God you may never find cause to change your mind thereon."

"Yea, amen to that prayer," quoth she; "I'll promise you, my grave little coz, that I have no mind to be sad till I grow old—and there be yet some years to come before that shall befall me. When Mistress Helen Ingoldsby shall reach to the height of my shoulder, then, methinks, I may begin to take heed unto my ways. What think you the little wench said to me yesterday? 'What times is it we do conform to, mother? dinner-times or bed-times?'" "She should have been answered, 'The devil's times,'" Basil muttered; and Kate told Polly she should be ashamed to speak in her father's house of the conformity she practised when others were suffering for their religion. And, methought, albeit I had scarcely endured the jest-

Digitized by Google

ing which had preceded it, I could less bear any talk of religion, leastways of that kind, just then. But, in sooth, the constraint I suffered almost overpassed my strength. There appeared no hope of their going, and they fell into an eager discourse concerning the bear-baiting they had been to see in Berkshire, and a great sort of ban-dogs, which had been tied in an outer court, let loose on thirteen bears that were baited in the inner; and my dear Basil, who doth delight in all kinds of sports, listened eagerly to the description they gave of this diversion. Oh, how I counted the minutes! what a pressure weighted my heart! how the sound of their voices pained mine ears! how long an hour seemed! and yet too short for my desires, for I feared the time must soon come when Basil should go, and lamented that these unthinking women's tarrying should rob me of all possibility to talk with him alone. Howsoever, when Mr. Roper rose to depart, I followed him into the hall and waited near the door for Basil, who was bidding farewell to Kate and Polly. I heard him beseech them to do him so much favor as not to mention they had seen him; for that he had not informed Sir Henry Stafford of his coming over from France, which if he heard of it otherwise than from himself, it should peradventure offend him. They laughed, and promised to be as silent as graves thereon; and Polly said he had learnt French fashions she perceived, and taken lessons in wooing from mounseer; but she hoped his stealthy visit should in the end prove more comformable to his desires than mounseer's had done. At last they let him go; and Mr. Roper, who had waited for him, wrung his hand, and the manner of his doing it made my eyes overflow. I turned my face away, but Basil caught both my hands in his and said, "Be of good cheer, sweetheart. I have not words wherewith to express how much I love thee, but God knoweth it is very dearly."

"O Basil! mine own dear Basil," I murmured, laying my forehead on his coat-sleeve, and could not then utter another word. Ere I lifted it again, the hall-door opened, and who, I pray you, should I then see (with more affright, I confess, than was reasonable) but Hubert? My voice shook as I said to Basil, whose back was turned from the door, "Here is your brother."

"Ah, Hubert!" he exclaimed; "I be glad to see thee!" and held out his hand to him with a frank smile, which the other took, but in the doing of it a deadly paleness spread over his face.

"I have no leisure to tarry so much as one minute," Basil said; "but this sweet lady will tell thee what weighty reasons I have for presently remaining concealed; and so farewell, my dear love, and farewell, my good brother. Be, I pray you, my bedeswoman this night, Constance; and you too, Hubert,—if you do yet say your prayers like a good Christian, which I pray God you do,—mind you say an ave for me before you sleep."

When the door closed on him I sunk down on a chair, and hid my face with my hands.

"You have not told him anything?" Hubert whispered; and I, "God help you, Hubert! he hath come to London for this very matter, and hath already, I fear, albeit not in any way that shall advantage my father, yet in seeking to assist him, run himself into danger of death, or leastways banishment."

As I said this mine eyes raised themselves toward him; and I would they had not, for I saw in his visage an expression I have tried these many years to forget, but which sometimes even now comes back to me painfully.

"I told you so," he answered. "He hath an invariable aptness to miss his aim, and to hurt himself by the shafts he looseth. What plan hath he now formed, and what shall come of it?"

But, somewhat recovered from my

Digitized by Google

surprise, I bethought myself it should not be prudent, albeit I grieved to think so, to let him know what sort of enterprise it was Basil had in hand; so I did evade his question, which indeed he did not show himself very careful to have answered. He said he was yet dealing with Sir Francis Walsingham, and had hopes of success touching my father's liberation, and so prayed me not to yield to despondency; but it would take time to bring matters to a successful issue, and patience was greatly needed, and likewise prudence toward that end. He requested me very urgently to take no other steps for the present in his behalf, which might ruin all. And above all things not to suffer Basil to come forward in it, for that he had made himself obnoxious to Sir Francis by speeches which he had used, and which some one had reported to him, touching Lady Ridley's compliance with his (Sir Francis's) request that she should have a minister in her house for to read Protestant prayers to her household, albeit herself, being bedridden, did not attend; and if he should now stir in this matter, all hope would be at an end. So he left me, and I returned to the parlor, and Kate and Polly declared my behavior to them not to be over and above civil; but they supposed when folks were in love, they had a warrant to treat their friends as they pleased. Then finding me very dull and heavy, I ween, they bethought themselves at the last of going to visit their mother in her bed, and paying their respects to their father, whom they found asleep in his chair, his prayer-book, with which he was engaged most of the day, lying open by his side. Polly kissed his forehead, and then the picture of our Blessed Lady in the first page of this much-used volume; which sudden acts of hers comforted me not a little.

Muriel came out of her mother's chamber to greet them, but would not suffer them to see her at this unexpected time, for that the least change in her customable habits disordered her; and then whispered to me that she had often asked for Mistress Ward, and complained of her absence.

At the last Sir Ralph came, but not Mr. Lacy, who he said was tired with his long ride, and had gone home to bed. Thereupon Kate began to weep; for she said she would not go without him to this fine ball, for it was an unbecoming thing for a woman to be seen abroad when her husband was at home, and a thing she had not yet done, nor did intend to do. But that it was a very hard thing she should have been at the pains to dress herself so handsomely, and not so much as one person to see her in this fine suit; and she wished she had not been so foolish as to be persuaded to it, and that Polly was very much to blame therein. At the which, "I' faith, I think so too," Polly exclaimed; "and I wish you had stayed in the country, my dear."

Kate's pitiful visage and whineful complaint moved me, in my then apprehensive humor, to an unmerry but not to be resisted fit of laughter, which she did very much resent; but I must have laughed or died, and yet it made me angry to hear her utter such lamentations who had no true cause for displeasure.

When they were gone,—she, still shedding tears, in a chair Sir Ralph sent for to convey her to Gray's Inn Lane, and he and Polly in their coach to Mrs. Yates's,—the relief I had from their absence proved so great that at first it did seem to ease my heart. I went slowly up to mine own chamber, and stood there a while at the casement looking at the quiet sky above and the unquiet city beneath it, and chiefly in the distant direction where I knew the prison to be, picturing to myself my father in his bare cell, Mistress Ward regaining her obscure lodging, Mr. Watson's dangerous descent, and mostly the boat which Basil was to row,—that boat freighted with so perilous a burthen. These scenes seemed to rise before mine eyes as I remained motionless, strain-

Digitized by Google

ing their sight to pierce the darkness of the night and of the fog which hung over the town. When the clock struck twelve, a shiver ran through me, for I thought of the like striking at Lynn Court, and what had followed. Upon which I betook myself to my prayers, and thinking on Basil, said, "Speak for him, O Blessed Virgin Mary! Entreat for him, O ye apostles! Make intercession for him, all ye martyrs! Pray for him, all ye confessors and all ye company of heaven, that my prayers for him may take effect before our Lord Jesus Christ!" Then my head waxed heavy with sleep, and I sank on the cushion of my kneeling-stool. I wot not for how many hours I slumbered in this wise; but I know I had some terrible dreams.

When I awoke it was daylight. A loud knocking at the door of the house had aroused me. Before I had well bethought me where I was, Muriel's white face appeared at my door. The pursuivants, she said, were come to seek for Mistress Ward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Literary Workman.

FACTS AND FICTIONS ABOUT ROME.

BY THE VERY REV. DR. NORTHCOTE.

THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

It is a relief to turn from the dull, stupid, false witness of our own countrymen to the more lively but not less malicious falsehoods of the clever Frenchman, Monsieur About. He deserves a higher rank, too, in the scale of truthfulness as well as of talent than either Mr. Fullom or Dean Alford; but on this very account he is the more dangerous enemy. He handles his pen well, and he has the fatal gift of insinuating the poison he wishes to administer in the minutest quantities, but with consummate skill. Often it is contained in a single word or phrase, dropped apparently at random. Sometimes you can hardly point out a single statement that is really false, yet a certain tone and flavor pervades the whole which you feel to be unjust, and which is all the more injurious because of its extreme subtlety and the difficulty of providing an antidote. An air of moderation is thus imparted to his book, which, if we may judge by its rarity, it is not easy to maintain when writing upon this subject. He does not paint either the Pope or his people all black, but sees much to commend both in the system and the results of the government. Indeed, some of his descriptions are, in our judgment, as just as they are graphic. Take, for example, the following description of the lower orders of the Roman people, the genuine *plebs:*

"The noble strangers who *do* Rome in their carriages are but slightly acquainted with the little world of which I am going to speak, or more probably form a very false judgment about them. They remember to have been worried to death by blustering *facchini* (porters) and followed by indefatigable beggars. They saw nothing but hands open to receive; they heard nothing but harsh voices screaming forth a petition for alms. Behind this curtain of mendicity are concealed nearly a hundred thousand persons who are poor without being idle, and who labor hard for a scanty supply of

Digitized by Google

daily bread. The gardeners and vine-dressers who cultivate part of the environs of Rome; workmen, artizans, servants, coachmen, studio models, peddlers, honest vagabonds who wait for their supper on some miracle of Providence or some lucky chance in the lottery, compose the majority of the population. They manage to struggle through the winter, when visitors sow manna over the land; in summer they starve. Many are too proud to ask for an alms, not one of them is rich enough to refuse it, if offered. Ignorant and curious; simple, yet subtle; sensitive to excess, yet without much dignity; extremely prudent in the main, yet capable of the most outrageous pieces of imprudence; going to extremes both in devotedness and in hate; easy to move, difficult to convince; more susceptible of feelings than of ideas; sober by habit, terrible when intoxicated; sincere in practices of devotion the most *outré*, but as ready to quarrel with the saints as with men; persuaded that they have but little to hope for in this life; comforted from time to time by the prospect of a better, they live in a state of quiet, grumbling resignation under a paternal government which gives them bread when there is bread to give. The inequalities of rank, which are more conspicuous in Rome than in Paris (?), do not move them to hatred. They are satisfied with the mediocrity of their lot, and congratulate themselves that there are rich men in the world, that so the poor may have benefactors. No people are less capable of managing themselves, so that they are easily led by the first who presents himself. They have borne a part in all the Roman revolutions, and many have acquitted themselves manfully in the fight without having the least idea what it was about. They trusted so little to the republic that, in the absence of all the authorities, when the Holy Father and the Sacred College had taken refuge at Gaeta, thirty poor families quartered themselves in Cardinal Antonelli's palace, without breaking a single pane of glass. The restoration of the Pope, under the protection of a foreign army, was no matter of astonishment to them; they had expected it as a happy event which would restore public tranquillity. They live at peace with our soldiers, when the latter do nothing against the peace or honor of their households; and the occupation of their city by a foreign army does not trouble them, except when they are personally inconvenienced by it. They are not afraid to plunge a dagger into the breast of a conqueror, but I will answer for their never celebrating any Sicilian Vespers.

"They pride themselves on their descent in a direct line from the Romans of great Rome; and these harmless pretensions seem to me to have a very tolerable foundation. Like their ancestors, they eat largely of bread, and are very greedy after sights; they treat their wives simply as women, not leaving a single farthing at their disposal, but spending it all on themselves; every one of them is the client of some client of a patrician. They are well-built, strong, and able to deal such a blow as would astonish a buffalo; but there is not one of them who is not on the lookout for some means of living without work. Excellent workmen when they haven't a farthing, impossible to be got hold of as soon as they have a crown in their pockets; good, honest, kindly, and simple-hearted folks, but thoroughly convinced of their superiority to the rest of mankind. Economical to the last degree, and living on dry peas, until they can find some splendid occasion for spending all their savings in a day; they gather *sous* by *sous*, two or three pounds in the course of the year, to hire the balcony of some prince at the carnival, or to show themselves in a carriage at the feast *del Divin 'Amore*. It is thus the Roman populace forget both the future and the past in *Saturnalia*. The hereditary want of forethought which possesses

Digitized by Google

them may be explained by the irregularity of their resources, the periodical return of *festas* which exempt them from labor, and the impossibility of raising themselves to any higher condition, save by the intervention of a miracle. They are deficient in many virtues, and, amongst others, in refinement, which formed no part of the inheritance to which they have succeeded. That in which they certainly are *not* deficient is dignity and self-respect. They never demean themselves to low, coarse jokes, or vulgar debauchery. You will never see them insult a gentleman in the streets, unprovoked, or speak an offensive word to a woman. That class of degraded beings which we call the *canaille* is absolutely unknown here; the *ignoble* is not a Roman commodity."

Here is another testimony of a similar kind, from the same pen, to the character of one particular class of the Roman people, the Trastevirni, or people who dwell on the northern side of the Tiber. M. About invites his readers to accompany him to one of the *osterie* or public houses of the quarter where blacksmiths, and shoemakers, and weavers, and hackney-coachmen, etc., together with their wives and daughters, resort on Sunday, to enjoy a better dinner and a more generous flask of wine than they can afford themselves during the week. The entrance is not inviting, and there are not many foreigners, or English gentlemen either, who would like to venture, as a mere matter of curiosity, and without any pressing necessity, into the corresponding establishments of either France or England. M. About is well aware of this, so he encourages his readers, bidding them fear nothing; "you shall dine well," he says, "and nobody shall dine upon you."

"You shall see men here strong as bulls and quite as irascible; men who think as little of giving a blow as you or I of drinking a glass of water, and who never strike without having a knife in their hands. The police will be nowhere near to protect us; they are always out of the way. Beside, if you were to offend one of these jolly fellows, he would kill you, though you were in the very arms of the police. Nevertheless you may come and go in the midst of them, spend lots of money, pay in gold, make your purse jingle in the hearing of all, and go home after midnight through the darkest streets, without any one dreaming of making an attempt on your purse. More than this: we shall be politely received, and they will put themselves out of the way to make room for us. They will not stare at us, as though we were wild beasts; they will even obligingly gratify our curiosity, if it is not impertinent. We need not fear that wine will excite them to pick a quarrel with us; but woe betide us if we have the misfortune to provoke them. They are not aggressive when they are in liquor, but they are very sensitive. They forgive no offence, even an involuntary one, if it has exposed them to the raillery of their companions. When you see a woman with her husband, or a girl with her father, put a bridle on your eyes. It is often dangerous even to cast a furtive glance on a Trasteverina; and I have known more than one instance in which the offender has paid the penalty with his life."

I dare say some of our readers are a little disappointed at the sketch of the character of the Roman people which we have given on the authority of M. About. They would rather have heard us say they were all good and pious and edifying members of society and of the Church. Indeed we have known some zealous souls who expected to find Rome a sort of monastery on a large scale, where worldly passions and mortal sins were never heard of, except among the hardened and rebellious few; and even the imperfections of ordinary mortals were rarely met with, and assumed some character of special enormity. Rome seems to have the gift which, from the Catholic point of view,

Digitized by Google

we should naturally expect it to have, viz., of stirring the affection of men's hearts in their lowest depths more powerfully than in any other place in the world. As our divine Master himself was "set for the ruin as well as for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which should be contradicted," so the capital of his Church upon earth—the seat of his vicegerent—that city where his interests take precedence of every earthly consideration, and the world is made to wait upon the Church, not the Church upon the world, inspires the strongest possible sentiment of love or of hatred into the minds of all; and where these feelings are strong, it is hard to keep the exact balance of impartial truthfulness. What we love intensely, we naturally like to picture to ourselves as faultless and perfect; and even if we cannot do this—if we are conscious of defects and faults, which cannot be denied, we still wish to conceal them as long as possible from others. What bitter hatred and prejudice can do in the way of blinding men's eyes and closing men's ears, we have already seen in the melancholy examples of Messrs. Alford and Co.; nor should we have far to seek if we desired to present our readers with specimens of exaggerated praise dictated by the partiality of affection. Most of us have probably met with generous enthusiasts, who did not hesitate to prefer Rome to England, under any conceivable aspect, secular as well as religious, and who would think it as much a point of honor to defend the character of the Roman soldiers for bravery, the Roman police for activity, the Roman scavengers for efficiency, and the Roman people for industry and honesty, as of the Roman clergy for integrity of faith and purity of morals, and the Roman government for justice tempered with clemency. Such persons are very amiable friends, but somewhat embarrassing allies; and writers, very inferior to M. About, have no difficulty in destroying their well-meant but ill-planned system of defence. M. About himself is much too wise to fall into this blunder of unmitigated extravagance, from his side of the question; and we have been glad, therefore, to avail ourselves of his clever and spirited sketches to lay before our readers what we really believe to be a very tolerable estimate of the true state of the case. It is certainly no article of the faith to believe the Romans to be impeccable, or the Roman character in itself to be the ideal of human perfection; and we hope our devotion to the Holy See will not be called in question for the avowal. We have already quoted the testimony of a Protestant traveller, who acknowledges the strongly-marked character of religion which stamps the whole city of Rome; but this, of course, is not incompatible with the existence of much that is evil, against which this religious element is always contending.

We will add yet one more passage from About, which concerns the general character of the country people, rather than of the inhabitants of the metropolis. We have spent several months, at various times, in more than one Italian village, and have been greatly edified by the simplicity and piety of the people. They were guiltless, for the most part, of any political knowledge even as to the affairs of their own country; and as to any other country beside their own, it was as far removed from their ordinary range of thoughts as Mars, Venus, and Saturn still are from the thoughts of our own peasantry. They rose early and worked hard; still, as M. About is obliged to acknowledge, one cannot say of them—"as of the Irish, for example," says M. About—"that they are miserable. They are poor, and that is all. The fact that their religion, their schooling, and their medical attendance costs them nothing, compensates to a certain degree for the heavy taxation they suffer in other ways. Their labor in the fields keeps them alive till old age. *They pass their life in earning their livelihood.*

Digitized by Google

The existence of this class resembles a vicious circle." No doubt it does to those whose view of things is limited to this world, and who cannot recognize any end or reward of the suffering of this life beyond it. But the Romans, as he himself acknowledges, "know how to die. This is a trait in their character which justice obliges us to recognize. They die as they eat, or drink, or sleep—quite naturally, simply, and as a matter of course. This resignation is to be explained by their hopes of a life of happiness in an ideal world hereafter, and by the continual admonitions of a religion which teaches that all men must die." In other words, the Roman peasantry believe the Gospel; and so they accept with patience the primeval burden laid upon fallen man—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken." And for this they earn the contemptuous pity of the enlightened Frenchman. We accept his testimony, whilst we disclaim his commentary and detest his spirit. We think he speaks truly when he seizes on this characteristic of the Roman popular mind— familiarity with the idea of death. We know of no people to whom this and other truths of the faith seem to be more habitually present. It gives a color and a tone to their ordinary conversation, even where it does not bring forth fruits of sanctity. We have ourselves heard of a Roman lady reconciling herself to a marriage which was proposed to her, and which in some respects was not inviting, simply by a consideration of the piety of the intended bridegroom; but this consideration found expression in a truly Roman way, quite in keeping with what M. About has observed about them. "He is not lively, I know," said the lady, "nor handsome, nor clever, but he is pious, and *will make a good end.*" And in a charming little book lately published ("Sanctity in Home Life") we see another Italian lady, the Countess Medolago, confiding to a friend her only idea of her future husband much in the same spirit: "All that I know is that he is pious and very fond of the Jesuits."

THE POLITICS OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

The facts we have adduced, th pictures we have drawn—or rather which M. About, a bitter enemy of the Papal power, has drawn—of the condition of the Roman people, ought, one would think, to have great weight with those who have any real care for the well-being of a nation. A man must be firmly wedded indeed to some political crotchet, who is ready to risk the loss of such advantages as these in exchange for the realization of his dreams. But in truth it is the hatred of Catholicism, rather than the love of any political principle, which lies at the root of most of the declamation we hear against the abuses of the Papal government. Why is it else that those gentlemen who profess so lively a concern that the political liberties of three millions of Italians should suffer some abridgment for the sake of upholding the Father of Christendom in the independent exercise of his spiritual power, are yet able to bear with the utmost equanimity the sight of real cruelty and oppression inflicted upon ten millions of Christians in European Turkey? The balance of political power among the different European governments is of more value in their eyes than the spiritual supremacy of the Pope; peace, commerce, and wealth depend on the one, only virtue and religion on the other.

But let us come now to the political question, and see how it really stands. It has been often and truly said, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope rests on more legitimate foundations than any other European sovereignty of the day. Long possession, to be measured not by generations but by centuries; donations from other powers; the free choice of the people, all combine to impart to the chair of Peter a dignity and a solidity which does not belong to any other throne.

Digitized by Google

And if it be objected that, however this may have been in times past, yet now, at least, the consent of the people is wanting, without which the modern creed of nations will not allow any power to be secure, we must answer, what has been proved to demonstration, and what every one at all conversant with the facts of the case well knows to be true: that it is not in Rome and among Romans that plots have been hatched against the Pontifical government; a portion of the people, the discontented, of whom there must ever be some under every government, have only lent themselves to the execution of plots conceived and planned in the secret societies or clubs, or even the ministerial chambers, of Turin and Genoa. Strangers have always been at the head of every Roman revolution, adventurers who find their fortunes in troubled waters, or fanatical politicians, who cannot endure that any one should be happy, excepting according to their own receipt. So long as English politicians encourage agitation by their presence in the country and frequent communications with disaffected parties in it, or by lending their names and their houses as the medium of correspondence or of banking transactions between the conspirators, or by delivering sensational speeches in the house; so long will the Roman mind be more or less agitated; so long as Piedmont can send her emissaries into all the towns and villages, distributing money as the reward of acquiescence in her schemes, conspirators, even among the Romans themselves, will not be wanting; but if all these things could be removed, and the question were left to the settlement of the people themselves, we should have no fear of the result. Whenever the Popes have been driven out of Rome, the people have hailed their return with universal acclamations of joy, and already we are told the short experience of the blessings of Piedmontese rule which the Legations have enjoyed has sufficed to make them regret the change. The increase of taxes and the military conscription are a price higher than they are willing to pay for the *name* of liberty under the yoke of Victor Emmanuel. We believe that the following account of the political creed of the great majority of the Pope's subjects is as accurate as it is moderate. We are indebted for it to a French ecclesiastic, who has most gratefully followed M. About through all his misstatements, and published a complete refutation of them. He tells us that most Romans are of opinion that people may be happy or miserable under *any* form of government, according to the way in which it is administered; that a government of *some* kind there must be, or disorder would be universal; and that the Pope being at the head of the Roman government, is the cause of many advantages: it attracts princes and other wealthy foreigners to Rome; sometimes seventy, eighty, or even ninety thousand strangers at a time; it saves them from the scourge of war; the operations of commerce, if not so extensive as in some other capitals, are at least more secure and stable; there is no financial crisis or panic in the money market returning at periodical intervals, and spreading ruin and desolation through innumerable families; industry and good conduct, crowned by success in business, open the way to the possession of estates and titles; the ranks of the privileged class itself, so to call it—the clergy—are open to all comers; the great majority of lucrative offices about the court, prelacies, bishoprics, judgeships, etc., are given to members of the middle class, no less than three-fourths of the cardinals (including Cardinal Antonelli himself) having been chosen from among them; that ninety-nine out of every hundred holding office under government are laymen; that not more than 100 priests altogether are employed in the administration of secular affairs; and that among officials of the same rank, a layman always receives higher pay than an ecclesiastic; that even in of-

Digitized by Google

fices which, as having to deal with matters of religion, might seem fairly to belong to ecclesiastics alone, two-thirds of the posts are filled by laymen, and the salaries are divided in about the same proportion; that the Popes, having no families of their own, are always spending their private fortunes on public works for the good of the country, or on the rebuilding and decoration of churches, to the great encouragement of the fine arts, and the support of innumerable families; or, finally, on schools and hospitals, and other works of charity. They know, too, that, thanks to this liberality, the education of their children need cost them nothing; that schools of all kinds are more numerous (in proportion to the population) in Rome than in any other European capital, and these not only schools of primary instruction for the children of the poor, containing about 17,000 scholars, of both sexes, but also for the middle and upper classes, 3,000 of whom receive here an education fitted to qualify them for any profession they may prefer, quite gratuitously.

This we believe to be a very fair account of the state of feeling on political matters among the majority of the Roman people; and if it is not satisfactory to our modern liberals, because it ignores all their bright theories and is content to forego the blessings of representative governments and triennial parliaments, we cannot help it. We think there is an intimate conviction in most Roman minds that God's honor and glory, and man's truest happiness, are more earnestly sought for and more fully attained in that city than elsewhere; and that this conviction both does, and ought to, reconcile them to any political disadvantages which such a state of things may entail, as Mons. Veuillot has well said.

Elsewhere, man is considered primarily as a power; in Rome, he is primarily a soul. At Rome, the public manners, following more nearly the august guidance of the Church, have more frequently and more closely than elsewhere approached the divine ideal of the gospel. I know what cruel ravages have been wrought by long and wicked agitations, begun and fostered from without; I know that every people has its dregs, its populace; but I know also that at Rome this very populace is not without faith, and I know, too, what solid Christian virtues adorn the true Roman hearth. Rarely or never do twenty years roll by without Rome giving to the world one of those heroes who devote themselves to the love of God and of souls with the triumphant energy of sanctity. Blest and encouraged by the Popes, these chosen ones have always left disciples to prolong, as it were, their own existence, and works which have not perished. And the enlightened Christian conscience, despising the empty boasts of ignorant pride, will always assign the first place among nations to that which best preserves the faith and produces the greatest number of saints.

We are well aware that this test of national greatness would find no favor in the ears of an English Parliament, but we are foolish enough to think that there may be truth in it for all that.

Digitized by Google

Translated from the German.

MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

A SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESSES HELD AT MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

BY ANDREW NIEDERMASSER.

CHAPTER III.

SCIENCE AND THE PRESS.

In the Belgian congress the section of science and the press does not treat of the same subjects that occupy the attention of that section in the Catholic conventions in Germany. At Malines Christian instruction and education are the principal questions debated; in Germany, on the other hand, the university question is the chief subject of discussion; at Malines it is slimly attended; at Würzburg, Frankfort, etc., on the contrary, there was a crowded attendance, and the proceedings were of the most interesting character. At Malines forty-five Catholic journalists met and passed important resolutions; at Würzburg, more than sixty representatives of German science held a separate conference and drew up an address to the Holy Father. Even the meeting of literati held at Munich may be called the offspring of the Catholic general conventions. At Munich, in 1861, Professor Michaelis proposed a scheme planned by Döllinger for a meeting of the German savans, which was rejected. Hereupon the project was somewhat changed and a separate meeting held at Munich. Its results are well known.

The principal debaters in this section of the Malines congress were the genial and venerable Count de Villeneuve, Lenormant the daring traveller, Lecheoni, Soudan, Léger, du Clisieux, Ducpetiaux, Chopinet, Soenens, Baeten, and Decoster. The presiding officer was Namèche, of Louvain, who, together with de Ram, Lanny, Delcour, Laforêt, and Perin worthily represented the university at Louvain. His neighbor was van der Haeghen, of Brussels, a writer whose name is well known, not only in Belgium but in foreign countries. Though an excellent linguist, he deems it his first duty to refute historical misstatements and to expose without mercy the errors of modern Protestant historians. As Onno Klopp unsparingly demolishes German scribblers, so van der Haeghen puts down the Belgian dabblers in history. He is intimately acquainted with German literature.

The subjects that occupied the attention of the section were popular instruction, the classics as a means of mental training, the establishment of professorships on social questions and discipline.

On popular instruction Monseigneur Dupanloup delivered a discourse, which was the event of the congress, and which has since been read by all Europe. Count Desbassayns de Richemont, of Paris, an orator favorably known in Germany as the spirited advocate of a Catholic university, spoke on the mental activity of society. In the Romanic world the name of Dupanloup acts like a charm. If a charity sermon is to be held, which is to move and electrify Paris and all France, the Bishop of Orleans is called upon. In 1862, when it became necessary to give a new impetus to the Catholic cause in the East, Dupanloup was summoned to Rome to

Digitized by Google

call the nations of the earth to a sense of their duties; thousands rushed to hear him preach at the church of St. Andrea del Galle. At Malines he met with the same success. When Dupanloup speaks every listener glows with Catholic zeal, that becomes more and more intense as he proceeds and finally bursts forth in a fiery enthusiasm, whose influence reaches far and wide. Such was the spectacle witnessed at Rome, and repeated at Paris and Malines. One of the brightest ornaments of the French hierarchy, Dupanloup on every occasion expresses the opinions of Catholic France with irresistible force. No wonder, then, that even the emperor fears the bishop's eloquence. His writings are read by all, and admired for their classic style. As an orator, he enchants the French and Belgians; on the Germans, however, he exerts a less powerful influence; they prefer Montalembert, F. Hermann, or F. Felix. His discourse at Malines was not, properly speaking, a discourse, but a familiar conversation, grand and splendid in diction, and full of brilliant turns and telling *jeux de mots*. The remarks made by Dupanloup on August 30, when returning thanks for his enthusiastic reception, were a masterpiece of eloquence, which will never be forgotten by those who listened to him. The Bishop of Orleans is a man of the people. "I do not know much; but what I know best and love best is the people." If Dupanloup's speech was the brightest gem of the congress in 1864, Montalembert, in his speech on "Religious Liberty," eclipsed all his competitors in 1863. Montalembert's discourse lasted five hours, two hours longer than Dupanloup's speech. Montalembert and Dupanloup are the most prominent representatives of Catholic France. Called by God to battle for his Church, both are leading millions of soldiers arrayed under the banner of Christ to victory and triumphs. Montalembert, the athlete of the tribune, hailed by Pius IX. himself as one of the bravest of the Christian host, cherishes for the Church an ardent, pure, and holy love. This love may sometimes carry him too far. At Malines, in 1863, he laid down many propositions not approved by the congress. The Cardinal of Malines, however, and the Bishop of Orleans, charitably threw a veil over everything objectionable, thus resolving into perfect harmony everything discordant. Dupanloup evidently thought of his friend Montalembert when, in his remarks on August 30, 1864, he uttered the words: "Let us not confound opinions and principles, vital questions and domestic difficulties; among us let there be no differences, no disunion, no imprudence."

Count Richemont, of Paris, is a true nobleman in appearance and bearing; his black beard adds new beauty to his handsome face and sparkling eyes. His gestures are appropriate and graceful. He speaks very rapidly, however, swallowing many words, so that we Germans did not understand him well; in fact, we read his speech with more pleasure than we listened to it. A more favorable impression was made by Viscount Anatole Lemercier, of Paris, a man of agreeable manners, a true Parisian, full of wit and humor, a graceful speaker, who will be heard with pleasure by any assembly. But, great as are Lemercier's merits, he has a dangerous rival in Henry de Riancey, who unites in himself every quality required to become a general favorite. Among the French journalists he is one of the ablest. In his opinions he steers a middle course between the extreme views of Montalembert and Veuillot, or Barrier, Faconet and Chantrel, the oracles of the "Monde;" and "L'Union," the journal of which he is the editor, occupies an intermediate position between "Le Monde" and "Le Correspondant." But de Riancey's labors are not confined to his editorial sanctum; he cherishes holy poverty, is untiring in the practice of Christian charity, and justly deserves

Digitized by Google

the title of "Father of the Poor." These holy practices give an unction to his words, and throw a halo around his person which he does not even suspect, but which gains for him the hearts of all that see or hear of him. His speeches in the section of Christian economy excited great interest, and when speaking on matters connected with the Catholic faith he reminded us of the fathers of the Church. His discourse before the general meeting of the congress, Sept. 12, 1864, was a gem. He spoke as a soldier of Christ, as an heroic defender of the Church, showing at once that he was a veteran, who had often struggled for the triumph of principle. The future does not inspire de Riancey with anxiety or fear; he is full of hope and confidence, believing that he lives in an age destined to accomplish great things. He is not discouraged by the superior power of his opponents, for he bears in mind Christ's promise to his Church.

When speaking, a pleasant smile rests on de Riancey's lips, and his features reflect the cheerful calmness of his soul. His friendly eyes charm his listeners, who regret to see them fixed on his manuscript, for de Riancey reads his speeches. If the applause of the assembly become too long and noisy, the speaker's face beams with satisfaction, and he gracefully passes his hand through his hair. De Riancey fascinates the hearts of all his hearers.

It is hard to say which of the many eminent French orators at Malines possesses most claims to our preference. Who is the greatest orator, Count Montalembert or Bishop Dupanloup, de Riancey or Père Felix, Viscount Lemercier, Count Richemont, Viscount de Melan, Lasserée, or Lenormant? Each of them has excellences peculiar to himself that claim our admiration. In like manner, among the great Italian masters, Michael Angelo is first in grandeur of style and conception; Titian is distinguished for the grace of his figures; Correggio for their angelic purity; whilst Raphael merits the palm for fertility of invention, correctness of expression, and variety. Père Felix, we have already stated, pleased the Germans more than Bishop Dupanloup. His concluding discourse, delivered in St. Rombaut's cathedral at Malines, Sept. 3, 1864, was a philosophical review of ecclesiastical history; the grandeur of its conception well befitted the importance of the occasion. In appearance, F. Felix is not so majestic as F. de Ravignan, nor has he so powerful and sonorous a voice as his predecessor. His discourses betray less enthusiastic love of liberty than those of F. Lacordaire, but still he is at present *the* orator of the day, no less than de Ravignan and Lacordaire were some years ago. F. Lacordaire, the Dominican, addressed his words to thousands of young men, who, carried away by the political and literary revolutions of 1830, were frantic with ideas of liberty, who were attracted and tormented by the "infinite," and panting for vague, undefined ideals. This yearning Lacordaire strove to satisfy, by pointing out to them that Christ and his Church were the realization of their indefinite ideals, and by teaching them to sanctify liberty by devotion and sacrifice. The vast schemes of 1830 were not carried out, and their ideals were not realized. French society felt the vanity of its aspirations, and was seized by a deadly lethargy, a kind of despair, as if it had suffered shipwreck. Like so many flaming meteors F. de Ravignan's conferences suddenly shed a stream of light on the universal gloom. How majestic was his appearance, how sublime his language, how ardent his faith, and how holy his life! All France listened to the Jesuit, and seemed spell-bound. Irreligion was banished from thousands of hearts, and thousands returned to the practice of their religious duties and were saved. The spirit of the age took another direction; men busied themselves exclusively with their

Digitized by Google

material interests, and they thought only of money, of steam, of machinery and other branches of industry. For many years progress has been the watchword—material progress—which has brought about all these wonders of modern times, which is due to human energy alone, and which, for this very reason, deifies itself in its pride and threatens Christianity with destruction. To combat these false notions, God raised up F. Felix. He devoted his attention to the popular idol, progress, but he dealt with it in his own way. In Lent, 1856, he began, in the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, his famous conferences on "Progress by Means of Christianity." Archbishop Sibour had blessed the orator and his subject. His success was astounding, and henceforth F. Felix will hold an honorable place among French pulpit orators. F. Felix is about fifty-five years of age; he has an intelligent countenance, a noble, manly brow, betokening a deep, penetrating mind, and a firm will. Since 1856 his voice has improved, having gained both in compass and in sweetness. It is clear and piercing, completely filling the immense church of Our Lady at Paris. The two discourses delivered by F. Felix at Malines (Sept. 2 and 3, 1864) are perhaps his most finished productions. He did not call forth any momentary burst of enthusiasm, but produced a lasting impression, that will console and strengthen us in the struggle of life.

The university question, which has been so prominent in Germany, was not discussed at Malines. The Belgians have had for thirty years a Catholic university at Louvain, which they support at a great expense, and for the maintenance of which they constantly struggle. The English speak of establishing a Catholic college at Oxford. Canon Oakley, a learned English convert, is working zealously to realize the plan, and if Newman will agree to take the helm, the enterprise will prosper. We hope the project will succeed, for English Catholics will not send their sons to the Catholic university at Dublin, which does not flourish, and numbers only some two hundred students. In Holland a Catholic university is not even thought of.

The interests of the Catholic press were not neglected at Malines. Belgium has done much to raise its character, as was shown by Count de Theux. Since the congress of 1863 the Belgian journals—especially the "Journal de Bruxelles"—have steadily progressed. In Belgium, small as it is, there are fifty Catholic periodicals, some French and some Flemish. The "Journal de Bruxelles" already rivals the Paris "Monde," and both are far in advance of any German journal. At Malines the members of the press form a section of their own, in which the principal papers are represented by their directors, editors, or correspondents. The staff of the "Correspondant" was represented by Count Francis de Champagny, Viscount Anatole Lemercier, and by Francis Lenormant, the favorite of the Parisians. "Le Monde," too, had sent its delegates; prominent among these was Hermann Kuhn, the Berlin correspondent, who contributes valuable articles on Catholic Germany. He appeared for the "Mayence Journal" also. We are already acquainted with de Riancey, the editor of "L'Union." The director of "La Patrie," published in Bruges, Neut, was president of the section. Although I earnestly desired to form the personal acquaintance of M. Neut, circumstances prevented it; but he appeared to be the leading spirit of the section. Affable and obliging, lively and ardent, he is a flowing speaker, well fitted to take the lead, and a bold, uncompromising Catholic, without a trace of fogyism. To see him is to love him. He is a man of great practical ability, and writes a popular style resembling that of Ernest Zander, of Munich. Like Zander he has grown grey in journalism. The vice-presidents of the section were Count Celestinè de Martini,

Digitized by Google

director of the "Journal de Bruxelles;" Leon Lavedan, who writes for the "Gazette de France;" and Lasserre, editor of the "Contemporain," well known in Germany as a controversial writer. Lebrocquoi, editor of "La Voix du Luxembourg," acted as secretary. Digard of Paris took an active part in the discussions of the section. Spain was represented by Enrique de Villaroya and Eduardo Maria de Villarrazza; Portugal by Don Almeida. The Abbé de Chelen and F. Terwecoren also deserve mention. Verspeyen, editor of "Le Bien Public," at Ghent, is one of the youngest and most spirited journalists in Belgium. He is a good speaker, very sarcastic and impressive. On his recommendation Casoni, of Bologna, who has been shamefully persecuted by the Sardinians, received a heavy subsidy from the Malines congress. Lemmens, a very clever man, is associated with Verspeyen in the editorship of "Le Bien Public," which compares with the "Journal de Bruxelles" in the same way as "Le Monde" and the "Weekly Register" compare with "Le Correspondant" and "The Home and Foreign Review." De Haulleville, formerly editor of the "Universel," and at present connected with the "Correspondant," is one of the best Belgian writers He is not only a journalist, but also a thorough historian, well versed in German literature. I must not forget to mention Demarteau, the editor of the "Liege Journal;" A. Coomans, an able speaker, who represented the "Antwerp Journal," and Frappier, the editor of "L'Ami de l'Ordre." Among the English journalists the most prominent were Simpson, a friend of Sir John Acton, who wrote for the "Rambler" and "Home and Foreign Review," and Wigley, editor of the "Weekly Register," who writes for the "Monde" also, a worthy rival of Coquille, Faconet, Leon Pagès, Kuhn, La Tour, d'Aignan, and H. Vrignault. Among the periodicals that had sent representatives to Malines were: "L'Ouvrier," "Le Messager de la Charité," "La Revue Chrétiénne," "Le Journal des Villes et des Campagnes," "El Diario" of Barcelona, "La Regeneracion" of Madrid, "L'Union" of Valencia, "El Register Catolico" of Barcelona, "La Belgique," "La Paix," "Les Précis Historiques," "Le Courrier de Bruxelles," "Le Moniteur de Louvain," "L'Escaut," "Le Courrier de la Sambre," "L'Union de Charleroy," "Le Nouvelliste de Verviers," "Le Journal de Hainaut," "L'Impartial de Soignies," "La Gazette de Vivelles," and several others.

The assembly consisted of forty-five journalists, and their proceedings made a favorable impression. The gentlemen of the press knew why they had met. It was resolved to hold every year a general convention of Catholic journalists and to establish at Brussels an international telegraphic bureau for Catholic journals, because most of the bureaus now existing are in the hands of Jews, who frequently forge untruthful telegrams. The meeting tended to foster mutual good feeling among the representatives of the different journals, and resolutions were passed to secure unity of action in the Catholic press.

The managers of the "Correspondant" strove to obtain the patronage of the Malines congress by distributing a list of contributors. In fact, its staff comprises some of the most able Catholic journalists, and we deem it proper to give the names of Bishop Dupanloup, the Duke d'Ayen, the Prince de Broglie, the Count Montalembert, the Count Falloux, the Count de Carné, the Count de Champagny, Viscount Lemercier, Viscount de Melun, Vicar-General Meignan, Prof. Perreyve, F. Gratry, Villemain, de Laprade, Augustine Cochin, Foisset, Leonce de Lavergne, Wallon, N. de Pontmartin, Lenormant, de Chaillard, Amedée Achard, Marmier, and de Haulleville. No doubt it would be difficult to find a greater array of talent. The "Correspondant" appears once a month, making six large volumes per year.

Digitized by Google

I had been present at a meeting of journalists connected with the second general congress of the larger German states held at Frankfort in October, 1864. Twenty-seven representatives of the German press attended. Many resolutions were passed, but not one of them was carried out; nay, the third general congress of the larger German states never convened.

The journalists of the minor German states, also, met at Eisenach on May 22, 1864. Thirty-four members were present, and resolved to meet at stated periods in order to consult about the interests of the German press. A committee of delegates from seven journals was appointed, whose headquarters was to be at Frankfort-on-the-Main until the next general meeting in 1865. From the transaction of these assemblies, it has become evident that journalism in Germany is still in its infancy. The German journalists cannot compare with those of other countries. They form no class of their own; they lack self-respect and *esprit de corps;* in short, they are, without exception, in a lamentable state of dependence, for they are not wealthy nor do they receive becoming remuneration.

In Belgium the press is better organized; it is not oppressed by taxation, and this is the reason why Brussels alone can boast of sixty-seven periodicals. In Belgium 10 to 12 francs will procure a well-written daily paper, far surpassing our German journals.

The Belgian journalists whom I met at Malines despise the Catholic press in Germany. They reproach us with not doing our duty, and sneer at us for being duped by Jewish writers.

Journalism is an important profession, whose members should be conscientious and honorable men. The journalist addresses his language to an audience far more numerous than the professor's, and at present his influence is, so to say, unlimited; he reaches every part of educated society and sways public opinion. He is called to be the standard-bearer of liberty and truth. He must, therefore, implant sound principles in the popular mind, and, standing above the reach of paltry prejudice, unite in himself a high degree of intelligence and true devotion to the eternal laws of the Church. Such are the qualities which a journalist should possess. Without independence, dignity, and moral freedom he cannot do justice to the task imposed on him by God. "*Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*"

In England, America, and Belgium, the press wields a powerful influence; it has become sovereign, and is necessary to the nation's life. Science feels that unless it is diffused it is powerless, and that the school-room is too narrow a field; hence it is that men of learning make use of the press. In Catholic Germany, on the contrary, there are still districts where the journalist is looked upon with a jealous eye, and where it is deemed preferable to read papers written by Jews and literary gipsies.

"Let the Church be free, let her unfold fully her immense power, let her extend her influence to every grade and station of society, and things will assume a more promising aspect. Let the Church be again respected, let her word be heeded in the palace no less than in the hut, let homage be paid to her in the courts of justice and in institutions of learning, at the university no less than at the village school, and a new and golden era will dawn upon us." These words, first addressed to the German nation by its bishops, have been repeated again and again by the Catholic general conventions. The Church has a right to watch over popular education and schools, but, as Moufang says, she has an equally undeniable title to direct the education of those who are destined to be the leaders of the people. The Church is the mother of universities, but, alas! most of her daughters have forsaken her. Germany possesses eighteen Protestant universities, but she cannot boast

Digitized by Google

of an equal number of Catholic institutions. The Church has been robbed of her educational establishments in the same way in which she has been deprived of her monasteries and other possessions. Of the twenty-two German universities six only are Catholic. At the mixed universities Catholics are by no means on a footing of equality with Protestants, and a professor or a fellow who is a staunch Catholic will almost certainly fall into disgrace. The Protestant professors number ten to one; a great grievance, no doubt.

Even previous to 1848, far-sighted men were penetrated with the necessity of establishing a purely Catholic university. But since the emphatic approval of the scheme by the episcopal council of Würzburg, in 1848, the Catholic conventions have displayed a lively interest in the plan and have done all in their power to further its realization. At Regensburg (1849), Mayence (1851), Münster (1852), Vienna (1853), and Linz (1856), it received the fullest consideration. The convention of Linz recommended in the warmest terms the restoration of the university of Salzburg. This recommendation was repeated by the Salzburg convention in 1857, which requested the prince-archbishop of Salzburg, Baron von Farnoczky, to undertake this affair, so important to Germany. At Salzburg the debates on this question were very stormy, because Innsbruck claimed the preference. In fact, the university of Innsbruck has been much better attended of late years.

But the most decisive steps in this regard were taken by the convention of Aix-la-Chapelle. Prof. Möller, of Louvain, delivered an eloquent discourse on the establishment of the Louvain university. In glowing words he represented to the assembly how, on the opening of the first course of lectures at Malines, in 1834, but eighty-six students followed the course, how the number of students increased in 1835 to 261 and the following year to 360, whilst at the present day the three state universities together number 800 students less than Louvain alone! He spoke of the generosity of the Belgians, of their yearly subscriptions, and of their collections, to which even the poorest contribute their mite. He reminded them that the Louvain professors are among the most distinguished for mental activity, and that they form men of principle, who honorably fulfil the designs of God upon them. "And is it impossible for the great Catholic German nation to do what four millions of Belgians have accomplished? Follow the example thus set you, German laymen, raise your voices, and shrink not before difficulties or obstacles. Impossible—the word is unworthy of Germans!" By this speech of the noble Möller the assembly was aroused, and its members were ready to undergo every sacrifice in order to realize their plans. On the following day, when the convention had met in secret session, Theising, of Warendorf, brought up the university question, and a debate followed, in which Baron von Andlaw, of Freiburg, Schulte, of Prague, Count Brandis, of Austria, Thissen, of Frankfort, Möller, of Louvain, and Heinrich, of Mayence, participated. It was at first proposed to appoint a committee, which was to exert itself energetically in favor of the project. Councillor Phillips, Baron Felix von Loe, Count Brandis, Baron Henry von Andlaw, Chevalier Joseph von Buss, and Baron Wilderich von Ketteler, were appointed members of the committee and their nomination received with applause. The motion also provided for the collection of the money necessary to establish the university. A wordy discourse followed, but no definite conclusion was arrived at, when Baron von Andlaw struck the right chord. "I will give $500 for the establishment of a Catholic university," he exclaimed. "I will give $500 more," cried Councillor Phillips of Vienna. "I subscribe $300," said

Digitized by Google

Zander, of Munich. Count Richemont, of Paris, next ascended the tribune, addressed a few enthusiastic words to the assembly, and subscribed $500. He was rapidly followed by Counts Spee, Loe, Schaasberg, Stolberg, Hoensbroich, Brandis, and many other nobles from the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia, who came forward with generous contributions. Prof. Schulte, of Prague, and Canon Moufang each subscribed a thousand florins. Dumortier, of Brussels, Prisac, of Aix-la-Chapelle, Martens, of Pelplin, Thymus, Bachem, and Pastor Becker also gave solid proofs of their interest in the enterprise. In a short time the subscriptions amounted to $7,000, and at Würzburg, in 1864, $30,000 had already been subscribed.

The scene at Aix-la-Chapelle was more imposing than any other that marked the sixteen general conventions of the Catholic societies in Germany. Joy and enthusiasm were depicted on every countenance, and hope filled every breast. The whole of Catholic Germany shared in these feelings; for there was now substantial reason for believing in the ultimate success of the university scheme. True, subscriptions did not continue to pour in so rapidly as at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the nobility of southern Germany, in particular, were very remiss in performing their duty. To collect $7,000,000 is no easy task, especially as the German clergy have been deprived of almost all their possessions, whilst the mass of the people show little zeal for the undertaking. Still the agitation of this question has been productive of great good to Catholicity in Germany, for it has inspired all of us with redoubled zeal and energy. The Catholics have begun to claim their just rights and to insist upon them till they are granted. As the Rhenish Westphalian nobility have demanded the restoration of the old Catholic university of Münster, so in Bavaria, where there is a purely Protestant university, the Catholics should urge the establishment of a Catholic one, for it is our first duty; as was remarked by Schulte at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1862, and by Moufang at Würzburg in 1864, to insist that universities which were founded by Catholics should retain their original character. In mixed universities, the Catholic professors will, henceforth, strain every nerve to secure true equality. Where this equality is trampled under foot, they will protest and demand their rights. The professors will be supported by the Catholic students, who were ably represented at Frankfort and Würzburg by Anschütz and Baron Dr. von Hertling. Do not the Catholics outnumber the Protestants in Germany? No one knew Germany and its tribes better than Frederick Böhmer, of Frankfort, and he always maintained that the Catholics can boast of as many able men as the Protestants, and that southern Germany, far from being inferior, surpasses the northern races in mental abilities. To carry out the programme laid down above will require our best energies, but we must, moreover, found a *new university* a purely Catholic and free institution, untrammelled by state dictation, and entirely under the direction of the Church. To do this the bishops, the nobles, and the clergy must use their best endeavors; but the professors, too, must do their share, and not look on with cold indifference, as is the case with most of them. If the state encroaches unceasingly on the rights of the Church in the realms of science, and if its tyranny persistently oppresses the most able votaries of science because they are Catholics, why should we not rely on ourselves, and seek strength in union? There is neither truce nor rest for us until we are not only equal but superior to our opponents in every branch of science.

Since its organization, two years ago, the university committee has done all in its power to promote the good cause. One of the most zealous members is the young Prince Charles, of

Digitized by Google

Löwenstein-Werthheim, who has been substituted for the deceased Count Brandis.

Canon Moufang, of Mayence, spoke on the university question at Würzburg in 1864. Of all the members of the convention he was best fitted to do justice to the subject. Since 1848 Dr. Moufang has been present at almost every one of the sixteen general conventions, and whatever good has been accomplished by them he has promoted and encouraged. Connected with most of the Catholic movements of our age, he understands the feelings of his Catholic countrymen and knows how to give forcible and opportune expression to them; at times his words are irresistible, like the mountain torrent. At Munich he delivered a discourse on the Holy Father and his difficulties; in Aix-la-Chapelle he thundered against the want of principle and of true manliness which distinguishes our times; at Frankfort he ridiculed anti-Catholic prejudices, and at Würzburg he convinced his hearers of the necessity of a Catholic university. But the school question, also, and the relations between capital and labor, he has lately treated in an admirable manner. "*Il faut être de son temps*," is Moufang's motto, and hence he is one of the representative men of public opinion in Catholic Germany, and when he combats the enemies of the Church the advantage is always on his side. On the nineteenth of December, 1864, Dr. Moufang celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination. Hundreds of priests from the dioceses of Mayence, Limburg, and Freiburg were present on this solemn occasion, which they will cherish for ever in their memory. Dr. Moufang's name immediately suggests that of Canon Heinrich. They are a "*par nobile fratrum*" in literature as well as in public life, emulating the example of Raess and Weiss and of Augustus and Peter Reichensperger. At the age of thirty, after promoting the organization of the first general convention at Mayence, Dr. Heinrich was appointed secretary of the national council held at Würzburg in 1848. Since 1848 he distinguished himself at almost all the general conventions by his activity and the zeal he displayed in furthering every Catholic enterprise. He is equally active in the committees, in the secret and in the open sessions. He is not only a favorite speaker, but also a skilful controversialist and a journalist of no mean ability. He published the best reply to Renan, and as a theologian and jurist he is able to cope with any adversary.

Prof. Haffner is the worthy colleague of Moufang and Heinrich. He cultivates the science which Aristotle and Plato pronounced the sublimest of all sciences—philosophy. But Haffner is a philosopher who is intelligible even to ordinary mortals; he makes a practical use of his knowledge, and is a favorite at the Rhenish clubs. In fact, there is no reason why he should not be so. His speeches are instructive, sublime in conception, and well written. The details are well arranged and he has due regard for literary perspective. His incomparable humor is unmixed with biting sarcasm, and his figures are exquisitely beautiful. Haffner's speeches are perfect gems. Long may you live, noble son of Suabia!

The Mayence delegates form an attractive group, and they all work right earnestly for the success of the conventions. Beside those already noticed, I shall mention Dr. Hirschel, canon of the cathedral, who presided at the first general meeting of the Christian art unions at Cologne in 1856; Monsignore Count Max von Galen, who delivered an elegant discourse on the Blessed Virgin at Aix-la-Chapelle; Professors Holzammer and Hundhausen, profound scholars; Frederic Schneider, president of the young men's associations in the diocese of Mayence; and Falk, president of the social clubs or casinos.

Councillor Phillips, of Vienna, is generally chosen chairman of the sec-

Digitized by Google

tion of science and the press. Richly does he deserve this distinction, for Phillips is an ornament to German literature, and his work on canon law is a "*monumentum aere perennius*" which will be numbered among the German classics. On the Catholic press, too, Phillips has conferred a great benefit, for, in conjunction with Jarcke and Joseph von Görres, he founded the "Historico-Political Journal," of Munich, which he edited for a long time, assisted by Guido Görres. Being sent as a delegate to the Frankfort Parliament, Phillips was numbered among the men of "the stone house;" that is to say, he belonged to the Catholic party, and became the associate of Döllinger, Lasaulx, Sepp, Förser, Geritz, Dieringer, Von Bally, and others who took an active part in the debate on the relations between church and state. Since 1862 Phillips has been chairman of the committee on the establishment of the Catholic university. The speeches of the learned professor were remarkable for the force of their arguments and the clearness of their ideas. His committee reports are to the point, and he presides with tact and ability.

Privy Councillor Ringseis delivered telling speeches at Aix-la-Chapelle and Munich; at Frankfort and Würzburg he did not make his appearance, being already too much bowed down by age. Ringseis was born in 1785. In the literary world he occupies a prominent position; but he has always been more successful as an orator than as a writer. His appearance is inspiring, his words enthusiastic. The simplicity of his heart, his pleasing cordiality, and the unchanging freshness of his intellect, endear him to all with whom he comes in contact; yet he is one of the men who have bravely weathered all the storms of our age. He resembles an oak that proudly withstands every hurricane.

Baron von Moy was president of the Würzburg convention. From 1832 to 1837 he lectured on constitutional and international laws, and from 1837 he was for ten years professor at Munich, at a time when the fame of the Munich university attracted hundreds of young men to the Bavarian capital, when all Germany knew that there was a great Catholic university at Munich, and when, in the words of Moufang, "Görres, Ringseis, Döllinger, Möhler, Slee, Phillips, Moy, Windischmann, and their colleagues, formed the central group of Catholic Munich." Baron von Moy presided at Würzburg with much tact and success. Age has already made its inroads, but his voice is still rich and agreeable. He is untainted by the ungenial formality of our German professors. In him solid piety is coupled with affability, cordiality, and benevolence, and adorned by true Catholic cheerfulness.

The Catholic professors, on the whole, have taken little interest in these conventions, because the majority of them are unacquainted with real life. There are exceptions, however, such as those mentioned above. Schulte, of Prague, also, has displayed a laudable zeal in every convention until 1862. He favors true progress, and earnestly wishes the Catholics not only to rival but surpass the Protestants in every respect. Sometimes he is a little too exacting in his demands; his expressions are rather strong, and his strictures on abuses are not sufficiently tempered with moderation. Schulte is no visionary, for he is thoroughly acquainted with the state of the Church, but he is carried away by a burning zeal, a kind of holy anger. Hermann Müller, professor at the Würzburg university, a jurist and philologer, and formerly well known as a journalist, was the most handsome member of the Würzburg convention, and his magnificent beard attracted universal attention. The university was likewise represented by Professors Contzen and Ludwig and by Dr. Wirsing. Long continued study has left its traces on the features of Prof. Vering, of Heidelberg, but it has not

Digitized by Google

hardened his heart against the claims of the Catholic cause.

At Würzburg sixty-three professors and authors signed an address and sent it to the Holy Father. In it they declare their readiness to submit unconditionally to the decision of the Holy See regarding the meeting of the German *literati*. I cannot refrain from saying a few words on this meeting, especially as it may be said to have originated in the general conventions. In fact, the sensation caused by the Würzburg meeting has by no means subsided. I have lying before me Döllinger's "Discourse on the Past and Present of Catholic Theology," and criticisms on it by the Mayence "Katholik," the Paris "Monde," and the "Civiltà Cattolica;" also Prof. Hergenröther's speech at Würzburg on meetings of European scholars, the pamphlet of Prof. Michelis, of Braunsberg, and a cutting reply in the November number of "Der Katholik." To these I may add the papal brief to the Archbishop of Munich (December 21, 1863), the despatch of Cardinal Antonelli to the nuncio at Munich (July 5, 1864), and the letter of the Holy Father to Professors Hergenröther and Denzinger, dated October 20, 1864. I fear the matter will take a disagreeable turn, and that our learned professors will bring themselves into difficulty. No doubt there is much truth in Hergenröther's reflections on his colleagues: "All our learned men are not as prudent as they should be; they have not sufficient tact, and are wanting in knowledge of the actual state of things; many a professor in his sanctum acquires ideas wholly at variance with real life."

The Catholic general conventions will not alter their character in order to busy themselves with purely scientific concerns; in short, it cannot become a congress of learned men, nor a substitute for such a congress. Fully persuaded of this fact, Prof. Denzinger declared, in the most explicit terms, that the meeting of the German *literati* was independent of the sixteenth general convention, which was nowise responsible for its doings.

Moreover, it is a fact to be borne in mind, that the Holy See has not forbidden such meetings, that the German bishops do not wish them to be interfered with, and that no Catholic party, as Michelis says, has intrigued to prevent them.

If, in spite of all this, the matter does not prosper, the learned men alone are to blame. It seems to be extremely difficult to prevent dissensions among men who devote themselves to different branches of science, to unite in the bonds of friendship and concord the disciples of the speculative, the historical, and the practical sciences. If I belonged to the class of men of which I am speaking, I would express my opinions more fully. Why did not the illustrious theologians of Tübingen deign to come to Munich in 1863? Why is there so slim an attendance of German professors at the Catholic congresses? Why do the representatives of sciences so intimately connected remain estranged from each other? A closer union would bring about renewed activity, prejudices would be dispelled, the jealous reserve with which we now meet on every side would give way to a more healthy state of things, and youthful genius would be encouraged by the conviction that they are stayed and supported by men of experience and acknowledged merit.

Will the congress of 1863 remain a fragment, as the general meeting of the art unions in 1857? We hope not. The best rejoinder to all that has been said on such meetings would be a general European congress of all learned Catholics, at Brussels, Geneva, or Frankfort—attended by Döllinger, Phillips, and Alzog, as the representatives of Germany; by Perin, Delcour, and de Ram; by Newman, Oakley, Acton, and Robertson; by Meignan, Montalembert, and Rio, and by the Italians Nardi, Cantu, and Casoni. The union between the civilized nations of Europe is becoming

Digitized by Google

closer day by day; will our scholars alone remain stationary and isolated? If they follow this course, the day of retribution will soon arrive.

Foremost among the promoters of scientific progress, during the second half of the nineteenth century, stands a Catholic prince, King Maximilian II. of Bavaria. History tells of few princes who have so liberally patronized men of science. With royal munificence he has founded and endowed institutions of learning and fostered scientific enterprise. He will always be praised as one of the most generous patrons of German science, and in the history of literature and science will occupy an honorable position. Unfortunately, however, the ideas of the noble prince were not realized by the men he protected. He lived to be sorely disappointed, and to discover that he had bestowed his benefits on men unworthy of his confidence. Döllinger, without mentioning the king's mistakes, has done full justice to his merits. Döllinger himself holds a princely rank in the European republic of letters. With skilful hand he is rearing the immense edifice of a universal Church history. The corner-stone is already laid and the foundation completed. May God give life and vigor to the architect, that he may finish his vast undertaking. Since his famous lectures at the Odeon at Munich, delivered before a mixed audience in April, 1861, Döllinger has fixed the attention of men holding the most contrary opinions both in and out of the Church. Of late, many have been disappointed in Döllinger, though without any reason; they have given a false meaning to his words—misinterpreted his intentions. True, he speaks with a boldness to which all cannot immediately accustom themselves, for he is a thorough enemy of all mental reservation in theology. He stands on an eminence, surveying not only our own times but the whole extent of sacred and profane history, and combines a correct estimate of the necessities of the age with a fervent love of Christ and his Church.

Hergenröther, our revered professor, is in many respects the scientific complement of Döllinger. If Döllinger at times goes too far, Hergenröther knows how to explain, to correct, and to limit his expressions; this he has done several times of late. Hergenröther is a man of great learning, acquired by continued mental activity; but he is likewise well acquainted with the ideas of the present age. His speech at the Würzburg convention was a masterpiece, full of clear and well-defined ideas.

His most active colleague in the Würzburg committee was Professor Hettinger. He is perhaps the most eminent of living controversialists. He teaches apologetics, which forms the transition from philosophy to theology. Hettinger takes a large and philosophical, but at the same time truly Christian and Catholic, view of the world. Every grand and beautiful idea, both ancient and modern, he has made his own; he has analyzed every philosophical system, separating truth from falsehood, and has gathered every sound principle scattered over the wide range of philosophical literature. His controversial works deserve to be ranked among the classics of the nineteenth century. His discourses are listened to with pleasure, whether he speaks from the pulpit, the professor's desk, or the tribune. At Frankfort and Würzburg he spoke in a masterly style.

Denzinger presided at the Würzburg conference which sent an address to the Holy Father. He is a deep theologian, well versed in all philosophical systems. His mind is admirably trained, his character settled and determined, and in learning, notwithstanding the frailty of his body, he has attained an eminence to which few can aspire. Self-possessed in debate, sure and cautious in his remarks, a deep thinker, he exhorted all to forbearance, and gave universal satisfaction.

Digitized by Google

The Würzburg professors do honor to every assembly of scholars and to every Catholic convention.

Abbot Haneberg, of Munich, perhaps the most venerable of our German monks, bishop elect of Treves, a linguist who speaks fifteen languages, a first-rate teacher, who will ever be remembered by his many disciples as one of the best pulpit orators in Germany, was a zealous advocate of the Munich congress of literati. The circular was signed by Haneberg, Döllinger, and Prof. Alzog, of Freiburg. Alzog's manual of ecclesiastical history is the text-book, not only in Hildesheim and Freiburg, but in almost every seminary in Europe. The work resembles one of the beautiful mosaics so much admired in St. Peter's at Rome, and has been of great use. Alzog was present at the Frankfort conventions.

Prof. Reusch, of Bonn, is one of our best commentators. He has rendered the Catholics of Germany a great service in translating the works of the English cardinal, for Wiseman's writings are read by the whole Church. About a hundred years ago all Germany perused the productions of the English free-thinking deists, Shaftesbury, Locke, Morgan, Woolston, and Toland; at present all read the works of Wiseman, Faber, Newman, Marshall, Dalgairn, and Manning. Toward the close of the last century, Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Alembert, Diderot, and the other infamous encyclopædists furnished the educated portion of Germany with intellectual food; now we eagerly study the writings of Dupanloup, Montalembert, L. Veuillot, Ségur, F. Gratry, and Nicolas. True, Renan too and "Le Maudit" have their admirers, but the admirable replies of Dupanloup, Felix, Freppel, Lasserre, Veuillot, Ségur, Pressensé, Parisis, Scherer, Coquerel, Lamy, and Nicolas, have likewise found an extensive circle of readers. Catholic controversy has never flourished more than at present, when hundreds of able writers plead the cause of Christ and of his vicar on earth.

Professor Vosen, of Cologne, is another eminent controversialist; he is a skilful debater, and possesses a thorough knowledge of parliamentary rules and of the social condition of Germany. His utterance is rapid, but he uses no superfluous verbiage, and every sentence is clear and well brought out.

Prof. Reinkens, of Breslau, and Floss, of Bonn, were members of the executive committee at the Munich convention of scholars. Not long ago he dedicated to us his biography of "Hilary of Poitiers," a work that may be classed with Möhler's "Athanasius."

Prof. Reischl, of Regensburg, repeatedly a member of different committees at the general conventions, and an excellent teacher, whose memory will ever be cherished by his students, is on the point of finishing, in the course of the present year, his laborious translation of the Holy Scriptures. For twelve years he has labored unceasingly, and the work is the golden fruit of his labors, and will outlive many generations. We may justly place Reischl's translation of the Bible among our Catholic classics, such as Möhler's "Symbolism," Döllinger's "Paganism and Judaism," Hefele's "History of the Councils," Phillips' "Canon Law," Hettinger's "Apologetics," Amberger's "Pastoral Theology," Dieringer's "Book of Epistles," Lasaulx's "Philosophy of the Fine Arts," Stöckl's "Philosophy of the Middle Ages," Kleutgen's "Theology of the Past," "The Legends of Alban Stolz," etc. Most of these have appeared since 1848, or rather within the last twelve years, and are the precursors of a great Catholic literary period, for which every preparation seems to be already made. That our writers are improving in beauty of style no observer can fail to notice; as a proof, I need only mention the names of Haffner, Molitor, Redwitz, and Hahn-Hahn. I cannot pass unnoticed

Digitized by Google

Stolberg's "History of the Church," Danberger's "History of the Middle Ages," Gfrörer's great work on Gregory VII. and his times, and the works of Frederick von Hurter. "Sepp's Jerusalem," also, is a work of undoubted merit. Professor Sepp delivered some brilliant speeches at the first Catholic general conventions. His last book is a telling refutation of Renan and other modern infidels who deny the divinity of Christ, and deserves to be ranked with the writings of Heinrich, Haneberg, Deutinger, S. Brunner, Wriesinger, Michelis, Daumer, and Hahn-Hahn on the same subject.

Michelis, of Braunsberg, shows some of Tertullian's violence; nay, sometimes he becomes personal in debate, owing to his passionate temper and his somewhat peevish character. These qualities are coupled with an ardent love of his religion and his country, and manly honor and straightforwardness. His speech at Frankfort, in 1862, was well-timed and called forth immense enthusiasm. Michelis bears a close resemblance to Prof. Remirding, of Fulda, who has lately acquired a great reputation as a dogmatic theologian. Remirding has for a long time been a teacher in England, and is thoroughly acquainted with English affairs. To him we may apply the adage: "Still waters run deep." He is silent, uncommunicative, and fond of thought. His bright eyes beam with intelligence, gentleness, and benevolence. Prof. Janssen held his maiden speech at the convention of Frankfort, in 1863; it was very successful. Janssen is a disciple of Böhmer, and he, as well as Ficker, of Innsbruck, and Arnold, of Marburg, is a worthy successor of that great historian. He is well fitted to write a satisfactory history of Germany, for Giesebrecht's "History of the German Emperors" fails to do justice to the Church during the middle ages. There is no longer any lack of Catholic historians in Germany, and the labors of Protestant writers have rendered the task easy for them. Among our Catholic historians I shall mention Onno Klopp, of Hanover; Hoefler, of Prague; Bader, Huber, Hergenröther, of Würzburg; Marx, of Treves; Dudik, Gindely, Kampfschulte, of Bonn; Niehus, Rump, and Hüls kamp, of Münster; C. Will, of Nurem berg; Lämmer, of Breslau, who ha. lately been appointed professor of theology; Remkens, of Breslau; Alexander Kaufmann, of Werthheim; Cornelius, Friedrich, and Pichler, of Munich; Roth von Schreckenstein, Watterich, Dominicus, Ossenbeck, Ennen, Remling, Junckmann, Kiesel, Bumüller, Weiss, Kerker, and Alberdingk-Thijm.

These gentlemen should try to meet very often, for by seeing ourselves reflected in others we learn to know ourselves. Böhmer, Pertz, Chmel, and Theiner have laid the foundations of historical research; on their disciples devolves the task of continuing the building, and of completing it according to the intentions of their masters.

My subject is carrying me away and I am passing the limits I had marked for myself. How many other names connected with the Munich reunion of scholars, or the last Catholic congress, should I notice in order to do justice to all! Professors Reithmayer, Reitter, and Stadlbauer, of Munich; Mayer, of Würzburg; the learned Benedictines, Rupert Mettermüller, of Metten, Gallus Morel, of Einsiedeln, Boniface Gams, of Munich; Professors Schegg, of Freising, Hähnlein, of Würzburg; Zobl, of Brixen, Uhrig and Schmid, of Dillingen, Engermann, of Regensburg, Scheeben, of Cologne, Oischinger and Strodl, of Munich, Hagemann, of Hildesheim, Pfahler, of Eichstadt, Kraus, of Regensburg, Brandner and Schoepf, of Salzburg, Nirschl and Greil, of Passau; among our rising scholars, Messrs. Constantine von Schaetzler, of Freiburg, Lan gen, of Bonn, Wongerath, Silbernagel, Friedrich, Pichler, and Wirthmüller, of Munich, Hitz, Kaiser, Kagerer, J.

Digitized by Google

M. Schneider, J. Denziger, Bach, H. Hayd, Pfeifer, Kaufmann, of Munich, and Thinnel, of Neisse; among the clergy, Dr. Westermayer, a celebrated preacher; Schmid, of Amberg, Dr. Gmelch, of Lichtenstein, Dr. Clos, of Feldaffing, Dr. Zinler, of Gablingen, Wick, of Breslau, Dr. Zailler; and finally, Canons Rampf and Herb, of Munich, W. Mayer, of Regensburg, Düx, of Würzburg, Freund, of Passau, Werner, of St. Pölten, Provost Ernst, of Eichstädt, Canon Eberhard, of Regensburg, Lierheimer, of Munich, and a host of others.

Truly Providence has blessed Germany with many great intellects, and a glorious period seems to have begun for Catholic literature. Our leading men should be animated with a fervent love of their faith, and true patriotism; thus they will be enabled to take a truly Christian view of the world.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words on the representatives of the German press.

Dr. Ernest Zander, of Munich, is the spokesman of the German journalists at the general conventions.

Zander has now been connected for twenty-seven years with the press, but he is still quite hearty and ready to do battle, and the subscribers of "Der Volksbote" read his spicy articles with undiminished pleasure.

Although a poor speaker, his appearance is always greeted with applause, and at the close of his remarks there is no end of cheering.

He calls things by their proper names, spares nobody, and has an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor.

His numerous decorations, his bushy eyebrows, his twinkling eyes, and his sarcastic smile, make his remarks doubly interesting.

On matters connected with the Catholic press, there are no authorities more reliable than Zander and Jörg, of Munich, Sausen, of Mayence, and Sebastian Brunner, of Vienna.

J. B. von Pfeilschifter, of Darmstadt, is older than the gentlemen above mentioned; in fact, he is the oldest Catholic journalist in Germany.

Pfeilschifter, says Maurice Brühl, combines varied learning and extensive reading with the experience of many years.

Since 1815 he has been actively engaged as a journalist, and for a long time he was the only champion of lawful authority and political order, and for this reason he was continually scoffed at and slandered by his revolutionary colleagues. Zander has a worthy rival in Bachem, of Cologne. Properly speaking, Bachem is a publisher, but he is likewise a very able editor. At the conventions he is the most business-like representative of the press, and seems to know more about journalism than the editors. In 1865 Bachem's paper will probably number 6,000 subscribers, which is a very respectable circulation. His journal is one of the most influential Rhenish papers, and very ably edited. If papers of equal merit were published at Mayence, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Augsburg, Munich, Innsbruck, Vienna, Prague, Breslau, and Münster, our political press would satisfy every reasonable demand.

Francis Hülskamp, of Münster, is one of the youngest among our German journalists, but he has outstripped many older men, for he was the first to give a decisive impetus to the Catholic press. Three years ago Hülskamp and his friend, Hermann Rump, founded the "Literary Index." Now, in December, 1864, the "Index" can boast of 6,000 subscribers and 30,000 readers. All the other German literary papers together, Protestant as well as Catholic, do not equal the "Index" in circulation. Success like this is unheard of in Germany, and proves that for the Catholics the time of inaction is past. Hülskamp is not only a critic, but also well-versed in philology, exegesis, and ecclesiastical history. In poetry, too, he has made some creditable essays, and at Frankfort, in 1863, he proved conclusively that he is a promising

Digitized by Google

speaker. Long may this energetic son of Westphalia's red soil live and flourish!

Among the most regular members of the Catholic conventions is Dr. Louis Lang, of Munich, who has distinguished himself by his ability as secretary. The Catholic press also owes him a debt of gratitude. He has greatly enlarged and improved the Munich "Sonntagsblatt" and secured for it the services of the best writers in Germany, succeeding, by these means, in making it rival the "Heimgarten" and the "Sonntagsfreude." The "Josephsblatt," a monthly published by Lang, has already a circulation of 40,000 subscribers, and bids fair to number 100,000 by the end of 1865. Our illustrated papers, too, have improved wonderfully since 1862; therefore let us not despair, but trust in God.

At our Catholic conventions there were no meetings of journalists exclusively. But there were many complaints of the inefficiency of the press, and the journalists were severely blamed. Nor is the press so numerously represented as at Malines, and the journalists present are not so independent as the members of the Belgian, English, and French press, who are fully conscious of the importance of their position.

Among the journalists whose acquaintance I formed at the Catholic conventions, the most distinguished are Dr. Max Huttler, of Augsburg, a man who has the welfare of the Catholic press deeply at heart; Hoyssack, of Vienna, Dr. Krebs, of Cologne, Dr. Stumpf, of Coblentz, Hermann Kuhn, of Berlin, Daumer, of Würzburg, Plauer, of Landshut, Dr. Frankl, of Gran in Hungary, Dr. von Mayer, of Hungary, Aichinger, of Pondorf, Riedinger and Hällmayer, of Spires, Stamminger, the enterprising editor of the "Chilianeum" at Würzburg, Thüren, of Cologne, and a number of others.

It is but proper to give at least a passing notice to the latest offspring of the Catholic conventions, the "Society for the Publication of Catholic Pamphlets." It was founded at Würzburg, but the seat of the executive committee is at Frankfort. On motion of Heinrich and Thissen, of Frankfort, it was recommended by the Catholic convention at Würzburg. Previous to the Würzburg convention, Thissen had already made some attempts at Frankfort.

The scheme was well received in Germany. Already the number of subscribers amounts to 2,000 and at the end of 1865 it will probably reach 25,000. Canon Thissen has been one of the leading spirits at every convention which he attended. He has an artful way of suggesting ideas and gaining for them the favor of the assembly; to carry them out, however, he needs the help of others. A thorough master of parliamentary tactics, he is a capital manager, and in debate he may safely trust to the inspiration of the moment. His brother, A. Thissen, of Aix-la-Chapelle, is well suited to be the secretary of our conventions.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

FALLING STARS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Oh, know'st thou what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star?

Yon glorious myriads, streaming
Their quiet influence down,
Are little angels gleaming
Like jewels in a crown.

Untiring, never sleeping,
God's sentinels they stand;
Where sounds of joy and weeping
Rise up on every hand.

If darkling here and dreary,
One patient cheek grow pale;
If in the conflict weary
One trusting spirit fail;

If to the throne ascendeth
One supplicating cry,—
Then heavenly mercy sendeth
An angel from on high.

Soft to the chamber stealing,
It beams in radiance mild,
And rocks each troubled feeling
To slumber like a child.

This, this is what betideth
When from the heavens afar,
Like fiery arrow, glideth
An earthward-falling star.

Digitized by Google

From Once a Week.

A BUNDLE OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

CAROLS, as the name implies, are joyous songs for festive occasions, at one period accompanied with dancing. In an old vocabulary of A.D. 1440, *Carol* is defined as *A Songe;* in John Palsgrave's work of A.D. 1530, as *Chanson de Noël;* whilst in Anglo-Saxon times the word appears to have been rendered *Kyrriole*, a chanting at the Nativity. The earliest carol in English, known under that name, is the production of Dame Berners, prioress of St. Alban's in the fourteenth century, entituled *A Carolle of Huntynge.* This is printed on the last leaf of Wynkyn de Worde's collection of Christmas carols, A.D. 1521, and the first verse modernized runs thus:

"As I came by a green forest side,
I met with a forester that bade me abide,
Whey go bet, hey go bet, hey go how,
We shall have sport and game enow."

Milton uses the word carol to express a devotional hymn:

"A quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung."

And that distinguished light of the English Church, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, speaks of the angels' song on the morning of the Nativity as the first Christmas carol: "As soon as these blessed choristers had sung their Christmas carol, and taught the Church a hymn to put into her offices for ever," etc.

According to Durandus, it was customary in early days for bishops to sing with their clergy in the episcopal houses on the feast of the Nativity. "*In Natali prælati cum suis clericis ludant, vel in domibus episcopalibus.*" These merry ecclesiastics sung undoubtedly Christmas carols.

But carols, like everything else, must be divided into two sorts, religious and secular—the carols "in prayse of Christe" and the merry songs for the festive board or fireside. These may be broken up into further varieties, thus:

RELIGIOUS.	SECULAR.
Scriptural,	Convivial or festive,
Legendary,	Wassail,
Lullaby.	Boar's head,
	In praise of holly and ivy.

Of the variety called *Legendary*, I propose now to speak. These are, as a rule, the most popular of all carols, deriving mainly, as I said before, their origin, and many of their expressions, from the ancient mysteries. In the old plays songs are frequently introduced which resemble, in a very striking manner, what are commonly called carols. The following song of the shepherds occurs in one of the Coventry pageants:

"As I rode out this endenes* night,
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright;
They sang terli, terlow,
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow."

The last lines actually form the chorus of one of the carols in the fifteenth-century manuscript formerly in the possession of Mr. Wright:

"About the field they piped full right,
Even about the midst of the night;
Adown from heaven they saw come a light,
Tyrle, tyrle,
So merrily the shepherds began to blow."

Again, in *Ludus Coventriæ:*

"Joy to God that sitteth in heaven,
And peace to man on earth ground;
A child is born beneath the levyn,
Through him many folk should be unbound."

A sixteenth-century carol commences:

"Salvation overflows the land,
Wherefore all faithful thus may sing,
Glory to God most high
And peace on the earth continually,
And unto men rejoicing."

* Last.

Digitized by Google

In the Coventry Plays again we find:

"Of a maid a child should be born,
On a tree he should be torn,
Deliver folks that are forlorn."

A genuine carol of the sixteenth century supplies us with the following:

"Jesu, of a maid thou wouldst be born,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
And all for our sins."

And one of the reign of Henry VI.:

"Thy sweet Son that thou hast borne,
To save mankind that was forlorn,
His head is wreathed in a thorn,
His blissful body is all to-torn."

The "Cherry-Tree Carol," formerly a great favorite throughout England, recollections of which yet linger amongst the country-folk, is in many instances a literal copy from the Coventry Mysteries. I give the popular version of the "Cherry-Tree Carol:"

"Joseph was an old man,
And an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
In the land of Galilee.

"Joseph and Mary
Walked through an orchard good,
Where were cherries and berries
As red as any blood.

* * * * *

"O then bespake Mary
With words both meek and mild,
'Gather me some cherries, Joseph,
They run so in my mind.'"

St. Joseph refuses "with words most unkind" to grant her request, apparently unaware that his spouse is about to become the mother of the Son of God. The unborn Saviour, however, directs the Blessed Virgin to

"'Go to the tree, Mary,
And it shall bow to thee,
And the highest branch of all
Shall bow down to Mary's knee.'

* * * * *

"Then bowed down the highest tree
Unto his mother's hand:
Then she cried, 'See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command.'

"'O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough.'"

Another version gives the following reply of S. Joseph:

"O then bespake Joseph,
'I have done Mary wrong,
But cheer up, my dearest,
And be not cast down.'"

I give a portion of the rest of the carol, some of the verses being remarkably touching and beautiful:

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
'This night shall be born
Our Heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen
As were babies all.

"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
That rocks on the mould.

"He neither shall be christened
In white wine nor in red,
But with the spring water
With which we were christened.'"

In the fifteenth pageant of the Coventry Mysteries the following lines occur:

"*Mary.* Ah, my sweet husband, would you tell to me
What tree is yon, standing on yon hill?

"*Joseph.* Forsooth, Mary, it is yclept a cherry tree,
In time of year you might feed you thereon your fill.

"*Mar.* Turn again, husband, and behold yon tree,
How that it bloometh now so sweetly.

"*Jos.* Come on, Mary, that we were a yon city,
Or else we may be blamed, I tell you lightly.

"*Mar.* Now, my spouse, I pray you to behold
How the cherries (are) grown upon yon tree;
For to have thereof right fain I would,
And it please you to labor so much for me.

"*Jos.* Your desire to fulfil I shall assay sekerly,
How to pluck you of these cherries, it is a work wild,
For the tree is so high, it would not be lightly (easy).

* * * * *

"*Mar.* Now, good Lord, I pray thee, grant me this boon,
To have of these cherries, and it be your will;
Now I thank God this tree boweth to me down,
I may now gather enow, and eat my fill.

Digitized by Google

"*Jos.* Now I know well, I have offended
my God in trinity,
Speaking to my spouse these unkind
words,
For now I believe well it may none
other be,
But that my spouse beareth the
King's Son of Bliss."

It is interesting to note the way in which the more modern composition retains all the incidents and traditions of the mediæval mystery. Our popular carol speaks of St. Joseph as *an old man, and an old man was he,* while the mystery represents him as saying (p. x.), *I am an old man,* and *I am so aged and so old.* The tree is the same, there is the same desire of the Virgin Mother to taste the fruit, the same refusal and bitter retort of her husband, the bowing-down of the tree, and the regret of St. Joseph for his unkindness. Mr. Hone was not ashamed to say of the "Cherry-Tree Carol:" "The admiration of my earliest days for some lines in it still remains, nor can I help thinking that the reader will see somewhat of cause for it."

The following example is still given on almost every broadside annually printed: it is called "The Three Ships." I ought perhaps first to state that the Three Ships are supposed to signify the mystery of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation being, as the *Speculum Vitæ Christi* hath it, "the high work of all the Holy Trinity, though it be that only the Person of the Son was incarnate and became man:"

"I saw three ships come sailing in,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day:
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

"And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day? etc.,
And what was in, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning?

"Our Saviour Christ and our Lady, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning.
Pray whither sailed those ships all three? etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning.

"O, they sailed into Bethlehem, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning;
And all the bells on earth shall ring, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning.

"And all the angels in heaven shall sing, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning.
And all the souls on earth shall sing, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning.

"Then let us all rejoice amain, etc.,
On Christmas day in the morning."

Another rude and rather amusing version is sometimes given of this carol, called "The Sunny Bank:"

"As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas day in the morning,

"I spied three ships come sailing by, etc.,
On Christmas day, etc.;

"And who should be with those three ships?
On Christmas day, etc.,

"But Joseph and his fair lady, etc.,
On Christmas day, etc.

"Oh, he did whistle, and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
For joy that our Saviour they did bring
On Christmas day in the morning."

An old Dutch carol, given by Hoffman, commences:

"There comes a vessel laden,
And on its highest gunwale
Mary holds the rudder,
The angel steers it on."

And thus explains the mission of the ship:

"In one unbroken course
There comes that ship to land:
It brings to us rich gifts,
Forgiveness is sent to us."

This translation is taken from Mr. Sandys' book on "Christmas-tide." About the sixteenth century a similar carol was sung at Yule, which is given by Ritson:

"There comes a ship far sailing then,
Saint Michael was the steersman;
Saint John sat in the horn:
Our Lord harped, our Lady sang,
And all the bells of heaven they rang
On Christ's Sunday at morn."

Another specimen I take from a Birmingham collection; it is called "The Seven Virgins." This is given also by Mr. Sylvester from "the original old broadside." It is singular, however, that his old copy should include a line which he confesses to be a "modern interpolation!"

"All under the leaves, and the leaves of life,
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother in heaven.
'O, what are you seeking, you seven pretty
maids,
All under the leaves of life?'

Digitized by Google

'We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine,
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our heavenly guide.'
'Go down, go down to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nailed to a yew tree.'
And they went down to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a bitter and grievous tear
From our Lady's eyes did fall.
'O, peace, mother, O, peace, mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve,
I must suffer this, he said,
For Adam and for Eve.
* * * * *
'O mother, take you John Evangelist
To be your favorite son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'
* * * * *
"Then he laid his head on his right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck him nigh,
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, mother, I die.'"

Many of my readers will recollect the famous carol of "The Seven Joys," still croaked out in the streets of London and elsewhere about Christmas time. Very similar carols to this exist of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, one of which I select from Mr. Wright's manuscript. I have, as in all other cases, modernized the orthography:

OF THE FIVE JOYS OF OUR LADY.

* * * * *
"The first joy that came to thee
Was when the angel greeted thee,
And said, 'Mary, full of charity,
Ave, plena gratia.'
The second joy that was full good
When God's Son took flesh and blood,
Without sorrow and changing of mood,
'Enixa es puerpera.'
The third joy was full of might,
When God's Son on rood was put,
Dead and buried, and laid in sight,
'Surrexit die tertia.'
The fourth joy was on Holy Thursday,
When God to heaven took his way,
God and man withouten nay,
'Ascendit supra sidera.'
The fifth joy is for to come,
At the dreadful day of doom,
When he shall deem us all and some
'Ad cœli palatia.'"
* * * * *

The following carol for St. Stephen's day is from a manuscript of the time of King Henry VI. The reader will be amused to find the great protomartyr here introduced as a servant of King Herod, and intrusted with the task of bringing in the boar's head, a famous dish, and "the first mess" at Christmas and other high festivals. There was evidently some honor attached to this office, for Holinshed tells us that King Henry II., in 1170, on the day of his son's coronation, served him as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, *according to the manner;* and in 1607, at St. John's College, Oxford, the "first mess was carried by the tallest and lustiest of all the guard."

"Saint Stephen was a clerk in King
Herod's hall,
And served him of bread and cloth
as ever king befall.

"Stephen out of kitchen came, with
boar's head in hand,
He saw a star was fair and bright,
over Bethlem stand.

"He cast adown the boar's head, and
went into the hall,
"*S. Stephen.* I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy
works all,

"I forsake thee, King Herod, and thy
works all,
There is a child in Bethlehem born,
is better than we all.

"*Herod.* What alleth thee, Stephen? What
is thee befall?
Lacketh thee either meat or drink in
King Herod's hall?

"*S. Stephen.* Lacketh me neither meat nor drink
in King Herod's hall,
There is a child in Bethlehem born,
is better than we all.
* * * * *
"*Herod.* That is all so sooth, Stephen, all
so sooth, I wit,
As this capon crow shall that lyeth
here in my dish.

"That word was no soon said, that
word in that hall,
The capon crew *Christus natus est*,
among the lords all."
* * * * *

This brings us to the more modern legendary carol of "The Carnal [a bird] and the Crane," in which the same incident occurs of the bird crowing in the dish:

"As I passed by a river side,
And there as I did rein [run],
In argument I chanced to hear
A carnal and a crane.

"The carnal said unto the crane,
'If all the world should turn,
Before we had the Father,
But now we have the Son.'

"'From whence does the Son come?
From where and from what place?'
He said, 'In a manger,
Between an ox and ass.'
* * * * *
"'Where is the golden cradle
That Christ was rocked in?
Where are the silken sheets
That Jesus was wrapt in?'

"'A manger was the cradle
That Christ was rocked in;
The provender the asses left
So sweetly he slept on.'

Digitized by Google

"There was a star in the west land,
So bright it did appear
Into King Herod's chamber,
And where King Herod were.

"The wise men soon espied it,
And told the king on high,
'A princely babe was born that night,
No king could e'er destroy.'

"'If this be true,' King Herod said,
'As thou tellest unto me,
This roasted cock that lies in the dish,
Shall crow full fences three.'

"The cock soon freshly feather'd was,
By the work of God's own hand,
And then three fences crowed he
In the dish where he did stand."

Herod then gives orders for the general massacre of the young children, and the Saviour, with Joseph and his mother, travel into Egypt amongst the "fierce wild beasts." The blessed Virgin being weary, "must needs sit down to rest," and her son desires her to "see how the wild beasts come and worship him:"

"First came the lovely lion,
Which Jesu's grace did spring,
And of the wild beasts in the field
The lion shall be the king."

The Holy Family continuing their flight, pass by a husbandman "just while his seed was sown:"

"The husbandman fell on his knees,
Even before his face;
'Long time thou hast been look'd for,
But now thou'rt come at last.'
* * * * *
"'The truth, man, thou hast spoken,
Of it thou mayst be sure,
For I must lose my precious blood
For thee and thousands more.

"'If any one should come this way,
And inquire for me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passed by,
As thou thy seed did sow.'"

King Herod comes afterward with his train, and furiously asks of the husbandman whether our Saviour has passed by; the husbandman replies that

"'Jesus passed by this way
When my seed was sown.

"But now I have it reapen,
And some laid on my wain,
Ready to fetch and carry
Into my barn again.'"

Herod, supposing that it must be "full three quarters of a year since the seed was sown," turned back, and "further he proceeded into the Holy Land." A manuscript of the fifteenth century, preserved in the British Museum, contains a representation of the flight into Egypt, in which the above legend is introduced. The city of Bethlehem stands in the background, and on the right, in the distance, a field of corn and a reaper, who is in conversation with a soldier by his side. A curious Scotch tradition states that when Herod and his soldiers made their inquiry of the husbandman, "a little black beetle lifted up his head, and exclaimed, *The Son of Man passed here last night.*" Black beetles are probably not more popular here than in Scotland, but Highlanders, whenever they find the dastardly insect, kill it, repeating the words, "*Beetle, beetle, last night.*"

"The Holy Well" is a very favorite carol with the broadside printers; I have seen it side by side with a very lively "legendary" production, "Fly-away Carol:"

"There good old Wesley, and a throng
Of saints and martyrs too,
Unite and praise their Saviour's name,
And there I long to goo.
Fly away! Fly away!
While yet it's called to-day!"

The Magi or three Kings of Cologne form the subject of many an old carol. The names of these "famous men" are supposed to have been, Kasper or Gaspar, King of Tarsus, young and beardless; Melchior, King of Nubia, old, with long beard and grey hair; and Balthazar, King of Saba, a negro. Their offerings were, as is well known, symbolical; to use the words of the Anglo-Saxon Hymnary, translated by the recorder of Sarum:

"Incense to God, and myrrh to grace his tomb,
For tribute to their King, a golden store;
One they revere, three with three offerings come,
And three adore."

From an old commentary on the gospel of St. Matthew, we gather some curious matter relating to the history of the Three Wise Men. A certain nation dwelling close to the ocean, in the extreme east, possessed a writing, inscribed with the name of Seth, concerning the star which was to appear:

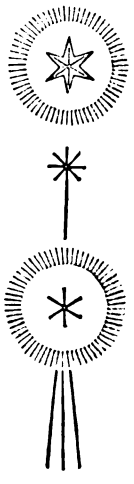
"Twelve of the more learned men of that country * * * had dis-

Digitized by Google

posed themselves to watch for that star; and when any of them died, his son or one of his kindred * * was appointed in his place. These, therefore, year by year, after the threshing out of the corn, ascended into a certain high mountain, called *Mons victorialis*, having in it a certain cave in the rock, most grateful and pleasant, with fountains and choice trees, into which, ascending and bathing themselves, they prayed and praised God in silence three days. And thus they did, generation after generation, watching ever, lest peradventure that star of beatitude should arise upon themselves, until it appeared descending on the mountain, having within itself, as it were, the form of a man-child, and above it the similitude of a cross; and it spake to them, and taught them, and commanded them that they should go into Judæa. And journeying thither for the space of two years, neither food nor drink failed in their vessels."

Other old accounts state that their journey occupied twelve days only: "they took neither rest nor refreshment; it seemed to them indeed as one day; the nearer they approached to Christ's dwelling, the brighter the star shone."*

There appears to have been no decided opinion or tradition as to the form of the star; it is shown thus by Albert Durer, in an old book which I have by me of 1519: it is drawn with eight points, the lowest one being much longer than the others; in another book, 1596, I find it represented as a star of six points; in some old pictures it is shown as a sort of comet, and it is described to have been "as an eagle flying and beating the air with his wings," having within the form and likeness of the Holy Child.



* Early Christian Legends.

In "Dives and Pauper," printed in 1496, we gather the following account of it:

"*Dives.* What manner of star was it then?

"*Pauper.* Some clerks tell that it was an angel in the likeness of a star, for the kings had no knowledge of angels, but took all heed to the star. Some say that it was the same child that lay in the ox-stall which appeared to the kings in the likeness of a star, and so drew them and led them to himself in Bethlehem."

I wish it were possible to give here a quaint illustration of the journey of the Three Wise Men, from a sheet of carols printed in 1820, which forms one of the wood-cuts procured with no little difficulty from the publisher by Mr. Hone, and is but little known.

The history of the Magi is even traced further; after their return to their own country they were baptized by St. Thomas the Apostle, became missionaries with him, and were, it is said by some, martyred.

Their journeyings did not, however, end with their deaths—their bodies were translated to Constantinople, thence to Milan, and afterward to Cologne, where they are still preserved in the cathedral, and their history recorded in a series of frescoes. Their shrine at Cologne was once exceedingly rich and magnificent, but during the excitement of the first French revolution many of the jewels which adorned the monument were sold and replaced by paste or glass counterfeits. The following description of their tomb I gather from Mr. Fyfe's book on "Christmas:"

"The coffin is stated to have two partitions, the lower having a half, and the upper a whole, roofing. The former compartment contains the bones of the three kings, whose separate heads appear aloft through the aperture in the half-roofing; and on this roofing are inscribed the names *Gaspar*, *Melchior*, *Balthazar*, encrusted in rubies. The heads are adorned with crowns weighing six pounds a-

Digitized by Google

piece, of gold, diamonds, and pearls. It is asserted (but doubted) that the tomb and its contents are of the value of £240,000."

From the offerings of the three kings arose the practice of Christmas gifts, and the festival of the Epiphany has always been observed in remembrance of their visit to Bethlehem; it has also been the custom from earliest times for our sovereigns to offer the three mystic gifts of gold, myrrh, and incense at the altar on the day of the Epiphany, which custom is still observed at the Chapel Royal, the royal oblations being received by the dean or his deputy in a bag of crimson and gold. The Epiphany is also a "scarlet day" at the universities. After this long roundabout discourse, I am almost afraid to weary my readers with a second edition of the wanderings of the Wise Men, but I must rely upon their generous forbearance; the accompanying carol is from a manuscript of the time of King Henry VII.:

"Now is Christmas i-come,
Father and Son together in One,
Holy Ghost, as Ye be One,
In fere-a:
God send us all a good new year-a.
* * * *
"There came iij kings from Galilee
Into Bethlehem that fair city
To seek him that ever should be,
By right-a,
Lord, and King, and Knight-a.

"As they came forth with their offering,
They met with Herod that moody king,
This tide-a,
And this to them he said-a.

"*Her.* Of whence be ye, you kings iij?
"*Mag.* Of the East, as ye may see,
To seek him that ever should be,
By right-a,
Lord, and King, and Knight-a.

"*Her.* When you at this child have been,
Come home again by me,
Tell me the sights that you have seen,
I pray you,
Go no other way-a.
* * * *
"The Father of heaven an angel down sent,
To these iij kings that made present
This tide-a,
And this to them he said-a,
My Lord hath warned you every one
By Herod King you go not home
For an you do, he will you slay,
And strew-a,
And hurt you wonderly-a.

"Forth then went these kings iij
Till they came home to their countree,
Glad and blithe they were all iij,
Of the sights that they had seen,
By dene-a,
The company was clean-a."
* * * *

I will conclude with a modern specimen of a legendary carol written by the Rev. Dr. Neale, and published in Novello's shilling collection. The story of St. Wenceslaus, the good King of Bohemia, is given by Bishop Jeremy Taylor in his "Life of Christ:"

"One winter night, going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted in the snow, * * his servant Podavius, who waited on his master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him, and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him; the servant did so, and either fancied a cure, or found one, for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps for him in the snow."

"Good King Wenceslaus look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even:
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"'Hither, page, and stand by me,
While thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'
"'Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain.'

"'Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"'Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger,
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer.'
"'Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

"In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed,
Therefore, Christian men—be sure—
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing."

Digitized by Google

From The Dublin Review.

THE FORMATION OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Formation of Christendom. Part First. By T. W. ALLIES. London: Longmans.

IT is somewhat paradoxical, but strictly true, to say that the greatest and most important revolution which ever took place upon earth is that to which least attention has hitherto been paid, and concerning which least is known—the substitution of "Christendom" for the heathen world. Before our own day no historian, no philosopher of modern times has felt any interest in this vast theme, and whatever information with regard to it is attainable must be sought in the fragmentary remains of ancient writers, or in works very recently published on the continent. In the volume before us Mr. Allies has taken ground not yet occupied by any English author. He has availed himself of two works — Döllinger's "Christenthum und Kirche" and Champagny's Histories—and he acknowledges in the most liberal and loyal manner his obligation to them; but, in the main, he has been left to find his way for himself, and no man could well be more highly qualified for the task, whether by the gifts of nature or by the acquirements of many years. We infer from the work itself that his attention was immediately turned to the subject by his appointment as professor of the "Philosophy of History" in the Catholic university of Dublin, under the rectorship of Dr. Newman. The duties of his post obliged him to weigh the question, "what is the philosophy of history?" and the inaugural lecture with which the volume before us commences, although it gives no formal definition of the phrase (which is to be regretted), supplies abundant considerations by the aid of which we may arrive at it. History, in its origin, was far more akin to poetry than to philosophy, and even when it passes into prose it is in the half-legendary form, which makes the narrative of Herodotus and of the annalists of the middle ages so charming to all readers. They are ballads without metre. Next came that style of which Thucydides is the model, and which Mr. Allies calls "political history." "Its limit is the nation, and it deals with all that interests the nation." "Great, indeed, is the charm where the writer can describe with the pencil of a poet and analyze with the mental grasp of a philosopher. Such is the double merit of Thucydides. And so it has happened that the deepest students of human nature have searched for two thousand years the records of a war wherein the territory of the chief belligerents was not larger than a modern English or Irish county. What should we say if a quarrel between Kent and Essex, between Cork and Kerry, had kept the world at gaze ever since? Yet Attica and Laconia were no larger."

And yet it needed something more than territorial greatness in the states of which he wrote to enable even Thucydides himself to realize the idea of a philosophical history. For the five hundred years which followed the Peloponnesian war brought to maturity the greatest empire which has ever existed among men, and although, at the close of that period, one of the ablest and most thoughtful of writers devoted himself especially to its history, yet, says our author, "I do not know that in reading the pages of Polybius, of Livy, or even of Tacitus, we are conscious of a wider grasp of thought, a more enlarged experience of political interests, a higher idea of

Digitized by Google

man, and of all that concerns his personal and public life, than in those of Thucydides." Great, indeed, was the genius of those ancient historians, magnificent were the two languages which they made their instruments—languages "very different in their capacity, but both of them superior in originality, beauty, and expressiveness to any which have fallen to the lot of modern nations. It may be that the marbles of Pentelicus and Carrara insure good sculptors." "In the narrative—that is, the poetic and pictorial part of history—they have equal merit. Their history is a drama in which the actors and the events speak for themselves. What was wanting was the bearing of events on each other, the apprehension of great first principles—the generalization of facts." And this no mere lapse of time could give. It is wanting in the works of the greatest ancient masters. It is found in moderns in all other respects immeasurably their inferiors. "What, then, had happened in the interval?" Christianity had happened—Christendom had been formed. "There was a voice in the world greater, more potent, thrilling, and universal, than the last cry of the old society, *Civis sum Romanus*, and this voice was *Sum Christianus*. From the time of the great sacrifice it was impossible to sever the history of man's temporal destiny from that of his eternal; and when the virtue of that sacrifice had thoroughly leavened the nations, history is found to assume a larger basis, to have lost its partial and national cast, to have grown with the growth of man, and to demand for its completeness a perfect alliance with philosophy."

Thus, then, the "philosophy of history" is the comparison and arrangement of its great events by one whose mind is stored with the facts which it records, and who at the same time possesses the great first principles which qualify him to judge of it. We may, therefore, lay it down as an absolute rule, that without Christianity no really philosophical history could have been written.

Not unnaturally, then, the first example of the philosophy of history was given by a man whose mind, if not the greatest ever informed by Christianity, was at least among a very few in the first class, was moreover so thoroughly penetrated by Christian principles, that to review the events of the world in any other aspect, or through any other medium, would have been to him as impossible as to examine in detail without the light of the sun the expanse of plains and hills, rivers and forests, which lay under him as he stood on some predominant mountain peak. God, the Almighty Creator—God incarnate, who had once lived and suffered on earth, and now reigned on high until he should put all enemies under his feet, and who was coming again to judge the world which he had redeemed—the Church founded by him to enlighten and govern all generations throughout all nations, and in which dwelt the infallible guidance of God the Holy Ghost—the evil spirits, powerless against the divine presence in the Church, but irresistible by mere human power—the saints, no longer seen by man, but whose intercession influenced and moulded all the events of his life,—all these were ever before the mind of St. Augustine, not merely as articles of faith which he confessed, but as practical realities. To trace the events of the world without continually referring to all these, would have been to him not merely irreligious, but as unreal, unmeaning, and fallacious as it would be to a natural philosopher of our own day to investigate the phenomena of the material world without taking into consideration the attraction of the earth and the resistance of the air. This should be noticed, because we have all met men who, while professing to believe most, if not all, of these things, would consider it bad taste to introduce such considerations into any practical affair. They are, in short, part of that very

Digitized by Google

remarkable phenomenon, the "Sunday religion" of a respectable English gentleman, which he holds as an inseparable part of his respectability, but which is well understood to have no bearing at all upon the business of the week. Living as St. Augustine did at the crisis at which the civilization of the ancient world was finally breaking up, his eye was cast back in review over the whole gorgeous line of ancient history, which swept by him like a Roman triumph. Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome, each had its day; the last and greatest of them all he saw tottering to its fall. But far more important than this comprehensive survey, which the circumstances of his times made natural to so great an intellect, was his possession of fixed and certain principles, the truth of which he knew beyond the possibility of doubt, and which were wide enough to solve every question which the history of the world brought before him. Great men there had been before him, but the deeper their thoughts, the more had they found that the world itself and their own position in it were but a hopeless enigma without an answer, a cypher without a key. A flood of light had been poured upon the piercing mental eye of St. Augustine when the waters of baptism fell from the hand of the holy Ambrose upon his outward frame. Every part of the Old Testament history glowed before him, as when from behind a cloud which covers all the earth the light of the sun falls concentrated upon some mountain-peak; and the man who reverences and ponders as divine that inspired history has learned to read the inner meaning of the whole history of the world as no one else can. In every age, no doubt, Almighty God rules and directs in justice and mercy the world which he has created; but in general he hides himself behind an impenetrable veil. "Clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment the establishment of his throne." To many an ordinary spectator, the world seems only the theatre of man's labor and suffering. He passes through it as he might through one of the arsenals of ancient Greece or Rome, where indeed great works were wrought, but where the hand of the workman was always as visible as the result produced. A more thoughtful man might see proofs of some unknown power, just as in an arsenal of our day works, compared to which the fabled labors of giants and cyclops were as child's play, are hourly performed by the stroke of huge hammers welding vast masses of glowing metal, while nothing is seen to cause or explain their motion. All this is understood by one who has once been allowed to see at work the engine itself which sets all in motion. So does the Old Testament history unveil to the eye of faith the hidden causes, not only of the Jewish history, but of the great events of secular history. All that seemed before only results without cause, is seen to be fully accounted for; not that we can always understand the ends which the Almighty Worker designs to accomplish, or the means by which he is accomplishing them, but everywhere faith sees the operation of Almighty power directed by infinite wisdom and love, and, while able to understand much, it is willing to await in reverent adoration the development of that which as yet is beyond its comprehension. It sees that the history of other nations is distinguished from that of the children of Israel, not so much by the character of the events which it records (for the extraordinary manifestations of divine power were chiefly confined to a few special periods), as to the principle and spirit in which it has been written, and that secular history viewed by eyes supernaturally enlightened assumes the same appearance.

In fact, it is not difficult to write a history of the reigns of David and Solomon and their successors down to the fall of the Hebrew monarchy which sounds very much like that of any other Oriental kingdom. The

Digitized by Google

thing has been done of late years, both in Germany and in England. It was by this that Dean Milman, many years ago, so greatly shocked the more religious portion of English readers. Nor were they shocked without cause; for his was a history of the Jews from which, as far as possible, Almighty God was left out, while the characteristic of the inspired narrative is, that it is a record not so much of the doings of men as of the great acts of God by man and among men. Only Dean Milman was more consistent than those who condemned him. He was right in perceiving that the greater part of the history of the Jews is not materially different from that of other nations. But he went on to infer that, therefore, we may leave God out of sight in judging of Jewish history, as we do in that of other nations, instead of learning from the example of the Jews that in every age God is as certainly working among every nation. That by which he offended religious Protestants was the application of their own ordinary principles to the one history in which they had been taught from childhood to see and acknowledge with exceptional reverence the working of Almighty God in the affairs of the world.

This it is which gives its peculiar character to many of the chronicles of the middle ages. It is impossible not to feel that the writers see no broad distinction between the history of the nations and times of which they are writing and that of the ancient people of God. And hence in their annals we have far more of the philosophy of history, in the true sense of the word, than was possible to any ancient author. For with all their ignorance of physical causes, which led them into many mistakes, their main principles were both true and vitally important, and were wholly unknown to Thucydides and Tacitus. But the circumstances of their times made it impossible that they should survey the extensive range of facts which lies before a modern historian. In many instances, also, they were led by the imperfect state of physical science to attribute to a supernatural interference of God in the world things which we are now able to refer to natural causes. That God has before now interfered with the course of nature which he has established in the world, and may whenever he pleases so interfere again, these were to them first principles. And so far they reasoned truly and justly, although their imperfect acquaintance with other branches of human knowledge sometimes led them to apply amiss their true principle. Their minds were so much accustomed to dwell upon the thought of God, and upon his acts in the world, that they were always prepared to see and hear him everywhere, and in every event. When they heard of any event supposed to be supernatural, they might be awestruck and impressed, but could not be said to be surprised; and hence, no doubt, they sometimes accepted as supernatural events which, if examined by a shrewd man who starts with the first principle that nothing supernatural can really have taken place, could have been otherwise explained. Beside, their comparative unacquaintance with physical science led them into errors in accounting for and even in observing those which they themselves did not imagine to be supernatural. But their first principles were true. And the modern who assumes, whether explicitly or implicitly, that the course of the world is modified and governed only by the passions and deeds of man, is in his first principles fundamentally wrong. They fell into accidental error; he cannot be more than accidentally right.

Our author says:

"In the middle ages, and notably in the thirteenth century, there were minds which have left us imperishable memorials of themselves, and which would have taken the largest and most philosophical view of history had the materials existed ready to their hand.

Digitized by Google

Conceive, for instance, a history from the luminous mind of St. Thomas with the stores of modern knowledge at his command. But the invention of printing, one of the turning points of the human race, was first to take place, and then on that soil of the middle ages, so long prepared and fertilized by so patient a toil, a mighty harvest was to spring up. Among the first-fruits of labors so often depreciated by those who have profited by them, and in the land of children who despise their sires, we find the proper alliance of philosophy with history. Then at length the province of the historian is seen to consist, not merely in the just, accurate, and lively narrative of facts, but in the exhibition of cause and effect. 'What do we now expect in history?' says M. de Barante; and he replies, 'Solid instruction and complete knowledge of things; moral lessons, political counsels; comparison with the present, and the general knowledge of facts.' Even in the age of Tacitus, the most philosophic of ancient historians, no individual ability could secure all such powers" (p. 12).

Thus philosophical history is one of the results of Christianity. Professor Max Müller makes a similar remark with regard to his own favorite study of ethnology. Before the day of Pentecost, he says, no man, not even the greatest minds, ever thought of tracing the genealogy of nations by their languages, because they did not know the unity of the human race. The unity of mankind is naturally connected in the order of ideas with the unity of God. Those who worshipped many gods, and believed that each race and nation had its own tutelary divinity, not unnaturally regarded each nation as a separate race. So far was this feeling carried by the most civilized races of the old world, that they thought it a profanation that the worship of the gods of one race should be offered by a priest not sprung from that race. The most moderate and popular of the Roman patricians rejected the demand of the *plebs* to be admitted to the highest offices of the state, not as politically dangerous, but as profane. The Roman consul, in virtue of his office, was the priest of the Capitoline Jove, to whom, on certain solemn occasions, he had to offer sacrifice. It would be a pollution that a plebeian, not sprung from any of the tribes of Romulus, should presume to offer that sacrifice. In fact, the consulship would hardly have been thrown open to the *plebs* until the long continued habit of intermarriage had welded the two portions of the Roman people so completely into one that the plebeian began, at last, to be regarded as of the same blood with the Furii, the Cornelii, and the Julii. The first measure by which the tribunes commenced their attack upon the exclusive privilege of the great houses was wisely chosen; it was the Canuleian law, by which marriages between the two orders were made legal and valid. Before that, patricians and plebeians were two nations living in one city, and, according to the universal opinion of the ancient world, this implied that they had different gods, different priests, a different ritual, and different temples. But the day of Pentecost blended all nations into a new unity—the unity of the body of Christ; and its first effect was, that the preachers of the new law proclaimed everywhere, that "God had made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon the face of the whole earth." The professor points out what curiously completes the analogy between the two cases, that while Christianity, by collecting into one church all the nations of the world, and by teaching their original unity, naturally suggested the idea that all their different languages had some common origin, any satisfactory investigation of the subject was long delayed by the unfounded notion that the Hebrew must needs be the root from which they all sprang. Thus, in both cases, the germ of studies, whose development was delayed for ages by the imperfec-

Digitized by Google

tion of human knowledge, appears to have been contained in the revelation of the gospel of Christ.

It is important to bring these considerations into prominence, because the knowledge which would never have existed without Christianity, is, in many cases, retained by men who forget or deny the faith to which they are indebted for it. Our author draws comparison between Tacitus and Gibbon (page 14):

"The world of thought in which we live is, after all, formed by Christianity. Modern Europe is a relic of Christendom, the virtue of which is not gone out of it. Gregory VII. and Innocent III. have ruled over generations which have ignored them; have given breadth to minds which condemned their benefactors as guilty of narrow priestcraft, and derided the work of those benefactors as an exploded theory. Let us take an example in what is, morally, perhaps the worst and most shocking period of the last three centuries—the thirty years preceding the great French revolution. We shall see that at this time even minds which had rejected, with all the firmness of a reprobate will, the regenerating influence of Christianity, could not emancipate themselves from the virtue of the atmosphere which they had breathed. They are immeasurably greater than they would have been in pagan times, by the force of that faith which they misrepresented and repudiated. To prove the truth of my words, compare for a moment the great artist who drew Tiberius and Domitian and the Roman empire in the first century with him who wrote of its decline and fall in the second and succeeding centuries. How far wider a grasp of thought, how far more manifold an experience, combined with philosophic purposes, in Gibbon than in Tacitus. He has a standard within him by which he can measure the nations as they come in long procession before him. In that vast and wondrous drama of the Antonines and Constantine, Athanasius and Leo, Justinian and Charlemagne, Mahomet, Zenghis Khan, and Timour, Jerusalem and Mecca, Rome and Constantinople, what stores of thought are laid up—what a train of philosophic induction exhibited! How much larger is this world become than that which trembled at Cæsar! The very apostate profits by the light which has shone on Thabor, and the blood which has flowed on Calvary. He is a greater historian than his heathen predecessor because he lives in a society to which the God whom he has abandoned has disclosed the depth of its being, the laws of its course, the importance of its present, the price of its futurity."

A very little thought will show that, constituted as man's nature is, this could not have been otherwise. Man differs from the inferior animals in that he is richly endowed with faculties which, until they have been developed by education, he can never use, and appreciates and embraces truths, when they have been set before him, which he could never have discovered unassisted. This is the most obvious distinction between reason and instinct. The caterpillar, hatched from an egg dropped by a parent whom it never saw, knows at once what food and what habits are necessary for its new life. Weeks pass away, and its first skin begins to die; but (as if it had been fully instructed in what has to be done) it draws its body out of it as from a glove, and comes forth in a new one. A few weeks later it forsakes the food which has hitherto been necessary for its life, and buries itself in the earth, which up to that very day would have been certain death. There a mysterious change passes upon it, and it lies as if dead till the time for another change approaches. It then gradually works its way to the surface, and comes out a butterfly or a moth. It is now indifferent to the plants which in its former state were necessary to its existence, but yet it chooses those plants on which to deposit its eggs.

Digitized by Google

We are so apt to delude ourselves with the notion that we understand everything to which we give a name, that ninety-nine people out of a hundred seem to think they account for this marvelous power of the inferior animals to act exactly right under circumstances so strangely changed, by calling it "instinct." But, in truth, why or how the creature does what it does, we no more know when we have called it "instinct" than we did before. All we can suppose is that as the Creator has left none of his creatures destitute of the kind and degree of knowledge necessary to enable it to discharge its appointed office in creation, the appetites and desires of the insect are modified from time to time in the different stages of its existence so that they impel it exactly to the course necessary for it to take, with much greater certainty than if it understood what the result was to be. How different is the case of man. Not only is he a free agent, and therefore to be guided by reason, not by mere propensity, but neither reason nor speech, nor indeed life itself, could be preserved or made of any use except by means of training and education received from others. A man left to shift for himself like the animal whose changes we have been tracing, would die at each state of his existence for want of some one to teach him what must be done for his preservation. This same training is equally necessary for his physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. But he is so constituted that the different things needful for him to know for each of these purposes approve themselves to him as soon as they are presented to his mind from without, and the things which thus approve themselves, although he could never have discovered them, we truly call natural to man, because no external teaching would have made him capable of learning them unless the faculty had been as much a part of his original constitution as the unreasoning desires which we call instinct are part of the constitution of brutes. And therefore, when once developed by education, they remain a part of the man, even when he casts away from him those teachers by whom they were developed. Nero would never have learnt the use of speech if he had not caught it from his mother; yet when he used it to order her murder he did not lose what she had taught him, because it was a part of his nature. And so of higher powers, the result of a superior training. Principles which men would never have known without Christian training are retained when Christianity itself is rejected, because they are a part of the spiritual endowment given to man by his Creator, although without training he would never have been able to develop them. His rejection of Christianity results from an evil will. The parts of Christian teaching against which that will does not rebel he calls and believes to be the lessons of his natural reason, although the experience of the greatest and wisest heathen shows that his unassisted natural faculties never would have discovered them.

Nor is this true only of individuals. Nations trained for many generations in Christian faith have before now fallen away from Christianity. But it does not seem that they are able to reduce themselves to the level of heathen nations in their moral standard, their perception and appreciation of good and evil, justice and wrong, or of the nature and destinies of the human race. In some respects they are morally much worse than heathen. But it does not appear that in these points thay can sink so low, because their nature, fallen though it be, approves and accepts some of the truths taught it by Christianity. Hence, in order to judge what man can or cannot do without the revelation of God in Jesus Christ, we must examine him in nations to which the faith has never been given, rather than in those which have rejected it. Unhappily, there are at this moment parts of Europe in which the belief in the superna-

Digitized by Google

tural seems wanting. An intelligent correspondent of the *Times* a year ago described such a state of things as existing in parts of northern Germany and Scandinavia. The population believes nothing, and practises no religion. Public worship is deserted, not because the people have devised any new heresy of their own as to the manner in which man should approach God, but because they have ceased to trouble themselves about the matter at all. Lutheranism is dead and gone; but nothing has been substituted for it. The intelligent Protestant writer was surprised to find a population thus wholly without religion orderly and well-behaved, hard-working, and by no means forgetful of social duties. The phenomenon is, no doubt, remarkable; but it is by no means without example. Many parishes (we fear considerable districts) in France are substantially in the same state. The peasantry are sober, industrious, and orderly to a degree unknown in England. They reap the temporal fruits of these good qualities in a general prosperity equally unknown here. They are saving to a degree almost incredible, so that it is a matter of ordinary experience that a peasant who began life with nothing except his bodily strength, leaves behind him several hundreds, not unfrequently some thousands, of pounds sterling. But in this same district whole villages are so absolutely without religion, that, although there is not one person for many miles who calls himself a Protestant, the churches are almost absolutely deserted, and the *curés* (generally good and zealous men) are reduced almost to inactivity by absolute despair. Some give themselves up to prayer, seeing nothing else that they can do; some will say that they are not wholly without encouragement, because, after fifteen or twenty years of labor, they have succeeded in bringing four or five persons to seek the benefit of the sacraments out of a population of as many hundreds, among whom when they came there was not one such person to be found.*

Appalling as is this state of things, the natural virtues (such as they are) of populations which have thus lost faith are themselves the remains of Christianity. History gives us no trace of any people in such a state except those who have once been Christians. For instance, in all others, however civilized, slavery has been established both by law and practice; no one of them has been without divorce; infanticide has been allowed and practised. Nowhere has the unity of man's nature been acknowledged, and, what follows from that, the duties owing to him as man, not merely as fellow countryman. And hence, nowhere has there existed what we call the law of nations, a rule which limits the conduct of men, not only toward those of other nations, but, what is much more, toward those with whom they are in a state of war, or whom they have conquered. In the most civilized times of ancient Greece and Rome no rights were recognized in such foreigners. All these things are the legitimate progeny of Christianity, and of Christianity alone, although they are now accepted as natural principles by nations by whom, but for the gospel of Christ, they would never have been heard of.

We have enlarged upon this point because, not only in what he says of

* It should be observed that the morality said to exist in those parts of France which have so nearly lost the faith is not Catholic morality: in fact, the population in those districts is decreasing, and that (it is universally admitted) from immorality. It should also be remembered that there is a most marked contrast between these districts and those Lutheran districts of which the *Times* spoke; in the latter, Lutheranism has died out of itself. In the worst districts of France, the Catholic religion has not died out, but has been displaced by a systematic infidel education inflicted on the people by a godless government. Lastly, even where things are the worst, there are a few in each generation who, in the midst of a godless population, turn out saints, really worthy of that name. It is seldom that a mission is preached in any village without some such being rescued from the corrupt mass around them. Nothing, in fact, can more strongly mark the contrast between the Catholic religion and Lutheranism. The subject is far too large to be discussed here, but we have suggested these considerations to avoid misconceptions of our meaning.

Digitized by Google

Gibbon, but in many parts of his subsequent chapters, Mr. Allies attributes to the influence of Christianity things which a superficial observer may attribute rather to some general progress in the world toward a higher civilization. We shall see instances of this as we proceed. We are satisfied that the objection is utterly unfounded. We see no reason to believe that without Christianity any higher or better civilization than that of Rome under Augustus and Athens under Pericles would ever have been attained. That those who lived under that state, so far from expecting any "progress," believed that the world was getting worse and worse, and that there remained no hope of improvement, nor any principles from which it could possibly arise, is most certain. Nor do we believe that those who thus judged of the natural tendency of the world were mistaken, although by a stupendous interference of the Creator with the course of nature an improvement actually took place.

The philosophy of history then sifts and arranges the facts which it records, and judges of them by fixed and eternal principles of right and wrong; drawing from the past lessons of wisdom and virtue for the future. It will approach nearer and nearer to perfection as the range of facts investigated becomes wider, and as the principles by which they are judged are more absolutely true, and applied more correctly, more practically, and more universally. Hence, it would never have existed without Christianity, and although in Christian nations it is found in men partially or wholly unworthy of the Christian name, but who retain many ideas and principles derived from Christianity alone, yet even in them it is exercised imperfectly in proportion as they are less and less Christian.

Mr. Allies thus compares Tacitus and St. Augustine:

"The atmosphere of Tacitus and the lurid glare of his Rome compared with St. Augustine's world are like the shades in which Achilles deplored the loss of life contrasted with a landscape bathed in the morning light of a southern sun. Yet how much more of material misery was there in the time of St. Augustine than in the time of Tacitus! In spite of the excesses in which the emperors might indulge within the walls of their palace or of Rome, the fair fabric of civilization filled the whole Roman world, the great empire was in peace, and its multitude of nations were brethren. Countries which now form great kingdoms of themselves, were then tranquil members of one body politic. Men could travel the coasts of Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece, round to Italy again, and find a rich smiling land covered by prosperous cities, enjoying the same laws and institutions, and possessed in peace by its children. In St. Augustine's time all had been changed; on many of these coasts a ruthless, uncivilized, unbelieving, or misbelieving enemy had descended. Through the whole empire there was a feeling of insecurity, a cry of helplessness, and a trembling at what was to come. Yet in the pages of the two writers the contrast is in the inverse ratio. In the pagan, everything seems borne on by an iron fate, which tramples upon the free will of man, and overwhelms the virtuous before the wicked. In the Christian, order shines in the midst of destruction, and mercy dispenses the severest humiliations. It was the symbol of the coming age. And so that great picture of the doctor, saint, and philosopher laid hold of the minds of men during those centuries of violence which followed, and in which peace and justice, so far from embracing each other, seemed to have deserted the earth. And in modern times a great genius has seized upon it, and developed it in the discourse on universal history. Bossuet is worthy to receive the torch from St. Augustine. Scarcely could a more majestic voice, or a more philo-

Digitized by Google

sophic spirit, set forth the double succession of empire and of religion, or exhibit the tissue wrought by Divine Providence, human free will, and the permitted power of evil."

After this estimate of St. Augustine, he speaks of

"A living author—at once statesman, orator, philosopher, and historian of the highest rank—who has given us, on a less extensive scale, a philosophy of history in its most finished and amiable form. The very attempt on the part of M. Guizot to draw out a picture of civilization during fourteen hundred years, and to depict, amongst that immense and ever-changing period, the course of society in so many countries, indicates no ordinary power; and the partial fulfilment of the design may be said to have elevated the philosophy of history into a science. In this work may be found the most important rules of the science accurately stated; but the work itself is the best example of philosophic method and artistic execution, united to illustrate a complex subject. A careful study of original authorities, a patient induction of facts, a cautious generalization, the philosophic eye to detect analogies, the painter's power to group results, and, above all, a unity of conception which no multiplicity of details can embarrass; these are some of the main qualifications for a philosophy of history which I should deduce from these works. Yet, while the action of Providence and that of human free will are carefully and beautifully brought out, while both may be said to be points of predilection with the author, he has not alluded, so far as I am aware, to the great evil spirit and his personal operation. Strong as he is, he has been apparently too weak to bear the scoff of modern infidelity —"he believes in the devil"—unless, indeed, the cause of this lies deeper, and belongs to his philosophy; for if there be one subject out of which eclecticism can pick nothing to its taste, it would be the permitted operation of the great fallen spirit. Nor will the warmest admiration of his genius be mistaken for a concurrence in all his judgments. I presume not to say how far such an author is sometimes, in spite of himself, unjust, from the point of view at which he draws his picture. Whether, and how far, he be an eclectic philosopher, let others decide. It would be grievous to feel it true of such a mind; for it is the original sin of that philosophy to make the universe rotate round itself. Great is its complacency in its own conclusions, but there runs through them one mistake—to fancy itself in the place of God" (p. 31).

Those who have ever made the attempt to analyze in a few lines the genius of a great writer will best be able to estimate the combination of keen intellect, patient thought, and scrupulous candor in this criticism. We must not deny ourselves one more quotation:

"St. Augustine, Bossuet, Guizot, Balmez, Schlegel: I have taken these names not to exhaust but to illustrate the subject. Here we have the ancient and the modern society, Africa and France, Spain and Germany, and the Christian mind in each, thrown upon the facts of history. They point out, I think, sufficiently a common result. But amid the founders of a new science, who shall represent our own country? Can I hesitate, or can I venture, in this place and company [*i. e.*, before the Catholic University of Dublin, in the chair of which this lecture was delivered], to mention the hand which has directed the scattered rays of light from so many sources on the wild children of Central Asia, and produced the Turk before us in his untameable ferocity—the outcast of the human race, before whom earth herself ceases to be a mother—by whom man's blood has ever been shed like water, woman's honor counted as the vilest of things, nature's most sacred laws publicly and avowedly outraged, —has produced him before us for the abhorrence of mankind, the infamy of nations? To sketch the intrinsic

Digitized by Google

character of barbarism and civilization, and out of common historical details, travel, and observation to show the ineffaceable stamp of race and tribe, reproducing itself through the long series of ages, surely expresses the idea which we mean by the philosophy of history" (p. 33).

We have given a disproportionate space to this inaugural lecture, both for its intrinsic importance and because it gives a shadow of the whole plan of Mr. Allies's work, both that part which lies before us and that which remains to be published; for the volume before us is "only a portion, perhaps about a fourth, of the author's design." In the six lectures which it contains, he gives us an estimate, first, of the physical and political condition of the Roman empire in its palmy days; then, of the force by which it pleased God to constitute the new creation in the midst of it. In the last four lectures he compares the vital principles of these two vast social organizations—the heathen and the Christian—first in a representative man of each class, then in the effects produced upon society at large by the influence of each; then in the primary relation of man to woman in marriage; and, lastly, in the virginal state; although under this last head there can hardly be said to be a comparison, as heathen society has simply nothing to set against that wonderful creation of Christianity—holy virginity.

We know not where we have met any painting of the Roman empire so striking as that contained in the first lecture. Of the multitude of Englishmen who read more or less of the classical Latin authors, a very small proportion have ever paid any attention to the Roman empire, as it is displayed by Tacitus and Juvenal. This is the natural result of the grace and eloquence of Livy and Cicero, much rather than of any strong preference for republican institutions. Indeed it is impossible not to be struck with the vast influence which Roman republicanism exercises in France compared with England. Nor is it difficult to account for this. France, except to a limited degree under the monarchy of July, has never enjoyed constitutional liberty. The Frenchman, therefore, who dreams of liberty at all, places his dreamland in a Roman republic. Boys who in England would rant about John Hampden are found in France ranting about Junius Brutus. For what the Englishman means when he talks about liberty is "English liberty;" the Frenchman means the Roman republic. So much has this been the case, that even in America the war of independence began, not in any aspiration after a republic, but for the rights of English subjects. The sword had been drawn for a year before the colonies claimed independence, and very shortly before Washington had declared that "there was no thought of separation, only of English liberty." What proves that these were not mere words was, that even after independence had been achieved, the leaders, who met in congress, agreed almost to a man in expressing their preference for "an English constitution," if circumstances had placed it within their reach. All the world knows that France became a republic chiefly because Rome in her palmy days had been so called; nay, to this hour all the terms adopted by the revolutionary party have been borrowed from classical times. Such was the term "citizen," so appropriate to a people whose boast was that they were free of a city which had conquered the world, so absurd as denoting the members of a great nation in which not even centuries of extreme centralization have prevented political rights from being exercised by each man in his own province. Such, again, was that inundation of pagan names which the revolutionary times substituted for those of the saints, and which are still characteristic of France—Camille, Emile, Antonine, and even Brute and Timoleon. This we take to be one great reason why many sensible per-

Digitized by Google

sons in France are so greatly afraid of classical studies in schools and colleges. They say that they turn the heads of boys, especially French boys. It is highly characteristic of the man, that the officers of the House of Commons, who made forcible entry into the house of Sir Francis Burdett when he was committed by order of the House, found him reading with his little son, not Plutarch's life of Brutus or Cato, as would assuredly have been the case with a Frenchman, but "Magna Charta." He was not less theatrical, but he was a thoroughly English actor.

And yet we strongly suspect that out of a hundred boys who leave a classical school more than ninety believe that Roman history ends with Augustus. The university no doubt gives a somewhat more extended view. But even there Tacitus is usually about the limit. We wonder how far this feeling was carried before Gibbon published the "Decline and Fall."

Hence we especially value the wonderful picture of the empire painted by our author.

It was in fact a federation of civilized states under an absolute monarch; the municipal liberties were left so entire that Niebuhr mentions Italian cities, in the immediate neighborhood of Rome itself, which retained all through the times of the empire and the middle ages, down to the wars of the French revolution, the same municipal institutions under which Rome had found them. They were swept away by that faithful lover of despotism, Napoleon I., to make way for the uniform system of a *préfet* and *sous-préfet* in each district. It is more important to bear this in mind because, as the revolutionists aped the manners and names of the Roman republic without understanding them, the imperialists of France are apt to assume that they faithfully represent the Roman empire. Now the one striking characteristic of the French empire is that it raises yearly 100,000 military conscripts, beside the naval conscription, the police, and the very firemen, all of whom are carefully drilled as soldiers. How was it under Augustus?

"It is hard to conceive adequately what a spectator called 'the immense majesty of the Roman peace' (Pliny, 'Nat. Hist.,' xxvii. 1). Where now in Europe, impatient and uneasy, a group of half-friendly nations jealously watches each other's progress and power, and the acquisition of a province threatens a general war, Rome maintained, from generation to generation, in tranquil sway, an empire of which Gaul, Spain, Britain, and North Africa, Switzerland, and the greater part of Austria, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt formed but single limbs, members of her mighty body. Her roads, which spread like a network over this immense territory, from their common centre, the golden milestone of the Forum, under the palace of her emperors, did but express the unity of that spirit with which she ruled the earth her subject, levelling the mountains and filling up the valleys for the march of her armies, the caravans of her merchandise, and the even sweep of her legislation. A moderate fleet of 6,000 sailors at Misenum, and another at Ravenna, a flotilla at Forum Julii, and another in the Black sea, of half that force, preserved the whole Mediterranean from piracy; and every nation bordering on its shores could freely interchange the productions of their industry. Two smaller armaments of twenty-four vessels each on the Rhine and the Danube secured the empire from northern incursion. In the time of Tiberius a force of twenty-five legions and fourteen cohorts, making 171,500 men, with about an equal number of auxiliary troops, that is, in all, an army of 340-000, sufficed, not so much to preserve internal order, which rested upon other and surer ground, but to guard the frontiers of a vast population, amounting, as is calculated, to 120,-

Digitized by Google

000,000, and inhabiting the very fairest regions of the earth, of which the great Mediterranean sea was a sort of central and domestic lake. But this army itself, thus moderate in number, was not, as a rule, stationed in cities, but in fixed quarters on the frontiers, as a guard against external foes. Thus, for instance, the whole interior of Gaul possessed a garrison of but 1,200 men—that Gaul which, in the year 1860, in a time of peace, thought necessary for internal tranquillity and external rank and security to have 626,000 men in arms.* Again, Asia Minor had no military force; that most beautiful region of the earth teemed with princely cities, enjoying the civilization of a thousand years, and all the treasures of art and industry, in undisturbed repose. And within its unquestioned boundaries, the spirit, moreover, of Roman rule was far other than that of a military despotism, or of a bureaucracy and a police pressing with ever watchful suspicion on every spring of civil life. The principle of its government was not that no population could be faithful which was not kept in leading-strings, but rather to leave cities and corporations to manage their own affairs themselves. Thus its march was firm and strong, but for this very reason devoid alike of fickleness and haste."

It might have been added, that, as a general rule, the army which guarded each portion was composed of the natives of the country in which they were stationed. Roman citizens they were, no doubt, but citizens of provincial extraction, and posted to guard on behalf of Rome the very country which their fathers, sometimes but a very few generations back, had defended against her.† This is a policy the generosity of which France dares not at this day imitate, even in her oldest provinces. To say nothing of the British army in Ireland, the Breton conscripts are still sent to serve at Lyons and Paris.

The extracts we have given will doubtless lead every reader to study for himself Mr. Allies's descriptions of Rome, and the life of the Thermæ, and of the colonies, everywhere reproducing the life of Rome. Every page breathes with the matured thought of a mind of remarkable natural acuteness, and stored with refined scholarship. There is nothing of beauty or majesty in that magnificent old world which he does not seem to have witnessed and mused over.

It is hardly possible to realize all this greatness without being tempted to repine in the remembrance whither it was all hastening—that the peace of the Roman world was but "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below;" its magnificence only the feast of Baltassar in that last night of the splendor of Babylon, when the Medes and Persians were already under her walls, and the river had been turned away from its course through her quays, and a way left open for the rush of the destroyer into her streets and palaces. Already the mysterious impulse had been given which, during so many centuries, drove down horde after horde of barbarians from the wild north-east, to overflow the favored lands that surrounded the Mediterranean. In the early days of Roman history the Gauls had rushed on, sweeping away those earlier races whose remains we are now exploring in the shallows of the Swiss lakes, and whose descendants are probably to be found in the Basques, and in some of those degraded castes which, in spite of the welding power of the Church, left proscribed remnants in France and elsewhere until the great revolution. That mighty wave burst upon the rock of the Capitol, threatened for a moment utterly to overwhelm it, and then fell broken at its feet. But it is not by repelling one wave, however formidable, that a rising tide is turned back. In the day of Rome's

* Surely the author should have added the Belgian army (fixed by the laws of 1853 at 100,000), and that part of the Prussian, etc., which is raised west of the Rhine. In comparing the military force of ancient Gaul with that of the same district in our day.

† Champagny, Rome, and Judea.

Digitized by Google

utmost power her very foundations were shaken by the torrent of the Cimbri and Teutones. They, too, were broken against the steel-clad legions of Marius, and fell off like spray on the earth. But the tide was still advancing. What need to trace its successive inroads? Every reader of Gibbon remembers how the time came at last when the very site where Rome had stood had been so often swept by it, that of all its greatness there remained nothing more than the sea leaves of some castle of shingles and sand, after a few waves have passed over it.

"Quench'd is the golden statue's ray;
The breath of heaven hath swept away
What toiling earth hath piled;
Scattering wise heart and crafty hand,
As breezes strew on ocean's strand
The fabrics of a child!"

There even came a time when for many weeks the very ruins of ancient Rome were absolutely deserted, and trodden neither by man nor beast. No wonder that the world stood by afar off weeping and mourning over the utter destruction of all that the earth had ever known of greatness and glory. So the sentence had been passed, in the day of her greatest glory, by the prophetic voice of the angel, who cried with a strong voice:

"Fallen—fallen, is Babylon the great, and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every unclean spirit, and of every unclean and hateful bird. And the kings of the earth shall weep and bewail themselves over her, when they shall see the smoke of the burning; standing afar off for fear of her torments, saying, Alas! alas! that great city Babylon, that mighty city; for in one hour is thy judgment come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, and shall stand afar off from her for fear of her torments, weeping and mourning, and saying, Alas! alas! that great city which was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and was gilt with gold and precious stones and pearls. For in one hour are so great riches come to nought" (Apocalypse, chap. xviii.)

It was not the ruin of one city, however glorious, but the sweeping away of all the accumulated glories of the civilization of the whole civilized world, during more than a thousand years. All had been embodied in imperial Rome. In the words of our author—

"The empire of Augustus inherited the whole civilization of the ancient world. Whatever political or social knowledge, whatever moral or intellectual truth, whatever useful or elegant arts, 'the enterprising race of Japhet' had acquired, preserved, and accumulated in the long course of centuries since the beginning of history had descended without a break to Rome, with the dominion of all the countries washed by the Mediterranean. For her the wisdom of Egypt and of all the East had been stored up. For her Pythagoras and Thales, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and all the schools beside of Grecian philosophy suggested by these names, had thought. For her Zoroaster, as well as Solon and Lycurgus, legislated. For her Alexander conquered, the races which he subdued forming but a portion of her empire. Every city, in the ears of whose youth the poems of Homer were familiar as household words, owned her sway. The magistrates, from the Northern sea to the confines of Arabia, issued their decrees in the language of empire—the Latin tongue; while, as men of letters, they spoke and wrote in Greek. For her Carthage had risen, founded colonies, discovered distant coasts, set up a world-wide trade, and then fallen, leaving her the empire of Africa and the west, with the lessons of a long experience. Not only so, but likewise Spain, Gaul, and all the frontier provinces, from the Alps to the mouth of the Danube, spent in her service their strength and skill; supplied her armies with their bravest youths; gave to her senate and her knights their choicest minds. The vigor of

Digitized by Google

new and the culture of long-polished races were alike employed in the vast fabric of her power. Every science and art, all human experience and discovery, had poured their treasure in one stream into the bosom of that society, which, after forty-four years of undisputed rule, Augustus had consolidated into a new system of government, and bequeathed to the charge of Tiberius" (p. 41).

No wonder the ancient world had assured itself that, as nothing greater, nothing wiser, nothing more glorious than Rome could ever arise upon earth, so its greatness, wisdom, and glory could never be superseded. It was "the eternal city." It was "for ever to give laws to the world." The contemporary poets could imagine no stronger expression of an eternity, than that of a duration while Rome itself should last. Yet was it at that very time that the eyes of a fisherman of the lake of Tiberias were opened to see the angel "coming down from heaven with power and great glory," from whose mighty cry over the fall of Babylon we have already quoted some words. No wonder when the time came that his prophecy was fulfilled, the world stood by weeping and mourning, not over the fall of a single city (such as Scipio Africanus had forecast as he watched the smoke of old Carthage rising up to heaven), but over the ruin of the civilization of the whole world. No wonder that, even in our own age, those whose hearts have so far sunk back to the level of heathenism as to value only material prosperity and worldly greatness, still re-echo the cry—

> "Alas! the eternal city, and alas!
> The trebly hundred triumphs, and the day
> When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
> The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away.
> Alas! for earth, for never shall we see
> That brightness in her eye she wore when
> Rome was free."

But the voice of divine wisdom was far different: "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath judged your judgment upon her. And a mighty angel took up a stone, as it were a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, 'With such violence as this shall Babylon, that great city, be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all; and the voice of harpers, and of musicians, and of them that play on the pipe and on the trumpet, shall no more be heard at all in thee; and no craftsman, of any art whatsoever, shall be found any more at all in thee; and the sound of the mill shall be heard no more at all in thee; and the light of the lamp shall shine no more in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth, for all nations have been deceived by thine enchantments.' And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth."

Thus total, according to the prophecy, was to be the destruction of the wealth, civilization, greatness, and glory of the ancient heathen world, gathered together in Rome, that in the utter sweeping away of that one city all might perish together. How fully the words were accomplished we know by the lamentation of the whole world over Babylon, the echoes of which still ring in our ears. But to us Christians it rather belongs to weigh the words which follow without any break in the sacred text (although the division of the chapters leads many readers to overlook the close connection). "After these things I heard, as it were, the voice of much people in heaven, saying, 'Alleluia. Salvation, and glory, and power is to our God. For just and true are his judgments, who hath judged the great harlot which corrupted the earth with her fornications, and he hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hands.' And again they said, 'Alleluia. And her smoke ascendeth for ever and ever.'" Here is the answer to that cry of the angel, "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye apostles and prophets."

Digitized by Google

Were any comment needed upon such prophecies—any explanation of the sentence passed upon a civilization so great, so ancient, so widely extended, and so refined—anything to reconcile us to the utter destruction of so much that was fair and mighty, we may find it in the latter half of the lecture before us. Not that our author is insensible to the marvellous beauty of that glow with which classical literature causes the figures of those days to shine before us. That would be impossible for a man of his studies. He says:

"Is not the very language of Cicero and Virgil an expression of this lordly, yet peaceful rule; this even, undisturbed majesty, which holds the world together like the regularity of the seasons, like the alternations of light and darkness, like the all-pervading warmth of the sun? If every language reflects the character of the race which speaks it, surely we discern in the very strain of Virgil the closing of the gates of war, the settling of the nations down to the arts of peace, the reign of law and order, the amity and concord of races, the weak protected, the strong ruled; in a word,

'Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.'"

Neither, need it hardly be said, has he set the hideous pollutions of that civilization fully before us: that is rendered impossible by its very hideousness. Let those who recoil from the horrors of what he has said—but a faint outline of the miserable truth, though traced with singular artistic form and beauty—bear in mind the while the words of the inspired prophecy, "All nations have drunk of the wine of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her" —"Her sins have reached unto heaven, and the Lord shall reward her iniquities"—"In her was found the blood of prophets, and saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth." The crimes, as well as the civilization of a thousand years, were accumulated at Rome, and both were swept away together by that overwhelming flood of fierce barbarians. Little were it worthy of Christians to mourn over a civilization into whose very heart-strings such unutterable pollution was intertwined; especially as it was removed, not like Babylon of old, to leave behind it nothing but desolation, but to make room for that kingdom of God which was to be enthroned upon its ruins; for such was the purpose of God, that the very centre of Christendom, the very seat of the throne of Christ upon earth, on which he would visibly sit in the person of his Vicar, was there to be established, whence the throne of the Cæsars and the golden house of Nero had been swept away in headlong ruin. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth was gone. And I heard a great voice from the throne saying, 'Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and he will dwell with them. And they shall be his people, and God himself shall be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'" "And he that sat on the throne said, 'Behold, I make all things new.'" The full accomplishment of these words we expect, in faith and hope, when "death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more; for the former things are passed away;" yet, surely, whatever more glorious accomplishment is yet to come, it were blindness not to see how far they are already fulfilled in the substitution of Christendom for the civilized pagan world, the setting up the throne of the Vicar of Christ upon the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars.

First among the causes of that hideous accumulated mixture of blood and filth in which heathen civilization was drowned, Mr. Allies most justly places the institution of slavery as it was at Rome, because by this the springs of human life were tainted. It is certain that during all the long years of the duration of the Roman

Digitized by Google

empire, there was among its heathen population no one human being, who lived beyond the earliest childhood, who was not polluted, and whose very soul was not scarred and branded, by the marks of that hideous moral pestilence. We say "its heathen population," because great as must have been the evil it wrought upon ordinary Christians, we doubt not that there were those who gathered honey out of corruption, and whose justice, charity, and purity came out from that furnace of temptation with a brightness which nothing but the most fiery trial could have given to them. From slavery the whole of Roman society received its form. Our author most truly says, "The spirit of slavery is never limited to the slave; it saturates the atmosphere which the freeman breathes together with the slave; passes into his nature, and corrupts it." This miserable truth can never be too often impressed upon men, because, unhappily, there are still advocates of slavery who think that they apologize for it if they can prove, as they think, that the slave is happy. As well might they argue that the introduction of the plague into London would be no calamity, if the man who brought it in upon him entered the city dancing and shouting. In ancient Italy slaves replaced the hardy rustics, that "*prisca gens mortalium*," who, though doubtless far less virtuous than they appeared in the fevered dreams of men sick of the vices of Rome in the last days of the republic, were still among the best specimens of heathen life. Wherever slavery extends, labor becomes dishonorable as the badge of servitude, a few masters languish in bloated luxury, but the nation itself grows constantly poorer, as an ever-increasing proportion of its population has to be maintained in indolence. At Rome slaves were the only domestic servants, and after a time the only manufacturers. And yet even this is nothing compared to the evils of a state of society in which the great majority of women as well as of men are the absolute property of their masters. Horrible as was this state of things, it offered so many gratifications to the corrupt natures of those whose hands held the power of the world, and without whose consent it could not be abolished, that it would have seemed to any one who had ever witnessed the life of a wealthy Roman noble no less than madness to imagine that any man would ever willingly surrender them.

As a matter of fact, so far was this state of society from holding out any hope of its own amendment, whether sudden or gradual, that, as our author remarks—

"Of all the minds which have left a record of themselves, from Cicero to Tacitus, there is not one who does not look upon the world's course as a rapid descent. They feel an immense moral corruption breaking in on all sides, which wealth, convenience of life, and prosperity only enhance. They have no hope for humanity, for they have no faith in it, nor in any power encompassing and directing it."

Faithless and hopeless they were; but whatever this world could give they had in abundance:

"In the time of heathenism the world of sense which surrounded man flattered and caressed all his natural powers, and solicited an answer from them; and in return he flung himself greedily upon that world, and tried to exhaust its treasures. Glory, wealth, and pleasure intoxicated his heart with their dreams; he crowned himself with the earth's flowers, and drank in the air's perfume; and in one object or another, in one after another, he sought enjoyment and satisfaction. The world had nothing more to give him; nor will the latest growth of civilization surpass the profusion with which the earth poured forth its gifts to those who consented to seek on the earth alone their home and their reward; though, indeed, they were the few, to whom the many were sacrificed. The Roman noble, with the pleasures of a vanquished world at his feet,

Digitized by Google

with men and women from the fairest climes of the earth to do his bidding—men who, though slaves, had learnt all the arts and letters of Greece, and were ready to use them for the benefit of their lords; and women, the most beautiful and accomplished of their sex, who were yet the property of these same lords—the Roman noble, as to material and even intellectual enjoyment, stood on a vantage-ground which never again man can hope to occupy, however—

'Through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.'

"Cæsar and Pompey, Lucullus and Hortensius, and the fellows of their order, were orators, statesmen, jurists, and legislators, generals, men of literature, and luxurious nobles at the same time; and they were this because they could use the minds as well as the bodies of others at their pleasure. Not in this direction was an advance possible" (p. 159).

Our author draws with great skill and vigor a picture of the moral society of the heathen world, and of the beliefs upon which the practice of the heathen rested. Into these we have no room to follow him. At the end of this lecture he shows what sights they were which met the eyes of a stranger coming from the east in the days of Nero—an execution in which four hundred men, women, and children were marched through the streets of Rome to the cross, because their master had been killed by one of his slaves. In all such cases the Roman law required that every slave in the house, however innocent, however young or however old—man, woman, or child—should be put to death. Thence the stranger passed to a scene of debauchery such as the world has never imagined, in the gardens close to the Pantheon. This stranger—

"Why has he come to Rome, and what is he doing there? Poor, unknown, a foreigner in dress, language, and demeanor, he is come from a distant province, small in extent, but the most despised and the most disliked of Rome's hundred provinces, to found in Rome itself a society, and one, too, far more extensive than this great Roman empire, since it is to embrace all nations; far more lasting, since it is to endure for ever. He is come to found a society, by means of which all that he sees around him, from the emperor to the slave, shall be changed" (p. 101).

What madness can have inspired such a hope, or what miracle, real or simulated, could fulfil it? And that, not in the golden age of pastoral simplicity, in which men looked for wonders with an uncritical eye, but "amid the dregs of Romulus," when all the world seemed to have fallen together into the "sere and yellow leaf."

"He has two things within him, for want of which society was perishing and man unhappy: a certain knowledge of God as the Creator, Ruler, Judge, and Rewarder of men; and of man's soul made after the image and likeness of this God. This God he has seen, touched, and handled upon earth; has been an eye-witness of his majesty, has received his message, and bears his commission. But whence had this despised foreigner received the double knowledge of God and of the soul, so miserably lost (as we have seen) to this brilliant Roman civilization?

"In the latter years of Augustus, when the foundations of the imperial rule had been laid, and the structure mainly raised by his practical wisdom, there had dwelt a poor family in a small town of evil repute, not far from the lake of the remote province where this fisherman plied his trade. It consisted of an elderly man, a youthful wife, and one young child. The man gained his livelihood as a carpenter, and the child worked with him. Complete obscurity rested upon this household till the child grew to the age of thirty years" (p. 104).

Then follows in few words the history of his life, death, and resurrection. These things the fisherman had

Digitized by Google

seen, and in this was the power which was to substitute a new life for the corrupt civilization of a world.

The details of the comparison which follows we may leave to be considered when the work is continued. They are drawn out with great spirit, thoughtfulness, and artistic beauty. For the comparison of the two systems in an individual, Mr. Allies selects on the one side Cicero, on the other St. Augustine. An able reviewer has maintained that "Marcus Aurelius was the person to compare with St. Augustine." Mr. Allies has given his reasons for not selecting either Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus in the defective religious system of both. There were, however, other grounds which seem to us even stronger. To test what heathenism can do, it was necessary that the example selected should, as a chemist would say, present not "a trace" of any other influence. Now this was impossible in the days of Epictetus or Aurelius. Christianity had then been taught and professed publicly and without restraint for many years, with only occasional bursts of persecution since Nero first declared war upon it. Its theology, indeed, was fully known only to the faithful, but its moral code was publicly professed. The Christian teachers came before the people as philosophers. It is absolutely certain that all the great Stoics, and especially the emperor, must often and often have heard of the great moral and religious principles laid down by the Christian teachers, however imperfect was his knowledge of their religious practices. But we have already had occasion to remark that men are driven, whether they will or no, to approve and admit these great principles when they are only publicly stated and maintained, although certain not to have discovered them by their unassisted reason. We cannot, therefore, but regard the religious and moral maxims of the later Stoics as an imperfect reflection of the full light of Christianity, like the moonlight illuminating without warming, but still taking such hold of the minds which have once embraced them, that they could never be forgotten. The life and practice of the imperial philosopher, we have every reason to believe, was, for a man without the faith and the sacraments, wonderfully high. Far be it from us to depreciate it, for whatever there was in it that was really good we know resulted from that grace which is given even beyond the bounds of the Church. But our knowledge of details is most meagre, while Cicero we know probably more familiarly than any great man in whose intimacy we have not lived. The thoughts and speculations which approved themselves to the deliberate judgment of Marcus Aurelius, these we know, and in many respects they are wonderful. Of his life we know little more than he chose publicly to exhibit to his subjects. The failings of Cicero were petty and degrading; but if he had been firmly seated on the throne of the Cæsars, and if we had possessed no more exact details of his life than we do of the life of Marcus Aurelius, we much doubt whether we should have been aware of them. Merivale says: "The high standard by which we claim to judge him is in itself the fullest acknowledgment of his transcendent merits; for, undoubtedly, had he not placed himself on a higher level than the statesmen and sages of his day, we should pass over many of his weaknesses in silence, and allow his pretensions to our regard to pass almost unchallenged. But we demand a nearer approach to the perfection of human wisdom and virtue in one who sought to approve himself as the greatest of their teachers." He was condemned indeed by his heathen countrymen, but their censure was rather of his greatness than his goodness, and they would probably have been even more severe had he attained what he did not even aim at —Christian humility.

Considering these things, and especially that Cicero belonged almost to

Digitized by Google

the last generation, which was wholly uninfluenced by the reflected light of Christianity, and in which, therefore, we can to a considerable degree measure the real effects of heathen philosophy, we venture to think that Mr. Allies has judged well in comparing him as the model heathen with St. Augustine as the model Christian. The comparison is drawn with a masterly hand.

On the whole, however, we incline to think that the two last lectures are of the greatest practical value, especially at the present crisis. The salt by which Christianity acts upon the world seems to be martyrdom and holy virginity. Both of them have been always in operation since the days of John the Baptist. But there are periods of comparative stillness in which martyrdom is hardly seen, or at least only at the outposts of the Christian host. At such times, it is by holy virginity that the Church acts most directly and most powerfully upon the world. This was the case in the Roman empire as soon as persecution relaxed.

Our author says:

"A great Christian writer [St. Chrysostom], who stood between the old pagan world and the new society which was taking its place, and who was equally familiar with both, made, near the end of the fourth century, the following observation: 'The Greeks had some few men, though it was but few, among them, who, by the force of philosophy, came to despise riches; and some, too, who could control the irascible part of man; but the flower of virginity was nowhere to be found among them. Here they always gave precedence to us, confessing that to succeed in such a thing was to be superior to nature and more than man. Hence their profound admiration for the whole Christian people. The Christian host derived its chief lustre from this portion of its ranks.' And, again, he notes the existence, in his time, of three different sentiments respecting this institution. 'The Jews,' he says, 'turn with abhorrence from the beauty of virginity; which indeed is no wonder, since they treated with dishonor the very Son of the Virgin himself. The Greeks, however, admire it, and look up to it with astonishment, but the Church of God alone cultivates it.' After fifteen hundred years we find the said sentiments in three great classes of the world. The pagan nations, among whom Catholic missionaries go forth, reproduce the admiration of Greek and Latin pagans; they reverence that which they have not strength to follow, and are often drawn by its exhibition into the fold. But there are nations who likewise reproduce the Jewish abhorrence of the virginal life. And as the Jews worshipped the unity of the Godhead, like the Christians, and so seemed to be far nearer to them than pagan idolaters, and yet turned with loathing from this product of Christian life, so those nations might seem, from the large portions of Christian doctrine which they still hold, to be nearer to Christianity than the Hindoo and the Chinese; and yet their contempt and dislike for the virginal life and its wonderful institutions seems to tell another tale. But now, as fifteen hundred years ago, whether those outside admire or abhor, the Church alone cultivates the virginal life. Now, as then, it is her glory and her strength, the mark of her Lord, and the standard of his power, the most *special* sign of his presence and operation. 'If,' says the same writer, 'you take away its seemliness and its continuity of devotion, you cut the very sinews of the virginal estate; so when it is possessed together with the best conduct of life, you have in it the root and support of all good things: just as a most fruitful soil nurtures a root, so a good conduct bears the fruits of virginity. Or, to speak with greater truth, the crucified life is at once both its root and its fruit'" (p. 382).

We must conclude by expressing our deliberate conviction that no study

Digitized by Google

can be more important at the present day than that of the change from heathen civilization to Christendom, the means by which it was brought about, and the effects which it produced. For in our day, most eminently, the Protestant falling away is producing its fruits in restoring throughout all Europe more and more of the special characteristics of heathen society. We have not room at present to offer any proofs of this, but we would beg every reader to observe for himself, and we are confident that his experience will confirm what we say. Nor is it only Catholics that are aware of this tendency. A thoughtful writer in the *Saturday Review*, six months back, devoted a whole article to trace the points of resemblance between an educated English Protestant of our day and a heathen of cultivated mind. Those who feel disposed at once to regard the idea as an insult are probably judging of heathen civilization by Nero and Domitian. Mr. Allies's book will at least dispel this delusion. In fact, it is only too obvious that there is, even in our own day, no want of plausibility in what is at the bottom only revived heathenism; and in consequence of this remarkable resemblance, nothing could be more strictly practical at the present moment than any studies which show us the old heathen civilization as it really was, in its attractive as well as its repulsive qualities.

From The Month.

SAINTS OF THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

1. Abbot Antony said: Without temptation there is no entrance possible into the kingdom. Take away temptations, and no one is in the saving way.

2. Some one asked blessed Arsenius, "How is it that we, with all our education and accomplishments, are so empty, and these Egyptian peasants are so full?"

He made answer: We have the world's outward training, from which nothing is learned; but theirs is a personal travail, and virtue is its fruit.

3. It was heard by some that Abbot Agatho possessed the gift of discrimination. Therefore, to make trial of his temper, they said to him, "We are told that you are sensual and haughty." He answered: That is just it.

They said again, "Are you not that Agatho who has such a foul tongue?" He answered: I am he.

Then they said, "Are you not Agatho the heretic?" He made answer: No.

Then they asked him why he had been patient of so much, yet would not put up with this last. He answered: By those I was but casting on me evil; but by this I should be severing me from God.

4. Holy Epiphanius was asked why the commandments are ten, and the beatitudes nine. He answered: The commandments are as many as the plagues of Egypt; but the beatitudes are a triple image of the Holy Trinity.

5. It was told to Abbot Theodore, that a certain brother had returned to the world. He answered: Marvel not at this, but marvel rather that any one comes out of it.

6. The Abbot Sisoi said: Seek God, and not his dwelling-place.

7. It is told of a certain senior, that he wished to have a cucumber. When he had got it, he hung it up in his sight, and would not touch it, lest appetite should have the mastery of him. Thus he did penance for his wish.

Digitized by Google

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY is always a holiday. And well it is for the girls and boys of a parish, of a district, of a county, ay, of all Ireland, if it should rise upon them in the glowing beauty of a cloudless sun. Then, indeed, the girls "are drest in all their best." Many a new bright ribbon has been purchased on the previous market-day, and many a twist and turn the congregation side of their bonnets has had. A bow of new ribbon, blue or red, according to their complexion—for these country girls are no more fools in such a matter than their betters—has been held first to this side of their bonnet, then to that; then the long ends have been brought across the top this way, then that way, temporarily fastened with pins in the first instance, until it is held at arm's-length, with the head a little to one side, to test the final position. Their petticoats have been swelled out by numbers, not by crinoline, which as yet was unknown, even to the higher orders. But "be this as it may," the girls of the townlands of Rathcash, Rathcashmore, and Shanvilla made no contemptible turn-out upon the New Year's day after Tom Murdock had returned from Armagh. The boys, too, were equally grand, according to their style of dress. Some lanky, thin-shanked fellows in loose trousers and high-low boots; while the well-formed fellows, with plump calves and fine ankles, turned out in their new *corderoy* breeches, woolen stockings, and *pumps*. I have confined myself to their lower proportions, as in most cases the coats and vests were much of the same make, though perhaps different in color and material, while the well-brushed "*Caroline*" hat was common to all.

Conspicuous amongst the girls in the district in which our story sojourns, were, as a matter of course, Winny Cavana and Kate Mulvey, with some others of their neighbors who have not been mentioned, and who need not be.

Winny, since the little episode respecting her refusal of Tom Murdock, and his subsequent departure, had led a very quiet, meditative life. She could not help remarking to herself, however, that she had somehow or other become still more intimate with Kate Mulvey than she had used to be; but for this she could not account—though, perhaps, the reader can. She had always been upon terms of intimacy with Kate; had frequently called there, when time would permit, and sat for half an hour, or sometimes an hour, chatting, which was always reciprocated by Kate, whose time was more on her own hands. In what then consisted the increase of intimacy can hardly be said. Perhaps it merely existed in Winny's own wish that it should be so, and the fact that one and the other, on such occasions, now always threw a cloak round her shoulders and accompanied her friend a piece of the way home. Sometimes, when the day was tempting, a decided walk would be proposed, and then the bonnet was added to the cloak. What formed the burden of their conversation in these chats, which to a close observer might be said latterly to have assumed a confidential appearance, must be so evident to the reader's capacity, that no mystery need be observed on the subject. To say the

Digitized by Google

least, Emon-a-knock came in for a share of it, and, as a matter of almost neceissty, Tom Murdock was not altogether left out.

Kate Mulvey, after the *éclaircissement* with Winny, believed she could do her friend some good without doing herself any harm, a principle on which alone most people will act. With this view she took an early opportunity to hint something to Emon of the result of the interview between herself and Winny, and although she did it in a very casual, and at the same time a clever, manner, she began to fear that so far as her friend's case was concerned, she had done more harm than good. The fact of Tom Murdock's proposal and rejection subsequent to the interview adverted to, had not become public amongst the neighbors; and before Winny had an opportunity of telling it to Kate, Emon had left his father's house, to seek employment in the north. It is not unlikely that he was tempted to this step by something which had fallen from Kate Mulvey respecting Winny and Tom Murdock, although the whole cat had not yet got out of the bag.

Hitherto poor Emon's heart had been kept pretty whole, through what he considered a well-founded belief that Winny Cavana, almost as a matter of course, must prefer her handsome, rich neighbor to a struggling laboring man like him. Tom, he knew, she saw almost every day, while at best she only saw him for a few minutes on Sundays after chapel. Emon knew the meaning of the word propinquity very well, and he knew as well the danger of it. He knew, too, that if there were no such odds against him, he could scarcely dare aspire to the hand of the rich heiress of Rathcash. He knew the disposition of old Ned Cavana too well to believe that he would ever consent to a "poor devil" like him "coming to coort his daughter." He believed so thoroughly that all these things were against him, that he had hitherto successfully crushed every rising hope within his breast. He had schooled himself to look upon a match between Tom Murdock and Winny Cavana as a matter so natural, that it would be nothing less than an act of madness to endeavor to counteract it. What Kate Mulvey, however, had "let slip" had aroused a slumbering angel in his soul. He was not wrong, then, after all, in a secret belief that this girl did not like Tom Murdock over-much. Upon what he had founded that belief he could no more have explained—even to himself—than he could have dragged the moon down from heaven; but he did believe it; he even combatted it as a fatal delusion, and yet it was true. But how did this mend the matter as regarded himself? Not in the slightest degree, except so far as that the man he most dreaded, and had most reason to dread, was no longer an acknowledged rival to his heart. Hopes he still had none.

But Emon-a-knock was now in commotion. The angel was awake, and his heart trembled at a possibility which despair had hitherto hidden from his thoughts.

For some time past he had not only not avoided a casual meeting with Winny, but delighted in them with a safe, if not altogether a happy, indifference. He looked upon her as almost betrothed to Tom Murdock; circumstances and reports were so dovetailed into one another, and so like the truth.

Although there was really no difference in rank between him and Winny, except what her father's well-earned wealth justified the assumption of, his position as a daily laborer kept him aloof from an intimacy of which those in circumstances more like her own could boast; and poor Emon felt that it was a matter for boast. Thus had he hitherto refrained from attempting to "woo that bright particular star," and his heart was comparatively safe. But now—ay, *now*—what was he to do? "Fly, fly!" said he; "I'll go seek for employment in the north.

Digitized by Google

To America, India, Australia—anywhere! Kate Mulvey may have meant it as kindness; but it would have been more kind to have let me alone. This horrible knowledge of that one fact will break my heart."

And Emon-a-knock did fly. But it was no use. There were many reasons quite unconnected with Winny Cavana which rendered a more speedy return than he had intended unavoidable. A stranger beyond the precincts of his own parish, he found it impossible to procure permanent employment amongst those who were better known, and who "belonged to the place"—a great consideration in the minds of the Irish, high and low. The bare necessaries of life, too, were more expensive in the north than about his own home; and for the few days' employment which he got, he could scarcely support himself, while his father and family would feel the loss of his share of the earnings at home. No; these two separate establishments would never do. He could gain nothing by it but the gnawing certainty of never seeing, even at a distance, her in whom he now began to feel that his heart delighted. Besides, he could manage to avoid her altogether by going to his own chapel; yes, he felt it a duty he owed to his father not to let him fight life's battle alone, and—he returned. We question whether this *duty* to his *father* was his sole motive; and we shall see whether he did not subsequently consider it a *duty* to prefer the good preaching of Father Roche, of Rathcash, to the somewhat indifferent discourses of good Father Farrell in *his own* chapel.

Emon had not been more than ten days or a fortnight away, and he was now following the usual routine, of a day idle and a day working, which had marked his life before he went.

But we were talking of a New Year's day, and it will be far spent if we do not return to it at once, and so we shall lose the thread of our story.

The day, as we had wished a few pages back, had risen in all the beauty of a cloudless sun. There had been a slight frost the night before, but as these slight frosts seldom bring rain until the third morning, the country people were quite satisfied that the promise of a fine day on this occasion would not be broken. The chapel-bells of Rathcash and Shanvilla might be heard sounding their clear and cheerful call to their respective parishioners that the hour of worship had drawn near, and the well-dressed, happy congregation might be seen in strings along the road and across the pathways through the fields, in their gayest costume, laughing and chatting with an unbounded confidence in the faithfulness of the sky.

Tom Murdock, the reader knows, had returned, but he had not as yet seen Winny Cavana. One Sunday had intervened; but upon his father's advice he had refrained from going "for that wan Sunda' to chapel." Neither, on the same advice, had he gone near old Ned's house. The old man—that is, old Murdock—had endeavored to spread a report that his son Tom was engaged to be married to a very rich girl in Armagh. He took his own views of all matters, whether critical or simple, and had his own way of what he called managing them. He was not very wrong in some of his ideas, but he sometimes endeavored to carry them out too persistently, after anybody else would have seen their inutility.

On this New Year's day, too, he had hinted something about his son's not going to mass, but Tom would not be controlled, and quickly "shut up"—that is the *fashionable* phrase now-a-days—the old man upon the subject. His opinion, and he did not care to hide it, was, "that he did not see why he should be made a mope of by Winny Cavana, or any other conceited piece of goods like her." His father's pride came to his aid in this instance, and he gave way.

Rathcash chapel was a crowded place of worship that day. Amongst

Digitized by Google

the congregation, as a matter of course, were Winny Cavana and Kate Mulvey, both conspicuous by their beauty and solemnity. Tom Murdock, too, was there; doubtless he was handsome, and he was solemn also, but his solemnity was of a different description. It was that generated by disappointment, with a dream of villany in perspective.

Tom was not a coward, even under the nervous influence of rejected love. Physically, he was not one in the matters of everyday life; and morally, he wanted rectitude to be one when he ought. He therefore resolved to meet Winny Cavana, as she came out of chapel, as much as possible as if nothing had happened, and to endeavor to improve the acquaintance as opportunity might permit. He purposed to himself to walk home with her, and determined, if possible, that at least a friendly intercourse should not be interrupted between them.

Emon-a-knock had steadily kept his resolution, notwithstanding our doubts, and had not gone to Rathcash chapel for the last four or five Sundays; he was even beginning to think that Father Farrell, after all, was not quite so much below Father Roche as a preacher.

At length there was a rustling of dresses and a shuffling of feet upon the floor, which proclaimed that divine worship had ended; and the congregation began to pour out of Rathcash chapel—men in their dark coats and Caroline hats, and women in their best bonnets and cloaks. Tom Murdock was out almost one of the first, and sauntered about, greeting some of the more distant neighbors whom he had not seen since his return. At length Winny and Kate made their appearance. Winny would have hurried on, but Kate "stepped short," until Tom had time to observe their approach. He came forward with more cowardice in his heart than he had ever felt before, and Winny's reception of him was not calculated to reassure him. Kate was next him, and held out her hand promptly and warmly. Winny could scarcely refuse to hold out hers; but there was neither promptness nor warmth in her manner. An awkward silence ensued on both sides, until Kate, with more anxiety on her own behalf than tact or consideration on her friend's, broke in with half a score of inquiries, very kindly put, as to his health—the *very long* time he was away—how the neighbors *all* missed him so much—what he had been doing—how he left his aunt—how he liked Armagh, etc., ending with a *hope* that he had come home to *remain*.

Winny was glad she had so good a spokeswoman with her, and did not offer a single observation in her aid. To say the truth, there was neither need nor opportunity; for Kate seemed perfectly able, and not unwilling, to monopolize the conversation. Tom endeavored to be sprightly and at his ease, but made some observations far from applicable to the subjects upon which his loquacious companion had addressed him. He had hoped that when they came to the end of the lane turning up to their houses, that Kate Mulvey would have gone toward her own home, and that he must then have had a word with Winny alone; but the manner in which she hastened her step past the turn, saying, "Kate, you know we are engaged to have a walk 'our lone' today," showed him that no amelioration of her feelings had taken place toward him; and without saying more than "Well, this is my way," he turned and left them.

Bully-dhu was standing near the end of Winny's house, looking from him; and as he recognized his mistress on the road, commenced to wag his huge tail, as if asking permission to accompany them. "Call him, Winny," said Kate; "he may be of use to us; and, at all events, he will be *company;*" and she laid a strong emphasis upon the last word. Winny complied, and called the dog as loud

Digitized by Google

as she could. Poor Bully wanted but the wind of the word, and tore down the lane with his mouth wide open, and his tail describing large circles in the air. He had well-nigh knocked down Tom Murdock as he passed, but he did not mind that; and bounding out upon the road, cut such capers round Winny as were seldom seen, keeping up at the same time a sort of growling bark, until the enthusiasm of his joy at the permission had subsided.

CHAPTER XIX.

WINNY and Kate had agreed to take a long walk after mass on the day in question. This was not a mere trick of Winny's to get rid of Tom Murdock. Certainly they had not agreed that it should be "their lone;" this was as chance might have it; and it was a gratuitous addition of Winny's, as calculated to attain her object; and we have seen how promptly she succeeded.

The day was fine, and they now wandered along the road, so engaged in chat that they scarcely knew how far they were from home. They had turned down a cross-road before they came to Shanvilla, the little village where Emon-a-knock lived. Kate would have gone on straight, but Winny could not be induced to do so. Kate had her own reasons for wishing to go on, while Winny had hers for being determined not; so they turned down the road to their left, intending, as they had Bully-dhu with them, to come home through the mountain-pass by Boher-na-milthiogue. They had chat enough for the whole road. Prayers had been over early, although it was second mass; and the country people generally dine later on a holiday than usual. It gives the boys and girls more time to meet and chat and part, and in some instances to make new acquaintances. But whether it had been agreed upon or not, Winny and Kate appeared likely to have their walk alone upon this occasion; and as neither of them could choose their company, they were not sorry to find the road they had chosen less frequented than the one they had left. Bully-dhu scampered through the fields at each side of them, and sometimes on a long distance in front, occasionally running back to a turn to see if they were coming.

They were now beyond two miles from home, and two-and-a-half more would have completed the circle they had intended to take; but they were destined to return by the same way they came, and in no comfortable or happy plight.

They were descending a gentle hill when, at some distance below them, they perceived a number of young men engaged playing at what they call "long bullets." They would instinctively have turned back, not wishing, unattended as they were except by Bully-dhu, to run the gauntlet of so many young men upon the roadside, most of whom must be strangers; but the said Bully-dhu had been enjoying himself considerably in advance, and they called and called to no purpose. They could not whistle; and if Bully heard them call, he did not heed them. He had seen a large brindled mastiff coming toward him from the crowd with his back up, and a growl of defiance which he could not mistake. Bully was no coward at any time; but on this occasion his courage was more than manifest, being, as he considered, in sole charge of his mistress and her friend. He was not certain but his antagonist's attack might be directed as much against them as against himself; and he stood upon the defensive, with his back up also, the hairs of which, from behind his ears to the butt of his tail, bristled "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." An encounter was now inevitable. The mastiff had shown a determination that nothing but a death-struggle should be the result, and rushed with open mouth and a roar of confident superiority upon his

Digitized by Google

weaker rival. It was no even match; nothing but poor Bully-dhu's indomitable courage and activity could enable him to stand a single combat with his antagonist for five minutes. The first snarling and growling on both sides had now subsided, and they were "locked in each other's arms" in a silent rolling struggle for life or death. A dog-fight of even the most minor description has charms for a crowd of youngsters; and of course the "long bullets" were left to take care of themselves, and all the players, as well as the spectators, now ran up the road to witness this contest, which was, indeed, far from a minor concern. Poor Winny had screamed when she saw her dog first rolled by so furious and, as she saw at once, so superior a foe. She would have rushed forward but that Kate restrained her, as both dangerous and useless. She therefore threw herself against the bank of the ditch by the roadside, continuing to call out "for God's sake for somebody to save her poor dog. Was there no person there who knew her, and would save him?"

The crowd had by this time formed a ring round the infuriated animals. Some there were who would have been obedient to Winny's call for help; but the case at present admitted of no relief. Notwithstanding poor Bully-dhu's pluck and courage, he had still the worst of it; in fact, his was altogether a battle of defence, while that of the mastiff was one of ferocious attack. He had seized Bully in the first instance at an advantage by the side of the neck under the ear, meeting his teeth through the skin, while the blood flowed freely from the wound, coloring the mud of the road a dark crimson round where they fought, and nearly choking the mastiff himself, as he was occasionally rolled under in the strife. Now they were upon their hind-legs again, wrestling like two stout boys for a fall; now Bully was down, and the mastiff rolled his head from side to side, tightening his grip, while the bloody froth besmeared himself and his victim, as he might now almost be called.

Some men at this point, more humane than the rest, took hold of the mastiff by the tail, while others struck him on the nose with a stick. They might as well have struck the rocks of Slieve-dhu or Slieve-bawn. The mastiff was determined upon death, and death he seemed likely to have. His master was there, and seemed anxious to separate them. He even permitted him to be struck on the nose, claiming the privilege only of choosing the thickness of the stick.

"He's loosening, boys!" said one fellow; "he's tired of that houlf, an' can do no more with it; stan' back, boys, an' give the black dog fair play, he's not bet yet; he never got a grip iv th' other dog yet; give him fair play, boys, an' he'll do good business yet. There! Tiger's out iv him now, and the black dog has him; be gorra, he's a game dog any way, boys! I dunna who owns him." This man seemed to be an "expert" in dog-fighting. Tiger had got tired of the hold he had had, and, considering a fresh grip would be better, not by any means influenced by the blows he had received on the nose, had given way; believing, I do suppose, that he had already so mastered his antagonist, that he could seize him again at pleasure. But he had reckoned without his host. Bully-dhu took advantage of the relief to turn on him, and seized him pretty much in the same way he had been seized himself, and with quite as much ferocity and determination. The fight did not now seem so unequal; they had grip for grip, and there was a general cry amongst the crowd to let them see it out. Indeed, there appeared to be no alternative, for they had both resisted every exertion to separate them.

"It's no use, boys," said the expert; "you might cut them in pieces, an' they wouldn't quit, except to get a better houlf; if you want to part them, hold them by the tails, an' watch for

Digitized by Google

the loosening of wan or th' other, an' then drag them away."

"Stan' back, boys," said another. "The black dog's not bet yet; stan' back, I say!"

Bully-dhu had made a great rally of it. It was now evident that he would have made a much better fight from the first, if he had not been seized at an advantage which prevented him from turning his head to seize his foe in return. They had been by this time nearly twenty minutes in deadly conflict; and the mastiff's superior strength and size began now to tell fearfully against poor Bully-dhu. He had shaken himself completely out of Bully, and made a fresh grip, not far from the first, but still nearer the throat. The matter seemed now coming to a close, and the result no longer doubtful. Every one saw that if something could not be done to disengage Tiger from that last grip, the black dog must speedily be killed.

Here Winny, who heard the verdict from the crowd, could be restrained no longer, and rushed forward praying for some one, for them all, to try and save her dog. They all declared it was a pity; that he was a grand dog, but no match for the mastiff. Some recommended one thing, some another. Tiger was squeezed, and struck on the nose; a stick was forced into his mouth, with a hope of opening his teeth and loosening his hold; but it was all useless, and poor Winny gave up all for lost, in a fit of sobbing and despair.

Here a man, who had not originally been of the party, was seen running at full speed down the hill. It was Emon-a-knock, who at this juncture had come accidentally upon the top of the hill immediately above them, and at once recognizing *some* of the party on the road, rushed forward to the rescue. He cast but a glance at the dogs. He knew them *both*, and how utterly hopeless a contest it must be for Bully-dhu. Like an arrow from a bow, he flew to a cabin hard by, and seizing a half-lighted sod of turf from the fire, he returned to the scene. "Now, boys," he cried, "hold them fast by the tails and hind-legs, and I'll soon separate them." Two men seized them—Tiger's own master was one. Although there were many young men there who would have looked on with savage pleasure at an even fight between two well-matched dogs, even to the death, there was not one who could wish to stand by and see a noble dog killed without a chance by a superior foe, and they all hailed Emon-a-knock, from his confident and decisive manner, as a timely deliverer. The dogs having been drawn by two strong men to their full length, but still fastened by the deadly grip of the mastiff on Bully-dhu's throat, Emon blew the coal, and applied it to Tiger's jaw. This was too much for him. He could understand squeezes, and even blows on the nose and head, or perhaps in the excitement he never felt them; but the lighted coal he could not stand, and yielding at once to the pain, he let go his hold. The dogs were then dragged away to a distance; Emon-a-knock carrying poor Bully-dhu in his arms, more dead than alive, to where Winny sat distracted on the roadside.

"O Emon! he's dead or dying!" she cried, as the exhausted animal lay gasping by her side.

"He's neither!" almost roared Emon; "have you a fippenny-bit, Winny, or Kate? if I had one myself, I wouldn't ask you."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Winny, taking an old bead-purse from her pocket, and giving him one. She knew not what it was for, but her confidence in Emon's judgment was unbounded, and her heart felt some relief when it was not a needle and thread he asked for.

"Here," said Emon to a gossoon, who stood looking at the dog, "be off like a hare to Biddy Muldoon's for a naggin of whiskey, and you may have the change for yourself, if you're back in less than no time; make her put it in a bottle, not a cup, that you may

Digitized by Google

run the whole way without spilling it."

The boy started off, not very unlike —either in pace or appearance—to the animal he was desired to resemble, for he had a cap made of one of their skins.

Emon-a-knock, although a very steady, temperate young man, was not altogether so much above his compeers in the district as not to know "where a dhrop was kept," which, to the uninitiated (English, of course), means a sheebeen house. Perhaps, *to them*, I am only explaining one thing by another which equally requires explanation.

During the interval of the boy's absence, Emon-a-knock was examining the wounds in poor Bully-dhu's neck and throat. The dog still lay gasping, and occasionally scrubbling with his fore-legs, and kicking with his hind, while Winny reiterated her belief that he was dying. Emon now contradicted her rather flatly. He knew she would excuse the rudeness from the hope which it held forth.

"There will be nothing on him to signify indeed, Winny, after a little," he said kindly, feeling that he had been harsh but a moment before; "see, he is not even torn; only cut in four places."

"In four places! O Emon, in four?"

"Yes; but they are only where the other dog's teeth entered, and came through; see, they are only holes; the dog is quite exhausted, but will soon come round. Come here, Winny, and feel him yourself."

Winny stretched over, and Emon took her hand to guide it to the spots where her poor dog had been wounded. Poor Bully looked up at her, and feebly endeavored to wag his tail, and Winny smiled and wept together. Emon was a very long time explaining to her precisely where the wounds were, and how they must have been inflicted; and he found it necessary to hold her hand the whole time. Whether Winny, in the confusion of her grief, knew that he did so, nobody but herself can tell. Three or four persons who knew Winny had kindly come up to see how the dog was, and the expert amongst them, with so much confidence that he was going to set him on his legs at once. But Emon had taken special charge of him, and would not suffer so premature an experiment, nor the interference of any other doctor.

But here comes the gossoon with the whiskey, like a hare indeed, across the fields, and his middle finger stuck in the neck of the bottle by way of a cork.

Emon took it from him, and claiming the assistance of the expert, whom he had just now repudiated, for a few moments to hold his head, he placed the neck of the bottle in Bully-dhu's mouth. He poured "the least taste in life" down his throat, and with his hand washed his jaws and tongue copiously with the spirits.

With a sort of yelp poor Bully made a struggle and a plunge, and rose to his feet. Winny held out her hand to him, and he staggered over toward her, looking up in her face, and wagging his tail.

"I told you so," said Emon; "get me a handful of salt."

The same cabin which had supplied the "live coal" was applied to by the gossoon (who kept the change), and it was quickly brought.

Emon then rubbed some into the wounds, in spite of Winny's remonstrances as to the pain, and the dog's own unequivocal objections to the process.

Matters were now really on the mend. Bully-dhu shook himself, looking after the crowd with a growl; and even Winny had no doubt that Emon's prescriptions had been necessary and successful.

"The sooner you get home now with him, Winny, the better," said Emon.

"You are not going to leave us, Emon?" said Winny, doubtingly.

Digitized by Google

"Certainly not," he replied; "the poor dog is still very weak, and may require rest, if not help, by the way."

He then took a red cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and tying it loosely round the dog's neck, he held the other end of it in his hand, and they all set out together for Rathcash.

The handkerchief, Emon said, would both keep the air from the wounds, and help to sustain the dog on his legs. But he may have had some idea in his mind that it would also serve as an excuse for his accompanying them to the very furthest point possible on their road home.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From London Society.

TENDER AND TRUE AND TRIED.

TENDER and true,
You kept faith with me,
As I kept faith with you;—
Though over us both
Since we plighted troth
Long years have rolled:—
But our love could hold
Through troubles and trials manifold,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
In your eyes I gazed,
And my heart was safe, I knew!
Your trusting smile
Was pure of guile,
And I read in sooth
On your brow's fair youth
The earnest of loyal trust and truth,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
All my own at last!
My blessing for all life through—
In death as life
My one loved wife—
Mine—mine at last,
All troubles past—
And the future all happiness, deep and vast,
My darling tender and true!

Digitized by Google

Translated from Etudes Religieuses, Historiques, et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus.

A RIDE THROUGH CALCUTTA AND ITS VICINITY.

LETTER FROM A FATHER OF THE PROVINCE OF BELGIUM, MISSIONARY AT CALCUTTA.

You ask me for a little information concerning this country and our ordinary life in this climate. I am entirely at your disposal for this whole afternoon, if you will come and join me at the college of St. Francis Xavier, No. 10 Park street, Calcutta.

It is warm there. The thermometer I have just consulted stands 37° centigrades in the shade. Look where you may from my windows, you see nothing but white houses which, turned toward the four winds of heaven, have no other shade but that of their cornice; and a little further on, in an old cemetery, some fifty obelisks lit up on their four faces, so vertical is our sun! Hence, though lightly clad—a white calico soutane, without buttons, a white girdle, white pantaloons, and white shoes—we still feel enough of the tropical heat of the dog-star. Happily, we have the breeze, which, although it does not lower the thermometer any, refreshes us considerably. But it does not always blow; and when it stops, the floor is watered with drops of perspiration as big as two-franc pieces. Those who would then make up for the breeze have themselves *ponka-ed*. *Ponka-ed*? what is that? To understand it, you will enter Father Stochman's abode. He is seated all in white, at his desk, in the middle of a large room; over his bald head, at a little less than a metre, is hung a large white triangle, three metres long horizontally, and one metre in height; a cord is fastened to it there, passes into the hollow of a pulley fixed to the wall, and terminates at a crouching Indian, clad in his dusky skin and a strip of stuff around his loins. This human machine has no other occupation than to pull the cord which balances continually over Father Stochman's head the other rectangular machine that I have described to you, which is called a *ponka*. Now, do not suppose that Father Stochman is a Sybarite. There are *ponkas* here everywhere: in the parlor, in the refectory, and many persons have themselves ponka-ed in their bed the whole night long. These instruments are not in use in Catholic churches, but every parishioner, male and female, continually uses the fan, which by extension is likewise called a *ponka*. Other countries, other customs; a *ponka* is here more necessary than a coat; whereas, on the other hand, there is not a single chimney in the whole house. No chimney, you will say; do you, then, eat your rice quite raw? To that question I have two answers; first, the kitchen, with us as with our neighbors, is not in the house, but in the *compound*—that is to say, in the vast inclosure that surrounds the dwelling. Then I will furthermore observe, that even in the kitchen there is no chimney. These black Indians, who are our cooks, are accustomed to make fire without troubling themselves about the smoke, which escapes wherever it can, through the windows, through the crevices, anywhere and everywhere. If you were, like me, philosopher enough to eat whatever comes before you, I would introduce you into that kitchen; but I think you would not care to enter that dingy

Digitized by Google

hole, lest you should for ever lose your appetite. Let us leave the Indians in their den, and go sit down under the *ponka* in the refectory. To-day they will serve us with mutton and fowl; to-morrow with fowl and mutton; now and then with fowl only. As regards vegetables, you shall see them successively of all kinds; but, if you take my advice, you will not touch them; they have no other taste than that of stagnant water. Beside the morning repast and the dinner, which is at half-past three o'clock, we have two other meals a day. One at noon, under the name of *tiffin*, is composed, in the maximum, of a glass of beer, a crust of bread, and some fruit; for some amongst us, it is reduced to but one of those three things; for many others, and myself in particular, to nothing at all. The other repast, at eight in the evening, consists of a cup of coffee, with or without bread.

And now let us quit this abode of misery, no more to return. Come and see my chamber. It has no *ponka*, but four windows, open day and night; two to the south, where the sun does not enter, and two to the east, where the Persians forbid him access in the morning. My bed is a species of large sofa, upon which there is a nondescript article, that is neither a palliass nor a mattrass. It is a flat sack, eight or nine inches thick, and stuffed with hair; over it two linen sheets (a luxury here, where most people use but one) and a pillow as hard as the mattrass. But best of all are the four posts supporting a horizontal rectangle from which is hung the mosquito net. The mosquito net is used here all the year round. It is a piece of net fastened below the mattrass. Behind that frail rampart, if happily there be no rent in it anywhere, you enjoy the pleasure of hearing the mosquitoes buzzing about powerless and exasperated. In December and January, there are clouds of them; but, hearing them, you appreciate that verse of Tibullus: *Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem!* What is a mosquito? It is the cousin-german of your gnats in Europe, generally a little smaller, but quite the same in form; it *sings* and stings like them; only its sting is a little more painful, and is followed by a larger and more lasting tumor. Nothing can secure you against its attacks; it can dart its sting even through a double covering of linen.

These insects are not my only room-mates. There are now, in addition thereto, some millions of red and black ants, hundreds of which I every day crush, but all in vain; there are lizards, which are not dumb as in Europe, but give utterance, now and then, to a short song. These lizards apply themselves to hunt the insects, so that I am very careful not to hunt themselves. In my chamber, moreover, there are horrible beetles—large insects of a dark brown color, four or five inches long, which have the privilege of inspiring universal disgust. To love them, one should be as poetical as M. Victor Hugo, who had an affection for "the toad, poor meek-eyed monster." There are little *white fishes*, insects that do not live in water, but are particularly abundant during rainy weather. These *fishes*, little as they are, contrive to make large holes in cloth and in stuffs. During the night I sometimes hear rats and mice prowling around; the mosquito net protects me from their assaults. As for bats, owls, and other such nocturnal visitors, I do not think they ever come in through our open windows.

Birds of prey are very numerous here, and wherever I am in my chamber, I know not how many are watching me from the top of the adjacent buildings. Crows are another species of bird as interesting as they are dreary. They inhabit the river-sides where the Indians throw their dead; two, three, or more of them are often seen in the water, looking as though they were sailing on some invisible bark; that bark is a dead body, which they slice amongst them as they

Digitized by Google

go. Sometimes the jackals, along the river, dispute this horrible prey with them, and you might see these animals, at some distance from the city, trotting along with human limbs across their mouth. In the city, the crows live on offal of all kinds; they are often found assembled round kitchen doors; during our meals there are always twenty or thirty of them before our refectory. There they seem to beg for crusts of bread, bones, etc., and willingly receive whatever is thrown to them. The kites, less numerous and less bold, but much more voracious, mount guard with them, and often fly away with what the poor crows had picked up from the ground. In revenge, it is really a pleasure to see a kite gnaw a bone which he has thus purloined. If he does not take care to perform that operation high up in the air, he is invariably flanked by two crows, one of which keeps constantly pulling him behind to make him angry, whilst the other avails himself of this artifice to peck at the bone in the very claws of the kite. After a while, the crows change parts, and each in his turn becomes the assailant. I perceive at this moment in our court another bird, less common than the two preceding species, but still not at all rare. The name it usually bears here is that of *adjutant;* in other places the much more picturesque name of *philosopher* is given to it. In order to form an idea of it, give an ordinary heron the size of a small ostrich; the bill is ten inches wide and from fifty to sixty long; the claws and the legs, white and thin, are more than three feet high; the neck almost always bent, and forming a crop, has a development of from sixty to seventy inches. Between these two extremities place a big white body with large wings of a dark-gray color, and you shall have pretty nearly the *adjutant* or *philosopher.*

Apropos to the description of my domicile, I have been led to give you a course of natural history; let us go on to something else. There is no other curiosity in my chamber, if it be not the two partitions which, with the walls of the house, form the inclosure. These partitions are but two yards in height, whilst the ceiling is more than five; they are generally arranged in this way, so as to give a free passage to the breeze.

In descending, let us take a look at the bathing rooms, about a dozen in number, in which there is not a single bath, but large vases of baked clay, always full of water, and small copper vases, that contain about a quart. You stand on the pavement, and, dipping the small vase into the larger one, pour the contents of it fifty times or so on your head. This is called taking a bath. It is said to be very wholesome; every one in this country takes their daily bath—except me, who have no time; so every one has been more or less sick, except me, for the same reason.

Before going out, a word on the pupils of our college. They are two hundred and twenty, the great majority of whom are Catholics. Most of the names have an English aspect; but you will also hear Portuguese, French, and Armenian names, borne respectively by white, black, bronze, and brown skins. English is the common language; the French pupils themselves speak it more fluently than their mother tongue, and most of them know only as much of Bengalese and Hindostanese as is necessary to make themselves understood by their Indian domestics. The costumes are varied enough; but as for the Indians, one may say that white, and especially white calico, constitutes their wardrobe, notwithstanding that some dark or pale colors are seen here and there.

Let us set out. Here are our young people coming in for recreation, and I would spare your ears one of my daily torments. It were impossible to find on the European continent people more destitute of all musical judgment than our pupils. It is not taste they want, but *good* taste. Several of them have an instrument like the ac-

Digitized by Google

cordeon, which is called the *concertina*. They have the courage to spend all their recreations, for three months and more, playing always the same air. I have thus heard "God save the Queen" thousands of times. Once would have sufficed to disgust you with it for ever; you may just imagine what liking I have for it. But it is time to go for our walk.

The English took a very simple way of making Calcutta. They marked out a broad circular road, to fix its boundary. Three Hindoo villages, Fort William, and some European factories, were inclosed within it; time has done the rest. Within the inclosure, the construction of the houses is subject to police regulations; straw roofs are prohibited, tiles required, etc.; all that annoys the Hindoo, who likes better to take up his quarters on the other side of the circular road; and in this way the suburbs are formed. The European city, on its side, has grown larger every day. Five years ago, our college was at the very extremity of the city; now, it is nearly in the centre; the new houses have occupied all the free space, and, in some places even go beyond the circular road. A year and a half since, a group of Hindoo huts, situate about one hundred paces from the college, disappeared to make place for a public tank, which furnishes us with water. The transformation is slow, but sure. So much for English tact; they have made Calcutta a palatial city, and such its name implies —*the city of palaces*. It is, moreover, an immense city; the streets are of fabulous length, thanks to the mode of construction employed here. I believe, indeed, that if Paris were built on the same system, it would extend itself as far as the *natural frontiers*.

In those long streets circulates a numerous and very mixed population, as in all great maritime places. If you please, we will busy ourselves to-day with the Indians only.

We distinguish them here into two great classes; the Mohammedans and the Hindoos. They are easily recognized in the streets. The Mohammedans wear a beard; they have usually on their head a cap a little larger than that of the priests in Belgium, but which, having only one seam forming an edge, is a little less spherical. The rich have caps embroidered with gold and silver, often very costly; the poor make theirs of two pieces of grayish-white calico. As for the women, I know not by what sign to recognize them, unless, perhaps, by the seams of a portion of their garments. For the rest, no Indian woman, poor or rich, appears in the streets. The Hindoos, all idolaters, wear no beard on their chin, but only moustaches and sometimes whiskers. In case of mourning for the death of a parent, they shave all, and even the hair from the fore part of the skull. The rest of the hair is generally drawn back and gathered in a knot. The men go almost always bareheaded; sometimes they make themselves a turban of a large piece of calico gracefully enough wound around. The rich dress in muslin; unbelievers wear leather shoes,* the others wooden sandals. The poor have a cord around their loins, which the rich replace by a silver chain, that they never leave off. One or more keys are usually attached to it. Between this cord and the skin they thrust the edge of a piece of calico as long and as wide as a bed-sheet, and which goes first round and half round the legs; the men pass between their legs what remains of the sheet and fasten the end of it to the cord or to the silver chain; the women throw this same remainder of the stuff over one shoulder and the head, so as to cover the chest. All go barefoot; many men have necklaces, the women wear on their ankles two large rings of copper or silver; they have, beside, a profusion of necklaces, bracelets, rings in the ears and even in the

* Leather is an abomination to a devout Hindoo.

Digitized by Google

nostrils. This costume forms their essential and ordinary apparel.

From the month of November till the month of March, the Indians have a season which they call winter. At 20° they are cold, at 15° they shiver, at 12° or 13° they are frozen. You should see, in the morning, the masons, carpenters, and other workmen, residing usually in the country, coming into town all muffled up in one or two extra bed-sheets, their mouth and nose completely hidden, and looking so much like being cold, that after some years the Europeans themselves (sad effect of bad example!) end by persuading themselves that it is cold here in winter, and even catch a little cold here and there. The domestics also try then to obtain some cast-off garments, in which they wrap themselves up without any regard for æsthetics. The porter of the college, who may be recognized by his red skull-cap and small white band worn as a shoulder-belt, characteristic of the caste of Brahmins, asked Father Stochman last year for one of his old soutanes. A little *bera* (servant) strutted about the other day in his master's old *paletot*. The master is thirty-five, the *bera* seven. The *meteurs* (room sweepers, etc.) cover themselves with everything: packing-linen, palliasses, etc., etc. The *bossartchi* (cooks) are the best off in winter; they keep themselves warm with their masters' wood.

Now that you have my Indians more or less dressed, let us see how they act. The best way to do that will be to go in a palanquin from our college to the railroad station. If we arrive in time for the train, we shall make a little excursion as far as Serampore or even to Chandernagor. Here is the palanquin that is waiting for us at the door: it is a wooden box, about four feet long; two poles a little bent, and fastened one before, the other behind, seem to be the continuation of the axle of the parallelipipede (excuse the word: I teach geometry). Two individuals, clothed just so far as it is absolutely necessary, place themselves under the front pole, so as to lay it one over his right shoulder, the other over his left shoulder; they press one against the other, because union makes strength. Two other Indians similar to these do as much for the back pole; the palanquin is raised. I slide the doors sideways, seat myself on the edge, and with all the elegance given by gymnastic habit I dart in backwards. The bottom is a sort of mattrass, on which one lies down at full length: the shoulders are then supported by a back-cushion, the feet are in front; you cry *Djas!* and the four *palki-bera* start off. Usually, to mark the way, the most intelligent of the bearers throws out phrases of four or six syllables, in a very monotonous tone quite unknown in Europe; the other answers, repeating the phrase in the same tone. In town, they go at the rate of at least six miles an hour; in longer journeys they go more slowly.

I have already made a journey of five leagues twice in this kind of box. The first was poetical enough. It was more than fifty leagues from Calcutta. We were three Europeans; a very light Frenchman (not in body, but in mind), an Irishman, and myself. The Frenchman had a considerable sum about him, and the country being in his opinion somewhat dangerous, he had brought to the starting station arms of every kind. I had with me in my palanquin a double-barrelled carabine, a case of ammunition, and a large hunting-knife. To prevent any one from robbing me of all this, I partly lay down on the carabine, made a pillow of the case, and slept with the sheath of my knife in one hand and the handle in the other. The Irishman, travelling on horseback, with pistols, served us as a scout; but his pistols did not prevent him from being struck on the face and arms by the greatest brigand in India: I mean the sun. He had his skin red for several days. For us, who were shaded in our palanquins, we had, of

Digitized by Google

course, no adventure; were it not that I dreamed sometimes of brigands and the Black Forest, crossing a vast desert plain, all white with light. So, when we came back the same way a fortnight after, we took with us no other fire-arms than a box of matches and cigars. But this is a digression; let us continue our journey.

Daina péro! (turn to the right). It is not the ordinary way; but instead of passing by the broad European thoroughfare, Park street, we shall turn aside into the dark and winding passages of an Indian bazaar. A bazaar is a multitude of lanes, exclusively composed of miserable huts, and blocked up with all sorts of merchandise. You rarely meet any one there but men; the shop-girl and the "young lady" of the store are equally unknown here; but in it is found every form of misery.

See there below that beggar of eighteen or twenty years, scarce half covered, and without even a rudiment, a shadow, of an arm. He is long and thin, but appears to be in good health. A French physician told me that, very probably, his parents cut off his arms when he was a child to secure him a livelihood. Whilst we are looking at him, a gigantic hand is thrust through the opposite door of the palanquin. The fingers are as big as the arms of a two-year old child; they are long in proportion. That hand is soliciting alms. We raise ourselves up a little to see this needy giant, and our eyes fall on a wretched, emaciated Indian; the rest of his body can weigh but little more than his two hands, for the left is like unto the right. This case of hypertrophy is, I think, isolated here; but another very common one, which is met in every street, is *Elephantiasis*, hypertrophy of the legs. The unhappy creatures attacked by this malady have, from the knee to the end of the foot, one, or sometimes two, elephant's legs, cylindrical, enormous, and seeming to draw to them the nourishment of all the rest of the body.

But here we are at the *Meïdan*. This is the name given to that immense esplanade on which stands Fort William, and which bounds the governor's palace, the city hall, the Protestant cathedral, the prison, the lunatic asylum, etc. Let us cross i in our palanquin, coasting along th river, and we shall soon reach the vi cinity of the station. There we find ourselves besieged by the *couli* (a sort of porter) of every age. They claim the honor of carrying our travelling-bag fifty paces for a *pais*—about four centimes. Since we are there, before going any further, let us say a word of the *couli*.

Some are in the service of the rich and of Europeans, others are for hire in the streets. The first are always men; amongst the second, there are many children: there are few of them very strong. Indeed, as a general rule, one European has the strength of several Bengalese. Both carry everything on their head, in a great hemispherical basket; there it is that they place the traveller's luggage or the provisions bought in the bazaar. A *couli* brought me one day two little birds which an Irishman had shot for me, and sent them to me from his residence, three leagues from Calcutta. The birds were in the large basket. On receiving them I wrote a few lines of thanks; the *couli* put the note in his basket. Here is another anecdote, for the truth of which I can certify. M. Moyne, a Frenchman settled in Chandernagor, had ordered his *couli* to convey some very heavy materials, of I know not what kind. He saw the poor devil bent under the burden, and as the journey was to be of several days' duration, he went to his carpenter and had him construct a wheelbarrow. That done, he comes back quite pleased with his good work, and, wheeling the barrow himself to the *couli*, gives it to him, shows him how to use it, and goes his ways satisfied that he has caused that man to make one step toward civilization. The pleasure he experiences at this

Digitized by Google

reflection induces him to turn round to enjoy his work. He turns, therefore, and sees the *couli* walking along, the barrow and the burden all on his head!

We have met by the way a great number of Mohammedans, carrying on their back an enormous leather flask, and dripping wet. These are the *bisthi*, water-carriers. Every house has its own; for people here waste a great deal of water, and there are neither wells nor cisterns. The *bisthi* go and fill their leather flasks at the river or at the public reservoirs, which are to be found in almost all the large streets, and come and empty it into pitchers of the dimensions of a hogshead. It is filtered for drinking; for other uses it is merely left to settle.

Those other individuals, a little cleaner, who carry on their head large bundles of linen, are *dôbi*, or washers. They wash the linen by soaking it in water, and then striking it with their whole strength against a plank or a stone. Happily, notwithstanding the American war, calico is not very dear here. You understand that in such a mode of washing it is roughly handled, and wears out before it is old. But why not teach the *dôbi* to wash in another way? Remember M. Moyne's wheelbarrow, when you ask that question!

Mercy on us! whilst we are chatting so about the *couli*, the *bisthi*, and the *dôbi*, we are missing the train. Since it is gone, we shall do as others do who are left behind: we shall take a *Hinghi*, an Indian bark, long, curved, and without a keel. We shall find four or five Mohammedan *mendjié* (boatmen), one of whom steers with a long oar; the others row with bamboos as thick as one's arm, and terminated by small flat boards. Just as we enter, the crew are finishing their common prayer, in which, with many protestations and gesticulations, they thank God and the Prophet for having helped them to speed well heretofore, and asking them to help them the same for the future.

Allah! Allah! mendjié, row strong; if we arrive in time, you shall have two *annas* (30 centimes). What is this floating three paces from here? The body of a man lying on his back. And yonder? A woman's corpse. And further off? The carcass of a horse. The crows, the kites, the vultures, are much interested in it. But we are landing. The passengers on board the steamboat are not all landed yet. You see there perhaps forty, fifty European dresses, and hundreds of Indian. In the second-class car, which we enter, we shall see Indians in muslin, who are named *babou* (or townspeople) through politeness. They are clerks in the Calcutta offices; they reside several leagues from here, come every day to town, and return home by the railroad. The compact mass of the poor are penned up in wretched third-class cars. The bell rings, the whistle blows, we are off.

Thirteen miles north of Calcutta in the third station, the first important one; we stop two minutes. Let us go down; we are at Serampore, an old Danish colony sold to England. We shall content ourselves there with a visit to the Hindoo gods, and we shall have enough to do if we see them all. There are, I think, more than fifty temples. Here is one that is no larger than one of the little wayside chapels we often see at home. At the further end, on a scaffold, is a god quite black, almost of human form, holding his two hands as though he were playing the flute. No flute is there, however. The god has the cut of a French conscript; at his feet there is a little woman a foot high, and a little god half a foot, an exact copy of the large one. The priest has observed us, and here he comes to speak to us. He is clad like the poorest of the Hindoos. What is your god's name? Answer unintelligible. Who are those two little personages? His wife and son. What does that god do? He eats. Indeed? Oh yes, *sahib*, he eats much. If you will give him some rice or flour he will be very thankful

Digitized by Google

to you, and it will be of great spiritual advantage to you. Oh! oh! but if we give him rice, will he eat it before us? Oh! of course not. He does not eat in company. I place the rice before him; I close the door carefully, and go away; when I come back some time after to open the door, he has it all eaten up. Thereupon we begin to laugh; the priest smiles, too, and we move away.

You meet under almost every large tree four or five of these gods, or even a greater number. Over them the Indians hang cocoa-nuts, full of a water which escapes drop by drop, from a little hole bored in the bottom. It is thus that they keep their gods cool. You often see a regular series of little temples, built one after the other, on the same base. Usually, there are six on one side, six on the other. In the centre of each of them there is a black stone, fairly representing an anvil covered with a hat. That stone is a god. A great number of them are sold in Calcutta at from ten to twelve rupees a piece (twenty-five or thirty francs).

But here is a temple of *Kali*, the terrible goddess of destruction, in honor of whom the sect of *Togs* has devoted itself to murder for ages long. They say there are still Togs who kill for killing's sake, especially in Bengal. The goddess is standing; she is almost black; has four arms armed with daggers and death's-heads; around her neck is a double necklace, which hangs to the ground, composed of hundreds of little figures also representing death's-heads. The best of it is that her tongue hangs down midway on her chest. To pull the tongue is a sign of astonishment in Bengal. Now Kali, returning one day from the war, with her chaplet of skulls round her neck, met a man, whom she naturally killed first and foremost. That is the dead body that lies under her feet. She asked the name of the individual, and was much surprised to find that she had killed her husband. Then she pulled her tongue, the best thing she could do. Having no other husband to kill, and even deprived recently of human sacrifices by the English government, Kali has enormous quantities of black kids sacrificed to her. I often see flocks of several hundreds of them coming into town; the votaries of Kali have their heads cut off at a celebrated temple we have here in Calcutta. For you must know, Calcutta signifies *temple of Kali!* I went one day to see these sacrifices. The temple is a small affair; but all around a great number of other gods, attracted, doubtless, by the scent of blood, come to establish their dwelling.

Let us go on. That great straw shed which you see yonder covers an enormous car, having a great number of very heavy wheels. Many a man those wheels have crushed. It is the car of Juggernaut, that devil to whose festivals the English government sent European soldiers only a few years since; not to maintain order, but to take part in the procession. *Djaghernatt* (the Indian name of this idol) remains with *Bolaraham* and *Soubâdhra*, his brother and sister, in a temple opposite the straw shed. A great number of the Indian gods have a taste for moving about; hence those kiosks that you see everywhere, and which serve them as resting-places. The prettiest is the shade of a banyan-tree, with about a hundred stems, a whole wood in itself.

But we must leave the Hindoo gods; we have barely time to pay a short visit to Chandernagor. Let us take the railroad again, and go on some minutes' ride further. Another time we shall, if you choose, come by water, ascending the Hoogly to twenty-one miles north of Calcutta. There, on the right bank of the broad river, is a strip of land two miles in length by one in breadth, where some sixty persons live in European style, with some thousands of Bengalese, who live in Indian fashion; it is the French colony.

The Indian *employés* cry with all

Digitized by Google

their might "Chan'nagore! Chan'nagore!" Let us get down, and out of the terminus, and when we have crossed that ditch, ten paces before us, we shall be in France. As the centre of the European habitations is a quarter of an hour's walk from this point, we throw ourselves here into a four-seated carriage, and thread our way through roads wretchedly out of repair, at the risk of upsetting an hundred times, or of getting sea-sick by the way. I have often passed that place in company with Frenchmen; we endeavored to feel an impression, by humming

"Vers les rives de France," etc. *

One day when I was making ready to brave those perilous roads in company with two Irishmen, there came into our carriage a large gentleman, whose weight would have been formidable to us, had I not managed to balance his pounds by my kilogrammes.† By his appearance I took him for a *Briton*, and, therefore, took no pains to enter into conversation. But after a little, one of my Irishmen, annoyed by the jolting of the carriage, said to me in English: "Faith! these Frenchmen needn't boast of the way they keep these roads of theirs." At this remark, you should have seen my stout gentleman leap, and with a menacing air reply to my interlocutor: "I warn you to say nothing here against the French. I am a Frenchman."

This was said in English. I had not yet opened my mouth. I thought I would appease my irascible fat man by speaking to him in his own tongue. "Come, come," said I, "no one here has any intention of laughing at the French." My man instantly drew in his horns, stammering three or four syllables which I could not understand. "Magical effect of the mother tongue!" thought I; and ten yards further on, in order to perfect a good understanding between us, I began again to address him in French on any subject that presented itself. He looked at me with mouth and eyes open. Supposing that he had not heard what I said, I repeated it. He was then forced to confess that he did not know a word of French; that he was an Irishman, an old soldier. In short, he was an original, well known in the country by his eccentricity, and styling himself *the hero of* 132 *fights*. Now retired from the service, he is writing his exploits in a little diary full of fun and humor. He detests England loves France in general, and attacks all Frenchmen in particular. Once at his ease, after his candid confession, he took to chatting, and talked so much and so well that we forgot the jolting of the carriage, and even the lofty and magnificent trees that fringe the road.

After some winding about, and after passing a great number of Indian huts, and meeting hundreds of Hindoos loaded each with a great pitcher of water, here we are at last in a street. *Rue de Paris*, if you please; long and dirty, and ill aired; nothing remarkable; let us pass on. *Rue Neuve*, in ruins. *Rue des Grands Escaliers*, so narrow that the slightest staircase before a door would block it up completely. Let us go on, turn to the left, and here we are at the river side. Here all is large and wide—quay, river, houses, gardens. Without stopping now, let us go on immediately to the end of the quay, where we shall rest and refresh ourselves in a friendly house. It deserves that name in three ways, for, 1st, it was formerly the house of God, an ancient chapel of the Franciscans. An old plank yet to be seen there still bears the following inscription in French, nowise remarkable for good orthography: "*This church is dedicated to St. Francis of Assissium.*" 2nd, It belongs to the venerable pastor, Father Chéroutre, who is now our neighbor at Bailloul. And, 3rd, It is occupied by M. Moyne of Lyons, one

* "Toward the shores of France," etc.
† A kilogramme is equal to 2 lb. 3 oz. and 4 drms.

Digitized by Google

of our old pupils, of whom I have already spoken to you. He stands on the threshold, and receives us with open arms.

The Franciscans were formerly pastors at Chandernagor; this chapel served as parish church; their convent is now converted into a hotel. From one of its windows there is a magnificent and extensive view, thanks to the river and the level character of the ground. That square tower to the left is the guard-house; for there is here a French army, composed of thirty Indians, commanded by a European lieutenant. They pretend, but erroneously, that these thirty soldiers have but twenty uniforms amongst them, and that often, when the guard is relieved, the new comers enter, not only into the functions, but also into the clothes, of their comrades. It is a calumny of "perfidious Albion;" my information is certain. I have it from the general-in-chief. Close by is the police station. With their white tunics, their red pantaloons, these Indian policemen have very much the look of altar-boys. This fine house to the left is the house of the administrator, or, as he is styled by courtesy, the governor. Let us go in. We shall see this governor, a fat little man, born in the colonies. He will speak a little on everything, but especially on honor and the happiness, to him so rare, of receiving a visit from a man of learning. It is very unlucky that his lady has the influenza at this moment; for she is an astronomer, and had ever so many questions to ask me whatever day I should have accepted their invitation. Another time will do as well. The governor himself is a horticulturist; he has his garden kept in perfect order by Indian convicts, who drag the cannon ball along his walks.*

The sun is setting; let us go home. We shall see in the streets of Calcutta what is seen there every evening; dogs, fireworks, and marriages.

* A military punishment.—TRANS.

The Bengal dog is a wretched and cowardly animal, long muzzled, red-haired; he barks little, but howls incessantly. Be very sure that he will assail us persistently in the lanes, as we pass now in the evening, distance being our only security against him. There are also in th country, and even in the city, a great number of *paria* dogs, that prowl around, especially by night; a species of wild beasts; not very dangerous, however, because of their cowardice. It is said that dogs of European race gradually degenerate here.

Those rockets that you see going up from all points of the horizon are a daily amusement in which the Bengalese take much delight. There is scarcely ever a fire-work worth seeing; but there is fire, smoke, and crackers, and that suffices. Sometimes they send up little paper balloons, with a ball of lighted camphor, which burns a good quarter of an hour.

But look yonder: is not that a fire? A bright light flashes on the tree-tops and on the European houses. No, it is not a fire; it is a marriage. The procession is turning the corner of the street; a score of Indians carry each on his head a plank, on which some fifty candles are burning; others carry resinous wood burning on the top of a long pole; in the centre of the procession trumpets, drums, large and small, pots and saucepans, produce a frightful din, each musician having no other rule than that of making the greatest possible noise. Behind the orchestra come one or two open palanquins containing the brides, around whom "blue lights" are lit from time to time. I defy you to form any correct idea of this *cortège*, and especially of the music. They go about thus from street to street for several hours; then they will eat rice to satiety, gorge themselves with Indian pastry, and to-morrow will not have a single sou. We see that from our terrace several times in the week, and, at certain seasons, every day.

Digitized by Google

If I am not mistaken, I have said nothing yet of the character of these poor Indians. In this respect some reserve is necessary. I hear it said that there is very little resemblance between Bengal, Maduras, the Bombay territory, the Punjaub, etc. As for the Bengalese, all agree in regarding them as the most degraded; they are effeminate, idle, and cowardly by temperament; liars and thieves by education. They often dispute amongst themselves, but never fight. That cowardice encourages many Englishmen, who beat them at random when they have nothing else to do. My idea is that, unless miracles of grace be wrought for them, it is scarcely possible to make true Christians of these poor people. The only means of establishing Christianity amongst the race would be to buy their children, and bring them up, away from all contact with the others. There are Christians amongst them, who are oftenest found as cooks or *kansama* amongst the Europeans; but they know not the first rudiments of their religion, go to church only on Good Friday and All Souls' Day, and are generally admitted to be worse than the pagan servants.

Our day is now ended. If you are fatigued, come and rest yourself on the college roof, constructed as a platform, like those of all the other houses in the country. There, evening and morning, but only then, the heat is bearable. I sometimes go and sit there to think of my friends. I look back into the past, forget the present, and, as I do everywhere else, laugh at what worldlings call *the future*. The future is heaven. It seems to me that I am nearer to it here than in Europe. May God grant us grace to gain it one day or another!

T. CARBONNELLE.

THE ROUND OF THE WATERS.

BY ROBT. W. WEIR.

"All thy works praise thee, O Lord."

Up, up on the mountains, high up near the sky,
Where the earth gathers moisture from clouds passing by;
Where the first drops of rain patter down full of glee,
As they join hand in hand on their way to the sea;

There the rills, like young children, go prattling along,
Full of life, full of joy, full of motion and song;
And, swelling the brooks, with glad voices they raise,
To him who made all things, their tribute of praise.

Then, as they dance onward, half hidden in spray,
Like bands of young nymphs dress'd in bridal array,
With shouts of wild laughter they leap the deep linn,
Where the broad flowing river at once takes them in.

Now calm their rude mirth as they matronly glide,
Bearing onward rich freight to the blue briny tide,
Where the mist of the mountains once more joins the sea
With its incense, O Lord, ever heaving to thee.

Digitized by Google

Translated from the German.

THE BIBLE; OR, CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

CHRISTMAS EVE had come. The bells of the high towers in majestic and solemn tones were reminding the faithful that the advent of the Lord was near. Here and there through the gathering darkness already glimmered a solitary taper, casting a feeble light upon the streets, where a throng of people, large and small, young and old, were moving to and fro with joyful activity, impatiently awaiting the hour when the treasures and splendor of the Christmas market should be opened to them. Good mothers were engaged in quietly and secretly baking the cakes and adorning the Christmas-tree for the children, and shared beforehand in the delights and surprises of the little ones, while others, who had perhaps chosen the best part, were preparing themselves in still devotion and pious meditation for the great festival.

The young student of theology, Ernest Kuhn, was sitting in his little upper chamber, watching, with eyes full of deep affection and sympathy, his dear mother, who, after a confinement to her bed of several weeks, had been refreshed for the first time by a peaceful sleep. His countenance was lighted up with an expression of great interior joy, for on this day the physician had announced to him that his mother had safely passed through a perilous crisis, and that, with care, a speedy recovery might be expected.

But he turned his eyes from his dear mother and looked upon the bare walls, which gave a speaking proof of the poverty of the inmates, then a cloud of sadness passed over his countenance, his young breast heaved heavily, as if oppressed by a weight of sorrow. The house-rent was due, the fire-wood was reduced to a few sticks, hardly enough to last two days, his little sister needed a new dress, his mother good strengthening nourishment, the apothecary's bill was to be paid, and where were the means to be found?

Heavily and slowly he rose from his seat, as if standing would lighten his burdens, and cast his eyes thoughtfully around the apartment. "The tables and chairs," he said to himself in an under-tone, "are gone not to come back, the pictures too are sold, and the clock also; and now it is your turn, O my books! It cannot be helped; I have spared you for a long, long time." At these words he stood before the book-case and gazed on the few but good books by which he had so often been instructed and counselled, and which had remained with him in joy and in sorrow. Each of them was dear to him, associated with some dear remembrance either of joy or sorrow. Sad and wavering, he looked at them again and again, as if he could never part from them. At last, after long hesitation, he took down from the shelf a large bound volume; it was a Bible adorned with beautiful copper-plate engravings. "I can best spare you," he said sadly, "for I have two more in Greek and in Latin; I shall meet with the most ready sale and get the most money for you. My grandfather who is in heaven will forgive me this; I have other remembrances of him; Agnes will grieve and weep greatly for the beautiful Bible, but I think I can easily quiet her, and I can also give my mother a satisfactory explanation."

Digitized by Google

He cast a sorrowful glance at the beautiful book which had afforded him so much enjoyment in his boyhood, and which was so much dearer to him as a memorial of his pious grandfather, long since dead, whom he held in great veneration. Then he thought of earlier and better times, of the present, so full of trouble, and of the blessed future, and his heart was heavy and his youthful breast heaved painfully.

Then his eye fell as if by chance upon the open Bible, and he read: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

And he humbly kissed the consoling words, and a tear of sorrow but also of the firmest trust flowed down his cheek, and he turned his true and weeping eyes to heaven as if he would ask pardon of his Father for his faint-heartedness. He remembered how God had heard his earnest prayer, and restored his dear mother, how often he had helped him, and his heart became lighter, and hope once more began to dawn upon him.

II.

Suddenly the door opened, and his little sister Agnes, a child seven years old, ran in, joyfully holding up her little writing-book. "Look here, dear Ernest," she eagerly exclaimed, "only see how beautifully I have written to-day! That great A is very nice." "Softly, softly, you noisy little girl," said her brother, putting his hand over her mouth; "you will wake up mother!" Agnes hastened on tiptoe to her mother's bedside, softly kissed her white hand, and said beseechingly, as she watched her slumber, "Do not scold, dear brother, mother is sleeping so good!"

Ernest smiled and told her that while he attended to some necessary business she must stay with their mother, and be very quiet and silent that she might not wake her; but that if she did awake she was to give her the warm broth upon the stove, and that the bread and butter for herself was on the window ledge. "Now be very quiet," he added, "for you know what the doctor said."

The little girl assured him that he might trust her, but, added she, coaxingly, "When you come back, may I not go with dame Margaret to the Christmas market?" "That you shall," promised her brother. But Agnes clung to him, and full of pious simplicity, whispered in his ear: "If you meet the Christ-child in the street, tell him he must not forget me, but must look in here."

The brother embraced the little girl with a sad smile, and casting an affectionate glance upon his mother, left the room.

III.

Ernest had only to turn the corner of the little street to find the shop of Höss, the antiquary, who had before bought many a book of him, and to whom he intended to offer the Bible. With a beating heart (for Höss was a rough, purse-proud man) Ernest entered the shop, which was crowded with books, maps, and pictures. He greeted the antiquary, who was busy writing, in a friendly manner, but there was a pretty long pause before he took any notice of him.

"Ah! it is you, Master Studious," he exclaimed, raising his cap in a stately manner, "what good thing brings you to me?"

"Something beautiful and good indeed," replied Ernest. "See here, you must buy this of me."

"Always buying," said the antiquary; "when will you begin to buy of me? I don't like to deal with you. Look at your pictures, that I bought of you three weeks ago, and for which I paid more than they were worth on account of your destitute condition; no one will buy them of me; my good nature played me a trick that time. It shall not happen again, Master Studious."

"How can you say this, Mr. Höss?"

Digitized by Google

replied Ernest, greatly disgusted; "did you not have them for a trifle, and was not I present eight days since when you refused double of what you gave for them, when it was offered you?"

"You heard wrong," replied the antiquary, displeased and ashamed, "let me see your articles."

With evident pleasure he turned over the leaves of the book, and looked at the beautiful and delicately executed engravings.

"Not so bad," thought he. "It is a pity that I have already more than enough of such trash, as you can see for yourself if you will look at those shelves. I will take it, however, on account of my regard for you and your mother, if you don't set your mark too high."

"Only give me," begged Ernest, "the fourth part of what it first cost."

"And what was that?"

"Six florins, Mr. Höss."

"You are sharp indeed, young master! Six florins in these hard times! Such are our young people now-a-days," grumbled the old man.

"Only look at the beautiful pictures, so skilfully and clearly engraved; I am sure it would bring you double and treble the price you give for it."

"What do you know of all this, Master Studious? I will give you three florins and not a penny more, and this only out of pure kindness."

"If you have that, give me more," earnestly pleaded the young man; "think of my mother's sickness and our poverty."

"Is it my fault that your mother is poor and sick?" sneered the miser; "why have you not made yourself rich if poverty is so disagreeable to you? Take your book, or the three florins, whichever you please, Master Studious; only be quick, for I have something else to do beside listening to your whining."

It was as if a two-edged sword had pierced the heart of the deeply distressed young man. He suddenly seized the book; then he thought of his sick mother, and their extreme need at home, and he strongly checked the rising words of his just anger. "Take the book, then," he said, with a look and tone in which the indignation of his deeply wounded spirit spoke forth—"take it, but you have not dealt with me as a Christian should deal with a Christian; may God be more merciful to you in your dying hour than you are now to me." And with these words he hastened from the shop, and he heard a scornful laugh behind him.

IV.

He went forth into the street with burning sorrow rankling in his wounded breast. The December air blew sharp and cold over his glowing cheeks—he felt it not. People were talking loud and merrily as they moved up and down the lighted streets, but he heard them not. Sunk in despondency, he stood motionless in the night air, leaning against the corner of a house. Never before had he been so wretched. His spirit was stirred by an indescribable feeling of bitterness, which threatened to destroy the happiness of his life.

In mild solemn tones the bells sounded anew, and awakened in his soul the remembrance of him who brought, and is ever bringing to us all, redemption, help, and consolation; he called to mind the words of Christ which he a short time before had read, and which had so wonderfully cheered him; he thought of the resolution he had this day formed, of his dear mother, of whose entire recovery he had now so lively a hope. Then he took courage, walked down the street, and went to the shop of the apothecary Kremer.

V.

The apothecary, a kind, cordial-hearted man, greeted Ernest in a friendly way as he entered with a "God be with you, Master Theologus. You want the medicine for your

Digitized by Google

mother? Here it is; and how is the good woman?"

"Thanks be to God," replied Ernest joyfully, "she is out of danger; but dear Herr Kremer," added he in an under-tone, "I cannot pay you this time; oh! be so good as to bear with me a little longer."

"Have I ever asked anything of you?" said the apothecary; "do not trouble yourself. I am right glad that your mother is better; I knew she would recover. But you yourself look so pale and weak! what has happened to you?"

Then Ernest, encouraged by the kindness of the cordial-hearted man, related to him how scornfully and hardly the antiquary had dealt with him.

"Yes, yes," said the apothecary angrily, "that is the way with this covetous man; I have known him from his youth; it was his pleasure as a schoolboy to torment us, and, whenever he could, to cheat us. But do not let this disturb you; sit down at the table out yonder near the stove," he continued kindly; "after this vexation a drop of wine will not harm you." Saying this he opened a cupboard, took down a bottle of wine and a tart, and with good-natured haste filled the glass.

Ernest hardly knew what all this meant. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed, greatly surprised, "how have I merited such great kindness?"

"You are a brave son, and have acted honorably toward your mother, and for that I esteem you highly; so drink, drink!" insisted the kind old man.

"I wish my mother was here in my place," said the good son; "the wine would do her good."

"Do not let that trouble you," answered the apothecary, deeply moved; "your mother shall not be forgotten, and your little sister shall not go without her share; and now eat and drink to your heart's desire."

The kindness of the cordial-hearted old man made Ernest's meal a happy one; new life flamed through his veins with the wine, his cares began to lessen, and he felt himself wonderfully refreshed. For a long time he had not been so light-hearted.

Meanwhile the old man, whose joy was heartfelt at seeing how much the young student relished his little repast, had taken down a second bottle of wine from the cupboard, and had made up a parcel of bonbons and candy for his little sister.

"The wine," said he to Ernest, "is for your mother, and this parcel for your little sister."

"How can I repay you for all your kindness to us?" asked Ernest, overpowered with joy and gratitude.

"Oh! that is of no importance," answered the apothecary laughing; "it is Christmas eve, when the Lord visits all his children, and you have been a very good child."

"May God reward you for the love you have shown us," said Ernest with emotion; "my mother and I have nothing but thanks and prayers to return you."

"Give me the last, dear young man," answered the apothecary, "and invite me to your first. Remember me to your mother, and freely ask me for whatever you need. Farewell."

With a heart full of gratitude Ernest pressed the offered hand of the old man to his heart, took the presents and hastened home.

VI.

Cheered and warmed, refreshed in body and spirit, he entirely forgot the hard-hearted antiquary. He entertained himself as he went along with the pleasing surprise he should give his mother and sister, when they saw the good things he brought them, and raising his eyes to heaven in gratitude he exclaimed, "Father, there are some good men still!" When he reached home he found his mother still asleep, his little sister trying to darn his old socks, but, as yet wholly unpractised in the art of patching, she

Digitized by Google

more than once pricked her little fingers till they bled.

"Is it you, dear brother?" she asked affectionately. "Mother has not waked yet; I have been very good and still."

"For this the little Christ-child has given me something for you," said her brother, as he came toward her smiling; "he sends you his kind greeting, and tells you to study well, never forget to pray, and love him always!"

Agnes quickly opened the parcel, and, surprised and delighted, beheld the bonbons, the sugared almonds, and the gingerbread. A flush of joy lighted up her pretty features, and for some time she could not find words to speak.

"Oh, brother, only see how good the Christ-child is! Yes, yes, I will indeed love him, and study and pray hard, that our Heavenly Father and the good infant Jesus may be pleased with me."

Her brother smiled, moved by her pious joy, but just at this moment dame Margaret, their good old neighbor, came in, who had shown every kindness and attention to Ernest's mother during her illness. With joy he told her the happy news of her recovery; the delighted little Agnes spread out her sugar-plums and gingerbread, and cordially invited her to take some. But Margaret thought her teeth were not good enough. "But come," said she, "when you are ready we will go to the Christmas market."

"May I go, brother?" asked Agnes. "Yes, indeed you may, only come home in time," said he; "and be so good, dame Margaret, as to keep watch upon the little girl."

"Have no fear, Master Ernest," she replied, "for you know I love her as if she were my own child."

VII.

Dame Margaret took her way along the street leading to the Christmas market—holding little Agnes by the hand, who every now and then urged her to make greater haste. From the deep blue sky the stars poured down their pale silver light upon the dazzling fresh-fallen snow. Crowds of people were hurrying up and down, talking merrily, or, divided into groups, stood gazing eagerly and curiously upon the bright display of the fair. Bright lights were burning in the stands and shops of the tradesmen, displaying all their treasures to the astonished eye. Here peeped out the pleasant, friendly faces of dolls with waxen heads, dressed after the newest fashion in little hoods or Florence hats, while others stood more retired, like ladies and gentlemen, splendidly wrapped in cloaks and furs, as if they feared the cold. A varied medley of hussars in rich embroidered uniform hung there; huntsmen with rifle and pouch, chimney-sweeps and Tyrolese, hermits and friars, Greeks near their mortal enemies the Turks, and Moors, standing peacefully side by side. The plashing fish swam round in a glass panel, whilst close by stood a dark oak-wood case, in which leaden bears and stags were seized by hounds and hunters of the same metal. Elsewhere was a whole regiment of bearded grenadiers, arranged in stiff array, with Turkish music. A frightful fortress, with paper walls and wooden cannon, frowned next a kitchen where was to be seen the pretty sight of cook, hearth, pans, spits, plates, etc. Here sweetmeats, choice pastry, tarts, chocolate, almonds, gingerbread, etc., excited in many a dainty palate long desire and hard temptation. Golden apples gleamed forth from dark leaves, nuts rattled in silver bowls, while in another place low cribs, with water, mountain, and valley, herds and herdsmen, with angels in the air and on the earth, sweetly represented the new-born child lying in the cradle, carefully watched by Mary and Joseph.

Little Agnes gazed with delighted eyes upon all this splendor, and often laid her tender hand upon her youthful breast, as if to repress its longing,

Digitized by Google

and sounds escaped her lips which only too plainly expressed the joy of her heart.

But at length dame Margaret thought it was time to go home. "Do let us first go to find Herr Höss," begged Agnes, "his crib is always the prettiest," and laughing good-naturedly she drew the obliging Margaret along with her to the antiquary. They found him occupied in attending upon an elderly lady. Did Agnes see aright? Did her eyes deceive her? "Yes, yes," she suddenly exclaimed in great distress, "it is my Bible, my dear picture-book!" and in a moment she released herself from Margaret and ran up to the lady.

"Oh, dear lady," cried she, eagerly, "do not buy it; you cannot, you must not buy it; that book belongs to me!" The lady looked at the little girl in great astonishment.

"What are you dreaming of, you silly little thing?" grumbled the antiquary, vexed at the unwelcome interruption. "It is mine; I bought it, and at a high price."

"That cannot be, dear sir," earnestly protested the little girl. "I beg you give me back my picture-book; I will give you all the money I have," and saying this she drew out her little purse, which contained, alas! only four pennies, her little savings. "Take it," said she, "only give me my picture-book."

"Oh! you little sharper," said the antiquary jeeringly, "that would be a great profit; I have paid more florins for it than you have pennies."

"I beg you, for heaven's sake," sobbed Agnes, with folded hands and tears streaming from her blue eyes. "I tell you, upon my honor, it belongs to me; only see, there is my name on the title-page, which my brother wrote there in Latin letters."

The lady turned the leaf over and read aloud, "Frederic Schein!"

"Frederic Schein?" exclaimed suddenly a loud voice, with evident emotion, and a slender, manly figure wrapped in a cloak, from beneath which glistened a richly embroidered huntsman's uniform, pressed through the circle which curiosity had formed around Agnes and the antiquary. "Frederic Schein?" again he exclaimed, and looked greatly agitated upon the book. "Permit me, noble lady?" he asked, and hastily seized the offered Bible. "Good heavens! my suspicions were right, it is my father's Bible!" and suddenly turning to the little girl: "What is thy family and baptismal name?"

"Agnes Kuhn," answered Agnes, greatly terrified.

"Is your mother's name Sophia?" he asked urgently and eagerly.

"Yes," answered the child, "my mother's name is Sophia, and my brother's Ernest."

"Thanks be to God, a thousand thanks!" fervently exclaimed the tall man, with deep emotion, and ardently pressed Agnes to his heart. "Agnes," he cried, "I am your uncle; your mother is my sister. Oh! take me to her."

Agnes, looking at him with astonishment, asked: "Are you my uncle Frank, of whom my mother has so often told me? Oh! if you are my uncle Frank," said she coaxingly, "do buy the Bible for me! and then I will take you to my mother." Her uncle kissed the little girl, and gave her the book. "I will take the book, sir," said he, "at any price;" and the antiquary made him a very low bow.

When the bargain was concluded, the tall huntsman moved quickly through the circle of astonished spectators, leading the little Agnes, who joyfully pressed the precious picture-book to her heart. Margaret followed, lost in astonishment.

VIII.

While these things were taking place at the fair, and Agnes unexpectedly had found the Bible and her uncle, Ernest sat by the bedside of his mother, enjoying her slumber, which was to him the sweet pledge of

Digitized by Google

her recovery. Before him lay open the histories of Holy Writ, and with deep emotion he was reading what the Lord in his infinite love and mercy had done for sinful men, and how he had sent them his only begotten Son to redeem and console them, whose birth-day was now to be joyfully celebrated throughout Christendom.

He had just looked at the fire in the stove, and poured fresh oil into the expiring lamp, when his mother awoke, and cast a kind, affectionate glance upon her good son.

"Oh, mother," cried he joyfully, "what a good sleep you have had; you have been asleep seven whole hours!"

"Yes, I have slept soundly," answered she, "and find myself greatly strengthened. But what has become of Agnes?"

"I let her go with dame Margaret to the Christmas fair; it is almost time for her to come back."

"Ah! it grieves me to the heart," sighed his mother, "that I cannot give you both a little Christmas gift, as I used to do."

"Don't be distressed on that account, dear mother," said Ernest, soothingly; "you are out of danger, and that is the most beautiful and best Christmas gift that could be bestowed on us. But the Christ-child has not forgotten us," and he handed his mother the bottle of wine and the biscuit.

"Where in all the world did this come from?" asked his astonished mother.

Ernest now related how he had sold the Bible to the antiquary (whose unkind treatment he concealed from his mother lest it should disturb her) for three florins, and how he had called on the apothecary, who had so hospitably received him, so kindly remembered his mother and little sister, and had promised not only a larger credit, but every kind of aid.

His mother could not find words to praise and thank their benefactor.

When Ernest wrapped up the biscuit again as his mother directed, he remarked upon the cover the handwriting and name of the apothecary, and had the curiosity to open the whole paper.

Who can describe his surprise and emotion when he found the wrapper was a receipt in full, signed by the apothecary, for the eight florins and thirty pence due to him for medicines delivered.

"God bless our noble benefactor!" prayed his mother with folded hands.

But Ernest shouted, "Mother, we are now relieved of a great care!"

IX.

Dame Margaret just then entered with an unusually quick step, and with a countenance evidently announcing good tidings, but without little Agnes.

"Where have you left my Agnes?" inquired the mother anxiously.

"Do not trouble yourself about her; she will soon come, and not alone either. She is bringing an old acquaintance of yours with her!"

"An old, dear acquaintance?"

"Yes, and from your native place, too."

"From my native place?" asked the mother eagerly.

"He declares that he is very nearly related to you; and he does look very much like you."

"How does he look?" asked the mother urgently.

"He is tall and slender, with black eyes and black hair, and a scar over his brow; he looks to me like a huntsman."

"Great God! is it possible? can it be my brother?"

"Yes, it is he," cried the huntsman, as he entered and offered his hand to his astonished sister. From the arms of his sister he hastened to embrace his manly nephew, while the joyful Agnes, with the Bible in her arms, now ran up to her mother, now

Digitized by Google

to her uncle, and then to her brother, who beheld the book with astonishment, and began faintly to suspect what happened.

When the first tempest of delight had subsided, and given place to a more quiet though not less deep joy, question crowded upon question, and answer upon answer.

The uncle first related how after the marriage of his sister he had entered into the service of the Count of Maxenstein as upper game-keeper; how he had often tried to obtain intelligence of his dear sister; twice had taken a journey himself to their native place, and could learn nothing of her; how he had searched all the newspapers; and at length, when all means and efforts had failed, how he sorrowfully gave up the hope of ever seeing her again. Then he told her how he had come to this place on business for the count, his master; had visited the Christmas fair and the stall of the antiquary, and had there unexpectedly found his father's Bible and Agnes, and through them his sister and nephew.

Then affectionately clasping Ernest by the hand he begged his sister to relate her history.

"My history," she replied, "is short, and yet varied with many sorrows that the Lord has laid upon me. You knew that my husband left his native place to seek a better living in Eichstadt. But in this he was deceived. Then, in spite of my entreaties, he entered the French service as surgeon, and came to Saarlouis, where his regiment lay in garrison. Soon after his arrival a malignant fever broke out among the soldiers, which carried away great numbers, and among them my husband. God give him his kingdom," said she drying her tears. "His death was the more dreadful for me, because I was alone in a foreign land without friends or help, and had but just risen from my bed after the birth of Agnes. In my need I wrote several letters to you and to our relatives at Settenberg, but received no answer. At first I thought this was caused by irregularities of the post-route, which was everywhere embarrassed by the disturbances of the war; but I soon learned, to my great sorrow, that our Settenberg had been sacked and burned by the French. Imagine, my dear brother, my condition! What a happiness for me that, some months after the death of my husband, an old aunt of his made me the offer to go to her, and she would support me as well as she was able. I was not terrified by the length of the way, and received from her a cordial welcome. But, alas! this happiness was not long to last. My good aunt died, leaving me her heir, but she had other relations who disputed the will, and, after a law-suit of three years' continuance, an agreement was made by which most of the property fell into the hands of the judges and lawyers. Hardly a fourth part of it remained after the costs were paid. I had nothing now but care and trouble; but I ever found a firm support in my dear Ernest. May God reward him! But now, dear brother, now, if I only have you, again all care will be over." And the good woman, deeply affected, pressed his hand.

"Oh, my dear ones!" cried he, after listening to his sister's narrative with lively sympathy, "let us all thank our Heavenly Father that he has to-day brought us all together again, in so wonderful a manner, by means of this book; for I had already determined to leave this place in the morning."

Ernest related how hard it had been for him to part with the precious book, how he had been encouraged by the passage in Matthew, what mean treatment he had met with from the antiquary, and how he had almost made up his mind to take back the book with him.

Little Agnes, on her side, thought it had been no very easy matter to bring dame Margaret to the antiquary, and she had gone through trouble and

Digitized by Google

terror enough "until the Christ-child sent my uncle."

He pressed the little one to his heart, but she seized him fast by the hand, and coaxingly begging him, said: "Now uncle, you never will go away; you will stay with us?"

"How could I leave you so soon, my dear ones, just as I have found you again? No, no, we will never separate; we will always remain together," cried the uncle. "You must go with me to Peinegg, sister, where I am head-forester; it is a beautiful and splendid place there, and I have everything in abundance."

"With you and my children I would go to the ends of the earth," said she cheerfully.

Then Ernest, upon a hint from his mother, brought out the bottle of wine and the biscuit, and offered them to his uncle. A slight meal, prepared in haste by dame Margaret, seasoned with cheerful conversation, enlivened the evening, to which Ernest and his mother had looked forward only a few hours before with such pain and anxiety. Joy and deep satisfaction lighted every countenance, but the mother said with deep feeling: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"Amen," responded the uncle, devoutly raising his eyes to heaven. Ernest and Agnes wept tears of joy and gratitude.

X.

It was not long before their mother was entirely recovered and accompanied her beloved brother to Peinegg, where he arranged everything in a manner to make her life agreeable. It may easily be imagined that the Bible was not forgotten. Every Christmas evening was passed with far more festivity and joy than the evening which united again the long separated. At the end of two years Ernest celebrated his first mass at Peinegg. The good apothecary was invited to be present, and esteemed this day as the happiest of his life. Sixteen years after, Ernest was established as parish priest at Peinegg, where he still exercises his holy office with extraordinary zeal.

From The Month.

THOUGHTS ON ST. GERTRUDE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

When a voice from the thirteenth century comes to us amid the din of the nineteenth, it is difficult for those interested in the cause of human progress not to feel their attention strongly challenged. Such a voice appeals to us in a work which has now first appeared in an English version.* We owe it to a religious of the order of Poor Clares; a daughter of St. Francis thus paying to St. Benedict a portion of that debt which all the religious orders of the West owe to their great patriarch. The book possesses a profound interest, and that of a character wholly apart from polemics. The thirteenth century, the noblest of those included in the "ages of faith," was a troubled time; but high as the contentions of rival princes and feudal chiefs swelled, we have here a proof that

"Birds of calm sat brooding on the charmèd wave."

Not less quieting is the influence of

* "The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude, Virgin and Abbess." By a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares.

Digitized by Google

such records in our own time. They make their way—music being more penetrating than mere sound—amid the storm of industrialism and its million wheels. Controversialists may here forget their strifes, and listen to the annals of that interior and spiritual life which is built up in peace and without the sound of the builder's hammer, much less of sword or axe. There is here no necessary or direct contest between rival forms of belief. Monasteries have been pulled down and sold in Catholic as well as in Protestant countries; and in the latter also are to be found men whose highest aspiration is to rebuild them, and restore the calm strength and sacred labors which they once protected. Such books are not so much a protest against any age as the assertion of those great and universal principles of truth and peace which can alone enable each successive age to correct its errors, supply its defects, and turn its special opportunities to account. It is not in a literary point of view that they interest us chiefly, although they include not a little which reminds us of Dante, and reveal to us one of the chief sources from which the great Christian poet drew his inspiration. Their interest is mainly human. They show us what the human being can reach, and by what personal influences, never more potent than when their touch is softest, society, in its rougher no less than in its milder periods, is capable of being moulded.

The "Revelations of St. Gertrude" were first translated into Latin, as is affirmed, by Lamberto Luscorino in 1390. This work was, however, apparently never published; and the first Latin version by which they became generally known was that put forth under the name of "*Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis*," by Lanspergius, who wrote at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. The work has appeared in several of the modern languages; but the French translation, by which it has hitherto been chiefly known among us, has many inaccuracies. The present English translation has been carefully made from the Latin of Lanspergius and the original is frequently quoted in the foot-notes. The "*Insinuationes*" consist of five books. Of these the second only came from the hand of the saint, the rest being compiled by a religious of her monastery, partly from personal knowledge and partly from the papers of St. Gertrude. Two works by the saint, her "Prayers" and her "Exercises," have lately appeared in an English version.

St. Gertrude was born at Eisleben, in the county of Mansfield, on the 6th of January, 1263, just sixty-nine years after the birth of St. Clare, the great Italian saint from whose convent at Assisi so many others had already sprung in all parts of Europe, and whose name had already become a living power in Germany and Poland, as well as in the sunny south.* St. Gertrude was descended from an illustrious house, that of the Counts of Lackenborn. When but five years old she exchanged her paternal home for the Benedictine Abbey of Rodersdorf, where she was soon after joined by her sister, afterward the far-famed St. Mechtilde. When about twenty-six she first began to be visited by those visions which never afterward ceased for any considerable time. At thirty she was chosen abbess; and for forty years she ruled a sisterhood whom she loved as her children. The year after she became abbess she removed with her charge to another but neighboring convent, that of Heldelfs. No other change took place in her outward lot. Her life lay within. As her present biographer remarks, "she lived at home with her Spouse."

The visions of St. Gertrude are an endless parable of spiritual truths, as well as a record of wonderful graces. From the days when our divine Lord himself taught from the hillside and

* An interesting life of this saint and of her earlier companions has lately been published in English: "St. Clare, St. Colette, and the Poor Clares; by a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares." J. F. Fowler, Dublin.

Digitized by Google

the anchored ship, it has been largely through parables that divine lore has been communicated to man. Religious and symbolic art is a parable of truths that can only be expressed in types. The legends through which the earlier ages continue to swell the feebler veins of later times with the pure freshness of the Church's youth are for the most part facts which buried themselves deep in human sympathies and recollections, because in them the particular shadowed forth the universal. It is the same thing in philosophy itself; and that *Philosophia Prima* which, as Bacon tells us, discerns a common law in things as remote as sounds are from colors, and thus traces the "same footsteps of nature" in the most widely separated regions of her domain, finds constantly in the visible and familiar a parable of the invisible and unknown. The very essence of poetry also consists in this, that not only in its metaphors and figures, but in its whole spirit, it is a parable, imparting to material objects at once their most beautiful expression and that one which reveals their spiritual meaning. So long as the imagination is a part of human intellect, it must have a place in all that interprets between the natural and the spiritual worlds.

The following characteristic passage, while it shows that St. Gertrude made no confusion between allegory and vision, yet suggests to us that so poetical a mind might, under peculiar circumstances, be more easily favored with visions than another:

"Whilst thou didst act so lovingly toward me, and didst not cease to draw my soul from vanity to thyself, it happened on a certain day, between the festival of the resurrection and the ascension, that I went into court before prime, and seated myself near the fountain; and I began to consider the beauty of the place, which charmed me on account of the clear and flowing stream, the verdure of the trees which surrounded it, and the flights of the birds, and particularly of the doves—above all, the sweet calm —apart from all, considering within myself what would make this place most useful to me, I thought it would be the friendship of a wise and intimate companion, who would sweeten my solitude or render it useful to others; when thou, my Lord and my God, who art a torrent of inestimable pleasures, after having inspired me with the first impulse of this desire, thou didst will also to be the end of it; inspiring me with the thought that if by my continual gratitude I return thy graces to thee, as a stream returns to its source; if, increasing in the love of virtue, I put forth, like the trees, the flowers of good works; furthermore, if, despising the things of earth, I fly upward, freely, like the birds, and thus free my senses from the distraction of exterior things, my soul would then be empty, and my heart would be an agreeable abode for thee" (p. 76).

If in this passage we see how the natural yearning for sympathy and companionship may rise into the heavenly aspirations from which mere nature would divert the heart, we find in the following one a type of that compensation which is made to unreserved loyalty. The religion of the incarnation gives back, in a human as well as a divine form, all that human instincts had renounced. "It was on that most sacred night in which the sweet dew of divine grace fell on all the world, and the heavens dropped sweetness, that my soul, exposed like a mystic fleece in the court of the sanctuary, having received in meditation this celestial rain, was prepared to assist at this divine birth, in which a Virgin brought forth a Son, true God and man, even as a star produces its ray. In this night, I say, my soul beheld before it suddenly a delicate child, but just born, in whom were concealed the greatest gifts of perfection. I imagined that I received this precious deposit in my bosom" (p. 85).

One of the chief tests as to the divine origin of visions consists in their tending toward humility; for those

Digitized by Google

which come from a human or worse than human source tend to pride. The humility of St. Gertrude was profound as the purity of which humility is the guardian was spotless. "One day, after I had washed my hands, and was standing at the table with the community, perplexed in mind, considering the brightness of the sun, which was in its full strength, I said within myself, 'If the Lord who has created the sun, and whose beauty is said to be the admiration of the sun and moon; if he who is a consuming fire is as truly in me as he shows himself frequently before me, how is it possible that my heart continues like ice, and that I lead so evil a life?'" (p. 106).

There can be no stronger argument in favor of the supernatural origin of St. Gertrude's visions than their subjects. The highest of her flights, far from carrying her beyond the limits of sound belief, or substituting the fanciful for the fruitful, but bears her deeper into the heart of the great Christian verities. She soars to heaven to find there, in a resplendent form, the simplest of those truths which are our food upon earth. As the glorified bodies of the blessed will be the same bodies which they wore during their earthly pilgrimage, so the doctrines, "sun-clad," in her "Revelations" are still but the primary articles of the Creed. Her special gift was that of realization: what others admitted, she believed; what others believed, she saw. It was thus that she felt the co-presence of the supernatural with the natural, the kingdom of spirit not to her being a future world, but a wider circle clasping a smaller one. From this feeling followed her intense appreciation of the fact that all earthly things have immediate effect on high. If a prayer is said on earth, she sees the scepter in the hand of the heavenly King blossom with another flower; if a sacrament is worthily received, the glory on his face flashes lightning round all the armies of the blessed. That such things should be seen by us may well seem wonderful; that they should *exist* can appear strange to no one who realizes the statement, that when a sinner repents there is joy among the angels in heaven.

A vision, from which we learn the belief of one of God's humblest creatures that something was lost to his honor by her compulsory absence from choir, but that he was more than compensated for the loss by the holy patience with which she submitted to illness (p. 180), is not more wonderful than the fact that God's glory should be our constant aim, or that God should have joy in those that love him. The marvel is, that the saint was always believing what we profess to believe. She lived in an everlasting jubilee of divine and human love: it was always to her what a beaming firmament might be to one who for the first time had walked up out of a cave. She was ever seeing in visible types the tokens of a transcendent union between God and man —a deification, so to speak, of man in heaven. Is this more wonderful than the words that bow the foreheads and bend the knees of the faithful, "He was made man?" If such things be true, the wonder is, not that a few saints realize them, living accordingly in contemplation and in acts of love, but that a whole world should stand upon such truths as its sole ground of hope, and yet practically ignore them.

Neither in ordinary Christian literature nor in the ordinary Christian life do we find what might have been anticipated eighteen centuries ago by those who then first received the doctrines of the incarnation and the communion of saints. How many have written as if Christianity were merely a regulative principle, introduced to correct the aberrations of natural instincts! Yet even under the old dispensation the sacred thirst of the creature for the Creator was confessed: "As longeth the hart for the water-springs, so longeth my soul after thee, O Lord." The royal son of the

Digitized by Google

great Psalmist had sung in the Book of Canticles the love of the Creator for the creature. What might not have been expected from Christian times!

How much is not actually found in all those Christian writings the inspiration of which, in the highest sense of the word, is *de fide!* How supernatural at once and familiar is that divine and human relationship set forth by our Lord in his parables! What closeness of union! what omnipotence of prayer! Some perhaps might say, "If our Lord were visibly on earth, as he was during the thirty-three years, then indeed the closeness of intercourse between him and his own would be transcendent." But the exact contrary is the fact. The closest intercourse is in the spirit, and apart from all that is sensual; the sense is a hindrance to it. So long as he was visibly with them, the affection of the apostles themselves for their Lord was too material to be capable of its utmost closeness. Even earthly affections are perfected by absence, and crowned by death. Till they are purified by the immortalizing fire of suffering, sense clings to the best of them more than we know; not by necessity corrupting them, but limiting, dulling, depressing, and depriving them of penetration and buoyancy. While he was with them, the apostles sometimes could not understand their Master's teaching—where to the Christian now it seems plain—and replied to it by the words, "Be it far from thee!" When the feast of Pentecost was come, they loved him so that they did not fear to die for him; but they no longer so loved him as to see in him but the restorer of a visible Israel, and to lament his death. But this Pentecost has continued ever since in the Christian Church! What, then, was to be expected except a fulfilment of the earlier promises: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh;" and as a natural consequence of perfected love, the development of the spiritual sight: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions" (Joel ii. 28)? Such was the condition of that renewed world for which the apostles wrote, and to which they promised the spiritual gift and the hidden life. More plainly than the Jewish king they proclaimed that the union between the Creator and the creature was no dream, but that the servants of sense and pride were dreamers; and, in words like a musical echo from the canticle of Canticles, they affirmed that between Christ and his Church there exists a union, the nearest type of which is to be found in the bridal bond. This was the doctrine that made the world in which St. Gertrude lived. The clear-sighted will see that the charges brought against her and her Church are charges brought against the Bible no less.

But all is not said when it is affirmed that the ascetics, like the apostles, enjoyed a closer union with their Lord in his spirit because he had withdrawn his visible presence from the earth. Sense may separate those whom it seems to unite; but there is a nearness notwithstanding, which has no such paradoxical effect. No one can even approach the subject of the visions of the saints unless he duly appreciates the real presence, not only as a doctrine, but in its practical effects. The saints had a closeness to their Lord denied to the Jewish prophets. He was absent as regards visibility; but he was present in the blessed eucharist. If the absence made the love more reverential, the presence made it more vivid. A large proportion of the visions of the saints were connected with the blessed sacrament. In it the veil was not lifted; but the veiled nearness quickened that love which perfects faith. To sense all remained dark; but the spirit was no longer enthralled by sense, and it conversed with its deliverer.

There are those who could not be happy if they did not believe that the

Digitized by Google

world abounds in persons nobler than themselves. There are others who are affluent but in cavils. The visions of saints must, according to them, be illusory, because they are not demonstrably divine! But are the ordinary graces of Christians distinguished from illusions by demonstration? Is penitence, or humility, or simplicity demonstrable? Do we believe that nothing is an object of prayer, or an occasion for thanksgiving, till it is proved to be such? Those who know that religion has its vast theological region of certainty know also that there exists an outward region in which, though credulity is an evil, yet needless contentiousness is the note of a petty mind. Or the visions must be fabulous, because the caviller does not understand the mode of spiritual operation to which they are referable! But how much do we know as to the separate or joint action of our bodily, intellectual, and moral powers? We believe in results; but we understand little of processes.

The only visions received as *de fide* are those recorded in the Holy Scriptures. Do we know by what process even these came to exist? Were they external manifestations, such as, if shown to two persons, must have worn for both the same semblance; or may they have had an existence only within the mind of the seer? Is not the real question this—whether or not they had a divine origin; not whether he who sent them worked on the mind from without, or stimulated its action from within? In this case the visions of some event—such as the crucifixion — possessed by two different saints, might not have been the less authentic although different from each other in some particulars. Who can say to what extent habitual grace may not determine the action of the imaginative faculty, as of other faculties, so as to produce vision in one man while it produces prudence or wisdom in another? That grace acts on the mind as well as on the heart no one will deny, since some of the gifts of the Holy Ghost are of an intellectual order, and it is through spiritual discernment that we understand religious truth. It seems, indeed, but natural to suppose that grace should operate on the imagination, and thus counterwork the seductions by which an evil power assails that faculty—a form of temptation often, but not consistently, insisted on by those who scoff at visions. If this be granted, then, as we can neither measure the different degrees in which grace is granted, and increased by co-operation, nor ascertain the intellectual shape and proportions of those to whom it is accorded, who can affect to determine to what extent that grace may not suffice, in some cases, to produce vision, even when accorded mainly for other purposes?

But this is not all. The imagination does not act by itself; the other faculties work along with it; by them also the vision is shaped in part; and as they are developed, directed, and harmonized in a large measure by grace, in the same degree the vision must, even when not miraculous, be affected by a supernatural influence. Once more: God works upon us through his providence as well as through his grace; and the color of our thoughts is constantly the result of some external trifle, apparently accidental. A dream is modified by a momentary sound; and a conclusion may be shaped not without aid from a flying gleam or the shadow of a cloud. Our thoughts are "fearfully and wonderfully made," partly for us and partly by us, and through influences internal and external, which we trace but in part. We can draw a line between the visions which command our acceptance and those which only invite it; but in dealing with the latter class, it seems impossible to determine *à priori* how far they may or may not be accounted supernatural. It will depend upon their evidence, their consequences, their character, and the character of those to whom they belonged.

Digitized by Google

"But," the caviller will object, "unassisted genius has visions of its own." What then? Does that circumstance discredit all visions that claim to be supernatural? Far from it; the visions of genius are elevated by virtue. They are not only purified thus, but edged with insight and enriched with wisdom. Has virtue, then, nothing of the supernatural? or would Dante have "seen" as much if, instead of following her voice, he had followed that of the siren? Again, simplicity of character, and what Holy Scripture calls "the single eye," have a close affinity with genius; for which reason the poor possess many characteristics of it denied to the rich—its honest apprehension of great ideas, for instance, and the inspiration of good sense; its power of realizing the essential and of ignoring the accidental; its freshness in impressions and loyalty in sentiment. But simplicity is a divine gift. Above all, faith communicates often what resembles genius to persons who would otherwise, perhaps, have narrow minds and wavering hearts. It appears, then, that the whole of our moral and spiritual being—which is of course under supernatural influence—admits of such a development as is favorable to genius, and may eminently promote that natural "vision" which belongs to it. Education and life may do the same. What disperses the faculties over a vast field of heterogeneous knowledge saps genius; what gives unity to the being strengthens it. It evaporates in vanity; it is deepened by humility. Society dissipates its energies and chills them; solitude concentrates and heats them. Indulgence relaxes it; severity invigorates it. It is dazzled by the importunate sunshine of the present; its eyes grow wider in the twilight of the past and the future. All the circumstances, exterior and interior, that favor genius are thus indirectly connected with grace or with providence. What, then, is not to be thought in a case like that of St. Gertrude, in which we find, not genius trained on toward sanctity, but sanctity enriched with genius?

It is, however, to be remembered that we in no degree disparage the claim to a divine character possessed by St. Gertrude's visions in admitting that some of them may not claim that character. In one favored with such high gifts, it is not unphilosophical to suppose that the natural qualities, as well as supernatural graces, which lend themselves to visions would probably exist in a marked degree. We have no reason, indeed, to conclude that the Hebrew prophets, to whom visions were sent by God, never possessed, when not thus honored, anything that resembled them—anything beyond what belongs to ordinary men. They, too, may have had unrecorded visions of a lower type, in which the loftiest of their thoughts and deepest of their experiences became visible to them; and if so, they had probably something ancillary to vision in their natural faculties and habits, independently of their supernatural gifts. Among the peculiar natural characteristics of St. Gertrude may be reckoned an extraordinary *literalness* of mind, strangely united with a generalizing power. She had a value for everything as it was, as well as for the idea it included. There was a minuteness as well as a largeness about her. These qualities probably belonged to that pellucid simplicity which kept her all her life like a child. This childlike instinct would of itself have constantly stimulated her colloquies with him who was the end of all her thoughts. In the spiritual as in the intellectual life, the powers seem augmented through this dramatic process, as though fecundated from sources not their own. The thoughts thus originated seem to come half from the mind with which the colloquy is held, and half from native resources.

Let us now pass to another cavil. Devotions such as those of St. Gertrude have sometimes been censured because they are full of love. There

Digitized by Google

is here a strange confusion. Most justly might dislike be felt for devotions in which love is not supplemented by a proportionate veneration. Among the dissenting bodies devotions of this sort are to be found, though we should be sorry rudely to criticise what implies religious affection, and is a recoil from coldness. The fault is not wholly theirs. An age may be so characterized that it cannot be fervent, even in its prayers, without being earthly; but such an age is not religious, and may not judge those that were. In them reverence and love are inseparable. God reigns in man's heart through love and fear. True devotion must, therefore, have at once its fervid affection and its holy awe. Thus much will be conceded. It does not require much penetration to perceive also that the more it habitually possesses of awe, the more it admits of love. If the expression of divine resembles that of human affection, this results by necessity from the poverty of language. Those who object to the use of the word "worship" in connection with God's saints as well as with God (though of course used in a different sense) see nothing to surprise them in the circumstance that the terms "love" and "honor" possess equally this double application. Yet when expressions of real and zealous love are addressed to Almighty God, they are sometimes no less scandalized than when worship (that is, honor and veneration) is addressed in a subordinate sense to the saints! In both cases alike they labor under misconceptions which may easily be removed.

To abolish the resemblance between the expression of divine and human affections, it would be necessary to break down the whole of that glorious constitution of life by which human ties, far from being either arbitrary things or but animal relations improved upon, are types of divine ties. The fatherhood in heaven is admitted to be the antetype of human parentage; and the adoptive brotherhood with Christ, the second Adam, to be the antetype of the natural brotherhood. Can any other principle prevail in the case of that tie which is the fountain whence the other domestic charities flow? Not in the judgment of those who believe, with St. Paul, that marriage is a type of that union which subsists between him and his Church. If there be an analogy between divine and human ties, so there must be between the love that goes along with them and the blessedness that is inseparable from love.

In such cavils as we have referred to there is a latent error that belonged to the earliest times. The caviller assumes that an element of corruption must needs exist in religious affections which betray any analogy to human affections, whereas it is but a Manichean philosophy which affirms the necessary existence of corruption in the human relations themselves. Human relations are not corrupt in themselves either before or since the fall; but human beings are corrupt and weak, and do but little justice to those relations. Praise, both in heaven and on earth, is held out to us in Holy Scripture as one of the rewards of virtue. It may not be the less true, on that account, that few orators have listened to the acclamations that follow a successful speech without some alloy of self-love. Possessions are allowable; it may be, notwithstanding, that few have had "all things" as though they "had nothing." It is not in the human relations that the evil exists (for they retain the brightness left on them by the hand that created them), but in those who abuse them by excessive dependence on them, or by disproportion. It is mainly a question of due subordination. Where the higher part of our being is ruled by the lower, or where the lower works apart from and in contempt of the higher, there evil exists. Where the opposite takes place—where a flame enkindled in heaven feeds first upon the spiritual heights of our being and descends by due degrees through the

Digitized by Google

imagination and the affections—there the whole of our being works in a restored unity, and there proportionately the senses are glorified by the soul. This has ever been the teaching of that Church which encircles the whole of human life with its girdle of sacraments. It has naturally come to be forgotten in those communities which admit the legal substitution of divorce and polygamy for the sanctity and inviolability of Christian marriage.

That those who do not understand the relation of human to divine ties should not understand the devotions of saints is far from strange. The expressions of the saints are bold because they are innocent. They have no part in that association of ideas which takes refuge in prudery. The language of St. Gertrude is that of one on whose brow the fillet had dropped when she was a child, and who had neither had any experience of earthly love nor wished for any. It is indeed the excellence of the domestic ties that they are indirect channels of communication with heaven. But in her case the communication was direct and immediate—a clear flame rising straight from the altar of perpetual sacrifice. The beautiful ascent of affections from grade to grade along the scale of life had in her been superseded by a yet diviner self-devotion. She had not built upon the things that are lawful, within due measure, but upon those counsels the rewards of which are immeasurable. She had reaped immortal love in the fields of mortification. She had begun where others end. She had found the union of peace with joy. Had there been added to this whatever is best in the domestic ties, it could to her have been but a rehearsal, in a lower though blameless form, of affections which she had already known in that highest form in which alone they are capable of being realized in heaven.

Expressions associated with human affections are to be found in St. Gertrude's devotions, because she *had* human affections. In the monastic renunciation the inmost essence of them is retained; for that essence, apart from its outward accidents, is spiritual. What is the meaning of the incarnation, if God is not to be loved as man? To what purpose, without this, the helpless childhood, the fields through which he moved, the parables so homely, the miracles of healing, the access given to sinners, the tears by the grave of him whom he was about to restore to life, the hunger and the weariness, the reproach for sympathy withheld? These domestic memories of the Church are intended to give the higher direction to human affections before they have strayed into the lower, in order that the lower may receive their interpretation from the higher. Nothing is more wonderful than to see the natural passing into the supernatural in actual life; nothing more instructive than to see this in devotions. It is not the presence of a human element in them, but the absence of a divine element, that should be deplored. The natural may be shunned where the supernatural is not realized. It can only be realized through love; and love is perfected through self-sacrifice, the strength and science of the saints.

It is easy to distinguish between devotions that are really too familiar and those of the saints. The latter, as has been remarked, are as full of awe as of love. Their familiarity implies the absence of a servile fear; but everywhere that filial fear, the seat of which is in the conscience, reveals itself. Again, if they regard our Lord in his character of lover of souls, they regard him proportionately in his other characters, as brother and as friend, as master and as Lord, as creator and as judge. The manhood in Christ is ever leading the heart on to his divinity; and the incarnation, as a picture of the divine character, is the strongest preacher of Theism. Again, the love that reveals itself in them has no pettiness, no narrowness; it exults in the thought of that great army of the elect, each member of

Digitized by Google

which is equally the object of the divine love, as a single drop reflects the firmament no less than the ocean of which it is a part. Once more: in such devotions the thirst after the divine purity is as strongly marked as that for the divine tenderness; and death is ever welcome, that God may be seen in the spirit.

"But in these devotions," it is said, "we trace the yearnings of a woman's heart." And why not? With what else is woman to love God? May not the devotion of a child be childlike, and of a man be manly? Why are female affections alone to strain themselves into the unnatural, instead of advancing to the supernatural? In such sneers there is as little philosophy as charity. The whole structure of our being—together not only with all its experiences, but with all its capacities—is that which, yielding to divine grace, constitutes the mould in which our devotion is cast. It is not religion alone, but everything—art, science, whatever we take in—that is colored by whatever is special to the faculties or the dispositions of the recipient. Religion is the only thing that holds its own in spite of such modification. It does so on account of its absolute simpleness. But it does much more than hold its own. It is enriched. Religion is as manifold as it is simple. The faculties and instincts of the mere isolated individual are too narrow to allow of his fully accepting the gifts which it extends to us. But fortunately our incapacities balance each other; the characteristics of religion least appreciated by one being often those which will most come home to another. Not only individuals but nations and ages, both by what they have in common and by what they have of unlike, unconsciously help to make up the general store. Christianity has become in one sense to each of us what it was to an à Kempis as well as what it was to an Aquinas; and why not also to what it was to a Gertrude or a Theresa? All things subserve this vast scheme. How much we are enriched by those different aspects of religion presented to us by the chief authentic architectures! In the Gothic, which is mystic, suggestive, infinite, it is chiefly the spirituality of religion that is affirmed. In the Roman basilica, orderly and massive, it is the "law" that is insisted on. In the Byzantine style, precious marble and beaming gold, and every device of rich color and fair form, preach the inexhaustibility of Christian charity and the beauty of the Eden it restores. These aspects of religion are all in harmony with each other. The mind that embraces them is not endeavoring to blend contradictions into a common confusion, but to reunite great ideas in the unity from which they started. Still more is the manifold vastness of religion illustrated by those diversities of the *religious sentiment* which result from diversities in the human character.

All modern civilization rests on reverence for woman, both in her virginal and maternal character; the Mother of God, from whom that reverence sprang, being in both these relations alike its great type. In the restored, as in the first humanity, there is an Eve as well as an Adam; and it has been well remarked, that among the indirect benefits derived from this provision is the circumstance that there thus exists a double cord, by which the two great divisions of the human family are drawn to the contemplation of that true humanity. From the beginning woman found herself at home in Christianity; it was to her a native country, in which she fulfilled her happiest destinies, as paganism had been a foreign land, where she lived in bondage and degradation. In the days of martyrdom the virgins took their place beside the youths amid the wild beasts at the Coliseum. In the days of contemplative monasticism the convents of the nuns, no less than those of the monks, lifted their snowy standards on high, and, by the image of purity which they had there exalted, rendered intelligible the

Digitized by Google

Christian idea of marriage—thus refreshing with ethereal breath those charities of hut and hearth which flourished in the valleys far down. In those convents, too, the scholastic volume, and the psalm sustained by day and night, proved that the serious belonged to woman as well as the soft and bright. Since the devastations of later times womanhood has won a yet more conspicuous crown. Through the active orders religion has measured her strength with a world which boasts that at last it is alive and stirring. By nuns the sick have been nursed, the aged tended, the orphan reared, the rude instructed, the savage reclaimed, the revolutionary leader withstood, the revolutionary mob reduced to a sane mind. There are no better priests than those of France; yet they tell us that it has been in no small part through the Sisters of Charity that religion has been restored in their land. In how many an English alley is not the convent the last hope of purity and faith? On how many an Irish waste does not the last crust come from it?

The part of woman in Christianity might have been anticipated. For it she is strengthened even by all that makes her weak elsewhere. In the Christian scheme the law of strength is found in the words, "When I am weak, then I am strong." It is a creaturely, not self-asserting strength; it is not godlike, but consists in dependence on God. In proportion as self is obliterated, a Divine Presence takes its place, which could otherwise no more inhabit there than the music which belongs to the hollow shell could proceed from the solid rock. To woman, who in all the conditions of life occupies the place of the secondary or satellite, the attainment of this selflessness is perhaps more easy than to man. Obedience is the natural precursor of faith; and to those whose hands are clean the clearer vision is granted. Moreover, religion is mainly of the heart; and in woman the heart occupies a larger relative place than in man. Paganism, with the instinct of a clown, addressed but what was superficial in womanhood, and elicited but what was alluring and ignoble. Christianity addressed it at its depths, and elicited the true, the tender, and the spiritual. The one flattered, but with a coarse caress; the other controlled, but with a touch of air-like softness. In pagan times woman was a chaplet of faded flowers on a festive board; in Christian, it became a "sealed fountain," by which every flower, from the violet to the amaranth, might grow. Even the chosen people had forgotten her claims;—but "from the beginning it was not so." Christianity reaffirmed them; it could do no less. It addresses distinctively what is feminine in man, as well as what is manly. It challenges, at its first entrance, the passive, the susceptive, the recipient in our nature; and it ignores, as it is ignored by, the self-asserting and the self-included.

That which Christianity claims for woman is but the readjustment of a balance which, when all merit was measured by the test of bodily or intellectual strength, had no longer preserved its impartiality. Milton's line,

"He for God only: she for God in him,"

is more in harmony with the Mohammedan, or at least the Oriental, than with the Christian scheme of thought. It is as represented both by its stronger and its gentler half, that man's race pays its true tribute to the great Creator. The modern poet gives us his ideal of man in the form of a prophecy:

"Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman—she of man."*

Singularly enough, this ideal of humanity was fulfilled long since in the conventual life. The true nun has left behind the weakness of her

* Tennyson's "Princess."

Digitized by Google

sex. The acceptance of her vocation, implying the renunciation of the tried for the untried, the seen for the unseen, is the highest known form of courage—

> "A soft and tender heroine
> Vowed to severer discipline."*

Her vow is irrevocable; and thus free-will, the infinite in our nature, stands finally pledged to the "better part." In her life of mortification, and her indifference to worldly opinion, she reaches the utmost to which fortitude may aspire; yet she perfects in herself also the characteristic virtues of woman—love, humility, obedience.

The true monk also, while more of a man than other men, includes more of the virtues that belong least often to man. It is pre-eminently the *soul* within him that has received its utmost development, and become the expression of his being. The highest ideal of the antique world, *mens sana in corpore sano*, implied, not the subordination of the body to the mind, and of both to the soul, but the equal development of the former two, the soul being left wholly out of account. Such a formula, it is true, rises above that of the mere Epicurean, who subordinates the mind to the body, and makes pleasure the chief good. It leaves, however, no place for the spiritual. By the change which Christianity introduced, virtues which paganism overlooked or despised became the predominant elements in man's being. Purity, patience, and humility bear to Christian morals a relation analogous to that which faith, hope, and charity bear to theology. The former, like the latter, triad of virtues will ever present to the rationalist the character of mysticism, because they rest upon mysteries—that is, upon realities out of our sight, and hidden in the divine character. The earthly basis upon which they are sometimes placed by defenders that belong to the utilitarian school is as incapable of supporting them as the film of ice that covers a lake would be of supporting the mountains close by. These are Christian virtues exclusively, and it was to perfect them that the convents which nurtured saints were called into existence.

We know the hideous picture of monastic life with which a morbid imagination sometimes amuses or frightens itself. Let us frankly contrast with it the true ideal of a monastic saint. No ideal, of course, is fully realized; but still it is only when the ideal is understood that the actual character is appreciated. The monastic life is founded on the evangelical counsels, the portion of practical Christianity most plainly *peculiar* to the Christian system. It is obedience, but the obedience of love. It is fear, but the fear of offending, far more than the fear of the penalty. It is dependence glorified. It is based on what is feminine as well as on what is masculine in our nature; on a being which has become recipient in a sacred passiveness. It lives by faith, which "comes by hearing;" and its attitude of mind is like that indicated by the sweet and serious, but submitted, face of one who listens to far-off music or a whisper close by. In the stillness of devout contemplation the soul, unhardened and unwrinkled, spreads itself forth like a vine-leaf to the beam of truth, and the dews of grace. In this perfected Christian character we find, together with the strength of the stem, the flexibility of the tendril and the freshness of the shoot. For the same reason we find the consummate flower of sanctity —a Bernard or a Francis—and with the flower the fruit, and the seed which has sown Christianity in all lands; for monks have ever been the great missionaries. The soul of the monk who has done most for man has thus most included the womanly as well as the manly type of excellence. It has unity and devotedness. It has that purity which is not only consis-

* Wordsworth's "Ode to Enterprise,"

Digitized by Google

tent with fervor, but in part proceeds from it. It shrinks not only from the forbidden, but from the disproportionate, the startling, and the abrupt. It is humble, and does not stray as far as its limit. It regards sin, not as a wild beast chained, but as a plague, and thinks that it cannot escape too far beyond the infection. It has a modesty which modulates every movement of the being. It has spontaneity, and finds itself at home among little things. It is cheerful and genial, with a momentary birth of good thoughts, wishes, and deeds, that ascend like angels to God, and are only visible to angels.

Nor is this all. It is in the conventual life that the third type of human character—that of the child—is found in conjunction with the other two. In the world even the partial preservation of the child in the man is one of the rare marks of genius. In the cloister the union is common. Where the character is thus *integrated* by harmoniously blending the three human types—viz., man, woman, and child—then man has reached his best, and done most to reverse the fall. It is among those who have most bravely taken the second Adam for their example that this primal image is most nearly restored. We see it in such books as the "Imitation," and the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. We see it in the old pictures of the saints, where the venerable and the strong, the gracious and the lovely, the meek and the winning, are so subtly blended by the pencil of an Angelico or a Perugino. We see it within many a modern cloister. It has its place, to the discerning eye, among the evidences of religion.

In the north the world now finds it more difficult than in the south to appreciate such a character as St. Gertrude. If it is sceptical as to visions and raptures, still more is it scandalized by austerities and mortification. The temperament of the south tends too generally to pleasure; but the great natures of the south, perhaps for that reason, renounce the senses with a loftier strength. They throw themselves frankly on asceticism, leaving beneath them all that is soft, like the Italian mountains which frown from their marble ridges over the valleys of oranges and lemons. The same ardor which so often leads astray, ministers, when it chooses the soul for its residence, to great deeds, as fire does to the labors of material science. In the north, including the land of St. Gertrude, many of the virtues are themselves out of sympathy with the highest virtue. Men can there admire strength and industry; but they too often believe in no strength that is not visible, no industry that is not material. Mortification is to them unintelligible. Action they can admire; in suffering they see but a sad necessity, like the old Greeks, to whom all pain was an intrusion and a scandal.

Christianity first revealed the might of endurance. It was not the triumph over Satan at the temptation that restored man's race; though Milton, not without a deep, unintended significance, selected that victory as the subject of his "Paradise Regained." It was not preaching, nor miracle, but Calvary. Externally, endurance is passive; internally, it is the highest form of action—the action in which there is no self-will, the energy that is one with humility. The moment the Church began to live she began to endure. The apostles became ascetics, "keeping the body under," and proclaiming that between spirit and flesh, between watching and sloth, between fast and feast, there was not peace but war. While the fiery penance of persecution lasted, it was easy to "have all things as though one had nothing." There then was always a barrier against which virtue might push in its ceaseless desire to advance, and to discipline her strength by trial. When the three centuries of trial were over, monasticism rose. In it again was found a place for mortification—for that detachment which is at-

Digitized by Google

tachment to God, and that exercise which makes Christians athletes. There silence matured divine love, and stillness generated strength. There was found the might of a spiritual motive; and a fulcrum was thus supplied like that by which Archimedes boasted that his lever could move the world.

It is difficult to contemplate such a character as that of St. Gertrude without straying from her to a kindred subject—that wonderful monastic life, with its rapturous visions and its as constant mortifications, to which we owe such characters. Without the cloister we should have had no Gertrudes; and without the mortification of the cloister the ceaseless chant and the incense would have degenerated into spiritual luxuries. It is time for us to return, and ask a practical question: What was this St. Gertrude, who found so fair a place among the wonders of the thirteenth century, and whom in the nineteenth so few hear of or understand? What was she even at the lowest, and such as the uninitiated might recognize? She was a being for whom nature had done all nature could do. She was a noble-minded woman, pure at once and passionate, more queenly and more truly at home in the poverty of her convent than she could have been in her father's palace. Secondly, she was a woman of extraordinary genius and force of character. Thirdly, she was one who, the child of an age when the dialectics of old Greece were laid on the altar of revealed truth, dwelt habitually in that region of thought which, in the days of antiquity, was inhabited by none, and occasionally approached but by the most aspiring votaries of the Platonic philosophy. This was the human instrumentality which sovereign grace took to itself, as the musician selects some fair-grained tree out of which to shape his lyre. There was in her no contradictory past to retrieve. Without a jar, and almost without consciousness, she passed with a movement of swanlike softness out of innocence into holiness. Some have fought their way to goodness, as others have to earthly greatness, and won the crown, though not without many a scar. But she was "born in the purple," and all her thoughts and feelings had ever walked with princely dignity and vestal grace, as in the court of the great King. Her path was arduous; but it stretched from good to better, not from bad to good. She did not graduate in the garden of Epicurus, nor amid the groves of Academus, nor amid the revel of that Greek society in which the glitter of the highest intelligence played above the rottenness of the most corrupt life. She had always lived by faith. The spiritual world had been hers before the natural one, and had interpreted it. Man's supernatural end had ever for her presented the clue to his destinies, and revealed the meaning of his earthly affections. Among these last she had made no sojourn. She had prolonged not the time, but done on earth what all aspire to do in heaven: she had risen above human ties, in order to possess them in their largest manifestations. The faith affirmed that we are to have all things in God, and in God she resolved to have them. Her heart rose as by a heavenward gravitation to the centre of all love. A creature, and knowing herself to be no more, her aspiration was to belong wholly to her Creator. To her the incarnation meant the union of the human race, and of the human soul, with God. Her devotions are the endless love-songs of this high bridal. They passed from her heart spontaneously, like the song of the bird; and they remain for ever the triumphant hymeneal chant of a clear, loving, intelligential spirit, which had renounced all things for him, and had found all things in him for whom all spirits are made.

Digitized by Google

From The Lamp.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

CHRISTMAS comes, Christmas comes,
Blessing wheresoe'er he roams;
And he calls the little children
Cluster'd in a thousand homes.

"Stand you still, my little children,
For a moment while I sing,
Wreath'd together in a ring,
With your tiny hands embracing
In a snowy interlacing,
And your rich curls dropping down—
Golden, black, and auburn-brown—
Over bluest little eyes;
Toss them back in sweet surprise
While my pretty song I sing.

I have apples, I have cakes,
Icicles, and snowy flakes,
  Hanging on each naked bough;
Sugar strawberries and cherries,
Mistletoe and holly-berries,
  Nail'd above the glorious show.

I have presents rich and rare,
Beauties which I do not spare,
  For my little children dear;
At my steps the casements lighten,
Sourest human faces brighten,
And the carols—music strange—
Float in their melodious change
  On the night-wind cold and drear.

Listen now, my little children:
All these things I give to you,
And you love me, dearly love me
(Witness'd in your welcome true).
Why do I thus yearly scatter,
With retreating of the sun,
Sweetmeats, holiday, and fun?
There must be something much the matter
Where my wine-streams do not run.

Once I was no more than might be
Any season of the year;
No kind tapers shone to light me
On my way advancing here;

Digitized by Google

No small children rush'd to meet me,
Happy human smiles to greet me.
True, it was a while ago;
But I mind me it was so,
Then believe me, children dear.

Till one foggy cold December,
Eighteen hoary centuries past
(Thereabouts as I remember),
Came a voice upon the blast,
And a strange star in the heaven;
One said that unto us was given
A Saviour and a Brother kind;
The star upon my head shed down
Of golden beams this living crown,
The birthday gift of Jesus Christ,
Whereby my glory might be known.

You all keep your little birthdays;
Keep likewise your fathers', mothers',
Little sisters', little brothers';
To commemorate *this* birth,
Sings aloud the exulting earth!
Every age and all professions,
In all distance—parted nations,
Meet together at this time
In spirit, while the church-bells chime.
Little children, dance and play;—
We will join,—but likewise pray
At morning, thinking of the day
I have told you I remember
In a bleak and cold December,
Long ago and far away."

From The Popular Science Review.

EPIDEMICS, PAST AND PRESENT—THEIR ORIGIN AND DISTRIBUTION.

EPIDEMICS, derived from the two Greek words ἐπί, *among*, and δῆμος, *people*, are those diseases which for a time prevail widely among the people of any country or locality, and then, for a longer or shorter period, either entirely, or for the most part, disappear. There are few diseases to which the human race is liable that may not, under favorable circumstances, take on the epidemic form. For example, diseases of the organs of respiration are very apt to become epidemic in seasons characterized by extreme coldness or dampness of the atmosphere, or by great and sudden alternations of temperature. In a strict sense, however, the term epidem-

Digitized by Google

ics is not usually employed in reference to the diseases of individual organs of the body, but is restricted to those derangements of the entire system depending upon the absorption of some poison, or the action of some "influence," from without. In the latter class of maladies the individual organs may become diseased, and the derangement of their functions may modify the symptoms resulting from the primary poison or "influence;" but then the local diseases are the secondary result of the general disorder of the constitution, and not the source and origin of all the mischief.

Some epidemic diseases possess the power of self-propagation; that is to say, the poison or influence may be communicated by infected persons to persons in health, and the disease is then said to be contagious,* while others are entirely destitute of any such property. Scarlet-fever and small-pox are familiar examples of the former class; ague and influenza of the latter.

It is still a vexed question whether a disease that is capable of self-propagation can ever be generated *de novo*. It is maintained, on the one hand, that such an occurrence is as impossible as the spontaneous generation of plants or animals; while, on the other hand, it is argued that the poison of certain diseases capable of self-propagation may, under certain favorable conditions, be produced independently of any pre-existing cases of the disease. The comparison of a fever-poison with a spore or ovum is an ingenious, but a most delusive, argument. An epidemic disease springing up in a locality where it was before unknown, and where it is impossible to trace its introduction from without, is said to be not more extraordinary than the development of fungi in a putrid fluid. The argument, however, is founded on a pure assumption, for there is not a tittle of evidence to show that a fever-poison is of the nature of a spore or ovum. Air saturated with the poisons of various contagious diseases has been condensed and submitted to the highest powers of the microscope, but nothing approaching to a small-pox spore, or a typhus ovum, has yet been discovered. It is true that certain contagious diseases, such as scarlet-fever and small-pox, can in most instances be traced to contagion; but, with regard to others, such as typhoid or enteric fever, it is in most instances utterly impossible to account for the *first cases* in any outbreak on the theory of contagion, while, at the same time, there is direct evidence that the contagious power of the disease is extremely low. The question is no doubt beset with many difficulties, and constitutes one of the most intricate problems in medical science. It is one, however, which can never be solved by entering on the discussion with a preconceived theory as to the close analogy, if not identity, of a fever-poison with an animal or vegetable ovum, nor by assuming that the laws which regulate the propagation of one contagious disease are equally applicable to all. Nature's facts are too often interpreted by human laws, rather than by the laws of nature. In the case before us, the natural history of each disease must be studied independently, and our ideas as to its origin and mode of propagation must be founded on the evidence furnished by that study alone, and irrespective of the laws which seem to regulate the origin and propagation of other diseases with which it has no connection whatever, except in the human mind.

At the present moment, when the subject of epidemics is attracting so much attention, it may be interesting to call attention to the more important diseases comprised under that head, and to point out some of the main facts connected with their origin and distribution. The principal epidemic diseases, then, are: small-pox, scarlet-

* The terms "contagion" and "contagious" are here used in their widest signification, and are applied in this essay to all diseases capable of propagation by infected individuals to persons in health.

Digitized by Google

fever, measles, typhus, relapsing fever, Oriental plague, yellow fever, diarrhœa, typhoid or enteric fever, cholera, dysentery, ague and remittent fevers, influenza, the sweating sickness, and the dancing mania.

1. *Small-pox*, the most loathsome of all diseases, is believed to have prevailed in India and China from time immemorial. About the middle of the sixth century it is supposed to have been conveyed by trading vessels from India to Arabia, and the Arabian army at the siege of Mecca, in the year 569, was the first victim of its fury. From Arabia it was imported into Europe by the Saracens, and there is evidence of its existence in Britain before the ninth century. Before the introduction of vaccination, small-pox was one of the chief causes of mortality in all the countries where it prevailed, and even now it occupies a prominent place in our mortuary returns. During the twenty-four years 1838-61, 125,352 of the population of England and Wales, and 21,369 of the population of London, *died* of small-pox; or, in other words, one in seventy-five of the total deaths in England and Wales, and one in sixty-three of the total deaths in London, were due to this disease. Small-pox is not confined to any race or quarter of the globe. At the present day its appearance can, in the great majority of instances, be traced to contagion. It is evident, however, that it must at one time have had an origin, and it is reasonable to infer that what happened once may happen again. Small-pox is known to attack many of the lower animals as well as man, and there are grounds for believing that it originated among the former, and by them was communicated to the human species. A careful study of epizootics —our ignorance of which has been disclosed by the present cattle plague —may ultimately reveal the mode of origin of the poison of small-pox. The disease varies greatly in its prevalence at different times. In other words, it is sometimes epidemic, at others not. Some of these epidemics are local; others are widely extended. All exhibit a gradual rise, culmination, and decline, the decline being always less rapid than the advance. It is difficult to account for the occurrence of these epidemics. They are independent of hygienic defects, season, temperature, or any meteorological conditions of which we are cognizant. They are probably due to causes tending to depress the general health of the population, and so to predispose it to the action of the poison. For nearly two centuries it has been a common observation that epidemics of small-pox have co-existed with epidemics of other contagious diseases. The gradual accumulation also in a district of unprotected persons, owing to the neglect of vaccination, will also predispose to the occurrence of an epidemic, after the introduction of the poison. In fact, to the neglect, or careless performance, of vaccination, is entirely due the occurrence of epidemics of small-pox at the present day.

2. *Scarlet Fever.*—The early history of scarlet fever is obscure, for the disease was long confounded with measles and small-pox, but it is generally supposed that, like small-pox, it came originally from Africa, and was imported into Europe by the Saracens. It has been known to prevail in Britain for the last two centuries; but although it is only of late years, from the reports of the Registrar-General, that we have been able to form an accurate idea of the extent of its prevalence, there can be no doubt that it has increased greatly during the present century, and that it now occupies that pre-eminence among the causes of mortality in childhood which was formerly held by small-pox. During twenty-four years (1838 to 1861 inclusive) 375,009 of the population of England and Wales, and 53,663 of the inhabitants of London, died of scarlet fever, or about one in every twenty-four deaths that occurred in England during the period in question

Digitized by Google

was due to this disease. The mortality from scarlet fever, in fact, exceeds the mortality from small-pox and measles taken together. Scarlet fever is known to prevail over the whole of the continents of Europe and America, but it is nowhere so common as in Britain. In France it is a rarer disease than either measles or small-pox. In India it is said never to occur. In most instances it is not difficult to trace the occurrence of scarlet fever to contagion; and from the remarkable indestructibility of the poison and its tendency to adhere to clothes, furniture, and even to the walls of houses, there can be little doubt that the disease has a similar origin in many instances, where the mode of transmission of the poison cannot be traced. How the poison first originated is yet a mystery; but there is some probability in the view, which has many able advocates, that it originated in horses or cattle, and by them was communicated to man. If this be so, it is reasonable to hope that investigations as to the occurrence of the disease in the lower animals may lead to a discovery productive of as great benefits to the human race as vaccination. At intervals of a few years scarlet fever spreads as an epidemic; but its ordinary prevalence in this country is greater than is generally imagined. The causes of these epidemic outbursts are unknown. Many circumscribed outbreaks can no doubt be traced to the importation of the poison into a population of persons unprotected by a previous attack; but why the poison should be introduced into numerous localities at one time, and not at others, is difficult to determine. It is tolerably certain, however, that at all times the prevalence of the disease is independent of overcrowding, bad drainage, or of any appreciable hygienic or meteorological conditions.

3. ***Measles*** was long confounded with scarlet fever, and, like it, is supposed to have been originally imported from the East. During twenty-four years (1838–1861) this disease destroyed 31,595 of the population of London, and 181,868 persons in England and Wales. It is known to occur in all parts of the world, and is highly contagious. There is no evidence that any hygienic defects or meteorological conditions can generate the poison of measles. Hildenbrand, a great authority, thought it might arise where numbers of men and cattle were confined together in close, unventilated buildings; and in later times American and Irish physicians have described a disease corresponding in every respect with the measles, which appeared to arise from sleeping on old musty straw, or from the inoculation of the fungi of wheat straw. Measles in England is much less of an epidemic disease than either small-pox or scarlet fever. The number of deaths which it causes in years when it is most prevalent, is rarely much more than double what it causes in years when it is at least prevalent. Although often most fatal in winter, there is no proof that its prevalence is influenced by season.

4. ***Typhus Fever*** has been well known for upward of three centuries, and there are grounds for believing that from remote ages it has prevailed in most parts of the world under favorable conditions. It is impossible to estimate the precise extent of its prevalence, inasmuch as many other diseases are included under the designation "typhus," in the reports of the Registrar-General; but it is the acknowledged scourge of the poor inhabitants of our large towns. There is no evidence that typhus, such as we see it in this country, has as yet been observed in Australia, New Zealand, Asia, Africa, or the tropical parts of America. Even in Britain it is confined, for the most part, to the large towns, and to the poorest and most densely crowded parts of them. It is a disease almost unknown among the better classes, except in the case of clergymen and doctors who visit the infected poor. It is undoubtedly con-

Digitized by Google

tagious; but in a spacious dwelling with a free ventilation it almost ceases to be so. There is also ample evidence that the poison may be generated *de novo;* and the circumstances under which this occurs are overcrowding, with defective ventilation and destitution. Hence it is that the disease was formerly so apt to show itself in prisons and ships, and that, even at the present day, it is so common an attendant on warfare and so prevalent in the wretched hovels of the poor. This was the disease that before the days of Howard was never absent from our prisons and hospitals, and that decimated the armies of the first Napoleon and of the allies in the Crimea. "If," says an able writer on fever in the last century, "any person will take the trouble to stand in the sun, and look at his own shadow on a white plastered wall, he will easily perceive that his whole body is a smoking dunghill, with a vapor exhaling from every part of it. This vapor is subtle, acrid, and offensive to the smell; if retained in the body, it becomes morbid; but if re-absorbed, highly deleterious. If a number of persons, therefore, are long confined in any close place not properly ventilated, so as to inspire and swallow with their spittle the vapors of each other, they must soon feel its bad effects. Bad provisions and gloomy thoughts will add to their misery, and soon breed the *seminium* of a pestilential fever, dangerous not only to themselves, but also to every person who visits them or even communicates with them at second-hand. Hence it is so frequently bred in gaols, hospitals, ships, camps, and besieged towns. A *seminium* once produced is easily spread by contagion." But if overcrowding produces typhus, why is it that the disease prevails in the epidemic form, and then in a great measure disappears? The explanation is in this way. All the great epidemics of typhus have occurred during seasons of famine or of unusual destitution. One of the most common consequences of general destitution is the congregation of several families in one house, in consequence of their inability to pay their rents, and of the concentration in the large towns of many of the inhabitants of country districts. Famine predisposes to typhus by weakening the constitution; and it also tends to produce it, in so far as it causes an unusual degree of overcrowding. It has been the custom with many writers to refer epidemics of typhus to some subtle "epidemic influence;" and thus, where a failure of the crops has been followed by typhus, both of these disasters have been ascribed to a common atmospheric cause. But of such atmospheric influences, capable of producing typhus, we know nothing; their very existence is doubtful, and the employment of the term has too often had the effect of cloaking human ignorance, or of stifling the search after truth. If typhus be due to any "epidemic influence," why does this influence select large towns and spare the country districts? why does it fall upon large towns in exact proportion to the degree of privation and overcrowding among the poor? in large towns, why does it infect the crowded dwellings of the poor and spare the habitations of the rich? and why did the varying prevalence of typhus among the French and English troops in the Crimea correspond exactly to the varying degree of overcrowding in either army? Moreover, famine *artificially* induced by warfare, by commercial failures, by strikes, or by any cause that throws large bodies of men out of employment, is equally efficacious in originating epidemics of typhus, as famine from failure of the crops.

5. *Relapsing Fever* is so called from the fact that after a week's illness there is an interval of good health for a week, followed by a second attack. It is contagious, and is epidemic in a stricter sense than even typhus. Although sometimes more prevalent in this country than any other fever, it may disappear for so many years that

Digitized by Google

on its return it has more than once been thought to be a new malady. For upwards of ten years not a case of it has been observed in Britain, but it has constituted the chief component of many of the greatest epidemics of fever which has devastated this country and Ireland, and it was one of the diseases composing the "Russian Plague," which in the spring of the present year caused such unnecessary alarm in this country. It usually prevails in the epidemic form in conjunction with typhus, and it is connected in its origin more directly with protracted starvation and the use of unwholesome food than even the latter disease. Hence, in this country, it is familiarly known as "Famine Fever," and in Germany as "*Hungerpest.*"

6. *Oriental Plague* is still met with in Egypt and in other eastern countries; but in the middle ages it frequently overran the whole of Europe and invaded England, and, from the extent of its ravages, it was known as the "*Black Death*," and the "*Great Mortality.*" The Great Plague of London, of 1665, is a familiar fact in history. Since then the disease has not been met with in this country. But British typhus is merely a modified form of Oriental plague, or, in other words, plague is merely typhus complicated with numerous abscesses beneath the skin. Cases of typhus are occasionally met with in this country, corresponding in every respect with true plague. Both diseases appear under similar circumstances, but those which generate plague are of a more aggravated character than those which suffice to produce typhus. The disappearance of plague from London, notwithstanding our vastly increased communications with Egypt, has been chiefly due to the better construction of our dwellings since the "Great Fire" of 1666. "It is probable," says an able writer on the plague, "that if this country has been so long forsaken by the plague as almost to have forgotten, or at least to be unwilling to own, its natural offspring, it has been because the parent has been disgusted with the circumstances under which that hateful birth was brought to light, has removed the filth from her doors in which it was matured, and has adopted a system of cleanliness fatal to its nourishment at home. But if ever this favored country, now grown wise by experience, should relapse into former errors, and recur to her odious habits, as in past ages, it is not to be doubted that a mutual recognition will take place, and she will again be visited by her abandoned child, who has been wandering a fugitive among kindred associates, sometimes in the mud cots of Egypt, sometimes in the crowded tents of Barbary, and sometimes in the filthy kaisarias of Aleppo."

7. *Yellow Fever* is a contagious fever with a limited geographical range. Its geographical limits, as regards the new world, are from about 43° N. lat. to 35° S. lat.; and in the old world from 44° N. to 8° or 9° S. lat. It is a common disease on board our ships stationed in the West Indies and off the west coast of Africa. As in the case of typhus, overcrowded and defective ventilation are the main causes which favor its origin and propagation, and, indeed, it is still a subject for investigation whether yellow fever may not be typhus modified by climate and other circumstances. One of the most recent and best authorities* on the disease thus writes: "Overcrowding in the between-decks of steamships seems to be the principal cause of the extreme fatality of the disease in the navy. What in this respect is true of typhus may with equal force be said of yellow fever. There is no such powerful adjuvant to the virulence of the poison, and to its power of propagation, as an unrenewed atmosphere, loaded with human exhalations."

8. *Diarrhœa* is always more or less prevalent in this country during the summer and autumn. There is no

* Dr. Gavin Milroy, President of the Epidemiological Society.

Digitized by Google

reason to believe that epidemic diarrhœa is contagious, but there is a direct ratio between its prevalence and the temperature of the atmosphere and the absence of ozone. As the temperature rises the cases increase in number, and as it falls they diminish, and the disease is always most prevalent in very hot seasons. Diarrhœa may be due to many different causes, but its epidemic prevalence in autumn is chiefly accounted for by the absorption into the system of the products of putrefaction of organic matter, either in the form of gaseous effluvia or through the vehicle of drinking-water.

9. *Typhoid or Enteric Fever* is very commonly confounded with typhus, with which, however, so far as its origin is concerned, it has nothing in common. It is not, like typhus, confined to the poor, but it prevails among rich and poor alike; and, indeed, there are some reasons for believing that the rich and well-fed are more prone to be attacked by it than the destitute. It is the fever by which Count Cavour, several members of the royal family of Portugal, and our own Prince Consort, came to their untimely end. It differs also from typhus in the circumstances that its origin and propagation are quite independent of overcrowding with defective ventilation, and are so intimately connected with bad drainage that by some physicians the fever is now designated *pythogenic*, or fever born of putridity. It is asserted by some writers that the poison of enteric fever is never generated in obstructed drains, but that the drains are merely the vehicle of transmission of the poison from an infected person. But if this were so, enteric fever must needs be a most contagious disease, whereas all experience goes to show that it rarely spreads, even under the most favorable circumstances. The disease, in fact, is so slightly contagious that many excellent observers have doubted if it be so at all. It is probable that certain meteorological conditions, such as a high temperature a defective supply of ozone, or a peculiar electrical state, may be necessary for the production of the poison of enteric fever; and thus nuisances which are offensive to the senses may exist for a long time without producing the disease. The necessity of a high temperature is undoubted, and is itself a strong argument against the view which makes drains merely the vehicle of transmission of the poison. It is well known that enteric fever, like ordinary diarrhœa, becomes epidemic in this country every autumn, and almost disappears in spring, while the autumnal epidemics are always greatest in seasons remarkable for their high temperature. Enteric fever is much later in commencing and in attaining the acme of its autumnal prevalence than diarrhœa, showing that a longer duration of hot weather is necessary for its production; but, when once produced, a more protracted duration of cold weather seems necessary for its destruction.

10. *Cholera.*—Epidemic cholera is generally described as having originated at Jessore, in the delta of the Ganges, in the year 1817, and as having spread thence over Hindostan, and ultimately to Europe. Since 1817 Europe has been visited by three great epidemics of cholera, viz.: in 1832, in 1848-9, and in 1854; and at the present moment it is threatened with a fourth. During the past autumn the disease has appeared at Ancona and Marseilles, and at many other places in the basin of the Mediterranean. In England and Wales cholera destroyed 53,273 lives in 1849, and 20,097 in 1854. Although the great epidemics of cholera have appeared to take their origin in India, and gradually to have spread to Europe, following often the lines of human intercourse, the evidence in favor of its being a very contagious malady is small. The attendants on the sick are rarely attacked; and, on the other hand, the disease has often appeared in isolated localities, where it was impossible to believe that it was imported. It is a remarkable

Digitized by Google

circumstance, also, that some of the greatest epidemics which have occurred in India, as that of 1861, have shown no tendency to travel to Europe, notwithstanding the constant communication that exists. Even on the supposition, then, that cholera is of necessity imported from India, there must be something as yet unknown to us that favors its transmission at one time and not at another. But it is very doubtful if the disease is imported in the manner generally believed. Unequivocal cases of "Asiatic cholera" have been met with almost every year in the intervals of the great epidemics; and, as Dr. Farr has observed, it is highly probable that true cholera has always existed in England. The researches of the late Dr. Snow render it highly probable that the disease often arises from drinking water impregnated with the *fermenting* excreta of persons suffering from the disease; and if this be so, from what we know of other diseases, it is not unreasonable to infer that, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, the poison of cholera may be generated during the fermentation of the excreta of healthy persons. It can readily be conceived how the necessary meteorological conditions might originate in the East and gradually extend to this country, and thus lead to the supposition that the disease has been propagated by a specific poison.

11. *Dysentery.*—Epidemics of dysentery are confined to tropical countries, and need not occupy much attention at present. Atmospheric states which unduly or suddenly depress the temperature of the surface of the body are the most common exciting causes. They are most apt to take effect in the case of persons whose constitutions have been weakened by long exposure to extreme heat, to malaria, or to other debilitating causes. There is no positive evidence that dysentery is contagious.

12. *Agues and Remittent Fevers* are now but little known, and scarcely ever fatal, in this country. Many years ago, however, they were among the most common and the most fatal diseases of Britain. James I. and Oliver Cromwell both died of ague in London. The disappearance of ague has been in direct relation to the drainage and cultivation of the soil, and this remark applies not only to England, but to all parts of the globe. The fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridge are almost the only parts of England where agues are now known; but in many countries, and particularly in the tropics, where the vegetation is very rank, they are still the most common of all diseases. Agues are not contagious, but result from the *malaria* given off during the evaporation from marshy uncultivated land. These malaria may be wafted to a considerable distance by the wind. A high temperature and rank vegetation seem to favor their production and to increase their virulence.

13. *Influenza.*—Severe and widespread epidemics of influenza have been observed in various parts of the world, from time immemorial. In the present century the disease has been epidemic in this country in 1803, 1831, 1833, 1837, and 1847. On each occasion it has been particularly fatal in aged and debilitated persons, and it has often been followed by an increased prevalence of other epidemic diseases. Influenza is not contagious, but depends on some unknown condition of the atmosphere. Sudden alternations of temperature have been thought to favor its origin.

14. *The Sweating Sickness.*—This remarkable and very fatal disease is happily now unknown in this country; but in the middle ages many great epidemics of it were observed, and nowhere were they more common than in England. Many of the epidemics were in fact confined to England. There are records of five distinct visitations of the disease during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, viz., in 1485, 1506, 1517, 1529, and 1551. The disease attacked all classes alike, and

Digitized by Google

was often fatal within a few hours. From the accounts handed down to us it is impossible to form any accurate idea as to the causes of its origin and extension; but the prevalent opinion at the time seems to have been that it was due in the first instance to atmospheric influences.

15. *The Dancing Mania.*—The present brief summary of the principal epidemic diseases would not be complete without alluding to the dancing mania of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The effects of the *Black Death* of the fourteenth century had not yet subsided, and the graves of millions of its victims were scarcely closed, when we are told by Hecker a strange delusion arose in Germany, which took possession of the minds of men, and, in spite of the divinity of our nature, hurried away body and soul into the magic circle of the wildest superstition. It was a convulsion which in the most extraordinary manner infuriated the human frame, and excited the astonishment of contemporaries for more than two centuries, since which time it has never reappeared. It was called the dance of St. John or of St. Vitus, on account of the Bacchantic leaps by which it was characterized, and which gave to those affected, whilst performing their wild dance, and screaming and foaming with fury, all the appearance of persons possessed. It was propagated by the sight of the sufferers, like a demoniacal epidemic, over the whole of Germany and the neighboring countries. While dancing, the infected persons were insensible to external impressions, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they shrieked out. Some asserted that they felt as if immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high; while others saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary. The accounts of the dancing mania collected by Hecker at first sight seem almost fabulous, but cease to be so when we recollect the practices of certain modern religious sects and the accounts of the so-called "revivals" in the middle of the nineteenth century.

From the preceding summary, it is obvious that epidemic diseases vary greatly in their nature.

1. First we have diseases, such as small-pox, scarlet fever, and measles, which at the present day can only be traced to contagion, and some of which probably took their origin in the lower animals.

2. There are diseases, such as typhus, relapsing fever, enteric fever, and probably also plague, yellow fever, and cholera, which are capable of propagation by contagion in varying degrees, but which may also originate from the neglect of sanitary laws, aided by certain meteorological conditions.

3. A third class, including agues, remittent fevers, and diarrhœa are not at all contagious, but arise from malarious exhalations.

4. A fourth class, including influenza, dysentery, and, perhaps, the sweating sickness, are also not contagious, and arise from certain atmospheric conditions.

5. The dancing mania differed from all other epidemic diseases in being purely mental, and in depending on the mere sight of a disagreeable nervous malady.

Digitized by Google

Translated from Etudes Religieuses, Historiques, et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus.

ANGLICANISM AND THE GREEK SCHISM.

In a previous number we made our readers acquainted with a certain project of union between the Anglican and the Russo-Greek Churches.* The Russian as well as the English journals have since spoken much of this project, and seemed to think that it was on the eve of ending. There is one difference, however, to be observed in the language held by the organs of the two countries. The Russian journals gave us to understand that the Anglicans would renounce the Protestant doctrines which form a prominent portion of their belief, to adopt purely and simply the orthodox faith such as it is expressed in the symbolical books of the Eastern Church. The Anglicans did not place themselves in the same point of view. They would not change belief; they admitted that both sides should remain as they now are, but that there would be *intercommunion* between the two Churches; that is to say, that the Anglicans should be allowed to participate in the sacraments of the Greek Church, and reciprocally.

A certain Mr. Denton, rector of one of the largest Anglican parishes in London, was especially animated by these thoughts. He went to Servia and asked Mgr. Michael, metropolitan of Belgrave, to admit him to communion in his quality of priest of the Church of England. Mgr. Michael refused; but Mr. Denton, nowise discouraged, betook himself to travelling all over Servia, and at last found an archimandrite who appeared to be more accommodating than the metropolitan. After having communicated in this way in the Servian Church, the Rev. Mr. Denton returns to England triumphantly announcing that the *intercommunion* was an accomplished fact. Great rejoicings there were, to be sure, in the little coterie. There could be no doubt, whatever, that all was happily arranged.

But behold, Mgr. Michael, informed of what had taken place, removed the archimandrite and struck him with ecclesiastical censures. The joy that had prevailed in Mr. Denton's camp was changed to mourning. On the other hand, the Anglicans who form no part of the coterie, enjoy exceedingly the reverend gentleman's discomfiture.

As for us, we are well pleased to see that Mgr. Michael does not seem disposed to follow the footsteps of Cyril Lucar.

But another check was reserved for the famous project. The archpriest Joseph Wassilief, chaplain to the Russian embassy in Paris, after having shown himself rather favorable to the contemplated union, has just laid down, with as much wisdom as firmness, the conditions of the proposed treaty. "However much explanations may be avoided, they will forcibly recur, sooner or later," he justly observes in the *Christian Union*, 24th September, 1865. And, resting on this principle, he passes in review the three questions of the procession of the Holy Ghost, the invocation of saints, and prayer for the dead; he then shows that it is not possible to establish *intercommunion* between the two Churches until they have come to an agreement on all these points. Among other things, he shows that the Church has always been careful

* "*Etudes*," May, 1865. *Vide* "Catholic World," Vol. I., No. 7, October, 1865.

Digitized by Google

to preserve the entire deposit of doctrine, and that she has not permitted herself to establish a difference between what is fundamental and what is secondary. He concludes with these wise words: "Charitable in our explanations, we are bound to be very candid one with the other. If rigorous discussions on all points of divergence appear to retard the final agreement, they secure its solidity and duration; whilst reservations, though accelerating the agreement, would leave therein a germ of weakness and instability."

We attach the more importance to this declaration because the authority of the archpriest Joseph Wassilief is enhanced by the consideration shown him by the synod. Latterly there was a vacancy in the ranks of that assembly, which forms the supreme council of the Russian Church. There was question of replacing the chaplain-general of the armies by land and sea. Three names were proposed to the sovereign's choice: that of M. Wassilief was one of the three. He has not been appointed; but, in proposing him, the synod sufficiently testified that it would have wished to see him seated in its midst, raised to the highest dignity to which, in Russia, a member of the secular clergy can pretend.

After the energetic act of the metropolitan of Belgrade and the words of the archpriest Wassilief, it remains for us to quote the *Levant Herald*, an English and Protestant journal published at Constantinople. In its number of the 20th September, 1865, that paper endeavors to make the Anglican clergy understand that they flatter themselves with a delusive hope if they believe in the possibility of a union, or even of an alliance, between the two communions.

It results from all we have just said that if the Anglo-Americans have entertained the project of Protestantizing the Greek Church, they must perceive that the enterprise is more arduous than they had supposed. The Russians, on their side, must see that it is not so easy to make the Anglican Church enter into the bosom of theirs. As to establishing the *intercommunion* between the two churches without having come to an agreement on questions of faith, it is a dream which the archpriest Wassilief must have dispelled once and for ever.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REASON IN RELIGION. By Frederic Henry Hedge. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Company, 245 Washington St. 1865. Pp. 458.

The author of this work, who is a professor in Harvard University, enjoys a deservedly high reputation as an accomplished scholar and writer, and is looked upon by numbers of intelligent and thoughtful persons, especially in Massachusetts, as their most revered and trusted guide in religious matters. On that account whatever he writes is worthy of consideration. In the work before us he has not attempted a systematic treatise on the topic indicated in his title, but has thrown together a series of essays touching on it and its kindred topics, indicating difficulties more than aiming at solving them, and suggesting a method by which anxious minds may separate a certain modicum of belief which is practically certain and safe from that which is doubtful, and wait patiently until they can get more truth by the slow progress of science.

Any one who looks in this work for metaphysical solutions which are satisfactory or plausible of the great theological problems will be disappointed. The author sees too clearly the want of sufficient data, and the want of a sufficient criterion in his system, to attempt to dogmatize much. We think this

Digitized by Google

course more sensible and honest than the opposite. At the same time, it lays open the defects of his system; but so much the better, and so much the more hope of getting at the truth. He cannot satisfy, however, either the consistent rationalist or the consistent believer in revelation. On the rationalistic side he has received a severe criticism from the *Christian Examiner*. To a Catholic the positively theological part of his work has but little interest. Some incidental topics are handled with considerable acuteness and ability, as, for instance, the quality of sin and evil, the relation between spirit and matter, the compensations of providence, etc. The impartial testimony of such a bold and subtle critic as the author in favor of certain facts and doctrines—*e. g.*, miracles, the resurrection, future punishment, etc., is of value. There are half truths, incidental thoughts, scintillations of light, through the book, which show how much the author's merits are his own, and his defects those of the system he was trained in. The style in which he writes has many most admirable and peculiar qualities, fitting it to be the vehicle of the highest kind of thought. Nevertheless, although we do not question the author's scholarship in his own proper field of study, what he says of specially Catholic questions and matters appears to us commonplace, superficial, and sometimes quite gratuitously introduced. Through a want of care in studying up the Catholic question, he has made one or two quite remarkable mistakes. One of these is in speaking of the synod of Valentia as if it were a general council. Another is the statement that Pope Hildebrand (St. Gregory VII.) has not been canonized. These remarks are by the way, for we are not attempting to follow Dr. Hedge over the area covered by his essays for the purpose of controverting his positions.

The real point of interest in a work like this is the author's thesis respecting the source and criterion of religious truth. If we differ here, there is very little use in discussing the particular conclusions or inferences we draw respecting doctrine. While the difference continues, it is better to keep the discussion upon it; if we ever come to an agreement, it will be comparatively easy to proceed with the discussion of specific doctrines.

Although Dr. Hedge does not proceed by a formal analytic method, yet he has a thesis, and states it intelligibly in his chapter on "The Cause of Reason the Cause of Faith." In philosophy he is a Kantian, and in theology he adopts the system condemned in the late encyclical of Pius IX. under the name of "moderate rationalism." According to him, we cannot get the idea of God, or of spiritual truths, from pure reason. All we know of these truths comes from revelation, and the truths of revelation are subject to the critical judgment of reason, which cannot originate, but can approve or reject, conceptions of spiritual truth.

There are two rather serious objections to this theory. The first is, that it destroys reason by denying to it either the original intuition of God, or the capacity of acquiring the idea of God by reflection; without which it has no capacity of apprehending or judging of the conception of God proposed to it by revelation. The second is, that it destroys revelation, making it identical with the conscience or moral sense; that is, individual and subjective. What is this revelation or inspiration in the spiritual nature of an individual? Is it his reason or intelligence elevated and illuminated? That cannot be; for then reason and revelation are identical, and the proposition that we know nothing of spiritual truths by reason would be subverted. What then is it? We can conceive of nothing in the spiritual nature of man which is not reducible to intelligence or will. It must be will, then. But will is a blind faculty. It is a maxim of philosophy, "Nil volitum, nisi prius cognitum." The will cannot choose the supreme good unless the intelligence furnishes it the idea of the supreme good. You cannot have a revelation without first establishing sound rationalism as a basis. Reason may be indebted for distinct conceptions even of those truths which it is able to demonstrate to an exterior instruction given immediately by Almighty God through inspiration. But it must have the original idea or intuition in itself which is explicated by this instruction and is its ultimate criterion of truth. If by revelation is understood merely the outward assistance given to the mind to develop its own idea and attain the full perfection of reason, there is no sense in distinguishing revelation from phil-

Digitized by Google

osophy, science, or the light of reason itself, since all alike come from God. A revelation, properly so called, is a manifestation of truths above the sphere of reason—truths which reason cannot demonstrate from their intrinsic contents. In this case, reason can only apprehend the evidence of the fact that they are revealed, that they are not contrary to any truths already known, and that they have certain analogies with truths perceived by reason. But they must be accepted as positively and absolutely true only on the authority of revelation. You must therefore be a pure rationalist, and maintain that we have no knowledge of any truth beyond that which the educated intelligence of man evolves from its own primitive and ultimate idea; or you must accept revelation in the Catholic sense, as proposed by an extrinsic authority. Dr. Hedge gives us no basis for either science or faith. There cannot be a basis for faith without one for science; and give us a basis sufficient for science, we will demonstrate from it the truth of revelation.

We conclude by quoting one or two remarkable passages, which show that the author instinctively thinks more soundly and justly than his theory will logically sustain him in doing:

"The mass of mankind must receive their religion at second-hand, and receive it on historical authority, as they receive the greater part of all their knowledge."

"We want a teacher conscious of God's inpresence, claiming attention as a voice out of the heavens. We want a doctrine which shall announce itself with divine authority; not a system of moral philosophy, but the word and kingdom of God. Without this stamp of divine legitimacy, without the witness and signature of the Eternal, Christianity would want that which alone gives it weight with the mass of mankind, and the place it now holds in human things" (pp. 64, 242.)

Well spoken! spoken like a philosopher, like a Christian, like a Catholic! Apply now Kant's and Dr. Hedge's principle of *practical reason*. They say, Mankind feel the need of a God, therefore there is and has always been a God. So we say, Mankind feel and always did feel the necessity of an infallible church, of a distinct, positive, dogmatic faith. Therefore they exist, and always did exist. Only in the Catholic Church are these wants realized; therefore the Catholic Church is the true Church of God.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, ETC. Edited by the Oblate Fathers of St. Charles. London: Longmans & Company. 1864.

This is the most superb work on spiritual subjects in our English Catholic literature. Mr. Lewis has made his translation in such a manner as to merit the highest encomium from the late Cardinal Wiseman, who has written the preface to the edition. The paper, typography, and mechanical execution are in the highest style of English typographical art. The fathers of St. Charles deserve the thanks of the entire English-speaking Catholic and literary world for this costly and noble enterprise which they have achieved.

It is needless to say that the works of St. John of the Cross are among the highest specimens of genius and spiritual wisdom to be found in the Spanish language or any other. St. John was a poet of the first order, and an equally great philosopher. In this view alone his works are worthy of profound study. The base of his doctrine is the deepest philosophy, and its summit is ever varied and enlightened by the glow of poetic fervor. It is philosophy and poetry, however, elevated, purified, and hallowed by sacred inspiration, and derived not merely from human but from divine contemplation.

As a book for spiritual reading and direction, it is most proper for a certain class of minds only, who have difficulties and inward necessities for which they cannot find the requisite aid in the ordinary books of instruction. It is also the best guide for those who have the direction of persons of this character.

WE learn that the Messrs. Appleton have in press, and will soon publish "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," by the Most Rev. H. E. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, which has just been issued by the Longmans, of London.

Digitized by Google

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 10.—JANUARY, 1866.

Translated from Le Correspondant.

LEIBNITZ AND BOSSUET.*

EVERY friend of letters must greet with sincere pleasure the literary enterprise of M. de Careil in undertaking a complete edition of the writings of Leibnitz, a large part of which has hitherto remained unpublished and even unknown, and especially to make that great genius live anew for us in all his fulness and integrity. No greater literary undertaking ever seduced the imagination of a young erudite, is better fitted to attract the sympathy of the European republic, or more difficult of execution. For it was precisely the peculiarity of Leibnitz that, while he labored to embrace with a firmness of grasp never equalled the whole of moral and physical nature, all things real, ideal, or possible, in one and the same system, he uniformly abstained from giving, in his writings, to that system its full and entire development. Possessing the amplest and most complete mind that ever lived, he took no care to give to any of his works the seal of completeness and perfection. The inventor of so many methods, mathematical and metaphysical, he never arranged his ideas in a methodical order. He leads his readers, with a rapid and firm step, through a labyrinth of abstract conceptions and boundless erudition, but he suffers no hand but his own to hold the guiding thread. He has left us numerous tracts and fragments of great value indeed, but no work that reveals the unity of his system, and gives us a summary of his doctrines. There is no *summa* of the Leibnitzian science and philosophy. We might say that, by a sort of coquetry, while he sought to know and explain everything in nature, he took care that the secret of his own heart should not for a moment escape him.

Hence it becomes important to bring together and arrange in their natural order his scattered members, so as to give them the cohesion they lack, to combine his several personages, the philosopher, the moralist, the geometrician, the naturalist, the erudite, the diplomatist, and the courtier, in one living being, and present the giant armed at all points as he came forth from the hands of his Maker. Hence also the difficulty

* "*Œuvres de Leibnitz, publiées pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits, avec des notes et une introduction*," par A. Foucher de Careil. Paris: Firmin-Didot. Tomes I. et II.

Digitized by Google

of the task. It requires to accomplish it the universality of tastes, if not of faculties, possessed by the model to be reconstructed. It presents one of those cases in which to reproduce nature it is almost necessary to equal nature, and to resuscitate is hardly less difficult than to create. Only a Cuvier is able to collect and put in their place the gigantic bones and powerful fins of Leviathan.

Ab Jove principium. M. de Careil begins with theology. These two volumes placed at the head of his edition are taken up with writings some of which had already been printed, others had remained in manuscript, but all subjected to a careful revision and enriched by learned notes, which pertain exclusively to matters of religion. If the ancient classification, which gave to theology the precedence of all other matters, had not every claim to our respect, we might, perhaps, permit ourselves to find fault with this arrangement of the works of Leibnitz, which will cause, I am sure, some surprise to the learned public. His theological writings were his first neither in the order of time nor in the order of merit. He did not open his brilliant career with religious discussions, nor was it by them that he was chiefly distinguished, or left his deepest trace. He made in theology no discoveries as fruitful as the infinitesimal calculus, and gave it no problems that have fetched so many and so distant echoes as his theories of optimism and monadology. Why, then, open the series with those writings which did not begin it, and which do not give us its summary, and give the precedence to works, merely accessory and of doubtful value, over so many others which earlier, more constantly, and more gloriously occupied his laborious life?

There is still another objection to this distribution of matters which M. de Careil has made. The theological writings of Leibnitz consist almost exclusively in his correspondence, and are parts of the negotiation for the reunion of the different Christian communions of which, for a brief time, he was the medium. Correspondences are admirable means of gaining an insight into the private and personal character of men whose public life and works are already known, but taken by themselves they are always obscure and difficult to be understood. The reason is, that people who correspond are usually mutual acquaintances, and understand each other by a hint or half a word. They are familiar with contemporary events, and waste no time in narrating them, or in explaining what each already knows. Facts and ideas are treated by simple allusions, intelligible enough to the correspondents, but unintelligible to a posterity that lacks their information. The correspondence of Leibnitz, which M. de Careil publishes, is far from being free from this grave inconvenience. Leibnitz appears in it in the maturity of his age, and the full splendor of his renown. He speaks with the authority of a philosopher in full credit, and of a counsellor enjoying the confidence of an important German court. His correspondents treat him with the respect due to an acknowledged celebrity, and even a power. In the course of the discussion he is carrying on he introduces many of his well known metaphysical principles, but briefly, as ideas familiar to those whom he addresses, and less for the purpose of teaching than of recalling them to the memory.

His manner of writing, of rushing, so to speak, *in medias res*, takes the inexperienced reader by surprise, and appears to conform to the adventurous habits of dramatic art much more than to the sound rules of erudition, which proceeds slowly, with measured step, marking in advance the place where it is to plant its foot. Few among us are sufficiently acquainted with the facts in detail of the life of Leibnitz, or know well enough the secret of his opinions, to be able to render an account to our-

Digitized by Google

selves of the part we see him—a lay-citizen — playing among emperors, kings, princes, and prelates, or the relation that subsists between his system of monads and scholastic theology. Hence it often happens that we neither know who is speaking, nor of what he is speaking. This frequently causes us an embarrassment to which M. de Careil is himself too much a stranger to be able sufficiently to compassionate it. He has lived ten years with Leibnitz in the Library of Hanover, his habitual residence, and he knows every lineament of the face of his hero, and—not the least of his merits—deciphers at a glance his formless and most illegible scrawl. We are not, therefore, astonished that in his learned introductions and his notes, full of matter, he makes no account of difficulties which we in our ignorance are utterly unable to overcome.

But we are convinced that the knowledge the editor has acquired by his invaluable labors would have been far more available to his readers if he had condensed it into a detailed biography, such as he only could write, than as he gives it, scattered at the beginning of each volume, or in a note at the foot of each page. An historical notice, comprising the history of the intellect as well as of the life of Leibnitz, an exposition of ideas as well as of facts, and the arrangement of the didactic works according to the order of their subjects and their importance, followed by the fragments and correspondence, the order adopted by nearly all collectors of great polygraphs, would, it seems to us, have been much better, and simply the dictate of reason and experience. Introduced by M. de Careil into the monument he erects not by the front, through the peristyle, but by a low, side door, we run at least great risk of not seizing the whole in its proportions.

I confess that I have also a personal reason for regretting the arrangement adopted by M. de Careil. I had occasion formerly, among the sins of my youth, to examine, with very little preparatory study I admit, and in documents by no means so abundant and so exact as those which are now placed within our reach, the negotiations pursued by Leibnitz for the union of Christian communions, which take up the whole of these two volumes. From that examination, along with that of a small tract naturally attached to it, I came, on the religious opinions of the great philosopher, to certain conclusions which I set forth in the 32d number of the first series of this periodical, which M. de Careil, even then deeply engaged in this study of Leibnitz, has felt it his duty, in a discussion marked by great urbanity, to combat. It is my misfortune to persist in those conclusions, and more strenuously than ever in consequence of the new light which seems to me to be furnished by this publication, and to which I cannot dispense myself from briefly recurring. In so doing I fear that I shall appear to some readers to have sought or to have accepted too readily an occasion for resuming a discussion of little importance, and which probably few except myself remember. M. de Careil, I hope, will do me the justice to acquit me of a thought so puerile. Nobody would have been more eager than myself to admire, in the picture he presents us, the figures which naturally occupy the foreground; but if the eye is forced to pause at first on some insignificant detail, it perhaps is not a defect of taste in the spectator; may it not be a defect of skill in the artist?

I.

These reserves made, we proceed to examine, with some care, the changes rendered necessary, by this new and complete edition, in the opinion previously adopted by the biographers of Leibnitz in regard to the religious negotiation of which he was for a moment the accredited medium, and in which we find mingled the great name of Bossuet. Several important

Digitized by Google

points are much modified by the documents now brought to light for the first time.

We learn, in the outset, that the negotiation for the union of the Protestant communions with the Holy See was far more important than is commonly thought, and was continued for a much longer time. The earliest documents in relation to it published by M. de Careil date from 1671, whilst the previous editors of Leibnitz and Bossuet suppose that the first overtures were made only in the year 1690, a difference of twenty years; and it appears from these documents, hitherto perfectly unknown, that it was precisely during those twenty years that success came the nearest being obtained, and that the highest influences were employed to obtain it.

During this period, from 1670 to 1690, the Catholic revival of the seventeenth century was at its apogee, and nearly all the German sovereigns were animated by a strong desire to effect the religious pacification of their subjects. The wounds caused by the Thirty Years' War were hardly closed by the peace of Westphalia, and every one felt the mortal blow which religious dissension had struck to the Germanic power by breaking the old unity of the empire. Beside, all eyes were turned toward France, where religion and royalty seemed to move on together in perfect harmony, and displayed an unequalled splendor. France, under her young monarch, Louis XIV., was at once the object of envy and of dread; and the re-establishment of religious unity in Germany, torn by mutually hostile communions, seemed to the sovereign princes the only means of resembling France, and at the same time of resisting her power.

When, therefore, Rogas Spinola, confessor to the empress, the wife of Leopold I., at first Bishop of Tina, afterward of Neustadt, a man of mild temperament and sound sense, became the intermediary agent of the general desire for peace, and after having sounded the leading Protestant theologians, went to Rome to ascertain the extent of the concessions to which the maternal authority of the Church could consent, he was warmly supported not only by his own sovereign, the emperor, but also by fourteen other reigning sovereigns of Germany, some of them Catholic and others Protestant. Such was the strange religious confusion in the German States that in more than one the sovereign was Catholic. and the nation Protestant, or the sovereign was Protestant and the nation Catholic. In the former condition was the Elector of Hanover, John Frederic of Brunswick, of whom Leibnitz was librarian and private secretary. This prince could not fail to enter with zeal into a plan which promised to fill up the gulf between him and his Protestant subjects.

If the propositions of which Spinola was the bearer were warmly supported in Germany, they were no less warmly supported at Rome. The interest which the chief of the Church could not fail to take in the re-establishment of Catholic unity, was greatly enhanced at the time by the special need which that wise and prudent pontiff, Innocent XI., felt of creating in Europe allies for the Holy See against the offensive pretensions of France. At Rome as in Germany Louis XIV. was the target and the bugbear. That most Christian king, who consented to protect the faith in his own kingdom on the condition of tacitly subjecting it to his royal will, took strange liberties, as everybody knows, with the common Father of the faithful. Innocent XI., almost besieged in his palace by the arms of France, and seeing his bulls handed over, by magistrates sitting on *fleurs de lis*, to the common hangman to be publicly burned, was strongly tempted to seek in converted schismatics, and in prodigal sons returning to the fold, a support against the arrogant pretensions of the *elder* son of the Church.

Digitized by Google

Spinola, therefore, was everywhere well received. Rome listened to him, entered into his views, even annotated the bases of the negotiation he was charged to transmit, and for several years the winds on both sides of the Alps blew in favor of peace.

Leibnitz, holding relations with both Spinola and the principal Protestant doctors, serving as the medium of intercommunication between them, and frequently taking his pen to give precision to their respective views, was already the king-bolt of the negotiation, and very early in its prosecution Bossuet's name began to be mentioned. The controversies of this great prelate with the French Protestants, his writings, strongly marked by a doctrine at once so firm and enlightened, and which placed Catholic truth on so broad and so solid a foundation, were more than once used to smooth the way to reunion, either by solving difficulties or by reconciling differences. Twice he was even directly solicited to give his advice, and to put his own hand to the work; but he gave vague and embarrassed answers, and refused to accept the overtures made to him. Wherefore? Is it necessary to think, as M. Foucher de Careil leaves it to be understood, that the King of France viewed with an evil eye a reunion not likely to turn to his profit, or to strengthen his influence, and that as on other occasions the submission, a little blind, of the subject to his sovereign, arrested with Bossuet the accomplishment, I will not say of the duty, but of the desire of the Catholic bishop?

Such was the first phase of this remarkable negotiation, related, or more properly exhumed, with details very curious and perfectly new. The characters, the parts, the motives, of the various actors in the scene are fairly set forth and analyzed by M. de Careil, and we congratulate him on having added a new and piquant page to the diplomatic history of the seventeenth century. A single gap, however, very important and very easy to fill he has left, which renders his exposition a little obscure and uncertain. We nowhere find the text of the propositions, the instruments, to speak the language of cabinets, which made during twenty years the bases of the negotiation. They were in great number, M. de Careil informs us, drawn up under different circumstances, and by different authors. The Protestant theologians assembled at Hanover, and especially the most illustrious of them, Gerard Molanus, abbot of Lockum, drew up, collectively or individually, complete plans or *methods*, as they called them, of reunion, in which they expressed at the same time their views and their wishes, the sacrifices which they believed their communions would consent to make, and those which they expected from Rome in return for the re-establishment of unity. The Bishop of Neustadt, on his part, produced several compositions of the same kind, the titles of which, as given by M. de Careil, are, *Regulæ circa Christianorum omnium ecclesiasticam reunionem—Media conciliatoria incitantia, præstanda ad conciliationem.* And, in fine, under the name of *Propositiones novellorum discretiorum et præcipuarum*, he himself made a methodical abstract, in twenty-five propositions, or heads of chapters, of the views and wishes of Protestants, a capital document, which was discussed and corrected at Rome in a congregation of cardinals, and sent back to Germany with an approbatory brief of His Holiness. Leibnitz had it under his eye, and copied it with his own hand at Vienna, carefully marking the corrections and additions made by the Sacred College, and we understand M. Foucher de Careil to have had personal knowledge of the copy taken by Leibnitz.

It is difficult, therefore, to explain why M. de Careil has thought it necessary to subject our curiosity to the veritable punishment of Tantalus by simply mentioning the existence of a document of such great importance

Digitized by Google

without reproducing it. That he should believe it his duty not to swell his volume—though the previous editors of Leibnitz and Bossuet did it—by inserting the private lucubrations of Protestant theologians, we can, in rigor, comprehend, but not approve. As in almost all the letters he has published, especially those of Molanus, these writings are discussed and commented on, it would, we think, have much facilitated the clear understanding of the subject, to have given at least the more important of them *in extenso*. But after all, the reformed doctors the most accredited spoke only in their own private names, for themselves alone, without any authority to bind their contemporary co-religionists, and *a fortiori* without any authority to bind their Protestant posterity. Little imports it to know what Molanus or any other Protestant in 1680 thought of the points in controversy between the Church and the Reformation. But an act of the Court of Rome, discussed in a congregation, and clothed with the pontifical sign-manual—an official decision defining the maximum of concessions either as to language or practice which the Church could make to her separated children in order to bring them back to her bosom, Protestant propositions in their origin, indeed, but, as says M. de Careil—in a note written, I know not wherefore, in Italian—*accomodate secundo il gusto di Roma* (modified to suit the taste of Rome), is a document of a value very different, and yields in historical interest only to its dogmatic importance. It would be a document to place by the side of the most celebrated Professions of faith, and even above them, and to present, along with the excellent *Exposition* by Bossuet, to all those troubled souls, so numerous in Protestant communions, who discern the truth only through the mists of prejudice, or misconceive it when stated to them in terms the real sense of which has for them been distorted or perverted from their childhood.

What Leibnitz in various places, and M. de Careil after him, show us of the propositions submitted to Rome, increases not a little our desire to know precisely what she replied to them. It seems from all that is told us, that the process or method of affecting reunion uniformly, or very nearly so, indicated by the Protestant doctors, was to place in two distinct categories the several points of difference which separate the Protestant communions from the Catholic Church; then place in the first category all the questions on which agreement may be hoped either by way of accommodation, if matters of simple disciplinary usage, if susceptible of modification; or by way of explanation, if points of dogmatic dispute turning on words rather than on ideas. On all these, agreement being easy, it should be immediately effected and proclaimed. In the second category must be placed all disputed questions too important, or on which minds are too embittered, to admit of their settlement by previous explanation. These must not be treated immediately, but be left in suspense, and reserved for discussion and final settlement in a future council. Meanwhile the Protestant doctors, pastors, ministers, and their flocks must be received into the Roman communion on the simple declaration that they acknowledge the infallibility of the Church in matters of dogma, and the promise, beforehand, that when she has freely decided with certainty, clearness, precision, and without ambiguity or equivocation, the several points reserved for adjudication, they will accept her decisions and offer no resistance to her decrees.

Such was the method proposed, which Leibnitz calls by turns the method of *mutual tolerance, abstraction, suspension*, and to which he reverts so frequently, and on which he insists with so much complaisance, under so many forms, and in so many different writings, that it is hardly possible not to regard him as its inventor. In his

Digitized by Google

view, this method has the merit of cutting off with a single stroke the interminable debates in which the sixteenth century was consumed, and of making the peace of nations no longer depend on the quibbling spirit of theologians. We shall soon briefly examine whether this abridgment of controversies might not have the inconvenience of leaving out the truth, or of spurning it aside; but for the moment we would simply remark that the method suggested or eagerly adopted by Leibnitz involved, with him, a grave consequence, so obvious that nobody can mistake it.

The questions proposed to be placed in the second category, or the points of controversy too important to be treated in advance, and to be reserved for discussion and settlement in a council to be convoked and held after reunion, had every one of them already been examined, one by one, discussed, and determined without appeal, in the celebrated assembly whose fame still filled all Europe, and whose decrees were read from the pulpits of more than half of Christendom. During twenty-five years, athwart the intrigues of courts, the ravages of war, and even the unchained plagues of heaven, three times interrupted, but as often resumed, the whole cause of the Reformation, dogmas and discipline, had been presented and argued at Trent. Judgment was there rendered on all the counts in the indictment, and the Reformation was henceforth *res judicata*. Consequently, to propose to reserve and open anew for discussion, were it only the least point of doctrine, was to forfeit the whole work of Trent, and to declare that great assembly illegal and all its decrees vacated. The Protestant proposition amounted, then, simply to this: Annul the Council of Trent, and convoke a new council in which Protestants *en masse* will have the right to sit!

Under what form was such a proposition presented to Rome? What impression on Rome did it make? Was there really found a Catholic bishop to support it? Was it really discussed in a Congregation of Cardinals? Was it really included in the list of propositions admitted to discussion by the Papal brief whose existence is enigmatically revealed to us? If we understand certain phrases of M. de Careil, all these questions must be answered in the affirmative. He himself firmly believes that this project was accepted by the Bishop of Neustadt; he even believes that it was not discouraged at Rome; and that the suspension of the Council of Trent was counted among the concessions which the bishop returned from Rome authorized to lead the Protestants, who had charged him with their interests, to hope would be granted.

It is certainly very embarrassing for us to question an assertion by M. de Careil, who seems to speak with the documents before him, while we, in the darkness in which he leaves us, can reason only from conjecture. We can only express our deep surprise, and ask him, if he is quite sure of having carefully read what he relates, or duly reflected on what he asserts? What, the Court of Rome authorized a bishop to promise Protestants, in its name, the suspension of the Council of Trent! Rome, with a stroke of the pen, pledged herself to permit the destruction of the work to which she had, during four glorious pontificates, devoted the persistent perseverance which she owed to the Holy Ghost, and all the traditional resources of her policy—the work which, in reaffirming the immovable foundations of the Christian faith, had at the same time drawn tighter, to the profit of the Holy See, the loosened bonds of the hierarchy! Rome exposed herself to see effaced, on the one hand, those dogmatic decrees in which the magnificence of the language rivals the depth of the ideas, and which have taken rank in the admiration of the world by the side of the Nicæan symbol, and on the other, those canons of discipline for which she had main-

Digitized by Google

tained with the great Catholic powers a persistent struggle from which nothing could divert her, no, not even the fear of seeing France follow in the footsteps of England! And for what this condescension? For a negotiation of doubtful success, and the success of which, were it certain, would have restored to her communion only Germany, leaving outside of Catholic unity the Protestant centres of London, Geneva, and Amsterdam! Moreover, under what form would such a concession be made? By a confidential act, by a secret power given to an obscure agent! The Council of Trent would have been thus disavowed in the shade by one Congregation of Cardinals, whilst another, instituted expressly to give it vigor, continued, as it does still at Rome itself, to comment and develop it in public, and while at the foot of all altars the decisions of that great council received the solemn adhesion of all those whom the episcopal investiture raised to the rank of judges of the faith!

M. de Careil must not think us too difficult, if we hesitate to admit on his bare word, or even on that of Leibnitz, the reality of so strange a fact. Leibnitz was a party interested, and very deeply interested, in the success of a project for which he had a paternal affection, and his testimony is here too open to suspicion of at least involuntary illusion for us to receive it as conclusive proof. Leibnitz, beside, whatever was his intimacy with the Bishop of Neustadt, doubtless did not know thoroughly the confidential instructions of the plenipotentiary with whom he negotiated. The slightest affirmation of the bishop himself would have incomparably more weight with us, but that prelate, from whom M. de Careil publishes several documents, so far from ever mentioning any such engagement, takes special care, on the contrary, to avoid giving any personal opinion of his own on any of the plans presented to him. He takes care to remark to Leibnitz, in a special letter, that in the whole matter he acts only as a simple reporter, guards himself from supporting any proposition made to him, and simply promises the Protestant theologians to labor to secure a favorable reception to any overtures they might make consistent with Catholic principles. *Ego*, says he, *nullibi causæ susceptæ agam doctorem, sed simplicem apud utramque partem solicitatorum. . . Nihil aliud polliceor quam quod . . ego theologicam et tam favorabilem ac principia nostra patiantur, approbationem procurare laborabo.* Such a promise, which lends itself indeed to everything, engages assuredly to nothing, and if it in some measure explains the hopes which Leibnitz cherished, it is far from sufficing to remove our doubts.

Till a contrary proof—and I mean by a contrary proof an authentic and official document, not such or such an allusion, or *it is said*, collected at random from a private correspondence—I shall continue to believe that the suspension of the Council of Trent, although making an essential part, and constituting, as it were, the keystone of the Protestant plan of pacification, was never conceded in principle at Rome, probably was never entertained; that Bishop Spinola was never authorized to treat on that basis, and that if he did not wholly refuse to converse on that point, it was in order not to discourage benevolent dispositions which he judged it wise to manage. He also may have hoped that when the Protestants had taken the great step of admitting the infallibility of Catholic authority, they would be led easily, by means of some historical explanations, to agree that the aid of the Holy Ghost did not fail the sessions of Trent, any more than any of the grand assizes of the Christian Church. If I am deceived in this negative conclusion, nothing would have been more easy for M. de Careil than to prevent my error by a more complete publication.

The sequel of events will show why I attach so much importance to the

Digitized by Google

establishment of the truth on this point. Let us resume, therefore, with M. de Careil the thread of the narrative. In spite of the general desire in 1670 to effect an understanding between Protestants and Catholics, and perhaps because of the ardor of that desire, all parties avoided explaining themselves fully on delicate points, and the negotiation and the *irénique*, as M. de Careil calls it, dragged itself along and reached no result. Twenty years after it continued still, languishing, indeed, but not abandoned. The Bishop of Neustadt was still living, hoping, laboring, and travelling constantly, intent on effecting peace; the Protestant doctors continued to pile up notes upon notes, and blackened any quantity of paper; but if in the theological world the affair remained on foot, though not advancing, in the political world the favor which had sustained it was singularly cooled. The spirit of resistance to the preponderating influence of Louis XIV., more determined than ever, had suddenly changed its course, and sought no longer its support in Catholicity, but, on the contrary, in the most advanced party of the Reformation, which suddenly raised up a champion of European independence. The Protestant chief of a petty maritime republic, elevated by a daring movement to the throne of a great monarchy—the grandson of William the Taciturn, became master of the heritage of the Stuarts, rallied around his standard all the hopes of national freedom and all the animosities caused by oppression. Beside, from the fatal edict of 1685, which brutally thrust out of France a whole peaceable people, brought up under the shelter of the laws in the ignorance of an hereditary error, the armies, the councils, and the large industrial towns of all Europe became gorged with French exiles, who united in the same execration Louis XIV. and the Church in which they saw only the bloody image of her implacable minister. On this stormy sea of excited passion and intense hatred the humble project of union, which Spinola and Leibnitz had so much difficulty in keeping afloat in calm weather, had little chance of surviving.

The princes abandoned it as no longer serving their political interests. But other auxiliaries, however, offered themselves, endowed with less power indeed, but hardly less brilliancy. These were no other than great ladies, delighting in the commerce of the learned, and retaining in their convents or the interior paths of piety the habits of a cultivated education, and sometimes pretensions to political ability. In the seventeenth century, especially in France after the Fronde, it is well known that theology often became the refuge of those high-born beauties whom scruples or repentance kept aloof from the pleasures of the court, whilst the jealous despotism of the sovereign would no longer permit them to make a figure on the theatre of public affairs. Several of these elegant, noble, and even royal lady-theologians were attracted by the report of the negotiation in which Leibnitz took part, and perhaps by the renown of that negotiator himself, and in the hope either of aiding in dressing the wounds of Europe, or at least of securing so precious a conquest in the net of faith, opened communications and displayed in their correspondence with him those severe graces of which their piety had not despoiled them. The Abbess of Maubuisson; Louise Hollandine, sister of the palatiness, Anne of Gonzaga; that celebrated princess herself; the sprightly Madame de Brinon, for a long time the confidant of Madame de Maintenon at Saint-Cyr, but whose enterprising spirit could not be anywhere contented with a subordinate part; in fine, the queen of the *Précieuses*, Mademoiselle Scudéry, who neglected no opportunity of shining in an epistolary correspondence, and who was by no means sorry to show that her merit could surpass the limits of the Carte de Tendre, such are the unexpect-

Digitized by Google

ed figures which M. de Careil makes pass before us, and in painting them he borrows some colors from the palette of the great philosopher of our days, M. Cousin, who has devoted himself to the good fame of the ladies of the seventeenth century. In the train of the ladies appear the literary gentlemen of their society, accustomed to make with them, in courteous jousts, the assaults of wit. As the friend of Madame de Brinon, for instance, we see intervene the historian of the French Academy, the best pen of the royal cabinet, the celebrated Pellisson. All these epistles, very numerous, in which the variety of tone relieves the monotony of subject, form the most agreeable part of the new publication —too agreeable, indeed, for seriousness is sadly wanting, and more still in Leibnitz himself than in his graceful correspondents. A tone of subtle badinage, a mistimed display of literary and philosophical erudition, the pleasure of discussing without care to conclude, are, unhappily, but too apparent in everything that emanates from his pen during this second period. We might say that he took pleasure in prolonging a situation which procured him advances so flattering, and in which, without pledging himself to any one, he could let himself be lulled by sweet compliments from the most beautiful mouths in the world.

However that might be, this slumber, sustained by such sweet words, was all at once rudely broken. Madame de Brinon, the most active brain of the feminine congress, seeing that after all they talked much and said nothing, and that, by a supple and undulating argumentation, Leibnitz always escaped at the decisive moment, and retarded more than he advanced a solution, formed the project of calling to her aid a more vigorous athlete, who could grapple with him body to body. She addressed herself to Bossuet, and this time the Bishop of Meaux found more leisure and more freedom of action. The political situation had changed. Coming out from that cold distrust in which he intrenched himself in the beginning, he requested to have communicated to him the documents of the negotiation, especially the writings of Molanus, and made it his duty to give his own views of the matter. The entrance of this great man upon the scene, a long time announced, a long time expected, and who appeared, as in certain tragedies, as the hero of the third act, has, in M. de Careil's publication, all the effect of a theatrical surprise.

No sooner, in fact, has he opened his mouth, than a puff of his stiff, strong speech tumbles down the frail scaffolding on which Leibnitz had placed his hopes of the peace of Christendom. Placing his finger at once on the weak spot in the system, he has no difficulty in showing that, however disguised, the real proposition returns always to the demand that the Church shall suffer to be called in question points already adjudicated, and tolerate doubt where she has already defined the faith. Now, if such condescension is possible in the order of human decrees, which, providing for local and transitory interests, may and ought to yield to differences of time and place, it would be absurd to suppose it possible in the order of eternal truths, proclaimed by an authority conceded to be infallible. Infallibility carries with it immutability as a necessary consequence. The mirror of an unalterable truth can reflect only a single image; the echo can repeat only a single sound. Comment, explain, as much as you please, clothe the old faith with new forms if you will, smooth the paths which conduct to it by removing all offensive terms which are a stumbling-block to the weak, save self-love the humiliation of a position disavowed by treating error as a misunderstanding which is now enlightened, even charity exacts in this respect all that dignity permits; but to alter, attenuate, or mere-

Digitized by Google

ly to debate the truth transmitted can in no sense be permitted without killing with the same blow both the Church and the truth, without either denying the truth or that the Church has always been its interpreter.

Such was the reasoning, perfectly simple, and the principle of the infallibility of the Church once admitted, unanswerable, which Bossuet with his well known majesty, and from the height of his episcopal dignity, urged in reply to the method supported by Leibnitz. Was Leibnitz taken by surprise? Had he seriously thought of becoming a Catholic without submitting in the process to this consequence? Such a defect of logic in a rival of Newton is not supposable. But he was neither accustomed to be treated so loftily, nor in a humor to march so directly to the point. A cry of astonishment and despite involuntarily escaped him, sharp complaints of *the haughtiness of M. de Meaux, of the tone of superiority which eloquence and authority give to great men*, and bitter denunciations of the exclusive spirit and obstinacy of theologians, betray this sentiment, very natural, and as it would seem even in some measure contagious, for M. de Careil, now and then making himself one with his hero, suffers himself to be gained by it. All good Catholic as he would be, he himself also in his two introductions regrets that the conciliating spirit and eclectic methods of Leibnitz were not accepted. Conciliation is an excellent thing, and pleases me much, some say, pleases me too much, and I have been more than once accused of carrying in religious matters my love for it a little too far; but there are limits fixed in the very nature of things, and which a little common sense will always, I hope, prevent me from transgressing. Who says *Church*, says permanence in the truths of faith; and who says *Catholics*, says a union of men who think alike of those truths. Now what, stripped of all ambiguity of language, would have been the practical effect of the proposition of Leibnitz, if it had been carried into execution? The points of doctrine (and what points! the most important not only for faith but also for reason, affecting the basis as the supreme destiny of the soul) touching the accord of grace and free will, the conditions of eternal salvation, the mysterious operations of the sacraments, taught in the Christian pulpit from the very cradle of Christian antiquity, and for more than a hundred years clothed in new and more precise forms, would have been at a single dash erased from the catechism and suspended in doubt till the uncertain action of a future council! The Church would have suffered an interrogation point to be placed indefinitely before affirmations which she had only the day before imposed on the faithful under sanction of an anathema! Meanwhile, the faithful, divided on the very foundations of their belief, would have met before the same altar to repeat the same prayers while understanding them in contradictory senses, and to receive the same sacraments while holding entirely different views of their value and efficacy! What in this strange *interim* would have become of the dignity and stability of Catholic doctrine? And what were the utility of an external and nominal union which could only cover a real internal difference?

To sustain himself, if not his firm and piercing genius, in an illusion which held him captive and would not relax its grasp, Leibnitz had two, only two, arguments in his repertory; but he had the art to make them take so many different forms, and to make with these two arms so many passes and counter-passes of logic and erudition, that more than an entire volume is taken up by M. de Careil with the writings which contain them, and which may be read even now without other fatigue than that produced by their continual dazzle. Faithful to our task of reporter, we must strip these two arguments of the brilliant garments with which his luxurious

Digitized by Google

eloquence adorns them. Divested of their flesh, so to speak, stripped naked, and subjected to the treatment to which the scholastics subject all arguments to ascertain their value, these two arguments are very simple and easily comprehended. In the first place, they consist in denying the antiquity, and therefore the authority, of the Council of Trent. Leibnitz in this respect only repeats the allegations of all Protestant doctors, and which were old even in his time. The number of prelates present at that assembly was relatively small, and were taken almost exclusively from the churches of Spain and Italy, and as several Catholic sovereigns refused to publish the council in their respective states, because some of its disciplinary canons appeared to strike at their temporal rights, there had been no opportunity to heal its original defect by the assent of the Church dispersed.

In the second place, granting that the Council of Trent had the character and authority which are questioned, it was in good faith and in the sincerity of their hearts that Protestants refused to acknowledge them. They in whose names Leibnitz was charged to negotiate gave manifest proofs of that good faith in adhering beforehand to the decision of a future council, and consequently in rendering full homage to the principle of ecclesiastical authority. Now error, if sincere, is not heresy, and has only its appearance. It is only voluntary, deliberate, and obstinate rebellion that makes the heretic. A man who submits in advance to the authority of truth, and waits only a knowledge of it to arrange himself under its banner, counts from that moment among those to whom the Church may open her maternal bosom.

These few sentences embrace—every attentive reader will be convinced of it—the substance of the whole argumentation, extended by Leibnitz, enriched and enlivened by a thousand piquant expressions, through many years, in a series of more than a hundred letters. It needs fewer words still, after Bossuet, to expose in its poverty and nakedness the groundwork concealed by the richness and splendor of the ornaments.

What mattered it, in reality, to examine whether the Council of Trent in its origin or at any moment of its duration had united a full representation of the universal Church? To what good to seek if it had received in its text and in every part official promulgation by the political power in each sovereign state? One fact was certain, and that was enough. At the time when Leibnitz was writing, the doctrine defined by the Fathers of Trent on all the points controverted between Catholics and Protestants was, without a single exception, the law in all the churches of the Catholic world. From the basilica of Michael Angelo to the humblest village church, under the purple as under the serge soutane, every pontiff, every cardinal, every bishop, every parish priest, in the confessional as in the pulpit, scrupulously conformed to its language. If the consent of the Church is not recognizable by such signs, by what signs could it be recognized? Only they whom Trent condemned persisted in withholding their adhesion to its decrees. But Arius protested also against Nicæa, and it has never depended on a few voices raised by spite or chagrin to disturb the harmony of symbols with which the concert of nations makes resound the vaults of the universal Church.

What, again, avails it to allege the good faith, the involuntary ignorance, of Protestants in resisting the Council of Trent? That good faith, if real, may excuse them in the eyes of God, who reads the heart; it opens not the doors of the visible Church, which can admit to her external communion only those who make an explicit profession of her doctrine. Where, in fact, should we be, what chimera would be the authority of the

Digitized by Google

Church, and in what smoke would vanish the obedience of the faithful, if every man could at pleasure retrench this or that article from the *Credo*, under the pretext that he could not in his conscience recognize in it the marks of divine revelation? Certainly it is obstinacy in error that makes the heretic, for a just God can punish only the adhesion of the will to error. So in that terrible and solemn day which will rend the veil which covers the inmost human conscience, not only of those in separated Christian communions, but even those in the darkness of paganism and idolatry, many souls may be discovered who for their constant fidelity to the feeble gleams of light vouchsafed them, will have deserved to have applied to them the merits of the sacrifice of the Son of God. More than one Queen of Saba will come up from the desert to accuse the children of Abraham of a want of faith, and in that supreme moment the Church will recognize more than one

"Enfant qu'en soi sein elle n'a point porté."
(Child which she has not brought forth.)

But it is given to no one to anticipate that hour of mystery and revelation, and so long as here below, and knowing one another only by words and external acts, it is by our beliefs that we must, at least externally, as to the body, if not to the soul, separate ourselves, Sole certain guide to salvation, sole confidant of the mysteries of grace, the Church damns not in advance all those whom she excludes, any more than she saves all those whom she admits; but she can relinquish to nobody a single one of the articles of faith, nor knowingly allow a single farthing to be subtracted from the deposit confided to her keeping.

Against these two fixed points, imperturbably sustained by the hand of Bossuet, the inexhaustible dialectics of Leibnitz, always repulsed, ever returning anew to the charge, beats and breaks, without relaxation, precisely as the waves of the ocean against the rock. The contrast between the flexibility of one of the adversaries and the immobility of the other is about all the interest that, in the midst of continual repetitions, is offered by this interminable debate. We subjoin, however, to conclude our analysis, the recital of two inventions of doubtful loyalty imagined by Leibnitz to give the change to his adversary, and which out of respect for the memory of so great a man we will call not artifices, but with M. Foucher de Careil simply expedients.

The first consisted in passing over the head of Bossuet, in order to crush him with the heavy hand of his sovereign, Louis XIV.

Europe knew, or at least believed that it knew, both Bossuet and Louis XIV. It knew that the one suffered from temperament, and the other from principle, hardly any limit to the royal authority. The susceptibility of the monarch and the conscience of the subject being of one accord, Leibnitz thought that by disquieting the monarch he could easily bring the subject to reason. So in a note, ably and skilfully drawn up, addressed to the Duke of Brunswick, who was to send it to the French king, he represented that the work of peace at the point reached was arrested by an obstacle in reality more political than religious; that the Council of Trent, which was the real stumbling-block, interested Rome in her struggle with the temporal powers far more than in her controversies with heresy. Hence an intervention of the royal authority to remove that obstacle, so far from being an invasion of the domain of faith, would be only a very proper act defensive of the legitimate attributes of the temporal authority, only a continuation and a consequence of the struggle against ultramontane pretensions instituted and sustained by all the parliaments of France, and for the clergy something like a supplementary article to the declaration of 1682. Let the king make felt in this languishing

Digitized by Google

negotiation that hand which nothing in Europe can resist. Let him pronounce one of those sovereign words which have so often fetched an echo even in the sanctuary, or let him simply join to the theologians and bishops, too submissive by their quality to the spiritual authority, an ordinary representative of the regalian rights—a lawyer, a statesman, or a magistrate, and all will speedily return to order, and march rapidly toward a solution. Numerous adulations of the wisdom of the king, and even of his theological knowledge, followed by honeyed insinuations against the Bishop of Meaux, terminate this singular appeal to the secular arm, the discovery of which will hardly count among the titles to glory of philosophy, and which, moreover, was no more successful than estimable.

The king, old, weary of those religious discussions which were the plague of his reign, and even to his last days the chastisement of his intolerable despotism, communicated the note to Bossuet without comment, perhaps even without having paid it the least attention. Bossuet, strong in the solidity of his arguments, declared himself perfectly willing to receive such lay associate as should be chosen, and Leibnitz, having no reason after that to desire what Bossuet so little dreaded, the proposition fell through, and left no trace.

The other snare was not less adroit, but more innocent. In his attachment to his favorite plan, Leibnitz could not persuade himself that it could possibly be resisted by any reasons drawn from conscience alone. The party taken, the point of honor, scholastic obstinacy, were, it seemed to him, the principal reasons for rejecting his plan. It was with Catholics a matter of vanity not to yield to demands made by Protestants. But what they refused from the hand of a stranger, they would, perhaps, accept more willingly from the hand of a friend, a member of their own communion. A pious fraud would relieve the plan of all suspicion of heresy. A consultation, for example, of a supposed Catholic doctor, who should show himself favorable to it, would, perhaps, be all that was required to disarm prejudice, and the flag would pass the merchandise. The great philosopher, therefore, set himself at work. Assuming the paternal tone and authoritative air of a Catholic priest, taking care that no expression smacking of heresy should escape his lips, playing a part, so to say, with all the gravity in the world, and, without a single smile, produced in eight or ten pages that little document which he entitled *Judicium Doctoris Catholici*, and which, proceeding from principles in appearance the most Catholic, and advancing in ways the most orthodox, arrived at the foot of the Council of Trent itself, to mine in silence its very foundation. If M. de Careil had not this time conscientiously printed the entire text of this discovery, we should find it very hard to believe that a mind so great could descend to such a puerile game, and of which we seek in vain the fruit he evidently hoped. With whom, then, did Leibnitz imagine he had to do? Do people disguise their ideas, as they counterfeit their voices? Is the Church a citadel so poorly guarded that one can enter it by stratagem, by simply turning his cockade or dissembling his uniform? Took he Bossuet for an imbecile sentinel who could be imposed upon by passports so evidently forged?

For the honor of Leibnitz and of philosophy we would pass over in silence this crotchet of misplaced gaiety, if M. de Careil did not force us to pause on it for a moment longer before concluding, by attaching to it an undue importance, by pretending to see in it the solution of a literary problem, which we formerly made a subject of some observations. A few words will dispose of this incident, which beside is not wholly foreign to the principal object of our present reflections.

Digitized by Google

Beyond the controversy with Bossuet, which, during the lifetime of Leibnitz, made, in fact, very little noise, and the partial publication of which was already ancient, there exists, as is known, wholly in the handwriting of that great man, a small work on religious questions, which remained unknown up to his death and even for a long time after, and which was discovered and published only at the beginning of the present century. When this little work, baptized, I know not by whom, *Systema Theologicum*, for the first time saw the light, it was perceived, not without surprise, that on all the points, even those on which in his known writings Leibnitz was the furthest removed from the doctrines of the Church, his conclusions conformed to the purest Catholic teaching. From that arose a great discussion among the learned, all astonished, some agreeably, some disagreeably, to find in Leibnitz this posthumous and unexpected evidence of orthodoxy. Commentaries, conjectures, explanations, were called forth in abundance, often ingenious, but rarely impartial, each writer interpreting the tract after his own manner—Protestants anxious to keep Leibnitz in their ranks, and Catholics intent on conquering him for theirs. I myself hazarded some conjectures on the subject, but timidly, as was proper on such a matter, and without much expectation of making them prevail, the first to acknowledge their insufficiency, and persuaded that the existence of the *Systema Theologicum*, like the birth-place of Homer, and the name of the author of the *Imitatione Christi*, would remain a sort of biblical quadrature of the circle, destined to supply for ever to the learned a subject of discussion, and to students a thesis.

If we believe M. de Careil, the mystery is now unveiled; the new discovery explains the old; the *Judicium Doctoris Catholici* is the key to the *Systema Theologicum*, of which it is substantially only a rough sketch, and the first edition. In the one as in the other, Catholicity is only a borrowed vestment, momentarily worn by Leibnitz to disguise his uniform of a negotiator. It was a *ruse* not of war but of diplomacy. On the plan of pacification the success of which he was bent on securing, Leibnitz, in order to beguile the malevolent, by a premeditated design impressed on it the Catholic seal instead of the Protestant stamp. He was no more a Catholic when he wrote the *Systema Theologicum* than he was when he prepared, to deceive the vigilant eye of Bossuet, the *Judicium Doctoris Catholici;* he only wished to appear one in order to secure a full hearing for the conditions on which he could become a Catholic.*

The natural consequence of such a supposition has been for M. de Careil to make the *Systema Theologicum* figure by the side of the *Judicium Doctoris*, at such a date as he judged the most convenient, for example, among the documents of the negotiation of which he was drawing up a statement *(procès verbal)*. But since one of these documents was, in his view, only the detailed reproduction of the other, it seems to us he should have placed them in face of each other, so as to facilitate their comparison. We regret that he has not so placed them, for we are convinced that even he himself, in re-reading them in connection for the press, would have had no difficulty in perceiving that the assimilation imagined has not the least foundation in fact. Although signed by the same hand, the two documents, which he would confound, do not in any manner whatever bear witness to the same state of mind, or to having been both designed to aid a common object. Everything in them differs, not merely in tone, which in one is

* A similar view, in some respects, to this is taken and urged with much plausibility by Dr. Guhrauer in his German work which formed the basis of J. M. Mackie's "Life of Godfrey William von Leibnitz," published at Boston by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1845; and the refutation of it, indirectly given by the Prince de Broglie in the text, is by no means unwelcome. —THE TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

grave and full of emotion, subtle and light in the other, but, above all, in the plan and very substance of the argument. The *Judicium* is a series of arguments, very brief, which tend directly to a foregone conclusion, namely, the pacification of the schism, and as the means of effecting it, the suspension of the Council of Trent. Not an idea, not a word, that does not tend directly to this conclusion, nor the slightest effort to dissemble it. It is a skilful, but adroit pleading against the Council of Trent. The *Systema*, on the contrary, is a detailed exposition, often eloquent, of the entire Catholic faith, point by point, dogma after dogma, of those which Protestants reject as well as of those which they admit with the Church. And what authority does this dogmatic exposition appeal to as its support? The oftenest is to the Council of Trent itself, openly invoked, on the ground that the voice of the universal Church is the invariable rule of faith. The Council of Trent in every line is called holy, venerable, and sometimes even *the Council*, by way of eminence. After this, what place would M. de Careil give to this writing in a negotiation, the precise object of which was to efface that council from the memory of the faithful, and the annals of the Church? A singular pleasure assuredly Leibnitz must have found in belying himself, in playing a ridiculous farce, and of doubtful morality, only to end in yielding to his opponent the ground disputed between them!

Till M. de Careil responds to this difficulty, to which we had previously invited his attention, we must continue to guard ourselves against confounding works so dissimilar in their tone, design, and substance as the *Judicium* and the *Systema*, and continue also to see in the one only a pastime without value, which ought not to have occupied even the waste moments of a great man, and still less cause the loss of that time so well filled by his editor; and in the other, on the contrary, the expression of a sincere conviction, very proper to throw light on the nature of the beliefs of the soul that conceived it. It is of the state of that soul, and of those beliefs, that it remains for us to say a few words, by attempting to enlighten the confused impressions produced by the voluminous papers of which we have just finished the analysis.

II.

THREE things, I think, must have struck those who have had the patience to follow me in this long exposition: 1. The singularly narrow ground on which Leibnitz consented to place the negotiation; 2. This perseverance in pursuing it; 3. This resistance to bringing it to a conclusion. Cantoned in very narrow quarters, he maintained himself there with obstinacy, reanimating the combat whenever it slackened, but escaping from every solution whenever it approached.

They, for example, who, attracted by the antithesis of the two great names, should imagine that they were about to hear debated between the last of the Fathers and the ancestor of modern philosophy the great question everywhere agitated in the sixteenth century, and on which the future of society depends—they who should expect to see a mortal struggle in the listed field between a champion of free inquiry and a representative of authority, would, I fear, be greatly disappointed. Not a word of the mutual relations of faith and reason, of the rights of private judgment, or of the principle of authority, is, I think, met with in the whole twelve hundred pages comprised in these two volumes; and for the very simple reason, that the terms to which the discussion was restricted raised no question of the sort between the two opponents. Faithful to the constant traditions of the Church, and imbued with the rules of the Cartesian method, Bossuet contested none of the prerogatives of rea-

Digitized by Google

son in the order of our natural powers; Christian by profession, Leibnitz recognized in faith the right to reveal and to impose on man knowledge superior to nature—pretending to become and even to be a Catholic *in potentia* and *in voto*, Leibnitz declared himself ready to seek the rule of faith, not in the mute text of a book, but in the living voice of an organized Church, and this Church he distinctly acknowledged to be in the hierarchy of pastors whose head is the Roman Pontiff. Consequently there was and could be no debate either on the existence or the composition, the mode of action or the seat, of the ecclesiastical authority. There was between them only a simple and humble question of fact—of history. Certainly the Church has the plenary right to be heard and obeyed when she speaks; but did she speak in the Council of Trent? The contest Leibnitz sustained went no further than this, and rose no higher.

Persons in our day, curious in theology and metaphysics, those who take an interest in reconciling free will with grace, or the foreknowledge of God, those who like to carry either the torch of dogma or the scalpel of analysis into the very depths of the soul, will find very little satisfaction in reading them. None of the psychological or moral problems raised by the Reformation, and with which it had troubled men's minds, and filled the schools with the *serf*-will of Luther, nor the foreordination of Calvin, nor the subtle distinctions in regard to the intrinsic nature of moral evil and the effects of original sin, obtained from Leibnitz, from first to last, even so much as a simple allusion. On the concurrence of the divine action and that of the human will in the work of moral progress and the hope of eternal salvation, he thought and spoke as the Church. His criticisms affect the form of the Council of Trent rather than the substance of its decisions. It is the competency of the court to which he pleads, rather than its decrees. Aside from the canon of the Scriptures, which, for the Old Testament, he would restrict to the Hebrew books properly so-called, and exclude therefrom the books in Greek transmitted only by the Septuagint, I am aware of no dogmatic point, defined at Trent, which creates with him any serious difficulty. And even on this subject of the canonicity of the sacred books, he has nothing that resembles that audacious criticism to which Richard Simon, in the seventeenth century, opened the way, and which, a very few years after, all Germany was to rush into and level and broaden. It was not the criticism of our days, which pretends to an imprescriptible right over the entire text of the Scriptures, and to serve as the ground of all certainty, moral and philosophical. The criticism of Leibnitz takes not such lofty airs. It is restricted to some accessory parts of the Old Testament, and presumes not to go beyond. And when Bossuet, adopting a method familiar to logicians (though not always prudently employed), would push it to the extreme, to absurdity even, and prove that its principles logically carried out would ruin entirely the Holy Scriptures, Leibnitz recoils, frightened at the last word of his own logic.

Leibnitz, having never been accused of a narrow or timid mind, of any lack of boldness in his principles or of force in deducing from them their logical consequences, it is necessary to believe that if he avoided the debate between the Reformation and the Church under its grander aspects, it was solely because he was separated from Catholic beliefs only by the narrow trench which he himself has traced, and because his own Protestantism, so to speak, was neither longer nor broader. Certainly he can be very little of a Protestant who acknowledges all the councils *less* one alone, and even all the decrees of that one save a single exception—who speaks as a Catholic of the Church, of tradition, of the priesthood, and of the sacraments. That to these sentiments, so near to those of a Catholic,

Digitized by Google

Leibnitz joined the sincere desire to take the final step; that, having reached the threshold, he was strongly pressed to cross it, we must believe, in order not only not to throw doubt on his often repeated protestations, which have every appearance of being made in good faith, but to account for his perseverance, meritoriously displayed on more than one occasion to sustain or revive, against all hope, the flickering flame of the languishing negotiation. Neither the growing coldness of the powers of the earth, who after having started it abandoned it midway, nor the haughtiness of Bossuet, a little contemptuous, which exposed without any mercy the vanity of his projects, succeeded in discouraging him. He was proof against all disgusts; he knocked at every door, and the crooked methods he adopted to open or turn them, not according to the rules of loyal warfare, attest at least an ardent desire to enter the place. Yet, in spite of this agreement on principles, this heartfelt desire for union, and the feeble distance which remained for him to traverse to become a Catholic, Leibnitz never in his life traversed it. The end of the discussion found him just where he was at its beginning, always debating, never advancing. When the reasoning of Bossuet became urgent and victorious (and it will be admitted that with the choice of ground, and the advantages conceded him, one needs not to be a Bossuet to conquer)—whenever it took a turn *ad hominem*, and passed from the general interests of Protestantism to the particular duties of individual conscience—whenever the question was no longer of concluding a treaty of peace between two hostile powers, but of articulating the submission of a believer, Leibnitz drew back, and escaped. The tone becomes sharp and sour, recriminations are mingled with reasoning, subterfuges retract the concessions. Broad and easy in regard to principles, he haggles at consequences. What are we to think of that alternation, of those constant advances followed by as constant retreats? What was the after-thought back of the exterior motives of that intermittent resistance? For no one can be persuaded that a man of a serious character, and a mind which stops not at trifles, admitting in the outset the necessity and the right of an infallible authority in matters of faith, could remain a Protestant, that is, a rebel to that acknowledged authority, because the bishops, united at Trent, admitted *Ecclesiasticus* and *Macchabees* into the canon of the Scriptures.

The moral problem being curious and complex, every one has a right to offer his own solution. I formerly, in this periodical, offered mine, and I shall hold to it till a better and a more satisfactory solution is discovered. In my judgment, all is explained, if we suppose that Leibnitz became a Catholic in intellect and by study, yet remained a Protestant by force of habit, interest, and self-love. The first part is not even a supposition, but a fact. For, waiving the disputed value of the *Systema Theologicum*, the documents which we have before us contain alone avowals amply sufficient to prove it. When one admits the concurrence of free will and the divine will in the work of salvation, the mysterious virtue and efficacy of the sacraments, the transubstantiation of the elements in the eucharist—when one recognizes the sacred character of the priesthood, the Primacy by divine right of the bishops of Rome, and, above all, the infallibility of the Church (and Leibnitz accords all this to Bossuet, always by implication, and often under the form of explicit concession), one is willingly or unwillingly a Catholic, or at least has lost all right not to be one. In such a case the defect is in the will, not the intellect. Let nothing be said here of invincible ignorance, for never was there ignorance more vincible, more completely conquered, subjected, drowned in floods of light, than in the case of Leibnitz.

Remains, then, only the second

Digitized by Google

part of the hypothesis, which I confess is less clearly demonstrated, as well as less charitable; but it perfectly meets the facts in the case, and perhaps, when the first part is once conceded, it, better than any other explanation, saves the dignity and loyalty of Leibnitz.

If it was true, as we hold, that Leibnitz, agreeing with the Church in all the fundamental principles of the Catholic faith, was retained outside of her communion by the fear of losing the high position which he had gained in the ranks of Protestants and with their princes, nothing more simple than that, to satisfy at the same time his conscience and his interests, he should labor earnestly and perseveringly to effect a reconciliation of his party and his protectors with the Church. If it was true that he felt himself bound by strong and respectable ties which attach men to the monuments, and to the forms of worship, which received their first vows and dictated their first prayers, it is very natural that he should hesitate to go alone, to take his seat in churches unknown to his childhood, and that he should, instead, seek at first to reconstruct the broken down altars of the temples of the middle ages which had seen his birth. If finally the *proud weakness* attached to the royalty of science as to every other royalty, made him dread to change the part of an accredited doctor of one party for that of a penitent and neophyte of another, who can be astonished that, to spare himself the painful transition, he should wish to pass out with arms, baggage, and all the honors of war, instead of submitting to conditions, and enter into the Church with head erect, followed by a retinue of nations, and have therefore a right to as much gratitude as he gave of submission?

The persistence of Leibnitz in a forlorn negotiation finds in this at least a probable explanation. His insistance on points of little importance is less easy to understand. These points, of which he knew well what to think, are those without which, according to his knowledge of the Protestant courts and schools, no peace was possible either to be concluded or even proposed. He knew how completely and irrevocably Protestant princes and doctors were pledged by their word and their self-love *(amour-propre)* against the Council of Trent, from which they fancied they had been unjustly excluded. Many of them were on the point of reaching by their own reason and study dogmatic conclusions analogous to those of Trent; but the date and seal of that council affixed to any formulary presented for their signature made them instinctively recoil. It was in their name much more than in his own, or rather to manage their pretensions much more than to tranquillize his own conscience, as he allows us in more than one place to perceive, that he insisted with invincible obstinacy that this obstacle to peace must be removed. He acted as a negotiator who follows his instructions and speaks for others, much more than as a doctor who decides, or a philosopher who discusses, on his own account. In the new council whose convocation he called for, he thought all low in himself, the dogmas of Trent, after an apparent discussion, would be re-established on the more solid basis of a more general agreement, and not having that quick sense of the dignity of the Church which belongs only to her children, he felt no repugnance to the adoption of expedients borrowed from political prudence, and wholly out of place in the Church of God.

Thus may be resolved, it seems to me, in the most simple manner in the world, the apparent contradictions in the conduct of Leibnitz, and be discovered the secret of his obstinacy in protracting a fruitless discussion, instead of either candidly breaking it off or boldly bringing it to its logical conclusion. He had postponed the day of his personal conversion to the day constantly hoped, constantly announced as near, of a general reconcil-

Digitized by Google

iation. It would have cost him too much to move before that day came; but it cost him hardly less to own to himself that come it would not. Hence, with him, a prolonged state of indecision, which, as human life is short, and death always takes us by surprise, had naturally no termination but that of his life itself. We in this have, I think, explained that other problem presented by the *Systema Theologicum*. If we have rightly seized his state of mind, nothing was more natural than that we should find among the papers of Leibnitz a profession of Catholic faith, and there can be nothing astonishing in the fact that it remained unfinished and unpublished. From the moment in which the doctrines contained in that tract became his real belief, it was very natural that he should reduce them to writing, and, from the moment when he had subjected the publication of his conversion to a condition always hoped for, but never realized, it was more natural still that he should keep the writing by him as the witness of the fact of his conversion. At what point of his life, therefore, did he confide to paper the interior state of his mind? It is impossible, but at the same time wholly unimportant, to determine. Probably it was in one of those moments of sincerity and recollection in which the soul, detaching herself from all worldly considerations, places herself face to face with the problems of her eternal destiny; or, indeed, may have been at a time when, in the vein of hope, and believing that he was on the eve of concluding ecclesiastical peace, he wished to draw up beforehand, in readiness for the event, its manifesto and programme. Little imports it. As soon as he thought as a Catholic, there were a thousand circumstances in his life in which he must have spoken and written as he thought. The moment in which he would have expressed himself with the least frankness was most likely that in which, being made the plenipotentiary of the Protestants, and charged to treat for them, he felt it his duty to put forth in their name pretensions to which in his own heart he attached no importance. Leibnitz the negotiator must necessarily have been more difficult, and set a higher price on his submission, than Leibnitz the philosopher, so that, in opposition to the assertion of M. de Careil, his sincere work would be the *Systema Theologicum:* his diplomatic work would be the correspondence of which we have made the analysis.

The advantage of Bossuet in the debate is that in his case no such questions can be raised, and no such subtle distinctions be called for. Bossuet the bishop and Bossuet the diplomatist are one and the same person, and speak one and the same language. Knowing perfectly whence he starts, whither he can go, what he is permitted to abandon, and what he must hold fast; very liberal in the part which he gives to reason, very precise in what he asserts in the name of authority; marking with a steady hand the limits of what can be changed in the Church, and what is as immutable as she herself, he has no occasion, when he has once laid down his principles, to withdraw any concession, or to shrink from any logical consequence; possessing an erudition less varied, an argumentative ability less flexible than that of Leibnitz, Bossuet, in his letters, carries the day by his rectitude and precision. We say, however, and without wrong to the great prelate, that his cause was too nearly gained in advance. All the principles are conceded him in the outset, and the slightest logical pressure suffices to force out the necessary conclusions. Leibnitz found at times his hand heavy, and complained of it; but he himself armed that powerful hand with the instrument which it set at work, without management indeed, but also without forcing its action.

This privileged situation, which gives to Bossuet his preponderance in the struggle, takes, however, from that struggle a large part of the interest which otherwise it might have had for

Digitized by Google

us, and deprives us of the instruction that might have been derived from it. We assuredly have little chance of seeing pitted against each other combatants of their stature, and less still, if it be possible, of seeing a debate carried on under like conditions. There is no longer a Bossuet in the Church; but still less, perhaps, are there Protestants and philosophers who, like Leibnitz, recognize infallibility in principle, and the inspiration of three-fourths of the canon of Scripture. That kind of enemies is gone, and left no heirs. Those whom we now encounter make to our forces a less stiff resistance. The very image and shadow of authority have disappeared from the Protestantism of our age, each day more and more dissipated in the thousand shades of private judgment. With unbounded free inquiry and unbridled criticism, controversy can no longer find a starting-point in any dogma or in any text, and, in fact, has ceased to be possible. The enemy escapes by the want of a body to be grappled with. Happily, another sort of combat can be waged, another sort of victory be hoped for. Doctrines, remote from one another, to be disputed in their principles, may still be compared in their effects. It is henceforth by their respective fruits, rather than by arguments, by their respective action on society and on souls, that, before an uncertain public, must be judged the principle of authority in matters of faith and that of private judgment. On this new soil, as on that of pure intelligence, God permits the efforts of man to concur in the triumph of his cause. If he wills, then, for the honor of his Church, to raise up Bossuets to take his cause in hand, there ought to be, for the honor of her nature, Leibnitzes to meet them, and measure themselves with them.

PRINCE ALBERT DE BROGLIE.

From The Month.

SAINTS OF THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

1. Abbot Antony said: I saw the nets of the enemy lying spread out over the earth; and I cried out, "Alas, who shall escape these?"

And a voice answered, "Humility."

2. It is told of Blessed Arsenius, that on Saturday evening he turned his back on the setting sun, and, stretching out his arms toward heaven, did not cease to pray till the sun rose before his face in the morning.

3. Abbot Agatho was zealous to fulfil every duty.

If he crossed a ferry, he was the first to take an oar.

If he had a visit from his brethren, his hand was first, after prayer, to set out the table.

For he was full of divine love.

4. The novice of Abbot Sisoi often had to say to him, "Rise, father; let us eat." He used to make answer, "Are you sure we did not eat just now, my son?"

The novice replied, "Quite sure, my father." Then the old man said, "Well, if we did not eat, come, let us eat."

5. A president came to see Abbot Simon; and some clerks, who got to him first, said to him, "Now, father, get ready! Here comes the president for your blessing; he has heard a great deal about you."

"*I* will get ready," said the abbot. So he took some bread and cheese, and began munching at the door of his cell.

"So *this* is your solitary!" said the president, and went away again.

Digitized by Google

From St. James's Magazine.

'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

HAS sorrow cast thy spirit down,
And crush'd thy hopes Elysian?
Be not dishearten'd by her frown,
Nor heedless of thy mission.
But go forth gaily on thy way—
The bonds of care dissever,
And pluck the roses while you may;
'Tis better late than never!

Doth love consume with pensive woe
Thy heart whence hope has fleeted—
As sunbeams melt away the snow
They never could have heated?
Come, wreathe thy brow with laurel-leaf—
Be wise as well as clever,
And learn a nobler lore than grief;
'Tis better late than never!

For life's a stand-up fight, I ween,
With poverty and labor,
And many a hero there has been
Who never drew a sabre.
So buckle bravely to the strife,
How perilous soever,
And win some glory for thy life;
'Tis better late than never!

Or hast thou, worn in folly's wars,
Forgot the land that bloometh
Beyond the cedars and the stars,
Where sorrow never cometh?
Oh, do not for a phantom fly
From Paradise for ever,
But turn thy trusting eyes on high;
'Tis better late than never!

GREAT LORD OF HEAVEN! CREATION'S KING!
Whose vineyard open lies,
THOU deemest not a worthless thing
Man's tardy sacrifice;
Still sanctify the work we've wrought,
And every fond endeavor,
This blessed creed thyself hast taught—
'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XIX.

My first thought, when Muriel had announced to me the coming of the pursuivants in search of Mistress Ward, was to thank God she was beyond their reach, and with so much prudence had left us in ignorance of her abode. Then making haste to dress—for I apprehended these officers should visit every chamber in the house—I quickly repaired to my aunt's room, who was persuaded by Muriel that they had sent for to take an inventory of the furniture, which she said was a very commendable thing to do, but she wished they had waited until such time as she had had her breakfast. By an especial mercy, it so happened that these officers—or, leastways, two out of three of them—were quiet, well-disposed men, who exercised their office with as much mildness as could be hoped for, and rather diminished by their behavior than in any way increased the hardships of this invasion of domestic privacy. We were all in turns questioned touching Mistress Ward's abode except my aunt, whose mental infirmity was pleaded for to exempt her from this ordeal. The one officer who was churlish said, "If the lady's mind be unsound, 'tis most like she will let the cat out of the bag," and would have forced questions on her; but the others forcibly restrained him from it, and likewise from openly insulting us, when we denied all knowledge of the place she had resorted to. Howsoever, he vented his displeasure in scornful looks and cutting speeches. They carried away sundry prayer-books, and notably the "Spiritual Combat," which Mrs. Engerfield had gifted me with, when I slept at her house at Northampton, the loss of which grieved me not a little, but yet not so much as it would have done at another time, for my thoughts were then wholly set on discovering who had betrayed Mistress Ward's intervention, and what had been Mr. Watson's fate, and if Basil also had been implicated. I addressed myself to the most seemly of the three men, and asked him what her offence had been.

"She assisted," he answered, "in the escape of a prisoner from Bridewell."

"In what manner?" I said, with so much of indifferency as I could assume.

"By the smuggling of a rope into his cell," he answered, "which was found yet hanging unto his window, and which none other than that pestilent woman could have furnished him with."

Alas! this was what I feared would happen, when she first formed this project; but she had assured us Mr. Watson would let himself down, holding the two ends of the cord in his hands, and so would be enabled to carry it away with him after he had got down, and so it would never be discovered by what means he had made his escape.

"And this prisoner hath then escaped?" I said, in a careless manner.

"Marry, out of one cage," he answered; "but I'll warrant you he is by this time lodged in a more safe dungeon, and with such braccelets on his hands and feet as shall not suffer him again to cheat the gallows."

I dared not question him further;

Digitized by Google

and finding nothing more to their purpose, the pursuivants retired.

When Mr. Congleton, Muriel, and I afterward met in the parlor, none of us seemed disposed to speak. There be times when grief is loquacious, but others when the weight of apprehension doth check speech. At last I broke this silence by such words as "What should now be done?" and "How can we learn what hath occurred?"

Then Mr. Congleton turned toward me, and with much gravity and unusual vehemency,

"Constance," quoth he, "when Margaret Ward resolved on this bold action, which in the eyes of some savored of rashness, I warned her to count the cost before undertaking it, for that it was replete with many dangers, and none should embark in it which was not prepared to meet with a terrible death. She told me thereupon that for many past years her chief desire had been to end her life by such a death, if it should be for the sake of religion, and that the day she should be sentenced to it would prove the joyfullest she had yet known. This she said in an inflamed manner, and I question not but it was her true thinking. I do not gainsay the merit of this pining, though I could wish her virtue had been of a commoner sort. But such being her aim, her choice, and desire, I am not of opinion that I should now disturb the peace of my wife's helpless days or mine own either (who have not, I cry God mercy for it, the same wish to suffer the pains reserved to recusants, albeit I hope in him he would give me strength to do so if conscience required it), not to speak of you and Muriel and my other daughters, for the sake of unavailing efforts in her so desperate case, who hath made her own bed (and I deny it not to be a glorious one) and, as she hath made it, must lie on it. So I will betake myself to prayer for her, which she said was the whole scope of the favor she desired from her friends, if she fell into trouble, and dreaded nothing so much as any other dealings in her behalf; and if Mr. Roper, or Brian Lacy, or young Rookwood, have any means by which to send her money for her convenience in prison, I will give it; but other measures I will not take, nor by any open show of interest in her fate draw down suspicions on us as parties and abettors in her so-called treason."

Neither of us replied to this speech; and after that our short meal was ended, Muriel went to her mother's chamber, and I set myself to consider what I should do; for to sit and wait in this terrible ignorance of what had happened seemed an impossible thing. So taking my maid with me, albeit it rained a little, I walked to Kate's house, and found she and her husband had left it an hour before for to return to Mr. Benham's seat. Polly and Sir Ralph, who slept there also, were yet abed, and had given orders, the servant said, not to be disturbed. So I turned sorrowfully from the door, doubting whither to apply myself; for Mr. Roper lived at Richmond, and Mr. and Mrs. Wells were abroad. I thought to go to Mr. Hodgson, whose boatman had drawn Basil into this enterprise, and was standing forecasting which way to turn, when all of a sudden who should I see but Basil himself coming down the lane toward me! I tried to go for to meet him, but my legs failed me, and I was forced to lean against my maid till he came up to us and drew my arm in his. Then I felt strong again, and bidding her to go home, walked a little way with him. The first words he said were:

"Mr. Watson is safe, but hath broke his leg and his arm. Know you aught of Mistress Ward?"

"There is a warrant out against her," I answered, and told him of the pursuivants coming to seek for her at our house.

"God shield," he said, "she be not apprehended! for sentence of death would then be certainly passed upon her."

Digitized by Google

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "why was the cord left?"

"Ah, the devil would have it," he began; but chiding himself, lifted off his hat, and said, "Almighty God did so permit it to happen that this mishap occurred. But I see," he subjoined, "you are not fit to walk or stand, sweetheart. Come into Mr. Wells's house. Albeit they are not at home, we may go and sit in the parlor; and it may be more prudent I should not be seen abroad to-day. I pray God Mr. Watson and I will sail to-night for Calais."

So we rang the bell at the door of Mr. Wells's house; and his housekeeper, who opened it, smiled when she saw Basil, for he was a great favorite with her, as, indeed, methinks he always was with all kinds of people. She showed us into Mr. Wells's study, which she said was the most comfortable room and best aired in the house, for that, for the sake of the books, she did often light a fire in it; and nothing would serve her but she must do so now. And then she asked if we had breakfasted, and Basil said i' faith he had not, and should be very glad of somewhat to eat, if she would fetch it for him. So when the fire was kindled —and methought it never would burn, the wood was so damp—she went away for a little while, and he then told me the haps of the past night.

"Tom Price (Hodgson's boatman) and I," he said, "rowed his boat close unto the shore, near to the prison, and laid there under the cover of some penthouses which stood betwixt the river and the prison's wall. When the clock struck twelve, I promise you my heart began to beat as any girl's, I was so frightened lest Mr. Watson should not have received the cord, or that his courage should fail. Howsoever, in less than one minute I thought I perceived something moving about one of the windows, and then a body appeared sitting at first on the ledge, but afterward it turned itself round, and, facing the wall, sank down slowly, hanging on by a cord."

"Oh, Basil!" I exclaimed, "could you keep on looking?"

"Yea," he answered; "as if mine eyes should start out of my head. He came down slowly, helping himself, I ween, with his feet against the wall; but when he got to about twenty or thirty feet, I guess it to have been, from the roof of the shed, he stopped of a sudden, and hung motionless. 'He is out of breath,' I said to Tom. 'Or the rope proves too short,' quoth he. We watched him for a moment. He swung to and fro, then rested again, his feet against the wall. 'Beshrew me, but I will climb on to that roof myself, and get nigh to him,' I whispered to Tom, and was springing out of the boat, when we heard a noise more loud than can be thought of. 'I'll warrant you he hath fallen on the planks,' quoth Tom. 'Marry, but we will pick him up then,' quoth I; and found myself soon on the edge of the roof, which was broken in at one place, and, looking down, I thought I saw him lying on the ground. I cried as loud as I durst, 'Mr. Watson, be you there? Hist! Are you hurt? Speak if you can.' Methinks he was stunned by the fall, for he did not answer; so there remained nothing left to do but to leap myself through the opening into the shed, where I found him with his eyes shut, and moaning. But when I spake to him he came to himself, and tried to rise, but could not stand, one of his legs being much hurt. 'Climb on to my back, reverend sir,' I said 'and with God's help we shall get out.' Howsoever, the way out did not appear manifest, and mostly with another beside one's self to carry. But glancing round the inside of the shed, I perceived a door, the fastening of which, when I shook it, roughly enough I promise you, gave way; and the boat lay, God be praised, close to it outside. I gave one look up to the prison, and saw lights flashing in some of the windows. 'They be astir,' I said to Tom. 'Hist! lend a hand, man, and take the reverend gentleman from off my back and into

Digitized by Google

the boat.' Mr. Watson uttered a groan. He must have suffered cruel pain; for, as we since found, his leg and also his arm were broken, and he looked more dead than alive.

"We began to row as fast as we could; but now he, coming to himself, feels in his coat, and cries out:

"'Oh, kind sirs—the cord, the cord! Stop, I pray you; stop, turn back.'

"'Not for the world,' I cried, 'reverend sir.'

"Then he, in a lamentable voice:

"'Oh, if you turn not back and bring away the cord, the poor gentlewoman which did give it unto me must needs fall into sore trouble. Oh, for God's sake, turn back!'

"I gave a hasty glance at the prison, where increasing stir of lights was visible, and resolved that to return should be certain ruin to ourselves and to him for whom Mistress Ward had risked her life, and little or no hope in it for her, as it was not possible there should be time to get the cord and then escape, which with best speed now could with difficulty be effected. So I turned a deaf ear to Mr. Watson's pleadings, with an assured conscience she should have wished no otherwise herself; and by God's mercy we made such way before they could put out a boat, landing unseen beyond the next bridge, that we could secretly convey him to the house of a Catholic not far from the river on the other side, where he doth lie concealed. I promise you, sweetheart, we did row hard. Albeit I strove very much last year when I won the boat-match at Richmond, by my troth it was but child's play to last night's racing. Poor Mr. Watson fainted before we landed, and neither of us dared venture to stop from pulling for to assist him. But, God be praised, he is now in a good bed; and I fetched for him at daybreak a leech I know in the Borough, who hath set his broken limbs; and to-night if the weather be not foul, when it gets dark, we will convey him in a boat to a vessel at the river's mouth, which I have retained for to take us to Calais. But I would Mistress Ward was on board of it also."

"Oh, Basil," I exclaimed, "if we can discover where she doth lodge, it would not then be impossible. If we had forecasted this yesterday, she would be saved. Yet she had perhaps refused to tell us."

"Most like she would," he answered; "but if you do hit by any means upon her abode to-day, forthwith despatch a trusty messenger unto me at Mr. Hodgson's, and I promise you, sweetheart, she shall, will she nill she, if I have to use force for it, be carried away to France, and stowed with a good madame I know at Calais."

The housekeeper then came in with bread and meat and beer, which my dear Basil did very gladly partake of, for he had eat nothing since the day before, and was greatly in want of food. I waited on him, forestalling housewifely duties, with so great a contentment in this quiet hour spent in his company that nothing could surpass it. The fire now burned brightly; and whilst he ate, we talked of the time when we should be married and live at Euston, so retired from the busy world without as should be most safe and peaceful in these troublesome times, even as in that silent house we were for a short time shut out from the noisy city, the sounds of which reached without disturbing us. Oh how welcome was that little interval of peace which we then enjoyed! I ween we were both very tired; and when the good housekeeper came in for to fetch away his plate he had fallen asleep, with his head resting on his hands; and I was likewise dozing in a high-backed chair opposite to him. The noise she made awoke me, but not him, who slept most soundly. She smiled, and in a motherly manner moved him to a more comfortable position, and said she would lay a wager on it he had not been abed at all that night.

"Well, I'll warrant you to be a good guesser, Mistress Mason," I an-

Digitized by Google

swered. "And if you did but know what a hard and a good work he hath been engaged in, methinks you would never tarry in his praise."

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," she replied, "I have known Master Basil these many years; and a more noble, kindly, generous heart never, I ween, did beat in a man's bosom. He very often came here with his father and his brother when both were striplings; and Master Hubert was the sharpest and some said the most well-behaved of the twain. But beshrew me if I liked not better Master Basil, albeit he was sometimes very troublesome, but not techey or rude as some boys be. I remember it well how I laughed one day when these young masters —methinks this one was no more than five years and the other four—were at play together in this room, and Basil had a new jerkin on, and colored hose for the first time. Hubert wore a kirtle, which displeasured him, for he said folks should take him to be a wench. So he comes to me, half-crying, and says, 'Why hath Baz that fine new suit and me not the same?' 'Because, little sir, he is the eldest,' I said. 'Ah,' quoth the shrewd imp, 'the next time I be born methinketh I will push Baz aside and be the eldest.' If I should live one hundred years I shall never forget it, the little urchin looked so resolved and spiteful."

I smiled somewhat sadly, I ween, but with better cheer when she related how tender a heart Basil had from his infant years toward the poor, taking off his clothes for to give them to the beggars he met, and one day, she said, praying very hard Mrs. Wells for to harbor a strolling man which had complained he had no lodging.

"'Mistress,' quoth he, 'you have many chambers in your house, and he hath not so much as a bed to lie in to-night;' and would not be contented till she had charged a servant to get the fellow a lodging. And me he once abused very roundly in his older years for the same cause. There was one Jack Morris, an old man which worked sometimes in Mr. Wells's stable, but did lie at a cottage out of the town. And one day in winter, when it snowed, Master Basil would have me make this fellow sleep in the house, because he was sick, he said, and he would give him his own bed and lie himself on straw in the stable; and went into so great a passion when I said he should not do so, for that he was a mean person and could not lie in a gentleman's chamber, that my young master cries out, 'Have a care, Mistress Mason, I do not come in the night and shake you out of your own bed, for to give you a taste of the cold floor, which yet is not, I promise you, so cold as the street into which you would turn this poor diseased man.' And then he fell to coaxing of me till I consented for to send a mattress and a warm rug to the stable for this pestilent old man, who I warrant you was not so sick as he did assume to be, but had sufficient cunning for to cozen Master Basil out of his money. Lord bless the lad! I have seen him run out with his dinner in his hand, if he did but see a ragged urchin in the streets, and gift him with it; and then would sing lustily about the house—methinks I do hear him now—

> 'Dinner, O dinner's a rare good thing
> Alike for a beggar, alike for a king.'

Basil opened then his eyes and stared about him.

"Why, Mistress Mason," he cried, "beshrew me if you are not rehearsing a rare piece of poesy!—the only one I ever did indite." At the which speech we all laughed; but our merriment was short; for time had sped faster than we thought, and Basil said he must needs return to the Borough to forecast with Mr. Hodgson and Tom Price means to convey Mr. Watson to the ship, which was out at sea nigh unto the shore, and a boat must be had to carry them there, and withal such appliances procured as should ease his broken limbs.

"Is there not danger" I asked, "in moving him so soon?"

Digitized by Google

"Yea," he said, "but a less fearful danger than in long tarrying in this country."

This was too true to be gainsayed; and so thanking the good housekeeper we left the house, which had seemed for those few hours like unto a harbor from a stormy sea, wherein both our barks, shattered by the waves, had refitted in peace.

"Farewell, Basil," I mournfully said; "God knoweth for how long."

"Not for very long," he answered. "In three months I shall have crept out of my wardship. Then, if it please God, I will return, and so deal with your good uncle that we shall soon after that be married."

"Yea," I answered, "if so be that my father is then in safety."

He said he meant not otherwise, but that he had great confidence it should then be so. When at last we parted he went down Holborn Hill very fast, and I slowly to Ely Place, many times stopping for to catch one more sight of him in the crowd, which howsoever soon hid him from me.

When I arrived at home I found Muriel in great affliction, for news had reached her that Mistress Ward had been apprehended and thrown into prison. Methinks we had both looked for no other issue than this, which she had herself most desired; but nevertheless, when the certainty thereof was confirmed to us, it should almost have seemed as if we were but ill-prepared for it. The hope I had conceived a short time before that she should escape in the same vessel with Basil and Mr. Watson, made me less resigned to this mishap than I should have been had no means of safety been at hand, and the sword, as it were, hanging over her head from day to day. The messenger which had brought this evil news being warranted reliable by a letter from Mr. Hodgson, I intrusted him with a few lines to Basil, in which I informed him not to stay his departure on her account, who was now within the walls of the prison which Mr. Watson had escaped from, and that her best comfort now should be to know he was beyond reach of his pursuers. The rest of the day was spent in great heaviness of spirit. Mr. Congleton sent a servant to Mr. Roper for to request him to come to London, and wrote likewise to Mr. Lacy for to return to his house in town, and confer with some Catholics touching Mistress Ward's imprisonment. Muriel's eyes thanked him, but I ween she had no hope therein and did resign herself to await the worst tidings. Her mother's unceasing asking for her, whose plight she dared not so much as hint at in her presence, did greatly aggravate her sufferings. I have often thought Muriel did then undergo a martyrdom of the heart as sharp in its kind as that which Mistress Ward endured in prison, if the reports which did reach us were true. But more of that anon. The eventful day, which had opened with so much of fear and sorrow, had yet in store other haps, which I must now relate.

About four of the clock Hubert came to Ely Place, and found me alone in the parlor, my fingers busied with some stitching, my thoughts having wandered far away, where I pictured to myself the mouth of the river, the receding tide, the little vessel which was to carry Basil away once more to a foreign land, with its sails flapping in the wind; and boats passing to and fro, plying on the fair bosom of the broad river, and not leaving so much as a trace of their passage. And his boat with its freight more precious than gold—the rescued life bought at a great price—methought I saw it glide in the dark amidst those hundred other boats unobserved (so I hoped), unstayed on its course. Methought that so little bark should be a type of some lives which carry with them, unwatched, undiscerned, a purpose, which doth freight them on their way to eternity—somewhat hidden, somewhat close to their hearts, somewhat engaging their whole strength; and all the

Digitized by Google

while they seem to be doing the like of what others do; and God only knoweth how different shall be the end!

"Ah, Hubert," I exclaimed when the door opened, "is it you? Methinks in these days I see no one come into this house but a fear or a hope doth seize me. What bringeth you? or hath nothing occurred?"

"Something may occur this day," he answered, "if you do but will it to be so, Constance."

"What?" I asked eagerly; "what may occur?"

"Your father's deliverance," he said.

"Oh, Hubert," I cried, "it is not possible!"

"Go to!" he said in a resolved manner. "Don your most becoming suit, and follow my directions in all ways. Lady Ingoldsby, I thank God, hath not left London, and will be here anon to carry you to Sir Francis Walsingham's house, where her familiar friend, Lady Sydney, doth now abide during Sir Philip's absence. You shall thus get speech with Sir Francis; and if you do behave with diffidency, and beware of the violence of your nature and exorbitancy of your tongue, checking needless speeches, and answering his questions with as many words as courtesy doth command, and as few as civility doth permit, I doubt not but you may obtain your father's release in the form of a sentence of banishment; for he is not ill-disposed thereunto, having received notice that his health is sinking under the hardships of his confinement, and his strength so impaired that, once beyond seas, he is not like to adventure himself again in this country."

"Alas!" I cried, "mine eyes had discerned in his shrunken form and hollow cheeks tokens of such a decay as you speak of; and I pray God Mr. Secretary may deal mercifully with him before it shall be too late."

"I'll warrant you," he replied, "that if you do rightly deal with him, he will sign an order which shall release this very night your father from prison, and send him safe beyond seas before the week is ended."

"Think you so?" I said, my heart beating with an uncertain kind of hope mixed with doubting.

"I am assured of it," Hubert confidently replied.

"I must ask my uncle's advice," doubtfully said, "before I go with Polly."

A contemptuous smile curled his lip. "Yea," he said, "be directed in these weighty matters, I do advise you, by your aunt also, and the saintly Muriel, and twenty hundred others beside, if you list; and the while this last chance shall escape, and your father be doomed to death. I have done my part, God knoweth. If he perish, his blood will not be on my head; but mark my words, if he be not presently released, he will appear before the council in two days, and the oath be tendered to him, which you best know if he will take, and his refusal without fail will send him to the scaffold."

"God defend," I exclaimed, greatly moved, "I should delay to do that which may yet save him. I will go, Hubert. But I pray you, who are familiar with Sir Francis, what means should be best for to move him to compassion? Is there a soft corner in his heart which a woman's tears can touch? I will kneel to him if needful, yea, kiss his feet—mind him of his own fair daughter, Lady Sydney, which, if he was in prison, and my father held his fate in his hands, would doubtless sue to him with the like ardor, yea, the like agony of spirit, for mercy. Oh, tell me, Hubert, what to say which shall drive the edge of pity into his soul."

"Silence will take effect in this case sooner than the most moving speeches," he answered. "Steel your soul to it, whatever he may say. Your tears, your eyes, will, I warrant you, plead more mightfully than your words. He is as obliging to the softer but predominant parts of the world as he is serv-

Digitized by Google

iceable to the more severe. To him men's faces speak as much as their tongues, and their countenances are indexes of their hearts. Judge if yours, the liveliest piece of eloquence which ever displayed itself in a fair visage, shall fail to express that which passionate words, missing their aim, would of a surety ill convey. And mind you, Mistress Constance, this man is of extreme ability in the school of policy, and albeit inclined to recusants with the view of winning them over by means of kindness, yet an extreme hater of the Pope and Church of Rome, and moreover very jealous to be considered as such; so if he do intend to show you favor in this matter, make your reckoning that he will urge you to conformity with many strenuous exhortations, which, if you remain silent, no harm shall ensue to yourself or others."

"And not to mine own soul, Hubert?" I mournfully cried. "Methinks my father and Basil would not counsel silence in such a case."

"God in heaven give me patience!" he exclaimed. "Is it a woman's calling, I pray you, to preach? When the apostles were dismissed by the judges, and charged no longer to teach the Christian faith, went they not forth in silence, restraining their tongues then, albeit not their actions when once at liberty? Methinks modesty alone should forbid one of your years from dangerous retorts, which, like a two-edged sword, wound alike friend and foe."

I had no courage left to withstand the promptings of mine own heart and his urgency.

"God forgive me," I cried, "if I fail in aught wherein truth or honesty are concerned. He knoweth I would do right, and yet save my father's life."

Then falling on my knees, unmindful of his presence, I prayed with an intense vehemency, which overcame all restraint, that my tongue might be guided aright when I should be in his presence who under God did hold my father's life in his hands. But hearing Polly's voice in the hall, I started up, and noticed Hubert leaning his head on his hand, seemingly more pitifully moved than was his wont. When she came in, he met her, and said:

"Lady Ingoldsby, I pray you see that Mistress Constance doth so attire herself as shall heighten her natural attractions; for, beshrew me, if grave Mr. Secretary hath not, as well as other men, more pity for a fair face than a plain one; and albeit hers is always fair, nature doth nevertheless borrow additional charms from art."

"Tut, tut!" quoth Polly. "She is a perfect fright in that hat, and her ruff hideth all her neck, than which no swan hath a whiter; and I pray you what a farthingale is that! Methinks it savors of the fashions of the late queen's reign. Come, Con, cheer up, and let us to thy chamber. I'll warrant you, Master Rookwood, she will be twice as winsome when I have exercised my skill on her attire."

So she led me away, and I suffered her to dress mine hair herself, and choose such ornaments as she did deem most becoming. Albeit she laughed and jested all the while, methinks the kindness of her heart showed through this apparent gaiety; and when her task was done, and she kissed my forehead, I threw my arms round her neck and wept.

"Nay, nay!" she cried; "no tears, coz—they do serve but to swell the eyelids and paint the nose of a reddish hue;" and shaping her own visage into a counterfeit of mine, she set me laughing against my will, and drew me by the hand down the stairs and into the parlor.

"How now, sir?" she cried to Hubert. "Think you I have indifferently well performed the task you set me?"

"Most excellently well," he answered, and handed us to her coach, which was to carry us to Seething Lane. When we were seated in it, she told

Digitized by Google

me Hubert had disclosed to her the secret of my father's plight, and that she was more concerned than she could well express at so great a mishap, but nevertheless entertained a comfortable hope this day should presently see the end of our troubles. Howsoever, she did know but half of the trouble I was in, weighty as was the part she was privy to. Hubert, she told me, had dealt with a marvellous great zeal and ability in this matter, and proved himself so good a negotiator that she doubted not Sir Francis himself must needs have appreciated his ingenuity.

"That young gentleman," she added, "will never spoil his own market by lack of timely boldness or opportune bashfulness. My Lady Arundel related to me last night at Mrs. Yates's what passed on Monday at the banquet-hall at Whitehall. Hath he told you his hap on that occasion?"

"No," I answered. "I pray you, Polly, what befel him there?"

"Well, her majesty was at dinner, and Master Hubert comes there to see the fashion of the court. His handsome features and well-set shape attract the queen's notice. With a kind of an affected frown she asks Lady Arundel what he is. She answers she knows him not. Howsoever, an inquiry is made from one to another who the youth should be, till at length it is told the queen he is young Rookwood of Euston, in Suffolk, and a ward of Sir Henry Stafford's."

"Mistaking him then for Basil?" I said.

Then she: "I think so; but howsoever this inquisition with the eye of her majesty fixed upon him (as she is wont to fix it, and thereby to daunt such as she doth make the mark of her gazing), stirred the blood of our young gentleman, Lady Arundel said, insomuch that a deep color rose in his pale cheek and straightway left it again; which the queen observing, she called him unto her, and gave him her hand to kiss, encouraging him with gracious words and looks; and then diverting her speech to the lords and ladies, said that she no sooner observed him than she did note there was in him good blood, and she ventured to affirm good brains also; and then said to him, 'Fail not to come to court, sir, and I will bethink myself to do you good.' Now I warrant you, coz, this piece of a scholar lacked not the wit to use this his hap in the furtherance of his and your suit to Sir Francis, whom he adores as his saint, and courts as his Mæcenas."

This recital of Polly's worked a tumultuous conflict in my soul; for verily it strengthened hope touching my father's release; but methinks any other channel of such hope should have been more welcome. A jealousy, an unsubstantial fear, an uneasy misdoubt oppressed this rising hope. I feared for Hubert the dawn of such favor as was shown to him by her whose regal hand doth hold a magnet which hath oftentimes caused Catholics to make shipwreck of their souls. And then truth doth compel me to confess my weakness. Albeit God knoweth I desired not for my true and noble sweetheart her majesty's gracious smiles, or a higher fortune than Providence hath by inheritance bestowed on him, a vain humane feeling worked in me some sort of displeasure that his younger brother should stand in the queen's presence as the supposed head of the house of Rookwood, and no more mention made of him than if he had been outlawed or dead. Not that I had then reason to lay this error to Hubert's door, for verily naught in Polly's words did warrant such a suspicion; but my heart was sore, and my spirits chafed with apprehensions. God forgive me if I then did unjustly accuse him, and, in the retrospect of this passage in his life, do suffer subsequent events to cast backward shadows on it, whereby I may wrong him who did render to me (I write it with a softened—yea, God is my witness—a truly loving, albeit sorrowing, heart) a great service in a needful time. Oh, Hubert, Hubert! my heart acheth for

Digitized by Google

thee. Methinks God will show thee great mercy yet, but, I fear me, by such means only as I do tremble to think of.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN we reached Seething Lane, Polly bade me be of good heart, for that Lady Sydney was a very affable and debonnaire lady, and Sir Francis a person of toward and gentle manners, and exceedingly polite to women. We were conducted to a neat parlor, where my Lady Sydney was awaiting us. A more fair and accomplished lady is not, I ween, to be found in England or any other country, than this daughter of a great statesman, and wife at that time of Sir Philip Sydney, as she hath since been of my Lords Essex and St. Albans. Methinks the matchless gentleman, noble knight, and sweet writer, her first husband, who did marry her portionless, not like as is the fashion with so many in our days carrying his love in his purse, must have needs drawn from the fair model in his own house the lovely pictures of beauteous women he did portray in his "Arcadia." She greeted us with so much heartfelt politeness, and so tempered gay discoursing with sundry marks of delicate feeling, indicative, albeit not expressive, of a sense of my then trouble, that, albeit a stranger, methinks her reserved compassion and ingenious encouragements served to tranquillize my discomposed mind more than Polly's efforts toward the same end. She told us Lord Arundel had died that morning; which tidings turned my thoughts awhile to Lady Surrey, with many cogitations as to the issue of this event in her regard.

After a short space of time, a step neared the door, and Lady Sydney smiled and said, "Here is my father." I had two or three times seen Sir Francis Walsingham in public assemblies, but his features were nevertheless not familiar to me. Now, after he had saluted Polly and me, and made inquiry touching our relatives, while he conversed with her on indifferent topics, I scanned his face with such careful industry as if in it I should read the issue of my dear father's fate. Methinks I never beheld so unreadable a countenance, or one which bore the impress of so refined a penetration, so piercing an inquisitiveness, so keen a research into others' thoughts, with so close a concealment of his own. I have since heard what his son-in-law did write of him, that he impoverished himself by the purchase of dear intelligence; that, as if master of some invisible spring, all the secrets of Christendom met in his closet, and he had even a key to unlock the Pope's cabinet. His mottoes are said to be *video et taceo*, and that knowledge can never be bought at too high a price. And verily methinks they were writ in his face, in his quick-turning eyes, his thin, compressed lips, and his soft but resolved accents, minding one of steel cased in velvet. 'Tis reported he can read any letter without breaking the seal. For mine own part, I am of opinion he can see through parchment, yea, peradventure, through stone walls, when bent on some discovery. After a few minutes he turned to me with a gracious smile, and said he was very glad to hear that I was a young gentlewoman of great prudence, and well disposed in all respects, and that he doubted not that, if her majesty should by his means show me any favor, I should requite it with such gratitude as should appear in all my future conduct.

"God knoweth," I stammered, mine eyes filling with tears, "I would be grateful to you, sir, if it should please you to move her majesty to grant my prayer, and to her highness for the doing of it."

"And how would you show such gratitude, fair Mistress Constance?" he said, smiling in an encouraging manner.

Digitized by Google

"By such humble duty," I answered, "as a poor obscure creature can pay to her betters."

"And I hope, also," he said, "that such dutifulness will involve no unpleasing effort, no painful constraint on your inclinations; for I am assured her majesty will never desire from you anything but what will well accord with your advantage in this world and in the next."

These words caused me some kind of uneasiness; but as they called for no answer, I took refuge in silence; only methinks my face, which he did seem carefully to study, betrayed anxiety.

"Providence," Sir Francis then said, "doth oftentimes marvellously dispose events. What a rare instance of its gracious workings should be seen in your case, Mistress Constance, if what your heart doth secretly incline to should become a part of that dutifulness which you do intend to practice in future!"

Before I had clearly apprehended the sense of his words, Lady Sydney said to Polly:

"My father hath greatly commended to Sir Philip and me a young gentleman which I understand, Lady Ingoldsby, to be a friend of yours, Mr. Hubert Rookwood, of Euston. He says the gracefulness of his person, his excellent parts, his strong and subtle capacity, do excellently fit him to learn the discipline and garb of the times and court."

"Ay," then quoth Sir Francis, "he hath as large a portion of gifts and endowments as I have ever noticed in one of his age, and I'll warrant he proves no mere vegetable of the court, springing up at night and sinking at noon."

Polly did warmly assent to these praises of Hubert, for whom she had always entertained a great liking; but she merrily said he was not gay enough for her, which abhorred melancholy as cats do water.

"Oh, fair lady," quoth Sir Francis, "God defend we should be melancholy; but verily 'tis fitting we should be sometimes serious, for while we laugh all things are serious round about us. The whole creation is serious in serving God and us. The holy Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious things in the world. All that are in heaven and hell are serious. Then how should we be always gay?"

Polly said—for when had she not, I pray you, somewhat to say?—that certain things in nature had a propensity to gaiety which naught could quell, and instanced birds and streamlets, which never cease to sing and babble as long as they do live or flow. And to be serious, she thought, would kill her. The while this talk was ministered between them, my Lady Sydney, on a sign from her father, I ween, took my hand in hers, and offered to show me the garden; for the heat of the room, she said, was like to give me the headache. Upon which I rose, and followed her into a court planted with trees, and then on to an alley of planes strewed with gravel. As we entered it I perceived several persons walking toward us. When the first thought came into my mind who should be the tall personage in the centre, of hair and complexion fair, and of so stately and majestic deportment, I marvel my limbs gave not way, but my head swam and a mist obscured mine eyes. Methinks, as one dreaming, I heard Lady Sydney say, "The queen, Mistress Sherwood; kneel down, and kiss her majesty's hand." Oh, in the brief moment of time when my lips pressed that thin, white, jewelled hand, what multiplied thoughts, resentful memories, trembling awe, and instinctive homage to royal greatness, met in my soul, and worked confusion in my brain!

"Ah, mine own good Sydney," I heard her majesty exclaim; "is this the young gentlewoman your wise father did speak of at Greenwich yesterday? The daughter of one Sherwood now in prison for popish contumacy?"

"Even so," said Lady Sydney;

Digitized by Google

"and your sacred majesty hath it now in her power to show

'The quality of mercy is not strained—'"

"'But droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath,'"

interrupted the queen, taking the words out of her mouth. "We be not ignorant of those lines. Will Shakespeare hath it,

"'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.'

And i' faith we differ not from him, for verily mercy is our habit and the propension of our soul; but, by God, the malice and ingratitude of recusant traitors doth so increase, with manifold dangers to our person and state, that mercy to them doth turn into treason against ourselves, injury to religion, and an offence to God. Rise," her majesty then said to me; and as I stood before her, the color, I ween, deepening in my cheeks, "Thou hast a fair face, wench," she cried; "and if I remember aright good Mr. Secretary's words, hast used it to such purpose that a young gentleman we have of late taken into our favor is somewhat excessive in his doting on it. Go to, go to; thou couldst go further and fare worse. We ourselves are averse to marriage; but if a woman must needs have a husband (and that deep blushing betokeneth methinks thy bent thereon), she should set her heart wisely, and govern it discreetly."

"Alas, madam!" I cried, "'tis not of marriage I now do think; but, on my knees" (and falling again at her feet, I clasped them, with tears), "of my father's release; I do crave your majesty's mercy."

"Content thee, wench; content thee. Mr. Secretary hath obtained from us the order for that foolish man's banishment from our realm."

"Oh, madam!" I cried, "God bless you!"

Then my heart did smite me I should with so great vehemency bless her who, albeit in this nearest instance pitiful to me, did so relentlessly deal with others; and I bethought me of Mistress Ward, and the ill-usage she was like to meet with. And her words touching Hubert, and silence concerning Basil, weighed like lead on my soul; yet I taxed myself with folly therein, for verily at this time the less he was thought of the greater should be his safety. Sir Francis had now approached the queen, and I did hear her commend to him his garden, which she said was very neat and trim, and the pattern of it most quaint and fanciful. Polly did also kiss her hand, and Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton, which accompanied her majesty, whilst she talked with Sir Francis, conversed with Lady Sydney. I ween my Lord Leicester and many other noblemen and gentlemen were also in her train, but mine eyes took scant note of what passed before them; the queen herself was the only object I could contemplate, so marvellous did it seem I should thus have approached her, and had so much of her notice as she did bestow on me that day. And here I cannot choose but marvel how strangely our hearts are made. How favors to ourselves do alter the current of our feelings; how a near approach to those which at a distance we do think of with unmitigated enmity, doth soften even just resentments; and what a singular fascination doth lie in royalty for to win unto itself a reverence which doth obliterate memories which in common instances should never lose their sting.

The queen's barge, which had moored at the river-side of Sir Francis's garden, was soon filled again with the goodly party it had set down; and as it went up the stream, and I stood gazing on it, methought the whole scene had been a dream.

Lady Sydney and Polly moved Sir Francis to repeat the assurance her majesty had given me touching the commutation of my father's imprisonment into an order of banishment. He satisfied me thereon, and did promise to procure for me permission to see

Digitized by Google

him once more before his departure; which interview did take place on the next day; and when I observed the increased paleness of his face and feebleness of his gait, the pain of bidding that dear parent farewell equalled not the joy I felt in the hope that liberty and the care of those good friends to whose society he would now return, should prolong and cheer the remaining days of his life. Methinks there was some sadness in him that the issue he had so resolutely prepared for, and confidently looked to, should be changed to one so different, and that only by means of death would he have desired to leave the English mission; but he meekly bowed his will to that of God, and said in an humble manner he was not worthy of so exalted an end as he had hoped for, and he refused not to live if so be he might yet serve God in obscure and unnoticed ways.

When I returned home after this comfortable, albeit very sad, parting, I was too weary in body and in mind for to do aught but lie down for a while on a settle, and revolve in my mind the changes which had taken place around me. Hubert came for a brief time that evening; and methinks he had heard from Polly the haps at Seething Lane. He strove for to move me to speak of the queen, and to tell him the very words she had uttered. The eager sparkling of his eyes, the ill-repressed smilingness of his countenance, the manner of his questioning, worked in me a secret anger, which caused the thanks I gave him for his successful dealings in my father's behalf to come more coldly from mine heart than they should otherwise have done, albeit I strove to frame them in such kind terms as were befitting the great service he had rendered us. But to disguise my thoughts my tongue at last refused, and I burst forth:

"But, for all that I do thank you, Hubert, yea, and am for ever indebted to you, which you will never have reason, from my conduct and exceedingly kind sisterly love, to doubt: bear with me, I pray you, when I say (albeit you may think me a very foolish creature) that I wish you not joy, but rather for your sake do lament, the new favor you do stand in with the queen. O Hubert, bethink you, ere you set your foot on the first step of that slippery ladder, court favor, that no man can serve two masters."

"Marry," he answered in a light manner, "by that same token or text, papists can then not serve the queen and also the Pope!"

There be nothing which so chilleth or else cutteth the heart as a jesting retort to a fervent speech.

I hid my face on my arm to hide some tears.

"Constance," he softly said, seeing me moved, "do you weep for me?"

"Yea," I murmured; "God knoweth what these new friendships and this dangerous favor shall work in you contrary to conscience, truth, and virtue. Oh! heaven shield Basil's brother should be a favorite of the queen!"

"Talk not of Basil," he fiercely cried, "I warrant you the day may be at hand when his fate shall hang on my favor with those who can make and mar a man, or ruin and mend his fortunes, as they will, by one stroke of a pen!"

"Yea," I replied; "I doubt not his fortune is at their mercy. His soul, God be praised, their arts cannot reach."

"Constance," he then said, fixedly gazing on me, "if you only love me, there is no ambition too noble, no heights of virtue too exalted, no sacrifices too entire, but I will aim at, aspire to, resolve on, at your bidding."

"Love *you!*" I said, raising mine eyes to his, somewhat scornfully I fear, albeit not meaning it, if I judge by his sudden passion.

"God defend," he cried, "I do not arrive at hating you with as great fervency as I have, yea, as even yet I do love you! O Constance, if I should one day be what I do yet abhor to think

Digitized by Google

of, the guilt thereof shall lie with you if there be justice on earth or in heaven!"

I shook my head, and laying my hand on his, sadly answered:

"I choose not to bandy words with you, Hubert, or charge you with what, if I spoke the truth, would be too keen and resentful reproaches for your unbrotherly manner of dealing with Basil and me; for it would ill become the close of this day, on which I do owe you, under God, my dear father's life, to upbraid where I would fain only from my heart yield thanks. I pray you, let us part in peace. My strength is well-nigh spent and my head acheth sorely."

He knelt down by my side, and whispered, "One word more before I go. You do hold in your keeping Basil's fate and mine. I will not forsake the hope that alone keepeth me from desperation. Hush! say not the word which would change me from a friend to a foe, from a Catholic to an apostate, from a man to a fiend. I have gone well-nigh into the gate of hell; a slender thread yet holds me back; snap it not in twain."

I spoke not, for verily my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a fainting sensation of a sudden came over me. I felt his lips pressed on my hand, and then he left me; and that night I felt very ill, and for nigh unto a fortnight could by no means leave my bed.

One morning, being somewhat easier, I sat up in a high-backed chair, in what had once been our schoolroom; and when Muriel, who had been a most diligent nurse to me in that sickness, came to visit me, I pressed her for to tell me truly if she had heard aught of Basil or of Mistress Ward; for every day when I had questioned her thereon she had denied all knowledge of their haps, which now began to work in me a suspicion she did conceal from me some misfortune, which doubt, I told her, was more grievous to me than to be informed what had befallen them; and so constrained her to admit that, albeit of Basil she had in truth no tidings, which she judged to be favorable to our hopes, of Mistress Ward she had heard, in the first instance, a report, eight or ten days before, that she had been hung up by the hands and cruelly scourged; which torments she was said by the jailors, which Mr. Lacy had spoken with, to have borne with exceeding great courage, saying they were the preludes of martyrdom, with which, by the grace of God, she hoped she should be honored. Then Mr. Roper and Mr. Wells, who was now returned to London, had brought tidings the evening before that on the preceding day she had been brought to the bar, where, being asked by the judges if she was guilty of that treachery to the queen and to the laws of the realm of furnishing the means by which a traitor of a priest had escaped from justice, she answered with a cheerful countenance in the affirmative; and that she never in her life had done anything of which she less repented than of the delivering that innocent lamb from the wolves which should have devoured him.

"Oh, Muriel," I cried, "cannot you see her dear resolved face and the lighting up of her eyes, and the quick fashion of her speech, when she said this?"

"I do picture her to myself," Muriel answered in a low voice, "at all hours of the day, and marvel at mine own quietness therein. But I doubt not her prayers do win for me the grace of resignation. They sought to oblige her to confess where Mr. Watson was, but in vain; and therefore they proceeded to pronounce sentence upon her. But withal telling her that the queen was merciful, and that if she would ask pardon of her majesty, and would promise to go to church, she should be set at liberty; otherwise that she must look for nothing but certain death."

I drew a deep breath then, and said, "The issue is, then, not doubtful."

"She answered," Muriel said, "that

Digitized by Google

as to the queen, she had never offended her majesty; that as to what she had done in favoring Mr. Watson's escape, she believed the queen herself, if she had the bowels of a woman, would have done as much if she had known the ill-treatment he underwent; and as to going to church, she had for many years been convinced that it was not lawful for her so to do, and that she found no reason now for to change her mind, and would not act against her conscience; and therefore they might proceed to the execution of the sentence pronounced against her; for that death for such a cause would be very welcome, and that she was willing to lay down not one life only, but many, if she had them, rather than act against her religion."

"And she is then condemned to death without any hope?" I said.

Muriel remained silent.

"Oh, Muriel!" I cried; "it is not done? it is not over?"

She wiped one tear that trickled down her cheek, and said, "Yesterday she suffered at Tyburn with a wonderful constancy and alacrity."

I hid my face in my hands; for the sight of the familiar room, of the chair in which she was sitting what time she took leave of us, of a little picture pinned to the wall, which she had gifted me with, moved me too much. But when I closed mine eyes, there arose remembrances of my journeying with her; of my foolish speeches touching robbers; of her motherly reproofs of my so great confidence, and comfort in her guidance; and I was fain to seek comfort from her who should have needed it rather than me, but who indeed had it straight from heaven, and thereby could impart some share of it to others.

"Muriel," I said, resting my tired head on her bosom, "the day you say she suffered, I now mind me, I was most ill, and you tended me as cheerfully as if you had no grief."

"Oh, 'tis no common grief," she answered, "no casting-down sorrow, her end doth cause me; rather some kind of holy jealousy, some over-eager pining to follow her."

A waiting-woman then came in, and I saw her give a letter to Muriel, who I noticed did strive to hide it from me. But I detected it in her hand, and cried, "'Tis from Basil; how hath it come?" and took it from her; but trembling so much, my fingers could scarce untie the strings, for I was yet very unwell from my sickness.

"Mr. Hodgson hath sent it," quoth Muriel; "God yield it be good news!"

Then my eyes fell on the loved writing, and read what doth follow:

"DEAR HEART AND SWEET WIFE soon to be—God be praised, we are now safe in port at Calais, but have not lacked dangers in our voyage. But all is well, I ween, that doth end well; and I do begin my letter with the tokens of that good ending that mine own sweet love should have no fears, only much thankfulness to God, whilst she doth read of the perils we have escaped. We carried Mr. Watson—Tom and I and two others—into the boat, on the evening of the day when I last saw you, and made for the Dutch vessel out at sea near the river's mouth. The light was waning, but not yet so far gone but that objects were discernible; and we had not rowed a very long time before we heard a splashing of oars behind us, and turning round, what should we see but one of the Queen's barges, and by the floating pennon at the stern discerned her majesty to be on board! We hastily turned our boat, and I my back toward the bank; threw a cloak over Mr. Watson, who, by reason of his broken limbs, was lying on a mattress at the bottom of it; and Tom and the others feigned to be fishing. When the royal barge passed by, some one did shout, railing at us for that we did fish in the dark, and a storm coming up the river; and verily it did of a sudden begin to blow very strong. Sundry small craft were coming from the sea into the river for shelter; and as they did meet us, expressed marvel we

Digitized by Google

should adventure forth, jeering us for our thinking to catch fish and a storm menacing. None of us, albeit good rowers, were much skilled in the mariner's art; but we commended ourselves to God and went onward all the night; and when the morning was breaking, to our unspeakable comfort, we discovered the Dutch vessel but a few strokes distant at anchor, when, as we bethought ourselves nearly in safety, a huge rolling wave (for now the weather had waxed exceedingly rough) upset our boat."

"O Muriel," I exclaimed, "that night I tossed about in a high fever, and saw Basil come dripping wet at the foot of my bed: I warrant you 'twas second sight."

"Read on, read on," Muriel said; "nor delude yourself touching visions."

"Tom, the other boatman, and I, being good swimmers, soon regained the boat, the which floated keel upwards, whereon we climbed, but well-nigh demented were we to find Mr. Watson could nowhere be seen. In desperation I plunged again into the sea, swimming at hazard, with difficulty buffeting the waves; when nearly spent I descried the good priest, and seized him in a most unmannerly fashion by the collar, and dragging him along, made shift to regain the floating keel; and Tom, climbing to the top, waved high his kerchief, hoping to be seen by the Dutchman, who by good hap did espy our signal. Soon had we the joy to see a boat lowered and advance toward us. With much difficulty it neared us, by reason of the fury of the waves; but, God be thanked, it did at last reach us; and Mr. Watson, insensible and motionless, was hoisted therein, and soon in safety conveyed on board the vessel. I much feared for his life; for, I pray you, was such a cold, long bath, succeeding to a painful exposed night, meet medicine for broken limbs, and the fever which doth accompany such hurts? I wot not; but yet, God be praised, he is now in the hospital of a monastery in this town, well tended and cared for, and the leeches do assure me like to do well. Thou mayest think, sweetheart, that after seeing him safely stowed in that good lodgment, I waited not for to change my clothes or break my fast, before I went to the church; and on my knees blessed the Almighty for his protection, and hung a thank-offering on to our Lady's image; for I warrant you, when I was fishing for Mr. Watson in that raging sea, I missed not to put up Hail Marys as fast as I could think them, for beshrew me if I had breath to spare for to utter. I do now pen this letter at my good friend Mr. Wells's brother's, and Tom will take it with him to London, and Mr. Hodgson convey it to thee. Thy affectionate and humble obedient (albeit intending to lord it over thee some coming day) servant and lover, BASIL ROOKWOOD.

"Oh, how the days do creep till I be out of my wardship! Methinks I do feel somewhat like Mrs. Helen Ingoldsby, who doth hate patience, she saith, by reason that it doth always keep her waiting. I would not be patient, sweet one, I fear, if *im*patience would carry me quicker to thy dear side."

"Well," said Muriel, sweetly smiling when I had finished reading this comfortable letter, "the twain which we have accompanied this past fortnight with our thoughts and prayers have both, God be praised, escaped from a raging sea into a safe harbor, albeit not of the same sort—the one earthly, the other heavenly. Oh, but I am very glad, dear Constance, thou art spared a greater trial than hath yet touched thee!" and so pure a joy beamed in her eyes, that methought no one more truly fulfilled that bidding, "to rejoice with such as rejoice, as well as to weep with such as weep."

This letter of my dear Basil hastened my recovery; and three days later, having received an invitation thereunto, I went to visit the Countess of Surrey, now also of Arundel, at Arundel House. The trouble she was in by

Digitized by Google

reason of her grandfather's death, and of my Lady Lumley's, who had preceded her father to the grave, exceeded anything she had yet endured. The earl her husband continued the same hard usage toward her, and never so much as came to visit her at that time of her affliction, but remained in Norfolk, attending to his sports of hunting and the like. Howsoever, as he had satisfied her uncles, Mr. Francis and Mr. Leonard Dacre, Mr. James Labourn, and also Lord Montague, and his own sister Lady Margaret Sackville, and likewise Lord Thomas and Lord William Howard, his brothers, that he put not in any doubt, albeit words to that effect had once escaped him, the validity of his marriage, she, with great wisdom and patience, and prudence very commendable in one of her years, being destitute of any fitting place to dwell in, resolved to return to his house in London. At the which at first he seemed not a little displeased, but yet took no measures for to drive her from it. And in the ordering of the household and care of his property manifested the same zeal, and obtained the same good results, as she had procured whilst she lived at Kenninghall. Methought she had waxed older by some years, not weeks, since I had seen her, so staid and composed had become the fashion of her speech and of her carriage. She conversed with me on mine own troubles and comforts, and the various and opposite haps which had befallen me; which I told her served to strengthen in me my early thinking, that sorrows are oftentimes so intermixed with joys that our lives do more resemble variable April days than the cloudless skies of June, or the dark climate of winter.

Whilst we did thus discourse, mine eyes fell on a quaint piece of work in silk and silver, which was lying on a table, as if lately unfolded. Lady Arundel smiled in a somewhat sad fashion, and said:

"I warrant thou art curious, Constance, to examine that piece of embroidery; and verily as regards the hands which hath worked it, and the kind intent with which it was wrought, a more notable one should not easily be found. Look at it, and see if thou canst read the ingenious meaning of it."

This was the design therein executed with exceeding great neatness and beauty: there was a tree framed, whereon two turtle-doves sat, on either side one, with this difference, that by that on the right hand there were two or three green leaves remaining, by the other none at all—the tree on that side being wholly bare. Over the top of the tree were these words, wrought in silver: "Amoris sorte pares." At the bottom of the tree, on the side where the first turtle-dove did sit by the green leaves, these words were also embroidered: "Hæc ademptum," with an anchor under them. On the other side, under the other dove, were these words, in like manner wrought: "Illa peremptum," with pieces of broken board underneath.

"See you what this doth mean?" the countess asked.

"Nay," I answered; "my wit is herein at fault."

"You will," she said, "when you know whence this gift comes to me. Methought, save by a few near to me in blood, or by marriage connected, and one or two friends—thou, my Constance, being the chiefest—I was unknown to all the world; but a sad royal heart having had notice, in the midst of its own sore griefs, how the earl my husband doth, through evil counsel, absent and estrange himself from me, partly to comfort, and partly to show her love to one she once thought should be her daughter-in-law, for a token thereof she sent me this gift, contrived by her own thinking, and wrought with her own hands. Those two doves do represent herself and me. On my side an anchor and a few green leaves (symbols of hope), show I may yet flourish, because my lord is alive; though, by reason of his absence and unkindness, I mourn as a

Digitized by Google

lone turtle-dove. But the bare boughs and broken boards on her side signify that her hopes are wholly wrecked by the death of the duke, for whom she doth mourn without hope of comfort or redress."

The pathetic manner in which Lady Arundel made this speech moved me almost to tears.

"If Philip," she said, "doth visit me again at any time, I will hang up this ingenious conceit where he should see it. Methinks it will recall to him the past, and move him to show me kindness. Help me, Constance," she said after a pause, "for to compose such an answer as my needle can express, which shall convey to this royal prisoner both thanks, and somewhat of hope also, albeit not of the sort she doth disclaim."

I mused for a while, and then with a pencil drew a pattern of a like tree to that of the Scottish queen's design; and the dove which did typify the Countess of Arundel I did represent fastened to the branch, whereon she sat and mourned, by many strings wound round her heart, and tied to the anchor of an earthly hope, whereas the one which was the symbol of the forlorn royal captive did spread her wings toward the sky, unfettered by the shattered relics strewn at her feet. Lady Arundel put her arm round my neck, and said she liked well this design; and bade me for to pray for her, that the invisible strings, which verily did restrain in her heavenward motions, should not always keep her from soaring thither where only true joys are to be found.

During some succeeding weeks I often visited her, and we wrought together at the same frame in the working of this design, which she had set on hand by a cunning artificer from the rough pattern I had drawn. Much talk the while was ministered between us touching religion, which did more and more engage her thoughts; Mr. Bayley, a Catholic gentleman who belonged to the earl her husband, and whom she did at that time employ to carry relief to sick and poor persons, helping her greatly therein, being well instructed himself, and haunting such priests as did reside secretly in London at that time.

About the period when Basil was expected to return, my health was again much affected, not so sharply as before, but a weakness and failing of strength did show the effects of such sufferings as I had endured. Hubert's behavior did tend at that time for to keep me in great uneasiness. When he came to the house, albeit he spake but seldom to me, if we ever were alone he gave sundry hints of a persistent hope and a possible desperation, mingled with vague threats, which disturbed me more than can be thought of. Methinks Kate, Polly, and Muriel held council touching my health; and thence arose a very welcome proposal, from my Lady Tregony, that I should visit her at her seat in Norfolk, close on the borders of Suffolk, whither she had retired since Thomas Sherwood's death. Polly, who had a good head and a good heart, albeit too light a mind, forecasted the comfort it should be to Basil and me, when he returned, to be so near neighbors until we were married (which could not be before some months after he came of age), that we could meet every day; Lady Tregony's seat being only three miles distant from Euston. They wrote to him thereon; and when his answer came, the joy he expressed was such that nothing could be greater. And on a fair day in the spring, when the blossoms of the pear and apple-trees were showing on the bare branches, even as my hopes of coming joys did bud afresh after long pangs of separation, I rode from London, by slow journeys, to Banham Hall, and amidst the sweet silence of rural scenes, quiet fields, and a small but convenient house, where I was greeted with maternal kindness by one in whom age retained the warmth of heart of youth, I did regain so much strength and good looks, that when, one day, a

Digitized by Google

horseman, when I least thought of it, rode to the door, and I turned white and red in turns, speechless with delight, perceiving it to be Basil, he took me by both hands, looked into my face and cried:

"Hang the leeches! Suffolk air was all thou didst need, for all they did so fright me."

"Norfolk air, I pray you," quoth my Lady Tregony, smiling.

"Nay, nay," quoth Basil. "It doth blow over the border from Suffolk."

"Happiness, leastways, bloweth thence," I whispered.

"Yea," he answered; for he was not one for to make long speeches.

But, ah me! the sight of him was a cure to all mine ailments.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is not to be credited with how great an admixture of pleasure and pain I do set myself to my daily task of writing, for the thought of those spring and summer months spent in Lady Tregony's house doth stir up old feelings, the sweetness of which hath yet some bitterness in it, which I would fain separate from the memories of that happy time.

Basil had taken up his abode at Euston, whither I so often went and whence he so often came, that methinks we could both have told (for mine own part I can yet do it, even after the lapse of so many years) the shape of each tree, the rising of each bank, the every winding of the fair river Ouse betwixt one house and the other. Yea, when I now sit down on the shore, gazing on the far-off sea, bethinking myself it doth break on the coast of England, I sometimes newly draw on memory's tablet that old large house, the biggest in all Suffolk, albeit homely in its exterior and interior plainness, which sitteth in a green hollow between two graceful swelling hills. Its opposite meadows starred in the spring-tide with so many daisies and buttercups that the grass scantily showeth amidst these gay intruders; the ascending walk, a mile in length, with four rows of ash-trees on each side, the tender green of which in those early April days mocked the sober tints of the darksome tufts of fir; and the noble deer underneath the old oaks, carrying in a stately manner their horned heads, and darting along the glades with so swift a course that the eye could scarce follow them. But mostly the little wooden bridge where, when Basil did fish, I was wont to sit and watch the sport, I said, but verily him, of whose sight I was somewhat covetous after his long absence. And I mind me that one day when we were thus seated, he on the margin of the stream and I leaning against the bridge, we held an argument touching country diversions, which began in this wise:

"Methinks," I said, "of all disports fishing hath this advantage, that if one faileth in the success he looketh for, he hath at least a wholesome walk, a sweet air, a fragrant savor of the mead flowers. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, and many other fowls with their broods, which is surely better than the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cries the hunters make. And if it be in part used for the increasing of the body's health and the solace of the mind, it can also be advantageously employed for the health of the soul, for it is not needful in this diversion to have a great many persons with you, and this solitude doth favor thought and the serving of God by sometimes repeating devout prayers."

To this Basil replied: "That as there be many men, there be also many minds; and, for his part, when the woods and fields and skies seemed in all one loud cry and confusion with the earning of the hounds, the galloping of the horses, the hallowing of the huntsmen, and the excellent echo resounding from the hills and valleys, he did not think there could be a

Digitized by Google

more delectable pastime or a more tuneable sound by any degree than this, and specially in that place which is formed so meet for the purpose. And if he should wish anything, it would be that it had been the time of year for it, and for me to ride by his side on a sweet misty morning to hear this goodly music and to be recreated with this excellent diversion. And for the matter of prayers," he added, smiling, "I warrant thee, sweet preacher, that as wholesome cogitations touching Almighty God and his goodness, and brief inward thanking of him for good limbs and an easy heart, have come into my mind on a horse's back with a brave westerly wind blowing about my head, as in the quiet sitting by a stream listing to the fowls singing."

"Oh, but Basil," I rejoined, "there are more virtues to be practised by an angler than by a hunter."

"How prove you that, sweetheart?" he asked.

Then I: "Well, he must be of a well-settled and constant belief to enjoy the benefit of his expectation. He must be full of love to his neighbor, that he neither give offence in any particular, nor be guilty of any general destruction; then he must be exceeding patient, not chafing in losing the prey when it is almost in hand, or in breaking his tools, but with pleased sufferance, as I have witnessed in thyself, amend errors and think mischances instructions to better carefulness. He must be also full of humble thoughts, not disdaining to kneel, lie down, or wet his fingers when occasion commands. Then must he be prudent, apprehending the reasons why the fish will not bite; and of a thankful nature, showing a large gratefulness for the least satisfaction."

"Tut, tut," Basil replied, laughing; "thinkest thou no patience be needful when the dogs do lose the scent, or your horse refuseth to take a gate; no prudence to forecast which way to turn when the issue be doubtful; no humility to brook a fall with twenty fellows passing by a-jeering of you; no thankfulness your head be not broken; no love of your neighbor for to abstain in the heat of the chase from treading down his corn, or for to make amends when it be done? Go to, go to, sweetheart; thou art a dextrous pleader, but hast failed to prove thy point. Methinks there doth exist greater temptations for to swear or to quarrel in hunting than in fishing, and, if resisted, more excellent virtues then observed. One day last year, when I was in Cheshire, Sir Peter Lee of Lime did invite me to hunt the stag, and there being a great stag in chase and many gentlemen hot in the pursuit, the stag took soil, and divers, whereof I was one, alighted and stood with sword drawn to have a cut at him."

"Oh, the poor stag!" I cried; "I do always sorely grieve for him."

"Well," he continued, "the stags there be wonderfully fierce and dangerous, which made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all; and it was my misfortune to be hindered in my coming near him, the way being slippery, by a fall which gave occasion to some which did not know me to speak as if I had failed for fear; which being told me, I followed the gentleman who first spoke it, intending for to pick a quarrel with him, and, peradventure, measure my sword with his, so be his denial and repentance did not appear. But, I thank God, afore I reached him my purpose had changed, and in its stead I turned back to pursue the stag, and happened to be the only horseman in when the dogs set him up at bay; and approaching near him, he broke through the dogs and ran at me, and took my horse's side with his horns. Then I quitted my horse, and of a sudden getting behind him, got on his back and cut his throat with my sword."

"Alack!" I cried, "I do mislike these bloody pastimes, and love not to think of the violent death of any living creature."

Digitized by Google

"Well, dear heart," he answered, "I will not make thee sad again by the mention of the killing of so much as a rat, if it displeaseth thee. But truly I mislike not to think of that day, for I warrant thee, in turning back from the pursuit of that injurious gentleman, somewhat more of virtue did exist than it hath been my hap often to practice. For, look you, sweet one, to some it doth cause no pain to forgive an injury which toucheth not their honor, or to plunge into the sea to fish out a drowning man; but to be styled a coward, and yet to act as a Christian man should do, not seeking for to be revenged, why, methinks, there should be a little merit in it."

"Yea," I said, "much in every way; but truly, sir, if your thinking is just that easy virtue is little or no virtue, I shall be the least virtuous wife in the world."

Upon this he laughed so loud that I told him he would fright all the fishes away.

"I' faith, let them go if they list," he cried, and cast away his rod. Then coming to where I was sitting, he invited me to walk with him alongside the stream, and then asked me for to explain my last speech.

"Why, Basil," I said, "what, I pray you, should be the duty of a virtuous wife but to love her husband?"

So then he, catching my meaning, smiled and replied,

"If that duty shall prove easy to thy affectionate heart, I doubt not but others will arise which shall call for the exercise of more difficult virtue."

When we came to a sweet nook, where the shade made it too dark for grass to grow, and only moss yielded a soft carpet for the feet, we sat down on a shelving slope of broken stones, and I exclaimed,

"Oh, Basil, methinks we shall be too happy in this fair place; and I do tax myself presently with hardness of heart, that in thy company, and the forecasting of a blissful time to come, I lose the sense of recent sorrows."

"God doth yield thee this comfort," he answered, "for to refresh thy body and strengthen thy soul, which have both been verily sorely afflicted of late. I ween he doth send us breathing-times with this merciful intent."

By such discourses as these we entertained ourselves at sundry times; but some of the sweetest hours we spent were occupied in planning the future manner of our lives, the good we should strive to do amongst our poor neighbors, and the sweet exercise of Catholic religion we should observe.

Foreseeing the frequent concealing of priests in his house, Basil sent one day for a young carpenter, one Master Owen, who hath since been so noted for the contriving of hiding-places in all the recusants' houses in England; and verily what I noticed in him during the days he was at work at Euston did agree with the great repute of sanctity he hath since obtained. His so small stature, his trick of silence, his exceeding recollected and composed manner filled me with admiration; and Basil told me nothing would serve him, the morning he arrived, when he found a priest was in the house, but to go to shrift and holy communion, which was his practice, before ever he set to work at his good business. I took much pleasure in watching his progress. He scooped out a cell in the walls of the gallery, contriving a door such as I remembered at Sherwood Hall, which none could see to open unless they did know of the spring. All the time he was laboring thereat, I could discern him to be praying; and when he wot not any to be near him, sang hymns in a loud and exceeding sweet voice. I have never observed in any one a more religious behavior than in this youth, who, by his subtle and ingenious art, hath saved the lives of many priests, and procured mass to be said in houses where none should have durst for to say or hear it if a refuge of this kind did not exist, wherein a man may lie ensconced for years, and none can find him, if he come not forth himself.

Digitized by Google

When he was gone, other sort of workmen were called in, for to make more habitable and convenient a portion of this large house. For in this the entire consenting of our minds did appear, that neither of us desired for to spend money on showy improvements, or to inhabit ten chambers when five should suffice. What one proposed, the other always liked well; and if in tastes we did sometimes differ, yet no disagreement ensued. For, albeit Basil cared not as much as I did for the good ordering of the library, his indulgent kindness did nevertheless incline him to favor me with a promise that one hundred fair, commendable books should be added to those his good father had collected. He said that Hubert should aid us to choose these goodly volumes, holy treatises, and histories in French and English, if it liked me, and poetry also. One pleasant chamber he did laughingly appoint for to be the scholar's room, in the which he should never so much as show his face, but Hubert and I read and write, if we listed, our very heads off. The ancient chapel was now a hall; and, save some carving on the walls which could not be recovered, no traces did remain of its old use. But at the topmost part of the house, at the head of a narrow staircase, was a chamber wherein mass was sometimes said; and since Basil's return, he had procured that each Saturday a priest should come and spend the night with him, for the convenience of all the neighboring Catholics who resorted there for to go to their duty. Lady Tregony and her household—which were mostly Catholic, but had not the same commodities in her house, where to conceal any one was more hard, for that it stood almost in the village of Fakenham, and all comers and goers proved visible to the inhabitants—did repair on Sundays, at break of day, to Euston. How sweet were those rides in the fair morning light, the dew bespangling every herb and tree, and the wild flowers filling the air with their fresh fragrance! The pale primroses, the azure harebell, the wood-anemone, and the dark-blue hyacinth—what dainty nosegays they furnished us with for our Blessed Lady's altar! of which the fairest image I ever beheld stood in the little secret chapel at Euston. Basil did much affection this image of Blessed Mary; for as far back as he could remember he had been used to say his prayers before it; and when his mother died, he being only seven years of age, he knelt before this so lively representation of God's Mother, beseeching of her to be a mother to him also; which prayer methinks verily did take effect, his life having been marked by singular tokens of her maternal care.

In the Holy Week, which fell that year in the second week of April, he procured the aid of three priests, and had all the ceremonies performed which do appertain to that sacred season. On Wednesday, toward evening began *Tenebræ*, with the mysterious candlestick of fifteen lights, fourteen of them representing, by the extinguishing of them, the disciples which forsook Christ; the fifteenth on the top, which was not put out, his dear Mother, who from the crib to the cross, was not severed from him. On Thursday we decked the sepulchre wherein the Blessed Sacrament reposed with flowers and all such jewels as we possessed, and namely with a very fair diamond cross which Basil had gifted me with, and reverently attended it day and night. "God defend," I said to Basil, when the sepulchre was removed, "I should retain for vain uses what was lent to our Lord yester eve!" and straightway hung on the cross to our Lady's neck. On Friday we all crept to the crucifix, and kissing, bathed it with our tears. On Saturday every fire was extinguished in the house, and kindled again with hallowed fire. Then ensued the benediction of the paschal candle, and the rest of the divine ceremonies, till mass. At mass, as soon as the priest pronounced "Gloria in excelsis," a cloth, contrived by Lady Tregony and me,

Digitized by Google

and which veiled the altar, made resplendent with lights and flowers, was suddenly snatched away, and many little bells we had prepared for that purpose rung, in imitation of what was done in England in Catholic times, and now in foreign countries. On Easter Sunday, after mass, a benediction was given to divers sorts of meat, and, in remembrance of the Lamb sacrificed two days before, a great proportion of lamb. Nigh one hundred recusants had repaired to Euston that day for their paschal communion. Basil did invite them all to break Lent's neck with us, in honor of Christ's joyful resurrection; and many blessings were showered that day, I ween, on Master Rookwood, and for his sake, I ween, on Mistress Sherwood also. The sun did shine that Easter morning with more than usual brightness. The common people do say it danceth for joy at this glorious tide. For my part, methought it had a rare youthful brilliancy, more cheering than hot, more lightsome than dazzling. All nature seemed to rejoice that Christ was risen; and pastoral art had devised arches of flowers and gay wreaths hanging from pole to pole and gladdening every thicket.

Verily, if the sun danced in the sky, my poor heart danced in my bosom. At Basil's wishing, anticipating future duties, I went to the kitchen for to order the tansy-cakes which were to be prizes at the hand-ball playing on the next day. Like a foolish creature, I was ready to smile at every jest, howsoever trifling; and when Basil put in his head at the door and cried, "Prithee, let each one that eateth of tansy-cake to-morrow, which signifieth bitter herbs, take also of bacon, to show he is no Jew," the wenches and I did laugh till the tears ran down our cheeks. Ah me! when the heart doth overflow with joy 'tis marvellous how the least word maketh merriment.

One day late in April I rode with Basil for to see some hawking, which verily is a pleasure for high and mounting spirits; howsoever, I wore not the dress which the ladies in this country do use on such occasions, for I have always thought it an unbecoming thing for women to array themselves in male attire, or ride in fashion like a man, and Basil is of my thinking thereon. It was a clear, calm, sunshiny evening, about an hour before the sun doth usually mask himself, that we went to the river. There we dismounted and, for the first time, I did behold this noble pastime. For is it not rare to consider how a wild bird should be so brought to hand and so well managed as to make us such pleasure in the air; but most of all to forego her native liberty and feeding, and return to her servitude and diet? And what a lesson do they read to us when our wanton wills and thoughts take no heed of reason and conscience's voices luring us back to duty's perch.

When we had stood a brief time watching for a mallard, Basil perceived one and whistled off his falcon. She flew from him as if she would never have turned her head again, yet upon a shout came in. Then by degrees, little by little, flying about and about, she mounted so high as if she had made the moon the place of her flight, but presently came down like a stone at the sound of his lure. I waxed very eager in the noticing of these haps, and was well content to be an eye-witness of this sport. Methought it should be a very pleasant thing to be Basil's companion in it, and wear a dainty glove and a gentle tasel on my fist which should never cast off but at my bidding, and when I let it fly would return at my call. And this thought minded me of a faithful love never diverted from its resting-place save by heavenward aspirations alternating betwixt earthly duties and ghostly soarings. But oh, what a tragedy was enacted in the air when Basil, having detected by a little white feather in its tail a cock in a brake, cast off a tasel gentle, who never ceased his circular motion till he had recovered his place. Then suddenly

Digitized by Google

upon the flushing of the cock he came down, and missing of it in that downcome, lo what working there was on both sides! The cock mounting as if he would have pierced the skies; the hawk flying a contrary way until he had made the wind his friend; what speed the cock made to save himself! What hasty pursuit the hawk made of the fugitive! after long flying killing of it, but alack in killing of it killing himself!

"Ah, a fatal ending to a fatal strife!" exclaimed a known voice close unto mine ear, a melodious one, albeit now harsh to my hearing. Mine eyes were dazzled with gazing upward, and I confusedly discerned two gentlemen standing near me, one of which I knew to be Hubert. I gave him my hand, and then Basil turning round and beholding him and his companion, came up to them with a joyful greeting:

"Oh, Sir Henry," he exclaimed, "I be truly glad to see you; and you, Hubert, what a welcome surprise is this!"

Then he introduced me to Sir Henry Jerningham; for he it was who, bowing in a courteous fashion, addressed to me such compliments as gentlemen are wont to pay to ladies at the outset of their acquaintanceship.

These visitors had left their horses a few paces off, and then Sir Henry explained that Hubert had been abiding with him at his seat for a few days, and that certain law-business in which Basil was concerned as well as his brother, and himself also, as having been for one year his guardian, did necessitate a meeting wherein these matters should be brought to a close.

"So," quoth he then, "Master Basil, I proposed we should invade your solitude in place of withdrawing you from it, which methought of the two evils should be the least, seeing what attractions do detain you at Euston at this time."

I foolishly dared not look at Hubert when Sir Henry made this speech, and Basil with hearty cheer thanked him for his obliging conduct and the great honor he did him for to visit him in this amicable manner. Then he craved his permission for to accompany me to Lady Tregony's house, trusting, he said, to Hubert to conduct him to Euston, and to perform there all hospitable duties during the short time he should be absent himself.

"Nay, nay," quoth Sir Henry, "but, with your license, Master Basil, we will ride with you and this lady to Banham Hall. Methinks, seeing you are such near neighbors, that Mistress Sherwood lacketh not opportunities to enjoy your company, and that you should not deprive me of the pleasure of a short conversation with her whilst Hubert and you entertain yourselves for the nonce in the best way you can."

Basil smiled, and said it contented him very much that Sir Henry should enjoy my conversation, which he hoped in future should make amends to his friends for his own deficiencies. So we all mounted our horses, and Sir Henry rode alongside of me, and Basil and Hubert behind us; for only two could hold abreast in the narrow lane which led to Fakenham. A chill had fallen on my heart since Hubert's arrival, which I can only liken to the sudden overcasting of a bright sunshiny day by a dark, cold cloud.

At first Sir Henry entered into discourse with me touching hawking, which he talked of in a merry fashion, drawing many similitudes betwixt falconers and lovers, which he said were the likest people in the world.

"For, I pray you," said he, "are not hawks to the one what his mistress is to the other? the objects of his care, admiration, labor, and all. They be indeed his idols. To them he consecrates his amorous ditties, and courts each one in a peculiar dialect. Oh, believe me, Mistress Sherwood, that lady may style herself fortunate in love who shall meet with so much thought, affection, and solicitude from a lover or a husband as his birds do from a good ostringer."

Digitized by Google

Then diverting his speech to other topics, he told me it was bruited that the queen did intend to make a progress in the eastern counties that summer, and that her majesty should be entertained in a very splendid manner at Kenninghall by my Lord Arundel and also at his house in Norwich.

"It doth much grieve me to hear it," I answered.

Then he: "Wherefore, Mistress Sherwood?"

"Because," I said, "Lord Arundel hath already greatly impaired his fortune and spent larger sums than can be thought of in the like prodigal courtly expenses, and also lost a good part of the lands which his grandfather and my Lady Lumley would have bequeathed to him if he had not turned spendthrift and so greatly displeased them."

"But and if it be so," quoth he again, "wherefore doth this young nobleman's imprudence displeasure you, Mistress Sherwood?"

I answered, "By reason of the pain which his follies do cause to his sweet lady, which for many years hath been more of a friend to my poor self, than unequal rank and, if possible, still more unequal merit should warrant."

"Then I marvel not," replied Sir Henry, "at your resentment of her husband's folly, for by all I have ever seen or heard of this lady she doth show herself to be the pattern of a wife, the model of high-born ladies; and 'tis said that albeit so young, there doth exist in her so much merit and dignity that some noblemen confess that when they come into her presence they dare not swear, as at other times they are wont to do before the best of the kingdom. But I have heard, and am verily inclined to believe it, that he is much changed in his dispositions toward his lady; though pride, it may be, or shame at his ill-usage of her, or fear that it should seem that, now his favor with the queen doth visibly decline, he should turn to her whom, when fortune smiled upon him, he did keep aloof from, seeking her only when clouds gather round him, do hinder him from showing these new inclinations."

"How much he would err," I exclaimed, "and wrong his noble wife if he misdoubted her heart in such a case! Methinks most women would be ready to forgive one they loved when misfortune threatened them, but she beyond all others, who never at any time allowed jealousy or natural resentments to draw away her love from him to whom she hath vowed it. But is Lord Arundel then indeed in less favor with her majesty? And how doth this surmise agree with the report of her visit to Kenninghall?"

"Ah, Mistress Sherwood," he answered, "declines in the human body often do call for desperate remedies, and the like are often required when they occur in court favor. 'Tis a dangerous expedient to spend two or three thousands of pounds in one or two days for the entertainment of the queen and the court; but if, on the report of her intended progress, one of such high rank as Lord Arundel had failed to place his house at her disposal, his own disgrace and his enemies' triumph should have speedily ensued. I pray God my Lord Burleigh do not think on Cottessy! Egad, I would as lief pay down at once one year's income as to be so uncertainly mulcted. I warrant you Lord Arundel shall have need to sell an estate to pay for the honor her majesty will do him. He hath a spirit will not stop half-way in anything he doth pursue."

"Then think you, sir," I said, "he will be one day as noted for his virtues as now for his faults?"

Sir Henry smiled as he answered, "If Philip Howard doth set himself one day to serve God, I promise you his zeal therein will far exceed what he hath shown in the devil's service."

"I pray you prove a true prophet, sir," I said; and, as we now had reached the door of Lady Tregony's house, I took leave of this courteous gentleman, and hastily turned toward

Digitized by Google

Basil—with an uneasy desire to set him on his guard to use some reserve in his speeches with Hubert, but withal at a loss how to frame a brief warning, or to speak without being overheard. Howsoever, I drew him a little aside, and whispered, "Prithee, be silent touching Owen's work, even to Hubert."

He looked at me so much astonished, and methought with so great a look of pain, that my heart smote me. We exchanged a brief farewell; and when they had all ridden away, I felt sad. Our partings were wont to be more protracted; for he would most times ask me to walk back with him to the gate, and then made it an excuse that it should be unmannerly not to see me home, aud so three or four times we used to walk to and fro, till at last I did laughingly shut the door on him, and refused to open it again. But, ah me! that evening the chill I spoke of had fallen on our simple joys like a blight on a fair landscape.

On the next day two missives came to me from Euston, sent by private hand, but not by the same messenger. I leave the reader to judge what I felt in reading these proofs of the dispositions of two brothers, so alike in features, so different in soul. This was Basil's letter:

"MINE OWN DEAR HEART—The business which hath brought Sir Henry and Hubert here will, I be frightened, hold me engaged all to-morrow. But, before I sleep, I must needs write thee (poor penman as I be) how much it misliketh me to see in thee an ill opinion of mine only and dear brother, and such suspicion as verily no one should entertain of a friend, but much less of one so near in blood. I do yield thee that he is not as zealous as I could wish in devout practices, and something too fond of worldly pleasures; but God is my witness, I should as soon think of doubting mine own existence as his fidelity to his religion, or his kindness to myself. So, prithee, dear love, pain me not again by the utterance of such injurious words to Hubert as that I should not trust him with any secrets howsoever weighty, or should observe any manner of restraint in communicating with him touching common dangers and interests. Methinks he is very sad at this time, and that the sight of his paternal home hath made him melancholy. Verily, his lot hath in it none of the brightness which doth attend mine, and I would we could anyways make him a partaker in the happiness we do enjoy. I pray God he may help me to effect this, by the forwarding of any wish he hath at heart; but he was always of a very reserved habit of mind, and not prone to speak of his own concernments. Forgive, sweetheart, this loving reproof, from thy most loving friend and servant,

"BASIL ROOKWOOD."

Hubert's was as followeth:

"MADAM—My presumption toward you hath doubtless been a sin calling for severe punishment; but I pray you leave not the cause of it unremembered. The doubtful mind you once showed in my regard, and of which the last time I saw you some marks methought did yet appear, should be my excuse if I have erred in a persistency of love, which most women would less deserve indeed, but would more appreciate than you have done. If this day no token doth reach me of your changed mind, be it so. I depart hence as changed as you do remain unchanged. It may be for mine own weal, albeit passion deems of it otherwise, if you finally reject me whom once you did look upon with so great favor, that the very thought of it works in me a revived tenderness as should be mine own undoing if it prevailed, for this country hath laws which are not broken in vain, and faithful loyal service is differently requited than traitorous and obstinate malignity. I shall be the greater for lacking your love, proud lady; but to have it I would forego all a sovereign can bestow—all that ambition can desire. These, then, are my last words. If we meet not to-day, God

Digitized by Google

knoweth with what sentiments we shall one day meet, when justice hath overtaken you, and love in me hath turned to hatred!

"HUBERT ROOKWOOD."

"Ay," I bitterly exclaimed, laying the two letters side by side before me, "one endeth with love, the other with hate. The one showeth the noble fruits of true affection, the other the bitter end of selfish passion." Then I mused if I should send Basil, or show him later Hubert's letter, clearing myself of any injustice toward him, but destroying likewise for ever his virtuous confidence in his brother's honor. A short struggle with myself ensued, but I soon resolved, for the present at least, on silence. If danger did seem to threaten Basil, which his knowledge of his brother's baseness could avert, then I must needs speak; but God defend I should without constraint pour a poisoned drop into the clear fount of his undoubting soul. Passion may die away, hatred may cease, repentance arise; but the evil done by the revealing of another's sin worketh endless wrong to the doer and the hearer.

The day on which I received these two letters did seem the longest I had ever known. On the next Basil came to Banham Hall, and told me his guests were gone. A load seemed lifted from my heart. But, albeit we resumed our wonted manner of life, and the same mutual kindness and accustomed duties and pleasures filled our days, I felt less secure in my happiness, less thoughtless of the world without, more subject to sudden sinkings of heart in the midst of greatest merriment, than before Hubert's visit.

In the early part of June, Mr. Congleton wrote in answer to Basil's eager pressings that he would fix the day of our marriage, that he was of opinion a better one could not be found than that of our Lady's Visitation, on the 2d of July, and that, if it pleased God, he should then take the first journey he had made for five-and-twenty years; for nothing would serve Lady Tregony but that the wedding should take place in her house, where a priest would marry us in secret at break of day, and then we should ride to the parish church at Euston for the public ceremony. He should, he added, carry Muriel with him, howsoever reluctant she should be to leave London; but he promised us this should be a welcome piece of constraint, for that she longed to see me again more than can be told.

Verily, pleasant letters reached me that week; for my father wrote he was in better health, and in great peace and contentment of mind at Rheims, albeit somewhat sad, when he saw younger and more fortunate men (for so he styled them) depart for the English mission; and by a cypher we had agreed on he gave me to understand Edmund Genings was of that number. And Lady Arundel, to whom I had reported the conversation I had with Sir Henry Jerningham, sent me an answer which I will here transcribe:

"MY WELL-BELOVED CONSTANCE —You do rightly read my heart, and the hope you express in my regard, with so tender a friendship and solicitous desire for my happiness, hath indeed a better foundation than idle surmises. It hath truly pleased God that Philip's disposition toward me should change; and albeit this change is not as yet openly manifested, he nevertheless doth oftentimes visit me, and testifies much regret for his past neglect of one whom he doth now confess to be his truest friend, his greatest lover, and best comfort. O mine own dear friend! my life has known many strange accidents, but none greater or more strange than this, that my so long indifferent husband should turn into a secret lover who doth haunt me by stealth, and looking on me with new eyes, appears to conceive so much admiration for my worthless beauty, and to find such pleasure in my poor company, that it would seem as if a new face and person had been given to me wherewith

Digitized by Google

to inspire him with this love for her to whom he doth owe it. Oh, I promise thee this husbandly wooing liketh me well, and methinks I would not at once disclose to the world this new kindness he doth show me and revival of conjugal affection, but rather hug it and cherish it like a secret treasure until it doth take such deep root that nothing can again separate his heart from me. His fears touching the queen's ill-conception of him increase, and his enemies do wax more powerful each day. The world hath become full of uneasiness to him. Methinks he would gladly break with it; but like to one who walketh on a narrow plank, with a precipice on each side of him, his safety lieth only in advancing. The report is true—I would it were false—of the queen's progress, and her intended visit to Kenninghall. I fear another fair estate in the north must needs pay the cost thereof; but avoidance is impossible. I am about to remove from London to Arundel Castle, where my lord doth will me for the present to reside. The sea-breezes on that coast, and the mild air of Sussex, he thinks should improve my health, which doth at this time require care. Touching religion, I have two or three times let fall words which implied an increased inclination to Catholic religion. Each time his countenance did very much alter, and assumed a painful expression. I fear he is as greatly opposed to it as heretofore. But if once resolved on what conscience doth prescribe, with God's help, I hope that neither new-found joys nor future fears shall stay me from obeying its voice.

"And so thou art to be married come the early days of July! I' faith thy Basil and thou have, like a pair of doves, cooed long enough, I ween, amidst the tall trees of Euston; which, if you are to be believed, should be the most delectable place in the whole world. And yet some have told me it is but a huge plain building, and the country about it, except for its luxuriant trees, of no notable beauty. The sunshine of thine own heart sheddeth, I ween, a radiancy on the plain walls and the unadorned gardens greater than nature or art can bestow. I cry thee mercy for this malicious surmise, and give thee license, when I shall write in the same strain touching my lord's castle at Arundel to flout me in a like manner. Some do disdainfully style it a huge old fortress; others a very grand and noble pile. If that good befalleth me that he doth visit me there, then I doubt not but it will be to me the cheerfullest place in existence. Thy loving servant to command,

"Ann Arundel and Surrey."

This letter came to my hand at Whitsuntide, when the village folks were enacting a pastoral, the only merit of which did lie in the innocent glee of the performers. The sheep-shearing feast, a very pretty festival, ensued a few days later. A fat lamb was provided, and the maidens of the town permitted to run after it, and she which took hold of it declared the lady of the lamb. 'Tis then the custom to kill and carry it on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and morisco dances. But this year I ransomed the lamb, and had it crowned with blue corn-flowers and poppies, and led to a small paddock, where for some time I visited and fed it every day. Poor little lamb! like me, it had one short happy time that summer.

In the evening I went with the lasses to the banks of the Ouse, and scattered on the dimpling stream, as is their wont at the lamb-ale, a thousand odorous flowers—new-born roses, the fleur-de-luce, sweet-williams, and yellow coxcombs, the small-flowered lady's-slipper, the prince's-feather and the clustered bell-flower, the sweet-basil (the saucy wenches smiled when they furnished me with a bunch thereof), and a great store of midsummer daisies. When, with due observance, I threw on the water a handful of these golden-tufted and silver-

Digitized by Google

crowned flowerets, I thought of Master Chaucer's lines:

"Above all the flowers in the mead
These love I most—these flowers white and red,
And in French called *la belle Marguerite.*
O commendable flower, and most in mind!
O flower and gracious excellence!
O amiable Marguerite."

The great store of winsome and graciously-named flowers used that day set me to plan a fair garden, wherein each month should yield in its turn to the altar of our secret chapel a pure incense of nature's own furnishing. Basil was helping me thereto, and my Lady Tregony smiling at my quaint devices, when Mr. Cobham, a cousin of her ladyship, arrived, bringing with him news of the queen's progress, which quickly diverted us from other thoughts, and caused my pencil to stand idle in mine hand.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From The Sixpenny Magazine.

THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

When Solymon, sultan of Turkey, had resolved to extirpate the Knights of Malta, pursuant to his ultimate design of taking vengeance on Philip II. of Spain for the loss which he had suffered in the reduction of the (as he supposed) impregnable Penon de Valez, and for the hostility which the Spaniards had visited upon the Morescoes, to which may be added the incentive of radical religious differences, for the depredations which those famous warriors had visited upon his commerce, he gave the command of his fleet to Piali, and that of his land forces to Mustapha. Having equipped all of the ships in his empire, to which were united the corsairs of Hascem and Dragut, viceroys of Algiers and Tripoli, he ordered them to repair to the siege of Malta.

The Christian powers on the Mediterranean, having heard of his extensive preparations, were in doubt as to the destination of the Turkish fleet; but it appearing from the report of spies that it was bound for Malta, the grand master called immediately upon the Catholic king, the Pope, and the other Christian princes for their aid in withstanding their common enemy, the infidels. These powers were under no small obligation to the Knights, who had made it a part of the faith which they held in unity with these powers, to destroy them upon every occasion which presented the opportunity. But, to their disgrace, these powers discovered an ungrateful hesitancy in responding to this demand, save Philip, and even he, the historian relates, was actuated by motives not wholly engendered by a sense of honor, and whose tardiness was well-nigh fatal to the cause which he professed to zealously espouse, and upon which the Knights of Malta relied for success.

About the middle of May, three hundred years ago, the Turkish fleet arrived in sight of Malta, with a strength of upward of 40,000, composed chiefly of janissaries and serapis, the bravest troops of the Ottoman empire.

John de la Valette, the master-spirit of the defence, commands our highest admiration for his intrepid efforts in inspiring every aspect with the buoyancy of hope. The troops at his disposal to stay this tide of destruction, which set so furiously against his little sea-washed isle, amounted to only 700 knights and 8,500 soldiers, which flattered Solymon into the egregious error that it was an easy conquest to

Digitized by Google

his janissaries and serapis, who, under their distinguished commanders, were accustomed to victory.

The Turks landed at some distance from Il Borgo, and, unresisted, devastated the defenceless territory; but they now drew near a goal which was calculated to deceive those who entertained the fantasy that an easy victory awaited them.

Mustapha, in view of the Spanish forces daily expected to relieve the enemy, counselled an immediate attack upon St. Elmo. This was a fort deriving much of its strengh, as well as importance, from its natural advantages. It was situated on a narrow neck of land which was washed on either side by important harbors; it was accessible only over a road which was either bare rock or thinly covered with gravel, and, in the rear, communications with Il Borgo were protected by the forts St. Angelo and St. Michael.

The basha, to secure himself a safer approach to St. Elmo, caused to be erected a parapet of heavy timber, covered toward the fort with a mixture of earth, straw, and rushes, to receive the enemy's missiles. Here he planted his heaviest guns and prepared for the siege.

The governor of St. Elmo delegated a member of the fort to convey intelligence to La Valette, the grand master, that the place could not sustain an action for a great length of time; the messenger represented, in exaggerated coloring, the information that the fort could not withstand the siege for more than a week. La Valette, in his reply, administered a rebuke, although convinced that it could not, with its limited capacity for sustaining troops, remain long in the possession of the order; but he was none the less impressed with the policy of holding it, even at a great sacrifice, till the arrival of the Viceroy of Sicily, who had been instructed by the King of Spain to represent the kingdom, in response to the call of the grand master. He concluded, in view of the necessities of the case, to head in person a body of reinforcements; but being dissuaded by the importunities of the Knights, he consented to intrust its charge to De Medran, in whom he placed implicit confidence.

Stung by the rebuke, and encouraged by their new accessions, the garrison sallied forth upon the offensive, dealing consternation to the unwarned foe; but having recovered from their surprise, the Turks turned upon their assailants, who were discomfited by a perverse wind which blew the smoke so as to obscure the enemy, and drove them within the walls. When the smoke cleared away, what was the dismay of the Knights to discover that the Turks had planted a battery in such juxtaposition as to compromise much the security of the fort. It was, unquestionably, a doubtful advantage which the Christians obtained by quitting their works, as they now found it necessary for a greater vigilance to be called into action.

The tireless infidels having discovered a gun-port but a few feet from the ground, well-nigh made themselves masters of the cavaliers by means of ladders. But after slaughtering many Christians, the garrison, aroused from sleep and inspired by their sense of danger, compelled, by the fury of their assault, the Turks to retire into the ravelin. The conflict was now renewed upon the part of the janissaries, and the contest raged with unabated vigor from daylight till noon, when the besiegers were forced to withdraw. About a hundred and twenty soldiers and Knights were killed, at a cost of nearly three thousand to the enemy.

The situation of the fort was now grown critical. Mustapha held the ravelin, and, conscious of its significance to the foe, whose attempts to regain it were strenuous, filled up the ranks as fast as the desperate struggles thinned them. La Valette sent reinforcements; still the infidels persevered in battering breaches in the walls. Fearing lest Mustapha would attempt to effect his purpose by storm-

Digitized by Google

ing, the faltering Knights applied a second time to the grand master, recommending a desertion of the works.

La Valette, in opposition to the majority of his council, held, though regretting the fate which awaited his brothers in the order, that the place must not be evacuated, and called upon the defenders to execute their vow, if necessary, which bound them to sacrifice their lives for the welfare and perpetuity of the order. He also determined to follow soon his reply in person, and fall in the common cause of Christianity. Such was the grand master who withstood, alone and unsupported, as we might say, the whole infidel forces, and who declared his fealty to the cause in so determined a manner—a manner not weakened by faltering acts—as to inspire courage into the most craven heart.

Some murmured at this response, and fifty-three of the malcontents addressed him a letter, in which they expressed the purpose that, unless on the next night he sent boats to take them away, they would seek sudden death without the shelter of the fort. To this letter he replied by sending three commissioners to examine the tenability of the works, and explaining to the disaffected soldiery their paramount duty to the organization, and the futility of sacrificing their lives to no good end, which were now so needful to sustain the defence against the enemies of their holy faith. Two of these commissioners concurred in pronouncing it untenable, but the third, Constantine Castriot, esteemed the fort far from being reduced. To guarantee his good faith he offered to attempt its defence with what soldiers the dangerous post would voluntarily command.

La Valette gladly accepted the offer, and, with consummate address, informed the hitherto clamorous Knights that they might now obtain their discharge; that he would relieve them by another garrison; and also promising them facilities for transportation to Il Borgo. "You, my brethren," concluded he, "may be in greater safety here, and I shall then feel less anxiety for the preservation of the fort."

Conscious of the infamy that would await them upon their return, and stung by the latent expression of the letter, they resolved to only quit the fort when called to face the enemy. The grand master, to try their feelings, intimated that willing troops were preferable to those who were mutinous. This answer greatly affected the Knights, and they humbled themselves still more till La Valette gladly receded from his rigor.

Having now consecrated themselves for the immolation, and more troops having come to their relief, operations were resumed. An invention productive of great mischief to the enemy was resorted to by the fertile genius of the besieged. Hoops were constructed of very combustible material, and ignited and thrown among the Turks as they were crowding to the assault. These were calculated to clasp a few of them together, and, in confusion, to render relief impossible, and a horrid death probable.

For a month the engagement was daily renewed, and Mustapha was as frequently repulsed. On the 16th of July, intent upon a grand, overwhelming assault, the Turkish fleet was drawn up near the fort, supported by 4,000 musketeers and archers in the earthworks. The Turks attempted to rush in at the breaches, now filled up with the invincible Christian soldiery. But the immense number of the former defeated the end they sought by so great a force. The cannon belched forth a broad-sweeping desolation among the assailants for six hours; the enemy were terrified almost beyond control of the officers, till, at length, Mustapha was mortified in having, without gaining any advantage by the slaughter which his command had sustained, to recall them.

Mustapha despairing, after this sanguinary resistance to his arms, of subduing the garrison so long as communication was kept open with the town, by which the attenuated ranks were

Digitized by Google

supplied with fresh troops, resolved, as his surest resort, to extend his works across the neck and connect with the harbor in the rear. This work was executed with much difficulty and loss. At this time Dragut, the most accomplished naval officer of the Ottoman empire, was killed. Great as was this loss, Mustapha did not hesitate, but seemed with every new adversity to strengthen in his purpose of encompassing the Christians with ruin.

Having rendered, by this precautionary expedient, the reception of supplies from the town impossible, he again renewed the assault. The four spirited attacks which were made upon the 21st of July were repulsed by the Knights and soldiers, displaying, in the words of our author (Watson), "a degree of prowess and fortitude which almost exceeds belief, and is beyond the power of description."

Intelligence having been conveyed to the grand master of the perilous situation of the fortress, troops were despatched to the rescue; but they were forced to return, leaving the little garrison weak but determined, faced with certain destruction, yet prepared to meet it heroically. It commands our deepest admiration to see, even through the film of distance, that little band, undaunted, cooped up within that fiery furnace awaiting that doom which was drawing nearer and nearer, and which heralded its dreadful approach with a pageantry at once terrible and sublime; to see them with the blazing canopy showering death down upon their uncovered heads; to see them, having only to regret their former cowardice, adding to their already resplendent laurels. A prouder moment does not come to the historian—a moment more replete with the fulness of joy than can ever be known to the fictionist, as he lingers with enchanted pen upon such scenes; and yet, when followed by those which are revolting to our more refined sense of enlightenment, he painfully discharges his duty.

Having spent the night which witnessed the blasting of every hope of relief in prayer, they bade each other affectionate adieus, and repaired to their death posts. To throw themselves upon the mercy of a foe which indeed knew no mercy, was not for a moment entertained by those who were wedded to the Catholic Church. The wounded and disabled, at their request, were placed where sure death might meet them. St. Elmo was attacked upon the 23d of July, 1505, which day saw the infidel flag flaunting triumphantly over its ramparts, so soon to be struck in disgrace and be replaced by the standard of St. John. The resistance which its handful of defenders made provoked rather the rage of the Turks than incited their admiration, and, after an unparalleled struggle of four hours, nothing was left but the broken walls to urge resistance to the overwhelming foe. Supremely grand was the terrific display which its heights commanded amidst the fiercest of the strife! A multitude of swaying human beings, actuated by a maddened revenge, hurtling one against the other, stretching away, whilst those more closely drawn to its sides were in numbers joined in fiery chains, and in the embrace of their blazing bonds expired with the wildest shrieks of agony! St. Elmo, wrapped in fire, arrayed in its funereal pall of lowering smoke, became the prey of the Turks.

Mustapha surveyed the scene of his dear-bought victory with feelings no doubt adverse to those which flattered him upon his arrival. Brutal, indeed, were the means by which he sought to carry consternation to Il Borgo; all that had been found yet alive were ripped open, and, with the holy symbol of their faith gashed upon their bodies, they were thrown into the harbor, and winds and tides invoked to beat these messengers to the gates, to inform the town of the fall of St. Elmo.

But a period awaited the siege of Malta which reflected more disgrace upon Mustapha than one hundred victories could efface.

La Valette looked out upon the harbor now filled with the floating bodies,

Digitized by Google

horribly gashed, of the gallant defenders of St. Elmo, but no one could read his reflections as he viewed those dead-freighted waves depositing their burden upon the beach; no matter what his acts may have been when suggested by such an inspiration, for they were no index by which to read his heart.

We are informed by the historian that he dissembled his true feelings that the Knights and soldiers might not see in him a cowardly exemplar. But it is not impossible that the grand master looked unmoved upon those whose dress and sacred wounds alone betrayed them to have been bound to him by the endearing ties of the order. His retaliation, however, is not in accordance with our finer conceptions of right, but who will question the justness of *war*-expedients? La Valette was the master-spirit of the defence, and he evinced himself not unworthy his station. For had he been less decided, and succumbed to the importunities of his subordinates, indeed the siege of Malta would have been of short duration; no Spanish forces that would have been sent could have retrieved the advantages that would have been lost by a cowardly precipitation. And thus to him may we ascribe the glory of the long masterly defence which kept an enemy, thirsting for Christian blood, at bay, and which made an ultimate recovery practicable; which, indeed, made the Turkish triumph but preparatory to an indelible disgrace. La Valette's emotions of sorrow soon hardened, and he ordered his captives to be decapitated and their heads shot from the cannon's mouth into the enemy's camp. The significance of this act, in part, may justify its commission, though it would be more in harmony with our ideal to believe him incapable of perpetrating such an offence. The object which Mustapha aimed to accomplish in forwarding those ghastly dead to Il Borgo was to intimidate the place into submission; the return which La Valette made was designed to bespeak an unwavering disposition, and to hurl defiance in the face of the infidels.

Mustapha, incensed at the undaunted response made to his white flag, and the message sent back by his Christian slave, that they hoped soon to bury him and his janissaries in the only ditch which they could consistently surrender, immediately invested the town and re-commenced the carnage. Subsequent to the fall of St. Elmo, the basha had been strengthened by the arrival of Hascem with the bravoes of Algiers, amounting to 2,500 choice troops.

Il Borgo and St. Michael were now continuously under fire; but, to expedite his purposes, Mustapha adopted the suggestion of Piali, to make the Christian slaves draw their shipping across the neck upon which stood St. Elmo, into the harbor, that there might be a simultaneous charge from both land and naval forces. This hardship was rendered necessary because the grand master had caused a heavy chain to be swung across the mouth of the harbor, to which impediment were added the resources of St. Angelo, which commanded its entrance.

Having mastered this difficulty, Mustapha consented to the pompous demands of Hascem to intrust to him the assault of St. Michael, promising to support him if necessary. Hascem shared his command with Candelissa, an experienced corsair, who was to sustain the attack by sea.

With much display Candelissa proceeded to perform his part. Meeting with unexpected resistance in the staccado which had been erected to perplex his landing, he suffered great loss from the fort, which did not delay in improving so cardinal an advantage. He resolved to abandon this and attempt the intrenchments under the care of Gulmaran; the Christians reserved their fire until it might be spent effectively, and, at their first discharge, cut down 400 of the assailants. Candelissa pushed vigorously on whilst Gulmaran was reloading, and gained the shore; the latter, having prepared

Digitized by Google

for such an emergency, now threw from his cannon grapeshot, which did overwhelming execution, and Candelissa, seeing with dismay his wavering troops, ordered his boats to be put off a little from the shore.

The Algerines, seeing no avenue of escape, were conscious that through success alone could they secure their safety. They therefore marched forward with maddened resolution upon the earthworks. Before their irresistible charge the Knights fell back in confusion. But stung with shame upon seeing the infidel colors planted upon their works, they rushed to the rescue, having been reinforced; the ardor of their charge struck terror to the hearts of the assailants, and Candelissa was among the first that fled. Of 4,000 only a fifth escaped. The Christians continued firing upon the boats, sinking many, and covering the waters with wrecks. Amidst this vast devastation, dying and dead bodies were mingled in the wildest confusion. This defeat was decided, and Candelissa's untimely exultation, which characterized his reparation to the contest, was of a marked contrast to his inglorious return as his craft ploughed their way through the thickly strewn waters. The Knights were in nowise discouraged in this sudden turn in the fortunes of the day.

In the meantime the attack was also going on by land. Hascem had well-nigh expiated in disgrace his vaunting threat; having led his troops to the charge, he was confounded with the confusion which the fearful havoc wrought among the ranks. Being driven back, he renewed the assault in the face of the belching cannon roaring defiance to his arms in vindication of the sanctity of invaded rights, but to no purpose. His mortification was extreme in being compelled by the intrepid garrison to sound a retreat. The basha now advanced with his janissaries, and the united forces compelled the Knights to retire from the beach, where, with undaunted spirits, they had proceeded to meet the fresh troops. But they did not yield without the most strenuous exertions, and the invaders had paid a dear price for the dreadful spot. Though exhausted by fatigue, their determination knew no abatement, and they awaited within the breach the renewal of the conflict. Their hopes were now reinspired by the addition of those forces which had contributed so largely to the discomfit of Candelissa. The janissaries, unable to withstand their onslaught, were forced to retire amidst the showering missiles and cheers of the gallant Christians.

Mustapha, enraged beyond control by the obstinate defence, employed one-half of his troops under Piali against the town, and with the remainder resolved to reduce the fort at any cost. To secure every chance of success he raised more batteries, dug new trenches, sprung mines, and prepared in every way possible to facilitate his design. But upon every hand did the valiant Christians, animated by the presence of the grand master, baffle his arms. Mustapha's principal engineer constructed a machine, upon the efficacy of which they entertained high hopes; it was a huge cask, firmly made, and filled with powder, chains, bullets, and everything calculated to work mischief which the place could command. This was projected into the midst of the Christians, who, ere it exploded, managed to roll it back upon its artificers, which did fearful execution among them. Whilst yet the Turks were paralyzed by the effect of its report, the Knights rushed out and engaged them hand to hand. Many of the infidels were killed, and the remainder made good their escape. But Piali was not idle. Though coping with superior strength, he was more successful against Il Borgo than his rival against St. Michael. He had gained great advantages, and, as night terminated his operations, he prepared the minds of his intimates for the glorious entry which he proposed to make on the morrow. He had, by a piece of stratagem in calling off the atten-

Digitized by Google

tion of the garrison by a furious assault, managed in another and important position to erect a platform of earth and stones. It was upon this that night closed his work, and which inflamed within his breast lively hopes of speedily terminating the siege, and of reaping new laurels.

A council of the Knights was now held, and an abandonment of the works advised by the principal part; but La Valette was inexorable, and defeated every such proposition by his superior wisdom. He employed all available hands in digging trenches during the night, and by a master-stroke gained possession of the cavalier which had so excited the exultation of the Turkish basha. He detailed a select body of troops to steal along the foot of the wall, and who, when arrived at the spot designated, raised a loud shout and rushed upon the guard; these, supposing that the whole garrison were upon them, precipitately fled. The Christians were not slow in securing this advantage beyond any hope of recovery which the Turks might entertain.

The delay of the Spanish troops was inexplicable to La Valette, who attributed it to the treachery of the Viceroy of Sicily, but which historians impute to the infidelity of Philip. Now, the grand master was aware that their only hope was to hold out till they brought relief; and the bashas were fearful lest they should arrive after so long a delay at this very opportune moment.

Piali, receiving intelligence that the Spanish forces were to be landed at St. Angelo, lay in wait there, after interposing every obstacle practicable to impede their progress. Resolved to urge every possible resistance, the infidels awaited the Spanish sail, and were ill prepared for the tidings which came, to the effect that they were already landed in another part of the island. Thus was accomplished by the duplicity of the Catholic king a result which was not anticipated; his object in landing his forces at the extreme of the island was to shield, as far as possible, his subjects from the rigors of the siege. But Mustapha no sooner learned of their approach than he withdrew all of the Turkish forces into the shipping. In his haste he had deserted St. Elmo, manned with his best cannon. Ere long he was informed by a deserter that he had thus disgracefully fled before a force of 6,000 poorly officered Spaniards, the same being only little more than one-third of his own numbers. His rage knew no bounds. From this indelible disgrace he knew his only escape was to disembark and retrieve his fallen fortunes; but his command was shared by those whose personal considerations and jealousies prevented them from extending any sympathy to him.

La Valette improved the interim in taking every precaution to prevent the fort from again falling into the hands of the Turks. The grand master was now looked upon as the one to whom too much credit could not be given, and whose orders were obeyed with cheering alacrity by all who were able in any way to assist. A stronger affection was generated toward him, to which his merits entitled him, as the most fitting reward which the Knights could return.

Mustapha having convened a council of his principal officers, they determined with little dissent to land and renew the siege. The soldiery, greatly disheartened at their late reverses, were very reluctant to obey, and frequently force was resorted to to compel them. But it must have been patent to the commanders that thus, being forced to use compulsory means, they could not expect them to effect what willing and eager troops could easily accomplish. Mustapha was unable to stay the current of flying soldiers, and was hurled along with it; twice was he jostled from his horse, and was with difficulty rescued from being captured. Such was the overwhelming defeat visited upon Mustapha's command, who, we doubt not, would have welcomed even captivity rather than face the sultan, whose arms he had

Digitized by Google

thus signally disgraced. What the reflections were that this destiny animated in his mind, we are left to infer—a destiny so different from what he anticipated for the thousands who were to destroy the Knights of Malta, only as an insignificant incident collateral to the brilliant career which awaited them at the hands of the larger Christian powers. When he saw the mere skeleton of his army returning, he might well be impressed with the vanity of human calculations.

The siege of Malta continued four months, and it, amid the general destruction, worked no little benefit to the Knights of Malta. This success created joy throughout Christendom, which was expressed in the most gratifying manner. If they were left to fight their battles alone, it was only to achieve the greater glory. And thus ended the famous siege of Malta, whose valorous defence is unparalleled in the records of history.

From The Literary Workman.

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

SOLEMNLY comes thy last hour, Old Year,
Mercy and love were thy dower, Old Year;
Though with thy gifts came the sigh or tear,
Parting, we'll bless thee, Old Year, Old Year.

With thy best gifts in thy hand, Old Year!
Dying while blessing the land, Old Year!
Welcoming Christians again, again,
Joyous Old Year, how we loved thee, then!

Softly thou com'st in the night, New Year!
Robed all in pure virgin white, New Year!
Deeds all unknown of shall fill thy days,
Songs now unheard of will sound thy praise.

Meeting, we fear thee almost, New Year,
Welcome might sound like a boast, New Year
When thou art old, like the year just past,
Then let us bless thee, New Year, at last.

Digitized by Google

Translated from the Civiltà Cattolica.

THE RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE WORLD.

1. Number of Catholics in the Five Divisions of the World.—2. Classification of the Inhabitants of the Earth after the Different Religions.—3. Progress of Catholicity in Great Britain.—4. In Holland.—5. In the United States.—6. Missions of Asia.—7. Italian Missionaries.

I. Let us, at first, take a comprehensive view of the number of Catholics scattered over the globe. In this very year some writers have limited their number to *one hundred and fifty millions*, with the remark that the figure is rather above a real census. Mr. Balbi, a writer of fame in statistics and in geography, gave, as far back as 1827, in his work published in Paris, his own estimate of the various populations of the world, classifying them under the heading of Religions Professed; and, according to his calculations, he allotted to the Catholic Church only *one hundred and thirty-nine millions* (139,000,000), his figures exceeding those of many geographers who had preceded him. The *eleven millions* by some authors allowed this day to the Catholic denomination, are rather a restitution than an augmentation. The former reckoning was a mistake, and new statistics, when accurately put together, have exhibited a far larger number both of inhabitants and of Catholics. But we still take this restitution as very inadequate. From an accurate investigation of the matter, we aver that the *minimum* of Catholics, over the world, amounts to *two hundred millions* (200,000,000). To afford the reader the means of testing the accuracy of our opinion, we shall here give the number of Catholics found in the different states of every part of the world. We have taken for our guide official statistics, either civil or ecclesiastical, whenever we could obtain them, or, otherwise, statements of modern geographers and of most trustworthy national writers. We have only omitted such fractions which were under *five hundred* (500); but when they were above the *half thousandth* we have set them down at *one thousand*. Thereby, in a computation, which cannot be but approximate, omissions will counterbalance the additions, and the final result will not undergo any material change. Let it, moreover, be borne in mind that we have not been actuated by any desire to attain large figures. We have only aimed at fixing the surest, or, at least, the most probable amount. Thus, for example, we have accepted only *six hundred and ninety thousand* (690,000) Catholics for the Portuguese possessions in Africa, although national authors, by no means exaggerating, have reckoned them at *two millions*.

With such preamble, here is the result of our investigations:

NUMBER OF CATHOLICS.

I. EUROPE.

Papal States	3,200,000
Two Sicilies	9,500,000
Tuscany	1,900,000
Sardinian States and Lombardy	7,700,000
Modena	660,000
Parma	560,000
Monaco and San-Marino	10,000
Spain	17,000,000
Portugal	4,300,000
Andorra	12,000
Switzerland	1,120,000
Great Britain	7,500,000
France	36,000,000
Carried forward	89,462,000

Digitized by Google

Brought forward	89,462,000
Belgium	4,800,000
Netherlands	1,300,000
Austrian Empire	30,000,000
Bavaria	3,600,000
Prussia	7,000,000
Baden	960,000
Brunswick	6,000
Bremen	5,000
Frankfort	12,000
Hamburg	8,000
Grand Duchy of Hesse	240,000
Hesse Electoral	200,000
Würtemberg	580,000
Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz	4,000
Nassau	226,000
Oldenburg	86,000
Lesser Duchies of Sachsen-Weimar, Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Altenburg, etc.	60,000(?)
Lubeck	3,000
Hanover	256,000
Luxemburg	209,000
Saxony	65,000
Denmark	5,000
Sweden and Norway	7,000
Poland	4,000,000
Russia	3,000,000(?)
European Turkey and Montenegro	1,000,000
Greece	100,000
Catholic population in Europe	147,194,000

II. ASIA AND OCEANIA.

Asiatic Turkey	600,000(?)
Moldavia and Wallachia	130,000
Asiatic Russia	100,000(?)
British India	1,100,000
Netherland India	25,000
French India	170,000
Portuguese India, Islands, and Macao	546,000
Spanish India and Philippine Islands	4,750,000
Persia	120,000(?)
Anam	600,000
Siam	25,000
China	1,000,000
New Holland	300,000
Tasmania	40,000
New Zealand	60,000
New Caledonia and adjoining islands	70,000
Sandwich Islands	30,000
Catholic population in Asia and Oceania	9,666,000

III. AFRICA.

Egypt	172,000
Abyssinia	2,000,000
Tripoli, Tunis, and Morocco	30,000
Spanish Possessions	25,000
Canaries	260,000
Portuguese Possessions	690,000
Madeira and islands	260,000
Continental French Possessions	250,000
Reunion and other islands	180,000
Continental British Possessions	30,000
Mauritius and other islands	150,000
Liberia	4,000
Madagascar	10,000
Gallas	10,000
Catholic population in Africa	4,071,000

IV. AMERICA.

United States	5,000,000
Mexico	8,500,000
Guatemala	1,200,000
San Salvador	700,000
Honduras	400,000
Nicaragua	500,000
Costa Rica, Panama	200,000
New Granada	3,000,000
Venezuela	2,000,000
Ecuador	1,500,000
Bolivia	2,200,000
Peru	2,800,000
Chili	1,800,000
Argentine Republic	1,500,000
Paraguay	1,600,060
Uruguay	360,000
Brazil	8,500,000
British Guiana	60,000
Netherland Guiana and Islands	40,000
French Guiana and Islands	306,000
Jamaica, Trinidad, and other British Isles	150,000
Spanish Islands	2,260,000
Danish Islands	34,000
Canada and British Possessions	1,560,000
Hayti	800,000
Catholic population in America	46,970,000

RECAPITULATION.

I. Catholic population in Europe	147,194,000
II. Catholic population in Asia and Oceania	9,666,000
III. Catholic population in Africa	4,071,000
IV. Catholic population in America	46,970,000
Catholic population in the four parts of the globe	207,801,000

Thus we reach the sum of nearly *two hundred and eight millions;* nor do we fear exaggeration in the number. But were even some one reluctant to accept our results, such attenuating doubts could never diminish our total beyond *eight millions.* Thus when we asserted that there are *two hundred millions* of Catholics in the world, we gave a figure far under our calculations, in order to place it above all doubt.

II. We will now exhibit, in very simple tables, the grand division of the inhabitants of the world, according to the different religious creeds:

Christianity		344,000,000
Catholic Church	208,000,000	
Eastern Churches, schismatic or heretical	70,000,000	
Protestantism	66,000,000	
Total	344,000,000	

Digitized by Google

Judaism - - - -	4,000,000
Islamism - - - -	100,000,000
Brahminism - - - -	60,000,000
Buddhism - - - -	180,000,060
Worship of *Confucius*, *Sinto*, of *Spirits*, etc. - - - -	152,000,000
Total of inhabitants of the world -	840,000,000

These results are not from data as certain as those which we were enabled to obtain for the Catholic Church; yet they are founded on great probability. There is a remarkable increase in all, owing to the fact that more reliable researches have given a larger number of inhabitants on the globe.

Let us now compare our own results with those of the most celebrated geographers. Malte-Brun wrote in 1810, Pinkerton and Balbi in 1827, and yet, although so near to one another, they are not of one accord as to the inhabitants of the earth, and consequently they do not agree in their divisions. More recent geographers admit a number far larger than that allowed by Balbi, and seem to hesitate between *eight hundred* and *a thousand millions*. We are of opinion that the grand total cannot, with any good reason, be reckoned beyond *eight hundred and forty millions* (840,000,000); at the same time it cannot be set at any figure much below it. The following figures represent *millions:*

	Malte-Brun.	Pinkerton.	Balbi.	Civ. Catt'a.
Christianity -	228	235	260	344
Judaism - -	5	5	4	4
Islamism - -	110	120	96	100
Brahminism -	60	60	60	60
Buddhism -	150	180	170	180
Other Creeds -	100	100	147	152
Total - -	653	700	737	840

III. A glance at some particular countries will show how much the Catholic Church has gained in numbers and influence within a few years. Let us begin from two Protestant countries in Europe.

The "Catholic Directory," annually issued in England for the last hundred years, will, by comparing a few data, exhibit the progress of Catholicity in Great Britain's most Protestant sections—we mean England and Scotland. We limit ourselves to the official returns given within the last nine years. We mass them in two tables, which will place our assertion upon the strongest basis of truth. The *first* will show that in these two kingdoms, so totally averse to Catholicity—nay, intensely hostile to it—England and Scotland, the number of clergymen has increased, within *twenty-five* years, at the rate of 137 per centum; that of churches 30; religious houses for men 222, for women 105. The *second* table will give the same numbers, but divided in the various dioceses, in varied ratio indeed, but everywhere with the same tokens of increase:

GENERAL STATISTICS OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Years.	Clergymen.	Churches & Chapels.	Relig. Men.	Com. Women.	Colleges.
1856	1142	849	17	91	12
1857	1162	894	23	106	11
1858	1204	902	27	109	11
1859	1222	926	34	110	11
1860	1236	950	37	123	12
1861	1342	993	47	155	12
1862	1388	1019	50	162	12
1863	1417	1065	55	171	12
1864	1445	1098	56	186	12

But if we draw our figures from earlier dates, the comparison will be even more striking. Behold the result within the last twenty-five years:

1839	610	513	0	17	10
1849	897	612	13	41	10
1864	1445	1098	56	186	12

Limiting our researches only to England, we find the increase within *eight* years, between 1856 and 1864, stated in the official returns of the several dioceses, at the following rates:

	Churches.		Clergy'n.		Conv'ts.		Monast's.	
Dioceses.	1856.	1864.	1856.	1864.	1856.	1864.	1856.	1864.
Westm'ster -	56	117	129	214	5	15	18	31
Beverly -	75	90	93	116	3	6	7	19
Birmingham	93	100	132	141	3	3	19	27
Clifton -	37	49	50	62	2	3	5	13
Hexham -	63	81	72	99	—	1	4	11
Liverpool -	94	110	166	195	2	5	12	25
Newport -	35	42	29	47	—	3	3	6
Northamp'n	30	36	25	31	—	—	2	5
Nottingham	42	52	47	59	3	5	5	5
Plymouth -	26	35	28	34	—	—	3	8
Salford - -	47	70	72	107	1	5	9	14
Shrewsbury	53	59	52	71	1	3	3	7
Southwark -	79	100	90	147	3	9	10	16
	730	941	985	1321	23	58	100	187
		730		985		23		100
Increase - Ch.		211	Clerg.	336	Conv.	35	Mons.	87

Digitized by Google

IV. Let us now step over to the Continent, and investigate the increase of Catholicity in a province where Protestantism has had it all its own way since the beginning of the Reformation—we allude to Holland. To understand the progressive development of Catholicity in the Low Countries, we need only compare the figures of two years, with an interval of half a century intervening between them:

Years.	Cath. Popul'n.	Parishes.	Clergy'n.	Churc's.
1864	1,300,000	941	1726	976
1814	850,000	814	1216	898
Inc. in 50 years -	450,000	127	510	78

The amount expended in repairing the old and building new churches is reckoned, during this lapse of time, at *thirty* millions of Dutch florins, a little more than *sixty-four* millions of francs [over $18,560,000—Ed. C W.] All that government has contributed of its own toward this sum amounts only to *two* millions of florins. In the above sum of *thirty* millions no account is taken of what has been expended in churches and chapels belonging to religious communities, or for convents, hospitals, charitable institutions, orphan asylums, and the like. Add to this what has been contributed for the endowments of those places, and the original sum of sixty-four millions of francs becomes well-nigh double its amount.

V. But nowhere has the Catholic Church increased so prosperously, within the last fifty years, as in the United States of America. Above two thousand churches and chapels built; an increase of one thousand and eight hundred clergymen; one hundred and sixty schools established, for the Catholic training of 18,000 boys and 34,600 girls. Moreover, there existed in 1857 *sixty-six* asylums, with 4,963 orphans of both sexes; *twenty-six* hospitals, with *three thousand* beds; *four* insane asylums, with *eighty-two* patients, beside many other charitable institutions, all established and supported by the private charity of Catholics. Here we copy a comparative table from the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac" of 1857:

Years.	Dioceses.	Vicariates Apostolic.	Bishops.	Clergymen.	Churches and Stations.	Ecclesiastic Institutions.	Colleges.	Schools for Girls.
1808	1	—	2	68	80	2	1	2
1830	11	—	10	232	250	9	6	20
1840	16	—	17	482	812	13	9	47
1850	27	—	27	1081	1578	29	17	91
1854	41	2	39	1574	2458	34	20	112
1857	41	2	39	1872	2882	35	29	134
[In 1861	43	3	45	2317	3795	49	—	—

Ed. Cath. World.]

VI. Canon Joseph Ortalda, in a work of great value,* the result of much labor and accurate investigations, supplies us with two very interesting documents. One is a *Synoptic Table* of the *missions* in Asia, exhibiting both the number of Catholics in each *mission* and that of missionaries employed in them; a number, by the way, generally very inadequate, especially when we take into consideration the vast territories over which every mission is extended.

Apostolic Vicariates.	Missiona's.	Cath's.
Aleppo - - -	25	80,000
Asia Minor - - -	70	100,000
China and adjacent kingdoms:		
Xensi - - - -	16	30,000
Xansi - - - -	12	20,000
Hu-pè, in the Hu-quang, native missionarics, 14 -	11	15,865
Hu-nan, in the Hu-quang -	7	10,000
Sut-chuen, North-west Vicariate - - - -	15	23,000
Sut-chuen, Eastern Vicariate	12	17,000
" Southern "	14	20,000
Koncin-kon - - -	7	10,000
Lassa - - - -	5	7,000
Jun-nan - - -	6	8,000
To-chien - - -	14	30,000
Nankin - - - -	36	73,000
Pekin, Western Vicariate -	17	30,000
" South-west'n " -	15	26,600
" Eastern " -	12	13,000
Tse-Kiang - - -	6	5,000
Kiang-si - - -	8	10,000
Leaotung - - -	9	11,000
Mongolia - - -	8	10,000
Xan-tung - - -	11	12,000
Ho-nan - - - -	6	5,000

* "Italian Apostolic Missionaries in the Foreign Missions, over the Four Parts of the World." Turin: G. Marietti, 1864. Ortalda's intent is to prove before the Senate of the Kingdom of Piedmont how the suppression of religious orders would be injurious to the Church and to civilization, whilst from their bosoms go forth so many missionaries to all parts of the world.

Digitized by Google

Apostolic Vicariates.	Missiona's.	Cath's.
Siam, Western Vicariate	12	10,000
" Eastern "	20	30,000
Cochin China, East'n Vic'ate	29	32,000
" North'n "	21	25,000
" West'n "	19	30,000
Camboge and People of Laos	10	15,000
Tonchin, Eastern Vicariate	18	54,000
" Western "	85	135,000
" Southern "	49	80,000
" Central "	62	150,000
Corea	12	15,000
East Indies:		
Japan	10	12,000
Ava and Pegu	11	8,000
Bombay, South Mission	20	15,000
" North "	15	18,000
Bengal, Western Vicariate (Calcutta)	12	15,000
Bengal, Eastern Vicariate	6	9,000
Ceylon—Colombo	18	84,900
Safnapatam	17	60,000
Madras	18	44,880
Hyderabad	7	4,000
Visagapatam	15	7,130
Pondicherry	53	100,000
Mayssour	16	17,110
Coimbatour	11	17,200
Sardhana	12	15,000
Agra	25	20,000
Patna	10	4,000
Verapolis — Native priests, Latin rite 28, Syriac 340	7	330,000
Canara, or Mangalor—Native priests 24	7	40,000
Quilon—Native priests 17	8	50,000
Madura	37	140,000
Apostolic Delegations.		
Persia, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, and Armenia Minor	30	25,000
Syria — Holy Land alone counts	54	28,986
Apostolic Prefectures.		
Aden, in Arabia	3	1,300
Hong-Kong, in China	7	5,000
Hai-nou, Quan-tong, Quan-si, China	31	40,000
For the French Colonies in India	12	7,000
For the Dutch Colonies in India and Oceania	7	11,000
Laboan and adjacent places	6	3,000

VII. The chief object of Ortalda's work is to show how many missionaries Italy gives to the Catholic Church. He gives the name, the grade in the hierarchy, and the residence of each, adding such items of information as will aid him in the object he has in view. We draw from his laborious work the following table, which, by way of conclusion, gives the final result of all his researches:

Italian Apostolic Missionaries in Foreign Missions over the Whole World.

	Missionaries.	Europe.	Asia.	Africa.	America	Oceania.	Total.
41	Bishops	14	21	4	2	—	41
162	Secular Priests	33	45	11	65	8	162
24	Benedictines	7	9	—	5	3	24
13	Minor Conventuals	9	2	—	2	—	13
383	" Observants	31	115	80	184	8	383
447	" Capuchins	389	108	35	130	5	447
215	" Reformed	60	58	29	67	1	215
34	Dominicans	22	11	—	1	—	34
39	Carmelites	—	39	—	—	—	39
2	Augustinians	1	—	—	1	—	2
490	Jesuits	106	118	46	207	13	490
51	Lazarists	8	22	9	12	—	51
1	Alcantarines	—	—	—	1	—	1
1	Barnabites	1	—	—	—	—	1
57	Crucifers	24	12	3	10	8	57
11	Friars of St. Bonaventure	5	6	—	—	—	11
3	Redemptorists	—	—	—	—	3	3
1	Servites	—	—	—	—	1	1
16	Oblates	—	16	—	—	—	16
2	Pallottines (of A. Pallotta)	2	—	—	—	—	2
20	Rosminians	16	—	—	4	—	20
29	From the Semin'y of Milan	4	22	—	—	3	29
28	From the Semin'y Brignole Sale	17	6	—	5	—	28
2055		529	610	167	696	53	2055

BOOKS.

Welcome, my books, my golden store!
Your leaves my eyes, my hands explore;
With you my sweetest hours have flown—
My best of life with you alone.
When none in the wide world could cheer,
Your wisdom dried the bitter tear;
When summer skies were fresh and blue,
None could rejoice with me like you.
What living voice may speak among
Your silent and time-hallowed throng?
For you, the best of every age,
I quit the world's degenerate stage.

Translation from Ranzan.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

THE ANCIENT FACULTY OF PARIS.

At the corner of the Rue de la Bûcherie and the old Rue des Rats, now known by the more dignified appellation of the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert, may still be seen, unless the unsparing hand of "modern improvement" has very recently swept it away along with so many other memorials of the past, a dirty, dilapidated building topped by a round tower, which you might take for some old pigeon-house. The half-obliterated inscription upon an escutcheon on one of the facades of the edifice indicates, however, some heretofore high and venerable destination—*Urbi et orbi salus.* If curiosity lead you to penetrate into the interior of this dismal edifice, you find yourself, after mounting a damp staircase, in a great circular hall, divided into four irregular compartments. Above some empty niches hollowed in the thickness of the wall runs a wide cornice, the now-defaced sculptures of which represent alternately the cock—Esculapius's bird and emblem of vigilance—and the pelican nourishing its young, the type of self-sacrifice—watchfulness and unselfish charity, the two great duties incumbent on the professor of the healing art. You stand, in fact, in the midst of the ancient amphitheatre of the Faculty of Medicine. There studied, and there, in their turn, taught, the great anatomists of the seventeenth century, Bartholin, Riolan, Pecquet, Littre, Winslow. This building was an old adjunct to a large and handsome hotel belonging to the medical body, containing their chapel, library, laboratory, a vast hall for solemn disputations, with minor saloons for the daily lectures, etc., with the addition of a large court and botanical garden. It was abandoned long before the Revolution, and not a trace of all this corporate glory of the medical faculty now remains. The quarter of Paris in which it stood, known formerly as the Latin quarter, long preserved a peculiar stamp and physiognomy. Here were the colleges of St. Michel, of Normandy and Picardy, of Laon, Presles, Beauvais, Cornouailles, and that long succession of churches, convents, colleges, and high toppling houses, filled with a studious youth, which formerly crowded the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de la Harpe. All these and many other sanctuaries of religion and of science, so intimately connected in the middle ages, clustered around the faculty. Here, in fact, was the centre of the university of Paris, whose origin is lost in the obscurity investing the early mediæval period. The methodical classification under the head of faculties of the different studies pursued at that celebrated institution dates, however, from the close of the twelfth century. These faculties formed independent companies, attached to their common mother, the university, like branches to the parent stem.

Disregarding all apocryphal pretensions to antiquity, we cannot assign an earlier date for the formation of the medical body into an independent corporation than the year 1267. About that time we find the faculty in possession of its statutes, keeping registers and affixing to documents its massive silver seal. The term Faculty of *Medicine*, it must be observed, is modern. The title *Physicorum Facultas*, or *Facultas in Physica*, was long preserved. Whatever we may think of the empirical practice and dogmatic character of the medical art in those times, we cannot but see in this an in-

Digitized by Google

dication that natural science was even then the recognized basis of medicine. We have here, if not a principle clearly understood and habitually followed, at least an intuition and a kind of programme of the future. A memorial of the old designation survives in our own country in the title of physician, while in the land where it originated it has been discontinued.

Born in the cloister, medicine long retained an ecclesiastical character. Most of the doctors in early times were canons; and those who were neither priests nor even clerks were still bound to celibacy; a regulation which remained in force long after councils had decreed the incompatibility of the exercise of the medical profession with the ecclesiastical state.

The general assemblies of the faculty were held sometimes round the font of Notre Dame, sometimes at St. Geneviève des Ardents, sometimes at the Priory of St. Eloi; while, for the ordinary purposes of instruction, it shared fraternally with the faculty of theology the alternate use of some common room with a shake-down of straw in the Quartier St. Jacques. But by-and-bye riches began to pour in, chiefly through the means of the legacies of members of the medical corps or other well-wishers; and, thanks to the liberality of Jacques Desparts, physician to Charles VII., the corporation of doctors was finally installed in the abode we have just described. To the general worth and respectability of the body in the fifteenth century we have the testimony of Cardinal d'Estoutteville, who, in 1452, was deputed by the Pope to reorganize the university of Paris, and who found less to reform in the faculty of medicine than in any other department. Indeed, no change of much importance was introduced, with the exception of the revocation of the law of celibacy, which the cardinal pronounced to be both "impious and unreasonable."

Independence of spirit and great reverence for its own traditions were characteristic of the medical body from its earliest beginnings. It loved to describe itself as *veteris disciplinæ retentissima*. In those days men gloried in their respect for antiquity. In common with all the different bodies which composed the university of Paris, the medical corporation possessed great privileges—exemption from all taxation, direct or indirect, from all public burdens, from all onerous services or obligations. When we sum up all the advantages enjoyed by this and other favored bodies and classes in the middle ages, the reflection naturally suggests itself—what must have been the condition of the poor, who possessed no privileges and bore all the financial burdens? In the days, however, when standing armies in the pay of government had no existence, when the king himself was a rich proprietor with large personal domains, when national debt and its interest were things unheard of, the ordinary imposts, as distinguished from all arbitrary and accidental exactions, were, of course, very much lighter than those of modern times. Liberty in those days assumed the form of privilege; and its spirit was nursed and kept alive within the bosom of these self-ruling corporations, and in none more remarkably than in that of medicine. The *esprit de corps* naturally existed with peculiar strength in a body not merely organized for purposes of instruction, but exercising a liberal profession, of which it had the monopoly.* Hence a minute internal legislation imposed upon all its members, and willingly accepted in view of the interests of the body. Its *alumni* were aspirants to a life-long membership; whereas with us the medical man's dependence upon the faculty virtually ceases the day he takes his doctor's degree. He has nothing more to ask or to receive from it; his affair is now with the public;

* It is probably this peculiarity which caused the medical to be considered as pre-eminently *the* faculty. Its practice brought it into intimate contact with the world at large; and this has also doubtless led to the exclusive retention, in this instance, of a designation common in its origin to other departments of learning.

Digitized by Google

and the sense of brotherhood with his colleagues in the profession is lost, it is to be feared, not unfrequently in a feeling of rivalry. But it was otherwise in the olden time. The day which now sends forth the full-fledged doctor to his independent career drew the tie closer which bound him to his order, in which then only he began to take his solemn place. The honor and the interest of each member thus became common property, and unworthy conduct was punished by summary exclusion from the body.

Unfortunately this *esprit de corps* had its bad as well as its good results. It produced a certain narrowness of mind, a love of routine, and no slight attachment to professional jargon. It is not that the faculty was actually the enemy of all progress, but progress must come from itself. As no association of men, however, can enjoy a monopoly of genius, useful and brilliant discoveries emanating from other quarters had to encounter the hostility of the chartered body. This spirit was exemplified in its animosity toward surgery, long a separate profession, in its prejudice against the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, because an English discovery; against antimony, because it originated with the rival Montpelier school; against quinine, because it came from America. To these subjects we may hereafter recur; in the meantime we note them as instances of medical bigotry, which exposed the profession to just ridicule, but which has drawn down upon it censure and disesteem of perhaps a somewhat too sweeping character. It would be unfair to judge the ancient faculty solely from its exhibitions of foolish pedantry and blind prejudice; and it is our object on the present occasion to give a slight sketch of its constitution and internal government, such as may enable the reader to form a juster and more impartial view both of its faults and of its substantial merits. Indeed, without some solid titles to general esteem, it would seem improbable that the faculty should have attained to the high position which we find it occupying in the seventeenth century.

One accidental cause, no doubt, of the importance of the doctors during the whole period which we are considering was their small relative number. From a computation made by a modern member of the medical profession in France,* to whom we are indebted for our facts, the average number of doctors in the capital from the year 1640 to the year 1670 did not exceed 110. Compared with the population of Paris, which is reckoned at 540,000 souls, this gives one doctor for every 4,900 of the inhabitants. The medical corps is now 1,800 strong, while the population has risen only to 1,740,000. Great as is this increase of population, greater, we see, proportionally, has been that of the medical practitioners, who are at present as 1 to 940. If sickness was as prevalent in the seventeenth century as it is now, and recourse to physic and physicking as frequent, we can imagine that the faculty must have necessarily occupied a distinguished position. Many offices now undertaken by public institutions or by government devolved, also, at that time on the faculty, which to the best of its ability supplied the want of sanitary regulations, and exercised a kind of medical police, including the supervision of articles of diet. All this must have helped to swell their importance. A large proportion of the doctors received during this selected period of thirty years were Parisians; and nothing is more common than the perpetuity of the profession in certain families. This circumstance must have combined with the corporate reverence for their traditions to intensify their attachment to a received system, and to strengthen that spirit of union which is a source of power. The respect which the lower bench paid to the upper, and the young to the ancient

* Maurice Raynaud, Docteur en Médecine, Docteur ès Lettres. *Les Médecins au temps de Molière.—Mœurs, Institutions, Doctrines.* Paris, 1862. Didier.

Digitized by Google

—and by "young" we mean young in their degree, not in years—must have contributed toward the same result. It required ten years of doctorate to qualify a man to take his place amongst this venerable class; and the statutes are prolix on the subject of the respect due to the ancients from their juniors on the bench; a respect which was to be marked by every external act of deference.

But the first and great tie which bound all the members together was religion. To profess the Catholic faith was long an essential condition of admission to the examinations. The faculty gave an energetic proof in 1637 of the importance it attached to this fundamental rule, when it withstood the pressing solicitations of the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, in favor of a certain Brunier, the son of his own physician and a Protestant, although the prince condescended to address a flattering letter to the dean of the faculty, signing himself "Votre bon ami, Gaston," and although his request was backed by a royal injunction. The sovereign must needs bow to the authority of the statutes, respectfully but firmly urged in contravention of his regal pleasure. Yet this would seem to have been a closing effort, for in 1648 we find four Protestant doctors on the lists. Every year there was a solemn mass on St. Luke's day, at which all the members were bound to be present, and which even at the commencement of the seventeenth century was still sung by the doctors of the faculty. After mass the statutes were publicly read. There was a like obligation, with a penalty for its neglect, to attend an annual mass for deceased doctors, and another for benefactors, as also to accompany the bodies of their brethren to the grave.

The head of the corporation was the dean. His powers were extensive, and the honor paid to him unbounded. He was the "guardian of the discipline and statutes" of the faculty, *vindex disciplinæ et custos legum;* he was at once its foremost champion and its highest dignitary. He was also its historian, entering in its great registers all facts interesting to the corporation which occurred during the course of his administration. The account of each diaconate is headed thus:

✠

"*In Nomine Omnipotentis Dei, Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Incipit commentarius rerum in decanatu . . . gestarum.*"

Amongst other topics judged worthy of registration is a necrologic notice of members deceased during the period. Take as a specimen, which marks at the same time the high estimation in which the diaconate was held, the account given of Merlet's death in 1663. He was the "ancient of the company," and had been remarkable for the zeal he exercised in its behalf. The then dean, the illustrious Antoine Morand, pays the venerable doctor a visit just before he expires; and the dying man breaks out in a kind of *Nunc dimittis* —"Now I can die contented, since it has been given me to behold once more the dean of the faculty." Valot, the king's physician, who had come to see the patient, expresses in language of much reverence his hope that Merlet may still live to illustrate the supreme dignity in which he stands amongst them. The "patriarch" with his last breath energetically refuses such excessive honors. He confesses that he holds a high rank as ancient of the school, but not the highest. "To the dean alone," he says, "belongs supreme honor." "Sublime words," observes Morand in his funeral notice: "veritable song of the dying swan, proceeding from a man truly wise and endowed with all perfection! May he rest in the peace of the Lord." Of course, it is a dean who is speaking. The charge was indeed a weighty one, both externally and internally; for in spite of general respect, the medical corporation, like most privileged bodies, had active enemies. Every two years a fresh election took place on the first Saturday after All Saints'. The dean deposed the insignia of his dignity and gave a report of the state of affairs to

Digitized by Google

the assembled doctors, who, as usual on all solemn occasions, had previously attended mass. All their names were then placed in two urns; one containing those of the ancients, the other those of the juniors. The dean shook the urns, and drawing three names from the first and two from the second, proclaimed them aloud. The five doctors thus chosen by lot as electors, and, as such, themselves ineligible, swore to nominate the worthiest, and retired to the chapel to implore the divine aid. They then elected by a majority of their number three doctors, two ancients and one junior. Amidst solemn silence, the dean once more drew the lot, and the name which came forth was proclaimed dean for the next two years. The professors, who for long years were but two in number, were also chosen biennially, and by a similar combination of lot and election. Some good must have arisen from the liability under which every practitioner of the medical art lay of being called on to teach it. Another not unwise regulation was that which, reversing the order observed in the case of the dean, placed in the professional urn two junior names against one ancient. Long practice of teaching is apt to wear out the powers of the most able. Considering the times, the elements of instruction were abundantly supplied. The bachelors were not permitted to do more than comment upon and expound the ancients, and their programme was furnished to them. The professors took the higher and more original branches; they alone could dogmatize from the great pulpit of the amphitheatre (*ex superiore cathedrâ*). The teaching embraced, according to the quaint phraseology of the day: 1. natural things, viz., anatomy and physiology; 2. non-natural things—hygiene and dietetics; 3. things contrary to nature—pathology and therapeutics. In the year 1634 a course of lectures on surgery, delivered in Latin, and exclusively for the medical students, was added—a practical course of surgery in French already existed for the barber apprentices; and the faculty began to perceive that if they would keep their supremacy over the barber-surgeons, it would be as well to know as much as their disciples.

The oath taken by the professors is remarkable, especially the exordium: "We swear and solemnly promise to give our lessons in long gowns with wide sleeves, having the square cap on our heads, and the scarlet scarf on our shoulders." This we see was their first duty. Their second engagement was to give their lessons uninterruptedly, and never by deputy, save in case of urgent necessity; each lecture to last an hour at least, and to be delivered daily, except in vacation time, which extended from the vigil of St. Peter and St. Paul, the 28th of June, to that of the exaltation of the cross, the 13th of September, and on festival days, which were pretty numerous, including also certain other solemnities, as well as the vigils of the greater feasts, when the schools were closed, *causa confessionis*, as the statutes have it.

Practical instruction was much more meagre than the oral, but this is hardly to be imputed as a fault. Anatomy cannot be learned except by dissection, and no bodies but those of criminals were procurable.[1] The faculty had to look to crime to help on its progress in this study. When an execution took place, the dean received formal notice, and convoked the doctors and students on the occasion "to make an anatomy," as it was called. When the faculty was at peace with the surgeons, the latter were favored with an invitation. By a strange prejudice, theory and practice, as we have noticed, were kept distinct. The learned professor would have demeaned himself by becoming an operator, while the acting surgeon was condemned to be a mere intelligent machine, and was formally interdicted from being initiated in the higher mysteries of the profession. It was a barber who generally filled this inferior office, and he not unfrequently would display more knowledge than his masters; for which of-

Digitized by Google

fence he was sure to be severely reprimanded. "*Doctor non sinat dissectorem divagari, sed contineat in officio dissecandi*"—"Let not the doctor suffer the dissector to stray beyond his province, but keep him to his duty of dissecting." This is one of the rules laid down in the statutes. He was to work on and hold his tongue. But not only was the barber condemned to silence—a hard sentence, some will say, on one of his loquacious profession—but he was to receive no pay. For remuneration he was to look to his brethren of the razor. There were more facilities for the study of botany than for any other practical branch of the medical science. Beside the garden in the Rue de la Bûcherie, the doctors had afterward the use of the Jardin Royal founded by Richelieu; and these advantages do not seem to have been by any means neglected. Clinical instruction was peculiarly defective. Absorbed by erudition, philosophy, and the interminable disquisitions of the schools, our medical forefathers seem to have forgotten that experimental knowledge can be obtained only by the bedside of the sick. Most of the students had never seen a single patient before they reached the honors of the baccalaureat. After this they attached themselves to some doctor, whom they followed on his rounds, in order to learn the application of what they had theoretically mastered, and were by him introduced to his clients, much as was the practice in the days of ancient Rome. The poor sufferer's room was thus not unfrequently turned into a pedantic lecture-hall. We instinctively recall to mind Molière's two Diafoiruses, father and son, stationing themselves each on one side of the unhappy patient, and discoursing in pompous medical phraseology of the character of his pulse and of the humors of his body.* The practical and, as such, the most important department of medical science received, it must be confessed, the least attention. All the prizes, whether of honor or emolument, which the future held out, tended to concentrate zeal and emulation on dialectics. It seemed as if the medical art were designed for the benefit of the doctors rather than the doctored, and that it was of more importance to be able to descant learnedly upon a malady than to cure it. To figure advantageously at one of those solemn public sittings of the medical body, which were often graced with the presence of members of the high aristocracy and of the magisterial body; to be able to deliver a brilliant harangue, and confound an opponent by a well-timed and well-chosen quotation—such was the highest ambition of the student. To preside with distinction over the discussion of a thesis—such was the battle-field on which the doctor hoped to win his laurels. If he acquitted himself with applause, he had gained a victory which raised him higher in his own esteem, and in that of the world at large, than the most successful practice of his profession could possibly do. The first two articles of the statutes contain this spirit in a condensed form, and may be regarded as the abridged decalogue of the faculty, summing up their duty toward God and toward man: 1. the divine offices shall be celebrated with the customary forms, and in the usual places, at the same hours and on the same days as heretofore; 2. the medical students shall frequently attend public disputations and dissertations.

The process through which the student had to pass in order to make his way to his degree of licentiate was a trying ordeal. The examination for the bachelor's degree, after a few previous solemnities, including the usual attention first to religion, next to dress and formal state, lasted a week, during which the candidate might be questioned not only by the regular examiners on the usual round of the natural, the non-natural, and the unnatural, but by any doctor present, each having the right to propose a certain number of questions. In conclusion, the aspirant

* "*Durluscule, repoussant, et même un peu capricant.*" "*L'intempérie de son parenchyme splénique et l'état de ses méats cholédoques.*"

Digitized by Google

had to comment on some aphorism of Hippocrates. When the examiners gave in their report, votes were taken, and a favorable majority secured to the aspirant his degree. The new bachelors swore to keep the honorable secrets, and observe all the practices, customs, and statutes of the faculty; to pay homage to the dean and to all the masters; to aid the faculty against all opponents and all illicit practitioners, and to submit to the punishments which it might inflict; to assist in gown at all the masses ordered by the faculty, coming in at least before the epistle, and remaining till the end; and, finally, to assist at all the academic exercises and disputations of the schools during two years, where they were to maintain some theses on medicine or hygiene, observing good order and decorum in conducting their argument.

Their great ordeal was now to come. One is amazed to read of the succession of tilts they had to run in the intellectual tourney of these two probationary years; how from St. Martin to the Carnival they had to maintain, always in full dress and before a large assembly, their *quodlibetary** theses of physiology or medicine; how from Ash-Wednesday to vacation time it was the turn of the Cardinal theses, so called from their institution by Cardinal d'Estoutteville. These chiefly related to hygienic questions. It is from among these latter that most of those puerile and absurd queries have been extracted which have drawn down so much ridicule on the faculty. It is scarcely possible to imagine that such questions as the following can have been intended for serious discussion: Are heroes the children of heroes? Are they bilious? Is it good to get drunk once a month? Is woman an imperfect work of nature? Is sneezing a natural act? It is only fair, however, to remember that by far the greater number of the subjects proposed were of a very different character, and such as might profitably be considered at the present day. But if the frequent occurrence of these intellectual jousts was trying to the combatant, their interminable length was perfectly appalling. From six o'clock to eight he had to stand a preliminary skirmish with the bachelors. For the next three hours he had to encounter nine doctors, who successively entered the lists, each bringing his fresh vigor to bear on the exhausted candidate. The sitting ended with a general assault, in which all present had liberty to take a share and overwhelm the poor bachelor with a very hail-storm of interrogatories, to which he had to reply single-handed. During the Cardinal theses the debate was still hotter and more prolonged. From five in the morning till midday, the candidate was plied with questions by the bachelors, all ready to pounce upon him at the slightest flaw in his argument or the merest slip of his tongue. As a climax of cruelty, during the *quodlibetary* examinations he was bound to furnish his persecutors with refreshment in an adjoining apartment, of which he alone was forbidden to partake. The sound of the great clock striking twelve must have been a joyful reprieve to the athlete in the ring; the wonder is that any constitution could stand the probationary two years during which this process was energetically kept up.

At the close of this period the candidates were subjected to private examination before the doctors, in order to ascertain their practical capacity and personal qualifications for exercising the medical art. Great strictness prevailed on all points which nearly concerned the honor and interests of the faculty; and if the candidate had ever practiced any manual art, *including surgery*, he was bound on oath to renounce it for the future. Then followed a separate private examination by each individual doctor as to a thousand personal details affecting the competence of the applicant. A secret scrutiny then decided on the admissibility, not as yet the admission, of

* So called because selected at pleasure.

Digitized by Google

the candidates to the honors and privileges of actual members of the faculty. The spirit of the old days was preserved even in the seventeenth century, and the licentiates had to receive ecclesiastical sanction and a quasi-ordination. They proceeded accordingly in procession to the house of the chancellor of the academy, to whom they were presented by the dean, who, on their request, fixed a day for their reception. This form was one of the most cherished traditions of the university. Gallican as was the spirit of that body, it gloried in tracing its privileges and constitution to the Holy See; a cheap homage, which entailed no inconvenience, and of which at times it knew how to avail itself in its contests with the king and the parliament. The chancellor, who was a canon of the metropolitan see of Paris, had long enjoyed sovereign jurisdiction over the schools; and although in the seventeenth century his power was purely nominal, no one disputed his right upon this occasion to represent the sovereign Pontiff, the supreme teacher of the Catholic world. Other curious ceremonies attended the solemn admittal to the licentiate. All the high functionaries of state, and other important personages, were invited to attend the schools on an appointed day, in order to learn from the paranymph the names and titles of the medical practitioners whom the faculty were about to present to the city—nay, to the whole world: "*Quos, quales, et quot medicos urbi, atque adeo universo orbi, medicorum collegium isto biennio sit suppeditaturum.*" The paranymph, as is well known, was, among the Greeks, the friend of the bridegroom, who accompanied him in his chariot when he went to fetch home the bride. Now it was held that the new licentiate was about to espouse the faculty, much as the Doge of Venice married the sea. The friend of the spouse, the paranymph, was in fact the dean, who presented the young spouses to the chancellor with a complimentary address. That dignitary invited the assembly to repair on a fixed day to the great archiepiscopal hall, which upon this occasion was thrown open to all the notabilities of the capital, who attended to add honor to the solemnity. Then the list of the candidates was read out in their order of merit, as previously decided after a strict inquiry by the doctors. They immediately fell on their knees, bareheaded, in an attitude of deep recollection, to receive the apostolic benediction given by the chancellor in these terms: "*Auctoritate Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ, quâ fungor in hac parte, do tibi licentium legendi, interpretandi, et faciendi medicinam hic et ubique terrarum, in nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.*" A question was then proposed by this dignitary to the licentiate first in the order of merit, who was bound to give proof of his competency by solving it on the spot. As the chancellor was not a doctor, and as the assembly was miscellaneous, this query was usually religious or literary, and, to judge from the recorded questions, rather curious and subtle than profitable. The whole assembly forthwith repaired in a body to the cathedral to thank our Blessed Lady for the happy conclusion of a work begun under her auspices. With his hand stretched over the altar of the martyrs, the chancellor murmured a short prayer, the purport of which was calculated to remind the newly-elected that, belonging henceforth as they did specially to the Church, they ought to be prepared to sacrifice themselves in all things, even to their very life: *usque ad effusionem sanguinis.* It depended entirely upon the licentiates themselves whether or no they were ultimately decorated with the doctor's cap, which conferred the full privileges at once of the medical corporation and of the university to which it belonged; and although a few, from modesty or other causes, declined to aim at this honor, with by far the greater number it was the consequence and complement of the licentiate. The degree of licentiate introduced the recipient to the public; that

Digitized by Google

of doctor admitted him into the very sanctuary of the faculty. Accordingly it was conferred, not less ceremoniously, but more privately. It was, so to say, a family affair. Although, as we have said, there was no further examination respecting medical competency, another minute inquiry was made into the life and morals of the applicant, which was followed, if the scrutiny proved satisfactory, by a preparatory act called the Vesperie, because it took place in the afternoon. At this sitting, the president addressed the candidate in a solemn discourse, intended to impress him with a high sense of the dignity of the healing art, and of the maxims of honor and probity which ought to guide its professors. The ordeal of questions was not altogether closed; for we find the president proposing a query, and entering into a discussion with the candidate, who had thus still something to undergo before he passed on from the class of the questioned to the more enviable rank of the questioners.

Upon the great day, the doctor *in posse*, preceded by the mace-bearers and bachelors, with the president on his left, and followed by the doctors *in esse* selected to argue with him, proceeded to the hall of the great school. The grand apparitor then addressed him thus: "Sir candidate for the doctorate, before you are initiated, you have to take three oaths,"—"*Domine doctorande, antequam incipias, habes tria juramenta.*" The three oaths were: 1. to observe the rights, statutes, laws, and venerable customs of the faculty; 2. to assist the day following the feast of St. Luke at the mass for deceased doctors; 3. to combat with all his strength against the illicit practitioners of medicine, whatever might be their rank or their condition in life. "Will you swear to observe these things?"—"*Vis ista jurare?*"—asked the grand apparitor; and the candidate replied with that memorable *Juro* ("I swear") which was Molière's last word.* The president, after a brief address, turned toward him with the doctorial square cap in his hand, and making with it the sign of the cross in the air, placed it on the head of the candidate, to which he then administered a slight blow with two of his fingers, and forthwith bestowed upon him the *accolade*. The recipient was now duly dubbed doctor. He made immediate use of his new powers by asking a question of one of the doctors present. The president had then a tilt with the doctor who had presided at the Vesperie, and the sitting was closed by the new doctor's delivering a discourse of thanksgiving to God, to the faculty, and to his friends and relations present. The statutes enjoin that this speech should be *elegant*. We may conceive that the notion of elegance entertained by the faculty differed considerably from that which the word suggests to our minds. On the St. Martin's Day following the recently-chosen doctor did the honors of his new grade by presiding over a *quodlibetary* thesis. This was a sort of bye-day, being out of course. It was called the "*acte pastillaire*," in allusion probably to the sugary wafers presented to the dean stamped with his likeness, or to the *bonbons*, of which there was a general distribution on the occasion. The next day the new doctor was entered on the registers, and took his place on the junior bench for ten years.

Every one must be struck with the close resemblance which the famous ceremony in Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* bears to those scholastic solemnities. Who, indeed, would now remember these antiquated customs of an age from which we are drifting more rapidly in habits of thought and

* The great comic dramatist played the part of Argan on the first representation of his play of the *Malade Imaginaire*, now always performed on the anniversary of his death. He had probably long had within him the seeds of a mortal complaint; and after pronouncing the word *Juro* in his character of Bachelor of Medicine taking his degree, which is the subject of the famous ceremonial ballet succeeding the comedy, he was seized with a suffocating attack, and left the playhouse only to expire shortly afterward.

Digitized by Google

in manners than even the stream of time is carrying us, if the comic dramatist had not conferred upon them the immortality of ridicule? Yet it may well be questioned if it were not for Molière's ludicrous picture, from which we have formed our notions and judgment of the old faculty, whether, did we now for the first time discover in some old forgotten document the record of these proceedings, our impression might not be widely different; whether we might not see as much in them to command our respect as to provoke us to laughter. Old-fashioned ways—that is, ways which no longer reflect the ideas and feelings of the day—always lend themselves specially to ridicule. In Molière's time society was beginning to divest itself of its mediæval garb, and men's minds were being formed, not always to their advantage, on a new type. The old type, however, was so strongly impressed on the medical corporation—in which the traditionary spirit was peculiarly powerful—that the garb, which, as we know, follows rather than precedes a change, still sat naturally on the venerable body of doctors. So entirely was this the case, that where, as individuals, they were more or less under the influence of the spirit of the day, in their professional capacity they had as it were a second self, clinging tenaciously in all that concerned the faculty to ancient ideas and forms. Of this combination the well-known Guy Patin, to whom we may hereafter have occasion to allude, was a curious example. It is difficult to look upon men performing acts, to them most serious, however absurd in our eyes, as purely ridiculous. Assuredly they have their respectable side. Neither is it easy to believe that all these good doctors, indefatigable as we have seen them, and enthusiastically devoted as they were to their calling, were all such pedantic idiots as Molière has painted them. It is a well-known fact that the inimitable piece of buffoonery to which we have alluded was concocted in the salon of Madame de la Sablière, a noted rendezvous of the "*beaux esprits*" of the day. Molière furnished the canvas and laid-in the colors of the first painting; but his witty friends had each some lively touch to contribute. It is probable that two or three of the medical profession—men who were more or less sceptical as to the perfection of every saying and doing of the faculty, and with whom Molière is known to have lived in habits of intimacy—were present at these meetings, and supplied many of the technical expressions. It does not follow that these physicians were actuated by any spite against their order, any more than Cervantes hated chivalry, to which, while quizzing its eccentricities and exaggerations, he unwittingly gave a fatal blow.

One remark forcibly suggests itself, when we consider the hyperbolical praise which the medical body so liberally administered to itself, and with which Molière has made us familiar in passages of his comedies which can scarcely be considered as caricatures. We are apt severely to censure as grossly servile and almost idolatrous the flattery with which the men of letters and courtiers of Louis XIV.'s reign dosed the monarch. But some abatement must be made of this harsh judgment when we find the reception of an obscure bachelor to his degree made the occasion of a prodigal expenditure of the most exaggerated metaphors. He is a new star, a pharos destined to shed its light on the latest posterity; he is the compendium of all virtue, talent, and glory; he equals, if he does not surpass, all the heroes of antiquity. And if such were the eulogies bestowed on a successful candidate for the honors of the faculty, what was the laudation reserved for the faculty itself, the source of all this splendor? Hyperbole went mad. We find, for instance, an orator taking as his text, "The physician is like to God." He sets forth this resemblance in the attributes of power, beneficence, mercy: physicians are

Digitized by Google

the ministers and the "colleagues" of God. But this is not enough. The orator kindles as he proceeds: all comes from God; *ergo*, evil as well as good. "But from you, medical gentlemen," he exclaims, "comes nothing but good. Doubtless God is just in afflicting us, and has his reasons. But still evil is evil, and medicine is always salutary." (Rather a bold assertion!) The conclusion is, that we should owe more to the physician than to God, seeing that, while the Lord wounds, the physician heals, did we not after all owe to him the physician himself.

One last trait to complete this sketch of the old customs of the faculty. Molière has hinted at it in the closing line of the exordium of his comic president:

> "Salus, honos, et argentum,
> *Atque bonum appetitum.*"

The culinary and gastronomic side of the medical physiognomy is not the least curious. Brillat-Savarin, who has made a classified catalogue of gourmands, places physicians under the head of gourmands by virtue of their profession. It is, he says, in the nature of things. Everything contributes to make them gluttons. The hopes and the gratitude of patients combine to pamper them. They are crammed like pigeons, and at the end of six months have become irretrievable gourmands. There seem to be reasonable grounds for this accusation. In what may be called the heroic age of the faculty—the palmy days of medical ceremonial, which had already begun to decline in Molière's time, although the ancient forms were in the main preserved—corporation-repasts were frequent. After every examination the doctors dined; after every thesis they dined—on this latter occasion at the expense of the successful candidate. On St. Luke's Day they dined; and again when the accounts were given in, and when a dean was elected. When a chair of botany was erected, a "botanic banquet" ensued as a matter of course. But it would be too tedious to enumerate all these feastings, since almost everything furnished the pretext for an entertainment. At one time, the faculty even officially appointed two of their number to taste the wines before their repasts. Under the pretence of hygienic considerations, questions appertaining to what may be styled transcendental cookery were of frequent occurrence; and it was gravely debated whether salad ought to be eaten at the first course, and potatoes at the second; whether it were good to eat nuts after fish, cheese after meat, etc.

We will conclude with some reflections of a more pleasing character as to the spirit which animated the old faculty. Some of its statutes are memorials of the virtuous principles which, in spite of all absurdities of form, were held in honor by their body. For instance, the doctors were enjoined to cultivate friendship with one another. They were never to visit a patient without an express invitation. The juniors were always to rise before the ancients, and the ancients were to protect the juniors, and treat them with kindness. The secrets of the sick were sacred; and no one was to reveal what he had seen, heard, or so much as suspected in a patient's house. Gravity, mildness, and decorum were to reign in their assemblies, where each was to speak in his proper order and without interrupting others. Disorderly behavior, recriminations, and abusive language are to be banished for ever from the faculty. These regulations are admirable; and at any rate bear witness to the sound views of the body of whose collective wisdom they were the expression. Indeed the great strength of the faculty resided in its attachment to its salutary moral laws. Mere formalism would never have possessed such vitality and endurance. When we penetrate into the life of this old society, we meet with a tone of genuine uprightness, manliness, and candor quite refreshing to the mind. We may add that

Digitized by Google

most of the great liberal professions—the bar, the magistracy, and the educational bodies of the seventeenth century—make the same favorable impression upon us. They exhibit the *bourgeoisie* of the day in a respectable light, as manifesting in no ordinary degree the qualities of probity, disinterestedness, and the family spirit, with all the sober virtues and homely charities which appertain to it.

We naturally know less of the life of the students; but it was probably moulded upon that of their elders and superiors. Even Molière's pompous Thomas Diafoirus, with whose rejection by Angélique for the handsome, rich, and agreeable Cléante the reader of course heartily sympathizes, is by no means a contemptible personage; and when divested of his priggish solemnity, and of all those ludicrous accidental qualities which go to make up the caricature, it cannot be denied that he is a well-principled, sober, and industrious youth. It is, therefore, no unreasonable conclusion to draw, that such was the general character of the body of aspirants to the honors of the venerable doctorate.

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XX.

For many hundred yards total silence prevailed among our pedestrians. Even Kate Mulvey seemed at a loss what first to say, or whether she ought to be the first to say anything.

Winny, seeing that her poor dog was getting on famously, was rather pleased, "since the thing did happen," that it had been brought to so satisfactory an end after all; and by whom? Her poor dog might have been killed, and would, undoubtedly, but for Emon-a-knock's fortunate arrival at the last moment, and his prompt and successful assistance. There was poor Bully-dhu now, walking to all appearances almost as well as ever, and tied up in *his* handkerchief. She was glad that the road had become by this time comparatively deserted, for she was timid and frightened, she knew not why. Perhaps she was afraid she might meet her father. She was thinking with herself, too, how far Emon would come with them, and who they might meet who knew them, before he turned back. Emon-a-knock's heart was wishing Kate Mulvey at "*Altha Brashia*," but his head was not sorry that she was one of the party, for common-sense still kept his heart in subjection.

Thus it was that silence prevailed for some time. Bully-dhu was the first to break it. Whether it was that the whiskey had got into his head, or, as the present fashion would say, that he was "screwed," I know not; but he felt so much better, and had so far recovered his strength and spirits, that he had almost pulled the handkerchief from Emon's hand, and cut an awkward sort of a rigadoon round Winny, barking, and looking up *triumphantly* in her face. Could it have been that while the others had been thinking of these other things, he had been deluding himself with the notion that he had been the victor in the battle?

"Poor fellow," said Winny, patting him on the head, "I do think there's nothing very bad the matter with you

Digitized by Google

after all. Emon, I am beginning to believe you."

"I hope you will always believe me, Winny Cavana," was his reply, and he again sunk into silence.

She could not think why he called her Cavana, and "yet her color rose;" I believe that is the way your experienced novelists would express it in such a case.

A longer silence now ensued. None of the three appeared inclined to talk —Emon less than either. Kate Mulvey, who had always plenty to say for herself, seemed completely dumb—foundered, I was going to add, but I find the word will do as well, perhaps better, in its purity. But, notwithstanding their silence, they were shortening the road to Rathcash. Winny was framing some pretty little speech of thanks to Emon for the *trouble* he had taken, and for his *kindness;* but she had so often *botched* it to her own mind, that she determined to leave it to chance at the moment of parting. Kate had no such excuse for her silence, and yet she was not without one, which to herself quite justified it.

Some few desultory remarks, however, were made from time to time, followed by the still "awkward pause," until they had now arrived at the turn in sight of Kate Mulvey's house.

Emon was determined to go the whole way to the end of the lane turning up to Winny Cavana's. He had not sought this day's happiness; he had studiously avoided such a chance; but circumstances had so far controlled him, that he could not accuse himself of wilful imprudence. Emon knew very well that if a fair opportunity occurred, he would in all probability betray himself in an unequivocal manner to Winny, and he dreaded the result. Up to the present he was on friendly and familiar terms with her; but once the word was spoken, he feared a barrier would be placed between them, which might put an end to even this calm source of happiness. That he loved Winny with a disinterested but devoted love, he knew too well. How far he might hope that she would ever look upon his love with favor, he had never yet ventured to feel his way; and yet his heart told him there was something about herself, which, if unbiassed by circumstances, might bid him not despair. But her rich old father, who had set his heart upon a marriage for his daughter with Tom Murdock, and a union of the farms, he knew would never consent. Neither did he believe that Winny herself would decline so grand a match when it came to the point.

Emon had argued all these matters over and over again in his mind; and the fatal certainty of disappointment, added to a prudent determination to avoid her society as much as possible, had enabled him hitherto to keep his heart under some control.

Kate Mulvey, though "book-sworn" by Winny, if she did not exactly repeat any of the confidential chat she had with her friend about Tom Murdock and himself, felt no hesitation in "letting slip" to Emon, for whom she had a very great regard, a *hint* or two just casually, as if by accident, that Tom Murdock "was no great favorite" of Winny Cavana's—that the neighbors "were all astray" in "giving them to one another"—that if she knew what two and two made, it would all "end in smoke;" and such little gossiping observations. Not by way of *telling* Emon, but just as if in the mere exuberance of her own love of chat. But they had the desired effect, now that Emon was likely to have an opportunity of a few words with Winny alone, for Kate was evidently preparing to turn up to her own house when they came to the little gate.

Emon had heard, even in his rank of life, the aristocratic expression that "faint heart never won fair lady;" and a secret sort of self-esteem prompted him to make the most of the fortuitous circumstances which he had not sought for, and which he therefore argued Providence might have thrown

Digitized by Google

in his way. "What can she do," thought he, "but reject my love? I shall know the worst then; and I can make a start of it. I'm too long hanging about here like a fool; a dumb priest never got a parish; and barring his acres and his cash—if he has any—I'm a better man than ever he was, or ever will be."

These were his thoughts as they approached the gate, and his heart began to tremble as Kate Mulvey said:

"Winny, dear, I must part with you here. I saw my father at the door. He came to it two or three times while we were coming up the road; and he made a sign to me to go in. I'm sure and certain he's half-starved for his dinner, waiting for me!"

"Well, Kitty, I suppose I can't expect you to starve him out-and-out, and I'll bid you good-bye. I'm all as one as at home now, I may say. Emon—I—won't bring you any further."

"You're not bringing me, Winny; I'm going of my own free will."

"Indeed, Emon, you have been very kind, and I'm entirely obliged to you for all your trouble; but I won't ask you to come any further now."

Kate's father just then came to the door again; and she, thinking that matters had gone far enough between Emon and her friend in her presence, bid them a final good-bye, and turned up to her father, who still stood at the door, and who really did appear to be starving, if one could judge by the position of his hands and the face he made.

The moment had now arrived when Emon must meet his fate, or call himself a coward and a poltroon for the remainder of his natural life, be it long or short.

He chose the least degrading and the most hopeful alternative—to meet his fate.

As Winny held out her hand to him, and asked him to let out the dog, he said:

"No, Winny; I'll give him up to you at the end of the lane; but not sooner."

Winny saw that remonstrance would be no use. She did not wish to quarrel with Emon, and she knew that at all events that was no time or place to do so.

They had not advanced many yards alone, when Winny stopped again, as if irresolute between her wishes and her fears. She had not yet spoken unkindly to Emon, and she had tact enough to know that the first unkind word would bring out the whole matter, which she dreaded, in a flood from his heart, and which she doubted her own power to withstand.

"Emon," she said, "indeed I will not let you come any further—don't be angry."

"Winny, you said first you would not ask me, and now you say you will not let me. Winny Cavana, are you ashamed of *any* one about Rathcash, or Rathcash*more*, seeing you walking with Emon-a-knock?"

"You are very unjust and very unkind, Emon, to say any such thing. I never was ashamed to be seen walking with you; and I'm certain sure the day will never come when you will give me reason to be ashamed of you, Emon-a-knock;—there now, I seldom put the two last words to your name, except when I wish to be kind. But there is a difference between shame and fear, Emon."

"Then you are afraid, Winny?"

"Yes, Emon, but it is only of my father—take that with you now, and be satisfied, but don't fret me by persevering further. Let the dog go—and good-bye."

All this time she was counting the pebbles on the road with her eyes.

"No, Winny, I'll not fret you willingly; but here or there it is all the same, and the truth must come out. Winny, you have been the woodbine that has twined itself and blossomed round my heart for many a long day. Don't wither it, Winny dear, but say I may water and nourish it with the dew

Digitized by Google

of your love;" and he would have taken her hand.

"Not here, Emon," she said, releasing it; "are you mad? Don't you see we're in sight of the houses? and gracious only knows who may be watching us! Untie your handkerchief and give me the dog. For goodness sake, Emon dear, don't come any further."

"No, Winny, I'd die before I'd fret you. Here's the dog, handkerchief and all: keep it as a token that I may hope."

"Indeed, Emon, I cannot—don't ask me."

Emon's heart fell, and he stooped to untie the handkerchief in despair, if not in chagrin, at Winny's last words.

But Bully-dhu appeared to know what his mistress ought to have done better than she did herself. It was either that, or Emon's hand shook so, that when endeavoring to untie the knot, the dog got loose, "handkerchief and all," and, turning to his mistress, began to bark and jump up on her, with joy that he had gained his liberty, and was so near home. Winny became frightened lest Bully-dhu's barks might bring notice upon them, and she endeavored to moderate his ecstacy, yet she felt a sort of secret delight that she was in for the handkerchief in spite of herself. She was determined, therefore, not to send poor Emon-a-knock away totally dejected.

"There, Emon dear; for God's sake, I say again, be off home. I'll keep it in memory of the day that you saved my poor dog from destruction—there now, will that do?" and she held out her hand.

"It is enough, Winny dear. This has been the happiest day of my life. May I hope it has only been the first of a long life like it?"

"Now, Emon, don't talk nonsense, but be off home, if you have any wit—good-bye;" and this time she gave him her hand and let it lie in his.

"God bless you, Winny dearest, I oughtn't to be too hard on you. Sure you have raised my heart up into heaven already, and there is something now worth living for." And he turned away with a quick and steady step.

"She called me 'dear' twice," he soliloquized, after he thought she had fairly turned round. But Winny had heard him, and as she took the handkerchief from Bully-dhu's neck, she patted him upon the head, saying, "And you *are* a dear good fellow, and I'm very fond of you."

Emon heard every part of this little speech except the first word, and Winny managed it to perfection; for though she had used the word "and" in connection with what she had heard Emon say, she was too cunning to let him hear that one small word, which would have calmed his beating heart; and the rest she would fain have it appear had been said to the dog, for which purpose she accompanied the words with those pats upon his head. She spoke somewhat louder, however, than was necessary, if Bully-dhu was alone intended to hear her.

Emon saw the transaction, and heard some of the words—only some. But they were sufficient to make him envy the dog, as he watched them going up the lane, and into the house.

It might be a nice point, in the higher ranks of life, to determine whether, in a "breach of promise" case, the above passages could be relied on as unequivocal evidence on either side of a promise; or whether a young lover would be justified in believing that his suit had been successful upon no other foundation than what had then taken place. But in the rank of life in which Winny Cavana and Edward Lennon moved, it was as good between them as if they had been "book-sworn"—and they both knew it.

Before Winny went to her bed that night she had washed and ironed the handkerchief, and she kept it ever after in her pocket, folded up in a piece of newspaper. It had no mark

Digitized by Google

upon it when she got it, but she was not afraid, after some time, to work the letters E. A. K. in the corner, as no one was ever to see it but herself, not even Kate Mulvey.

Old Ned Cavana, after returning from prayers, determined to rest himself for some time before taking a tour of the farm, and lay down upon an old black sofa in the parlor. There is no shame in the truth that an old man of his age soon fell fast asleep. The servant-girl looked in once or twice to tell him that the spotted heifer had cut her leg jumping over a wall, as Jamesy Doyle was turning her out of the wheat; but she knew it would not signify; and not wishing, or perhaps not venturing, to disturb him, she quietly shut the door again. He slept so long, that he was only just getting the spotted heifer's leg stuped in the farm-yard while the scene already described was passing between Winny and young Lennon upon the road. Were it not for that same heifer's leg he would doubtless have been standing at the window watching his daughter's return. Upon such fortuitous accidents do lovers' chances sometimes hang! This was what Winny in her ignorance of her father's employment had dreaded; and hence alone her anxiety that Emon should "be off home, if he had any wit."

On this point she found, however, that all was right when she entered. Her father was just coming in from the farm-yard, "very thankful that it was no worse;" a frame of mind which we would recommend all persons to cultivate under untoward circumstances of any kind.

Of course Winny told her father of the mishap about poor Bully-dhu's battle; she "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice," but told the thing accurately as it had occurred; and did not even hide that young Lennon—she did not call him Emon-a-knock—had ultimately rescued the poor dog from destruction. She did not think it necessary to say how far he had accompanied them on their way home.

"He's a smart young fellow, that Lennon is, an' I'm for ever obliged to him, Winny, for that same turn. There would be no livin' here but for Bully-dhu. I believe it was Emon himself gev him to us, when he was a pup."

"It was, father; and a very fine dog he turned out."

"The sorra betther, Winny. If it wasn't for him, as I say, betune the fox an' the rogues, we wouldn't have a goose or a turkey, or a duck, or a cock, or a hen, or so much as a chikin, in the place, nor so much, iv coorse, as a fresh egg for our breakfast. Poor Bully, I hope he's not hurt, Winny;" and he stooped down to examine him. "No, no," he cried, "not much; but I'm sure he's thirsty. Here, Biddy, get Bully a dish of *bonnia-rommer*, and be sure you make him up a good mess afther dinner. That Emon-a-knock, as they call him, is a thundering fine young man; it's a pity the poor fellow is a pauper, I may say."

"No, father, he's *not* a pauper, and never will be; he's well able to earn his living."

"I know that, Winny, for he often worked here; an' there's not a man in the three parishes laves an honester day's work behind him."

"And does not spend it foolishly, father. If you were to see how nicely he was dressed to-day; and—beside all the help he gives his father and mother."

She was about to add a remark that work was just then very slack, as it was the dead time of the year, but that there was always something to be done about the farm; but second thoughts checked the words as they were rising to her lips; and second thoughts, they say, are best.

Old Ned here turned the conversation by "wondering was the dinner near ready."

Winny was not a little surprised, and a good deal delighted, to hear her father talk so familiarly and so kindly

Digitized by Google

of Emon. There never was a time when her father's kind word of him was of more value to her heart. Perhaps it would be an unjust implication of hypocrisy on the old man's part to suggest that he might have only been "pumping" Winny on the subject. She felt, however, that she had gone far enough for the present in the expression of her opinion, and was not sorry when a touch of the *faire gurtha* put her father in mind of "the dinner."

We, who, of course, can see much further than any of our *dramatis personæ*, and who are privileged to be behind the scenes, could tell Winny Cavana—but that we would not wish to fret her—that Tom Murdock was looking on from his own window at the whole scene between her and young Lennon on the road; and that from that moment, although he could not hear a word that was said, he understood the whole thing, and was generating plans of vengeance and destruction against *one* or both.

CHAPTER XXI.

MATTERS were now lying quiet. They were like a line ball at billiards which cannot be played at, and there was nothing "to go out for" by any of the players in this double match. But occasionally something "comes off," in even the most remote locality, which creates some previous excitement, and forms the subject of conversation in all ranks. Sometimes a steeple-chase, "five-sovereigns stakes, with fifty or a hundred added," forms a speculation for the rich; with a farmer's class-race for twenty pounds, without any stakes, for horses *bona fide* the property, etc.

A great cricket-match once "came off" not very far from the locality of our story, when Major W—n lived at Mount Campbell, between the officers of the garrison at Boyle and a local club. We belonged to the major's province of constabulary at the time, and, as members, were privileged to take part therein. The thing was rather new in that part of the world at the time, but had been well advertised in the newspapers for the rich, and through the police for the poor; and the consequence was—the weather being very fine—that a concourse of not less than a thousand persons were assembled to witness the game. There can be little doubt that some of the younger portion, at least, of our *dramatis personæ* in this tale were spectators upon the occasion. It was within their county, and not an unreasonable distance from the homes we are now writing of.

January and February had now passed by in the calm monotony of nothing to excite the inhabitants of the Rathcashes. Valentine's Day, indeed, had created a slight stir amongst some of the girls who had bachelors, or thought they had; and many a message was given to those going into C. O. S., to "be sure and ask at the post-office for a letter for me," "and for me," "and for me." A few, very few indeed, got valentines, and many, very many, did not.

It was now March, and even this little anxiety of heart had subsided on the part of the girls; some from self-satisfaction at what they got, and others from disappointment at what they did not.

During this time Tom Murdock had seen Winny Cavana occasionally. It would be quite impossible, with one common lane to both houses, and those houses not more than three hundred yards apart, that any plan of Winny's, less than total seclusion, could have prevented their sometimes "coming across" one another; and total seclusion was a thing that Winny Cavana would not subject herself to on account of any man "that ever stepped in shoe-leather." "What had she to him, or to be afraid of him for? Let him mind his own business and she'd mind hers. But for one half hour she'd never shut herself up

Digitized by Google

on his account. Let him let her alone."

Tom Murdock was not without a certain degree of knowledge of the female heart, nor of a certain amount of tact to come round one, in the least objectionable way; at all events, so as not to foster any difference which might have taken place. He did not appear to seek her society, nor did he seek to avoid it. When they met, which was really always by accident, he was civil, and sufficiently attentive to show that he harbored no ill-will against her, and respected her enough to make it worth his while not to break with her. He was now certain of a walk home with her on Sundays from mass. On these occasions her father was generally with her, but this Tom considered rather to be wished for than otherwise, as he could not venture, even if alone, to renew the forbidden subject. But he knew the father had approved of his suit, and his wish was now to establish a constant civility and kindness of manner, which would keep him at least on his side, if it did not help by its quietness to make Winny herself think better of him.

What had passed between Winny and Emon was not likely in a human heart to keep up the constrained indifference which that young man had burdened himself with toward her. He had, therefore, upon two or three Sundays ventured again to go to the chapel of Rathcash.

It is not very easy to account for, or to explain how such minor matters fall out, or whether they are instinctively arranged impromptu; but upon each occasion of Emon having re-appeared at Rathcash chapel, Tom Murdock's walk home with Winny was spoiled; more particularly if it so happened that her father did not go to prayers.

Emon-a-knock was never devoid of a considerable portion of self-esteem and respect. Though but a daily laborer, his conduct and character were such as to have gained for him the favorable opinion and the good word of every one who knew him; and apart from the innate goodness of his disposition, he would not lose the high position he had attained in the hearts of his neighbors for the consideration of any of those equivocal pleasures generally enjoyed by young men of his class. He felt that he could look old Ned Cavana or old Mick Murdock straight in the face, rich as they were. He felt quite Tom Murdock's equal in everything, mentally and physically. In riches alone he could not compare with him, but these, he thanked God, belonged to neither mind nor body.

Thus far satisfied with himself, he always stopped to have a few words with Winny, when chance—which he sometimes coaxed to be propitious—threw him in her way. Even from Rathcash on Sundays he felt entitled now, perhaps more than ever, to join her as far as his own way home lay along with hers, and this although her father was along with her. If Tom Murdock had joined them, which was only natural, living where he did, Emon was more determined than ever to be of the party, chatting to them all, Tom included; thus showing that he was neither afraid of them nor ashamed of himself.

The first Sunday after the dog-fight was the first that Emon had gone to the chapel of Rathcash for a pretty long time. But, as a matter of course, he must go there on that day to inquire for poor Bully-dhu, and to ascertain if Winny Cavana had recovered her fright and fatigue. We have seen that Winny had told her father sufficient of the transaction of poor Bully's mishap to make it almost a matter of necessity that he should allude to it to Emon, if it were merely to thank him for "the trouble he had taken" in saving the dog. When Winny heard the words her father had used, she thought them cold—"the trouble he had taken!" her heart suggested that he might have said, and said truly, "the risk he had run."

But, Winny, there had really been no risk; and recollect that you had

Digitized by Google

used the very same word "trouble" to Emon yourself, when you knew no more of his mind than your father does now.

Tom had walked with them on this occasion, and old Ned's civility to "that whelp"—a name he had not forgotten—helped to sour his temper more than anything which had passed between Winny Cavana and him. But all these things he was obliged to bear, and he bore them well, upon "the-long-lane-that-has-no-turning" system.

But now a cause of anticipated excitement began to be spoken of in the neighborhood; how, or why, or by whom the matter had been set on foot, was a thing not known, and of no consequence at the time. Yet Tom Murdock was at the bottom of it—and for a purpose.

There existed not far from about the centre of the locality of our story a large flat common, where flocks of geese picked the short grass in winter, and over which the peewit curled with a short circular flap, and a timid little hoarse scream, in the month of May. It consisted of about sixty acres of hard, level, whitish sod, admirably adapted for short races, athletic sports, and manly exercises of every kind. It formed a sort of amphitheatre, surrounded by low green hills, affording ample space and opportunity for hundreds, ay thousands, of spectators to witness any sport which might be inaugurated upon the level space below.

Upon one or two occasions, but not latterly, hurling-matches had come off upon Glanveigh Common. At one time these hurling-matches were very common in Ireland, and were considered a fair test of the prowess of the young men of different parishes. Many minor matches had come off from time to time, but they were of a mixed nature, got up for the most part upon the spot, and had not been spoken of beforehand—they were mere impromptus amongst the younger lads of the neighborhood. The love of the game, however, had not died out even amongst those of riper years; and there were very many men, young and old, whose hurls were laid up upon lofts, and who could still handle them in a manner with which few parts of Ireland could compare. Amongst those Tom Murdock was pre-eminent. He had successfully led the last great match, when not more than twenty years of age, between the parishes of Rathcash and Shanvilla, against a champion called "Big M'Dermott," who led for the latter parish. He was considered the best man in the province to handle a hurl, and his men were good; but Tom Murdock and the boys of Rathcash had beaten them back three times from the very jaws of the goal, and finally conquered. But Shanvilla formally announced that they would seek an early opportunity to retrieve their character. The following Patrick's Day would be three years since they had lost it.

Tom Murdock thought this a good opportunity to forward a portion of his plans. A committee was formed of the best men in Rathcash parish to send a challenge to the men of Shanvilla to hurl another match on Glanveigh Common upon Patrick's Day. Tom Murdock himself was not on the committee; he had too much tact for that. "Big M'Dermott" had emigrated, leaving a younger brother behind him—a good man, no doubt; but as the Shanvilla boys had been latterly bragging of Emon-a-knock as their best man, Tom had no doubt that the challenge would be accepted, and that young Lennon, as a matter of course, would be chosen as their champion. Had he doubted this last circumstance, he might not have cared to originate the match at all. He had not forgotten the poker-and-tongs jig about four months before. His humiliation on that occasion had sunk deeper into his heart than any person who witnessed it was aware of; and although never afterward adverted to, had still to be avenged. If, then, at the head of his hundred men, he could beat back young Lennon with an equal number twice out of thrice before the assembled parishes, it would in

Digitized by Google

some degree wash out the humiliation of his defeat in the dance.

Upon the acceptance of this challenge not only the character of the Shanvilla boys depended, but their pride and confidence in Emon-a-knock as their best man.

At once, upon the posting of the challenge, with the names of the committee, upon the chapel-gate of Rathcash, a counter-committee was formed for Shanvilla, and, taking a leaf from their opponents' book, their best man's name was left out. But he at the same time accepted the leadership of the party, which was unanimously placed upon him.

Thus far matters had tended to the private exultation of Tom Murdock, who was determined to make Patrick's Day a day of disgrace to his rival, for since the scene he had witnessed with the dog and the handkerchief he could no longer doubt the fact.

The whole population of the parishes were sure to be assembled, and Winny Cavana, of course, amongst the rest. What a triumph to degrade him in her eyes before his friends and hers! Surely he would put forth all his energies to attain so glorious a result. He would show before the assembled multitude that, physically at least, "that whelp" was no match for Tom Murdock—his defeat at the poker-and-tongs jig was a mere mischance.

The preliminaries were now finally settled for this, the greatest hurling-match which for many years had come off, or was likely to come off, in the province. Rathcash had been victorious on the last great occasion of the kind, just three years before, when Tom Murdock had led the parish, as a mere stripling, against "Big M'Dermott" and his men. The additional three years had now given more manliness to Tom's heart, in one sense at least, and a greater development to the muscle and sinew of his frame than he could boast of on that occasion. He was an inch, or an inch and a half, over Emon a-knock in height, upwards of a stone-weight heavier, and nearly two years his senior in age. His men were on an average as good men, and as well accustomed to the use of the hurl, as those of Shanvilla—their hurls were as well seasoned and as sound, and their *pluck* was proverbially high. What wonder, then, if Tom Murdock anticipated a certain, if not an easy, victory?

As hurling, however, has gone very much out of fashion since those days, and is now seldom seen—never, indeed, in the glorious strength of two populous parishes pitted against each other—it may be well for those who have never seen or perhaps heard of it, to close this chapter with a short description of it.

A large flat field or common, the larger the better, is selected for the performance. Two large blocks of stone are placed about fifteen or twenty feet apart toward either end of the field. One pair of these stones forms the goal of one party, and the other pair that of their opponents. They are about four hundred yards distant from each other, and are generally whitewashed, that they may the more easily catch the attention of the players. A ball, somewhat larger than a cricket-ball, but pretty much of the same nature, is produced by each party, which will be more fully explained by-and-bye. The hurlers assemble, ranged in two opposing parties in the centre between the goals. The hurls are admirably calculated for the kind of work they are intended to perform—viz., to *puck* the ball toward the respective goals. But they would be very formidable weapons should a fight arise between the contending parties. This, ere now, we regret to say, has not unfrequently been the case—leading sometimes to bloodshed, and on a few occasions to manslaughter, if not to murder. The hurl is invariably made of a piece of well-seasoned ash. It is between three and four feet long, having a flat surface of about four inches broad and an inch thick, turned at the lower end. Many and close searches in those days have been made through the woods,

Digitized by Google

and in cartmaker's shops, for pieces of ash with the necessary turn, grown by nature in the wood; but failing this fortunate chance, the object was pretty well effected by a process of steaming, and the application of cramps, until the desired shape was attained. But these were never considered as good as those grown *designedly* by nature *for the purpose.*

The contending parties being drawn up, as we have said, in the centre of the ground, the respective leaders step forward and shake hands, like two pugilists, to show that there is no malice. Although this act of the leaders is supposed to guarantee the good feeling of the men as well, yet the example is generally followed by such of the opposing players as are near each other.

"A toss" then takes place, as to which side shall "sky" their ball. These balls are closely inspected by the leaders of the opposite parties, and pronounced upon before the game begins. There is no choice of goals, as the parties generally set them up at the end of the field next the parish they belong to. Whichever side wins "the toss" then "skies" their ball, the leader throwing it from his hand to the full height of his power, and "the game is on." But after this no hand, under any circumstances, is permitted to touch the ball; an apparently unnecessary rule, for it would be a mad act to attempt it, as in all probability the hand would be smashed to pieces. The game then is, to puck the ball through the opponents' goal. Two goal-masters are stationed at either goal, belonging one to each party, and they must be men of well-known experience as such. Their principal business is to see that the ball is put fairly between the stones; but they are not prohibited from using their hurls in the final struggle at the spot, the one to assist, the other to obstruct, as the state of their party may require.

Sometimes a game is nearly won, when a fortunate young fellow on the losing side slips the ball from the crowd to the open, where one of his party curls it into the air with the flat of his hurl, and the whole assembly—for there is always one—hears the puck it gets, sending it half-way toward the other goal. The rush to it then is tremendous by both sides, and another crowded clashing of hurls takes place.

When the ball is fairly put through the goal of one party by the other, the game is won, and the shouts of the victors and their friends are deafening.

CHAPTER XXII.

A HURLING match in those days was no light matter, particularly when it was on so extensive a scale as that which we are about to describe—between two large parishes. They were supposed, and intended to be, amicable tests of the prowess and activity of the young men at a healthy game of recreation, as the cricket-matches of the present day are that of the athletic aristocracy of the land. In all these great matches, numbers of men, women, and children used to collect to look on, and cheer as the success of the game swayed one way or the other; and as most of the players were unmarried men, it is not to be wondered at if there were many young women amongst the crowd, with their hearts swaying accordingly.

It had been decided by the committees upon the occasion of this great match, that a sort of distinguishing dress—they would not, of course, call it uniform—should be worn by the men. To hurl in coats of any kind had never in this or any other parish match been thought of. The committee left the choice of the distinguishing colors to the respective leaders, recommending, however, that the same manner should be adopted of exhibiting it. It was agreed that sleeves of different colors should be worn over the shirt sleeves, with a broad piece of ribbon tied at the throat to match.

Tom Murdock had chosen green for his party, and not only that, but

Digitized by Google

with a determination to make himself popular, and to throw his rival as far as possible into the background, had purchased a sufficient quantity of calico and ribbon to supply his men gratis with sleeves and neck-ties.

Poor Emon-a-knock could not afford this liberality, and he felt the object with which it had been puffed and paraded on the other side for a whole week previous. He was not afraid, however, that his men would think the less of him on that account. They knew he was only a laboring man, depending upon his day's wages; and many of those who would wield the hurl by his side upon the 17th of March were well-to-do sons of comfortable farmers. Many, no doubt, were laboring boys like himself, and many servant-boys to the farming class.

A deputation of Shanvillas had waited on Emon-a-knock to ascertain his choice of a color for their sleeves and ribbon.

He thought for a few moments, and then taking a red pocket-handkerchief from his box he said, "Boys, this is the only color I can think of. It is as good as any."

"I don't like it, Emon," said M'Dermott, the next best man in the parish.

"Why so, Phil?" said another.

"Well, I hardly know why. It is too much the color of blood. I'd rather have white."

"Don't be superstitious, Phil *a-wochal*," said Emon; "white is a cowardly color all over the world, and red is the best contrast we can have to their color."

"So be it," said Phil.

"So be it," re-echoed the rest of the deputation; "sure, Emon has a right to the choice. Lend us the handkerchief, that we may match it as near as possible."

"And welcome, boys; here it is; but take good care of it for me, as it is the only one I have *now*."

The deputation did not know, but the readers do, that he had given the fellow to it—off the same piece—to Winny Cavana with the dog. Hence his emphasis upon the last word.

No time was lost by the deputation when they left Emon. They had scarcely got out of hearing, when Phil M'Dermott said, "Boys, you all know that Tom Murdock has bestowed his men with a pair of sleeves, and half a yard of ribbon each. Now if he was as well liked as he lets on, he needn't have done that; and in my opinion he done it by way of casting a slur upon our man's poverty. Tom Murdock can afford a hundred yards of green calico and fifty yards of tuppenny ribbon very well;—at least he ought to be able to do so. Now I vote that amongst the best of us we bestow our man with a pair of silk sleeves, and a silk cap and ribbon, for the battle. There's my tenpenny-bit toward it."

"An' I second that vote, boys; there's mine," said another.

"Aisy, boys, an' listen to me," broke in a young Solon, who formed one of the deputation. "There's none of us that wouldn't give a tenpenny bit, if it was the last he had, to do what you say, Phil; but the whole thing—sleeves, ribbon, and cap—won't cost more than a couple of crowns; an' many's the one of the Shanvilla boys would like to have part in it. I vote all them that can afford it may give a fippenny-bit apiece, an' say nothing about it to the boys that can't afford it. If we do, there isn't a man of them but what id want to put in his penny; and I know Emon would not like that. It wouldn't sound well, an' might be laughed at by that rich chap, Murdock. Here's my fippenny, Phil."

There was much good sense in this. It met not only the approbation of the whole deputation, but the pockets of some, and was unanimously adopted. The necessary amount of money was made up before an hour's time; and a smart fellow—the very Solon who had spoken, and who was as smart of limb as he was of mind—was despatched forthwith to C. O. S. for three yards of silk and two yards of ribbbon, to match as nearly as possible Emon-a-

Digitized by Google

knock's handkerchief, which was secured in the crown of his cap.

The very next afternoon—for Shanvilla did not sleep on its resolve—there was no lion in the street for them;—the same deputation walked up to Emon's house at dinner-hour, when they knew he would be at home. He had just finished, and was on his way out, to continue a job of planting "a few gets" of early potatoes on the hill behind the house, when he met them near the door.

M'Dermott carried a paper parcel in his hand.

"Well, boys," said Emon, "what's the matter now? I thought we settled everything yesterday morning."

"You did, Emon *a-wochal;* but we had a trifle to do after we left you. I hope you done nothing about your own sleeves as yet."

"No, Phil, I did not; but never fear, I'll be up to time. But I don't wish to change the color, if that's what brought you."

"The sorra change Emon; it is almost too late for that now. But some of the boys heerd that Tom Murdock is givin' his men, every man of 'em, sleeves an' ribbon for this match. We don't expect the likes from you, Emon; and we don't mind that fellow's puffery and pride. We think it better that the Shanvilla boys should present their leader with one pair of sleeves than that he should give a hundred pairs to them. We have them here, Emon *a-wochal;* an' there isn't a boy in the parish of Shanvilla, or a man, woman, or child, that won't cheer to see you win in them."

"An' maybe some one in the parish of Rathcash," whispered Solon to Phil.

Here Phil M'Dermott untied his parcel and exhibited the sleeves, finished off in the best style by his sister Peggy. What would fit Phil would fit Emon; and she was at no loss upon that point.

"Here they are, made and all, Emon. Peggy made them on my fit; and we wish you luck to win in them. Faix, if you don't, it won't be your fault nor ours. Here's your hankicher; you see there isn't the differ of a *milthiogue's* wing in the two colors."

Perhaps it was the proximity to Boher-na-milthiogue that had suggested the comparison.

"Indeed, boys, I'm entirely obliged to you, and I don't think we can fail of success. It shall not be my fault if we do, and I'm certain it won't be yours. But I'm sorry—"

"*Bidh a hurst*, Emon; don't say wan word, or I'll choke you. But thry them on."

Emon's coat was forthwith slipped off his back and thrown upon the end of a turf-stack hard by, and Phil M'Dermott drew the sleeves upon his arms, and tied them artistically over his shoulders.

"Dam' the wan, Emon, but they were med for you!" said Phil, smoothing them down toward the wrists.

"Divil a word of lie in *that*, any way, Phil," said Solon. "Tell us something we don't know."

"Well, I may tell them that you have too much wit in your head to have any room for sense," replied M'Dermott, seemingly a little annoyed at the remark.

Solon grinned and drew in his horns.

"They are, indeed, the very thing," said Emon, turning his head from one to the other and admiring them. He could have wished, however, that it had been a Rathcash girl who had made them instead of Peggy M'Dermott. "But I cannot have everything my own way," sighed he to himself.

M'Dermott then quietly removed Emon's hat with one hand, while with the other he slily placed the silk cap jauntily upon his head. There was a general murmur of approbation at the effect, in which Emon himself could not choose but join. He felt that he was looking the thing.

After a sufficient time had been allowed for the admiration and verdict of the committee as to their fit and appearance, Phil M'Dermott took them

Digitized by Google

off again, and, folding them up carefully in the paper, handed it to Emon, wishing him on his own part, and that of the whole parish, health to wear and win in them on Patrick's Day—"Every man of us will have our own colors ready the day before," he added.

Emon then thanked them heartily, and turned into the house, to show them to his father, and the deputation returned to their homes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Translated from the German.

MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

A SKETCH OF THE CATHOLIC CONGRESSES HELD AT MALINES AND WÜRZBURG.

BY ANDREW NIEDERMASSER.

CHAPTER IV.

CHARITY.

HIMIOBEN. in a speech delivered at the convention of Salzburg, September 24, 1857, spoke as follows: "All grumblers and pessimists should strive to understand that we live in a great age—great because it is destined to witness the triumph of the truth. I feel that it is a great age, and I thank God for the happiness of living in the nineteenth century. Except the age of the apostles and that of Constantine, no period in the history of the Church can compare with the present."

Notwithstanding my frequent and intimate intercourse with some of the most extreme pessimists in Germany, I own I am convinced of the correctness of Himioben's opinion. The first and principal reason of this conviction is the heroic achievements of Christian charity, of which every part of the globe has been the scene in our days. Where such deeds are done as those which we have witnessed and heard of so often, God's kingdom on earth must flourish. The rays of Christian charity illuminate the whole world.

We cannot deny that the century beginning with the year 1764 and closing in 1864 has been an age of spoliation for the Church. The suppression of the Society of Jesus by King Joseph Emmanuel, of Portugal, in 1759, was followed by a similar measure in France in November, 1764. On April 3, 1767, the Spanish, and on the 20th of November, 1767, the Neapolitan, Jesuits met with the same fate. Joseph II. of Austria, who was chosen Emperor of Germany in 1764, suppressed 700 monasteries in his hereditary dominions, whilst the champions of the French Revolution were still more ruthless in the work of destruction. In Germany most of the Church property was secularized, under circumstances of great cruelty, in 1803. On May 28, 1824, the King of Portugal decreed the suppression of all religious orders in his kingdom. In 1835 the Spanish government confiscated the property of 900 monasteries, and a royal decree, dated March 9, 1836, pronounced the same doom on all the remaining religious houses in Spain. Since 1860 the Sardinians have suppressed at least 800 convents, and the remaining Church property will doubtless fare in the same manner, for the rapacity of these sacrilegious robbers is never appeased. On the 28th November, 1864, the Czar of Russia ordered 125 of the 155 Polish convents to be

Digitized by Google

closed, and the monks were treated with great cruelty.

Truly this age of enlightenment can boast of glorious exploits. Sacrilegious robbery has been the order of the day throughout Europe, and civilized governments have trampled under foot rights that have been sanctioned during many successive ages. But their efforts have proved abortive, for the Church flourishes more and more, and develops new seeds of life. The religious orders and congregations of the nineteenth century rival in purity, austerity, and holy zeal the monks of the most prosperous ages of the Church, and devoted disciples of Christian charity are countless as the stars of the firmament, whilst their activity cannot fail to elicit the admiration of every impartial witness. Charity has engaged, in a particular manner, the attention of the Catholic re-unions; it is their proper province—even more so than science and art. It is the culminating point of their activity; for what is religion but practical love of God and our neighbor? Art is the proper object of our fancy; science, of our intellect; and charity, of the will—and free will is the distinguishing characteristic of the human soul. Art requires facility; science, thought; but charity supposes action, the real living act which always turns the balance. Truth must not only be proved, but felt; science and art are the necessary fruits of true religion; science is not the light, but is to give testimony of the light. The object of art is the beautiful; of science, the true; and of charity, the good; but the beautiful, the true, and the good are the three highest categories—the indispensable conditions of intellectual activity—the connecting links between the intellect and God, who is the fountain-head and prototype of all being, as well as the last end of human investigation and aspirations. If it is true that the intellect can find repose only in the unity of three relations, and that we meet with the emblem of the Trinity in all places, then I know not where this trinity finds a more perfect expression than in art, science, and charity. Whoever has comprehended these three, has grasped everything of which man is capable, and an assembly of men who occupy themselves with art, science, and charity is at all times of great importance, for it bears a truly universal character.

Let not the reader expect that I will enter into all the details of the proceedings of the general conventions concerning the subject of Christian charity. To do this would require a book even more voluminous than Bishop Dupanloup's work on Christian charity. At Malines alone how many great and weighty questions were discussed by the first and second sections ("Œuvres Religieuses" and "Economie Chrétienne"), not to speak of the fifth section, which treated of similar subjects. We shall mention a few of the questions proposed. "What," it was asked, "can a layman do to preserve the people in the faith of their ancestors, to induce them to observe the laws of God and the Church, and to teach them to resist strenuously every attack of infidelity?" It was recommended to establish in every city conferences of men, and to explain for them the principal truths of our faith. It was further agreed that, during Lent, the people should have an opportunity of following some spiritual exercises and thus refreshing their souls. Good books, likewise, are to be furnished to the poor at a moderate price. The assembly next debated what measures should be taken to revive pilgrimages not only to Rome and Jerusalem, but also to the places of pilgrimage existing in every country—shrines with the history of which the people should be made familiar. Then followed a discussion on the prevention of abuses, so that every pilgrimage may preserve its religious and edifying character. It was decided to foster all societies whose object is the assembling, edification, and instruction of apprentices and journeymen. How,

Digitized by Google

it was asked, are the meetings in the evenings to be carried on? how the religious exercises on Sundays? how are sick members to be visited? etc. The Malines congress also declared that it is the duty of the state to fix by law the age at which children may be allowed to work in factories and mines; to procure healthy dwellings for the workmen; to determine the duration of a day's work; and to see that males and females work in *separate* apartments. The congress sought to impress on owners of factories the obligation devolving on them to take care of the children of their employees, to provide for their laborers when sick, not to force women suckling infants to work—in short, to treat their employees in a Christian manner. Jean Dollfus, of Mühlhausen, and Lowell in America, were proposed as models worthy of imitation. Amietus Digard and Audigaime, of Paris, placed at the disposition of the central committee the results of their long experience. De Riancey, of Paris, was the zealous advocate of the "Patronage," which he wishes to be founded on charity and freedom, and to spread over every country. It was urgently recommended to establish clubs for journeymen in Romanic countries. Count Lemercier and Marbeau, of Paris, submitted to the consideration of the central committee an elaborate paper on the amelioration of the social condition of the laboring classes, insisting particularly on the necessity of providing them with suitable dwellings; this paper proved of great value in preparing the programme. The debate on the best way of checking the habits of intemperance which are now unfortunately becoming so general among all classes of the laborers, was unusually interesting. During the present century no one has done more to attain this desirable end than Father Matthew in Ireland, who has probably thereby conferred even greater benefits on his countrymen than the great O'Connell. Nor were the prisoners neglected at Malines; the congress declared itself in favor of solitary confinement, and at the same time recommended most earnestly societies for aiding discharged convicts. In short, these men were occupied with all that might prove beneficial to their neighbor.

Among the most prominent speakers in the second section were de Riancey, Count Lemercier, Perin, Jacobs, of Antwerp, Dognée, Lenormant, Digard, Beslay, Jean Casier, F. de Robiano, Count Legrelle, de Richecourt, de Gendt, Vandenest, and especially Viscount de Melun, who, together with Marbeau and Baudon, is the leading spirit of every charitable undertaking in Paris.

In the first section, of which, as before mentioned, Count Villermont was chairman, the proceedings were very animated, nay, at times solemn and grand; the most active members were de Hemptinne, of Ghent, the jurist Wauters, of Ghent, Lamy, of Louvain, de Haulleville, of Brussels, O'Reilly, of Ireland, the Bollandist fathers Gay, Boone, and de Buck, Lemmens, Abel Le Tellier, Count Edgar du Val de Beaulieu, Abbé Kestens, of Louvain, Abbé Géandre, Abbé Geslin, of Kersolon in France, editor of "L'Ouvrier," F. Van Caloen, F. Antoine, Demulliez, Terwecoren, Abbé Gaultier, of Brussels, Fassin, of Verviers, Chevalier Van Troyen, Bosaerts, Verspeyen, Abbé Battaille, de Caulincourt, Paga Sartundur, of Madrid, Malengié, Peeters Beckers, de la Royère, Viscount d'Authenaisse, Devaux, Putsaert, and some others whose names have escaped my memory—all of them edifying Christians, men of strong and sound intellect, seeing the realities of life, and of feeling hearts, sympathizing with the joys and loves of their fellow-men, and taking cognizance of their necessities. They will long be remembered and blessed by the posterity of those to whose spiritual and corporeal wants they have attended.

The religious orders, which in modern times have been so often mocked at and slandered, found many warm

Digitized by Google

defenders at Malines. Baron von Gerlache devoted the most brilliant passage of his opening speech to their defence. Woeste, a lawyer of Brussels, delivered a masterly discourse on religious communities before a full meeting of the congress. Many speakers touched on the same theme, and Count Villermont made it the special order of the day. This subject was exhausted by the able speeches of de la Royère, Verspeyen, O'Reilly, Count du Val de Beaulieu, Viscount d'Authenaisse, Lamy, Viscount de Kerckhove, Ducpetiaux, and others.

The Würzburg general convention passed a resolution in favor of religious orders, and at Frankfort the "Broschürenverein" will shortly publish a pamphlet on this subject. The Malines congress also resolved to encourage popular works on the origin, the nature, and the spread of religious orders, and to give a fair exposition of the manifold benefits they have conferred on mankind. It was also recommended to publish the lives of the founders of these societies, to give an account of their history in schools and other educational institutions, and, by means of the pulpit and the press, to make known as widely as possible the principles of religious orders. In this way the members of these societies will be compensated to some extent for the countless slanders and calumnies which are continually heaped on them. The laymen present at Malines pledged themselves to pass no opportunity of rendering them a service, and defending their rights; of showing them reverence, and of spreading more and more their communities.

For the sake of completeness, I shall mention the names of a few who spoke at Malines in the fifth section, Religious Liberty, where many important questions were discussed. It is impossible to enter into details concerning all, for who can be present in five places at the same time? Beside, there were assembled at Malines and Würzburg more than 7,000 delegates, so that I cannot give even the names of all. In a grand painting the artist does not represent all his figures in full; he contents himself with giving us an outline of their features. Dechamps and Neut, men of great merit and able to control the most animated debate, presided in this section. Dumortier, of Brussels, and Coomans, of Antwerp, both veteran members of the Belgian parliament, managed admirably the details of business. Senator Della Faille and Count de Theux, as well as Cardinal Sterex, made many valuable suggestions from the rich fund of their experience. The young and able jurist, Woeste, of Brussels, Digard, of Paris, and the journalist Lasserre were the most active members of this section. Here, too, spoke Don Almeida, of Portugal, an orator sweet and strong as the wines of his native country, and one of the most handsome men in the congress. Here, also, we renew our acquaintance with Ducpetiaux, Dognée, of Villers, Verspeyen, Geslin, of Kersolon, and Abbé Géandre. To these names we may add those of Don Ignatio Montes de Oca, grand almoner of the Emperor of Mexico, Abbé Pacquet, professor of the University of Quebec, in Canada, Canon Rousseau, Jalheau, Stoffelt, Collinet, Landrien, de Smedt, Baron von Montreuil, Chevalier Schouteste, Nellaroya, Wigley, of London, Ch. Thellier, of Poncheville, and Abbé Huybrechts. Abbé Mullois, of Paris, is well known in Germany. In this section we also noticed Generals de Capiaumont, Baron Grindl, and Lamoy, whose remarks were always received with applause.

Le Camus, of Paris, represented the "Society for the Diffusion of Good Books," founded in 1862 by Viscount de Melun. More than 12,000 good books have already been distributed. The executive committee consists of eighteen members, who are assisted in their charitable labors by another committee of fifty.

And now we shall bid farewell to Malines.

Digitized by Google

The German conventions have called into existence many charitable institutions. Foremost among these is the Society of St. Boniface, founded at Regensburg in 1849. Even long before, Count Joseph von Stolberg had visited every part of the German empire to enlist the sympathies of high and low for the noble object of this society, and had thus prepared the way for its establishment. At Regensburg he was elected president, and thus crowned his labors. Since its institution the society has founded 67 missionary parishes, 114 chapels, and 98 schools for about 100,000 Catholics in northern Europe. Forty-two of these stations are entirely maintained by the association, whilst most of the remaining ones receive considerable pecuniary assistance. Much, however, remains to be done; many stations will go to ruin unless speedy aid is afforded them. All Catholic Germany must contribute, by its exertions, its prayers, and its sacrifices, to bring to a successful issue the greatest of our national undertakings, the reunion of all Germany in the one true faith.

An annual report of the results achieved by this society is presented to the general conventions. At Würzburg Canon Bieling spoke in the name of Bishop Conrad Martin, of Paderborn, who by his great work has created an immense sensation among the German Protestants. Great exertions are making to spread the society of St. Boniface; may they prove successful.

At Würzburg the Hungarian Society of St. Ladislaus was represented by Canon Kubinszky, and the Bavarian Missionary Society by Monsignore Baron von Overkamp.

I must next speak of the St. Joseph's Society. It was founded at Aix-la-Chapelle for the purpose of enabling the German Catholics living at Paris, London, Havre, and Lyons to secure places of divine worship. Canon Prisac, of Aix-la-Chapelle, is the business manager of the society, and is assisted in his labors by Laurent Lingens and others. During the first two years of its existence the society accomplished very little.

The missionaries of the poor Catholic Germans in the great emporiums of England and France have already been three times in our midst. For years the pastor of the Germans in London, Rev. Arthur Dillon Purcell, has done everything in his power to establish the German mission in that city on a sure basis, and his efforts have at last been crowned with success. Although an Englishman by birth, he speaks our mother tongue very fluently and without fault. His speeches will not inspire enthusiasm, but will convince and obtain their end. At Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1862, the German mission in London was represented by Adler, missionary priest of the diocese of Würzburg, and at Frankfort, in 1863, by Böddinghaus, of Münster. The Jesuit father Modeste has thrice urged the claims of the Germans in Paris. He is a native of Lorraine, and, therefore, speaks French and German equally well. His speeches are carefully prepared, and produce a great sensation, for they are addressed not only to the mind but also to the heart. The Lazarist Müllijans, a native of Cologne, spoke for the German mission in the Quartier St. Marceau, which has been committed to his care. Abbé Braun, who has done much for the Germans in Paris, was likewise present at the Würzburg meeting. Father Lambert, of Havre, a pious and devoted priest, privately represented to us the misery of the German emigrants in the French seaport. But of what use are these cries for help, unless we are willing to make some sacrifice? Will not twenty-five million German Catholics do something for their poor forlorn brethren?

In the third place, I must mention the journeymen associations. There are at present more than 400 of these in Germany, and a few in Switzerland and Belgium. Of late, similar socie-

Digitized by Google

ties have been established at Bucharest, Rome, Paris, London, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee. The prefects of the society at Cologne, Vienna, and Munich have lately received special marks of esteem from the Holy Father in recognition of their services, whilst the Emperor Francis Joseph has honored the Vienna association by his presence, and the young King of Bavaria, Louis II., has accepted the protectorship of all the Bavarian associations. The second general convention at Mayence earnestly recommended these societies, but Kolping of Cologne was the instrument chosen by God to undertake and carry out the great work. Of Kolping it may truly be said that he has the welfare of mankind at heart, and thousands will bless his name. In his own way, he is one of the foremost social reformers of the nineteenth century. At Würzburg he convened many of the prefects from every part of Germany, and secured the future of the societies by the introduction of the religious element. Kolping is not only a powerful speaker, but also a journalist, and one of the most popular writers in Germany. Gruscha, of Vienna, has often taken Kolping's place at the general conventions. As an orator, Gruscha seems to exert a magic power over his hearers, and it is useless to combat his views, for he carries everything before him. Gruscha is general-prefect of all the journeymen associations in Austria. Alban Stolz, the founder of the Freiburg association, has spared no pains to promote Kolping's undertaking. He is the most eminent and successful popular writer in Germany. His pamphlets attract universal attention, and his almanacs are read by thousands. Stolz does not approve of everything done by the Catholic conventions, still he has been present at several of them; for instance, at Aix-la-Chapelle and Frankfort. Müller, of Berlin, is one of the most energetic prefects; he succeeded in founding for the Catholics at Berlin a splendid club-house. He publishes an able religious weekly, and an excellent almanac, founds new missions every day, and does all in his power to extend the kingdom of Christ in the north of Germany. He is a talented and interesting speaker, although his style is not very harmonious or elegant. George Mayr, of Munich, general-prefect of more than a hundred associations in Bavaria, and a general favorite, has built, probably, the finest club-house in Germany. The most zealous promoter of this enterprise was Dr. Louis Merz, of Munich, who spared neither labor nor sacrifice whenever there was question of furthering the interests of the Church: his memory is enshrined in the hearts of all his friends.

The memorial submitted by Kolping to the German bishops was signed by the following diocesan prefects: Beckert, of Würzburg, Pohholzer, of Augsburg, J. Weizenhofer, of Eichstädt, Benker, of Bamberg, Schaeffer, of Treves, G. Arminger, of Linz, B. Hölbrigl, of St. Pölten, Max Jäger, of Freiburg, F. Riedinger, of Spires, F. Nacke, of Paderborn, and the prefects, Jos. Mayr, of Innsbruck, F. Höpperger, of Agram, and C. Ziegler, of Rottenburg.

To mention more names would be tedious, but I hope and trust that God will reward in a special manner the prefects of these societies. For the last few years the social question has occupied the attention of the Catholic conventions, and Rossbach, of Würzburg, Vosen, of Cologne, and Schüren, of Aix-la-Chapelle, have delivered interesting discourses on this subject.

The reading-room associations and social clubs or casinos next demand a notice. We are justly proud of possessing four hundred Catholic journeymen associations, but we will have more reason to boast when there will be in Germany two or three hundred casinos, all united together by the closest ties, and particularly when we will again possess several purely Catholic universities, and when our

Digitized by Google

scholars and educated men will form reunions such as that established by five hundred students of Louvain in Belgium previous to the congress of 1864.

Adams, a lawyer of Coblenz, has, so to say, identified himself with these clubs. The affairs of the casino in his own native city are conducted by him with extraordinary skill, and to his exertions chiefly the Rhenish Casino Union, which will be shortly joined by many cities in the Rhenish countries, owes its existence. Adams is an able and pleasing speaker, full of confidence in the future and in the power of sound principles. May Adams become to the social clubs in Germany what Kolping is to the journeymen associations.

Falk, of Mayence, has accomplished very much for the social club of his native city. To him belongs the credit of securing for the Mayence Reading-room Association the celebrated "Frankfurter Hof." On the twentieth of November, 1864, when the casino of the "Frankfurter Hof" was solemnly inaugurated, President Falk delivered his most successful speech, for Falk, although a mechanic, is an orator by no means to be despised by the enemies of the Church. His words are like the blows of a hammer, and his voice sounds like the rolling thunder. Falk's speeches are not distinguished by any artistic merit, but there is something in them which calls forth immense applause, and he generally leaves the tribune amidst deafening cheers.

In Belgium more than twenty casinos have been established since 1863. At the beginning of 1865, Germany could boast of almost fifty similar associations. Let us spare no exertions to promote the welfare of these clubs, and we will soon have a league of Catholic gentlemen extending not only from the Danube to the Rhine, but from the Adriatic to the German ocean.

We must also devote a few words to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Among its most energetic members are Lawyer Lingens, of Aix-la-Chapelle, one of the most regular and active members of the German conventions, and Von Brentano, a merchant of Augsburg, who is a very eloquent speaker. I must not forget to mention Baudon of Paris, general-president of all the societies of St. Vincent de Paul in France; Legentil also and Meniolle, of Paris, deserve to be noticed.

The energetic and pious Capuchin, Father Theodosius of Chur, in Switzerland, a powerful man of immense stature, will close this array of the champions of charity. He has made many attempts to solve the social question from a Christian point of view, and has displayed incomparable ingenuity in alleviating the miseries of his fellow-men. He has founded congregations, built convents, for them, and established seminaries and colleges which are model institutions; but, above all, he has brought the blessing of God on the Swiss factories, and has introduced contentment and happiness among the working classes. His success in prevailing upon the Swiss capitalists to conduct their factories upon Catholic principles is certainly one of the sublimest triumphs of Christian charity.

The congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, founded by Father Theodosius about twelve years ago in Chur-Ingenbohl, numbers already 112 houses, spread over Switzerland, Bohemia, Austria, Sigmaringen, and Baden.

Among the most prominent Catholics of Switzerland are Sigwart Müller, of Uri, the venerable Councillor Haudt, of Lucerne, Charles von Schmid, of Bödstein, the leader of the Catholics in Aargau, Von Moos, of Lucerne, Engineer Müller, of Altorf, Dean Schlumpf, of Zug, Canon Fiala, of Solothurn, an excellent archæologist, Canons Winkler and Tanner, of Lucerne, both eminent theologians, P. Segesser, of Lucerne, Canon Keller, of St. Gall, James Baumgartner, the

Digitized by Google

ablest Swiss statesman, F. Gallus-Morel, of Einsiedeln, the journalists Schleineger in Aargau, Reding and Eberle in Schwyz, the historian Kopp, of Lucerne, Muelinen, and Burgener, the learned Dr. Schmeitzl, pastor in Glarus, Director Greith, of St. Gall, the painter Deschwander, and the publisher Benziger. Count Theodore von Scheerer is the leading spirit of the Catholic societies in Switzerland, and admirably fitted to be the president of the general conventions of the Swiss "Piusverein." Mermillod, of Geneva, who for the past eighteen years has incessantly toiled in the vineyard of the Lord, has lately been appointed bishop by Pope Pius IX. Bishop Marilley, of Lausanne, is a modern confessor of the Church, whilst Bishop Greith, of St. Gall, is an eminent scholar.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

NOT all the doings of the Catholic conventions deserve our approbation, nor is all that is said there worthy of praise. At the sixteen general conventions held since 1848, many absurd and trifling measures have been proposed. Silence is a virtue unknown to many delegates, and conciseness is a quality not to be found in the remarks of many a speaker. These gentlemen should remember the wise old saw, "*Ne quid nimis*," especially when about to address an assembly. Braggadocio should be mercilessly put down. Some persons there are who every year regale the convention with the self-same concretions; others speak when there is no occasion whatever for opening their mouths; whilst others again are unacquainted with parliamentary rules, and cannot clothe their ideas in suitable language. Many a speaker has been carried away by his enthusiasm, and exposed himself to ridicule; others were mercilessly hooted from the tribune; whilst not a few delivered productions which bore a strange resemblance to an *ignis fatuus* or an over-done beefsteak. At Malines many words were wasted in mutual compliments, and there was a tendency in several of the orators to court applause by piquant and exaggerated expressions. We must expect that among several thousand delegates there will be many insignificant men, whose chief merit consists in opening now and then the floodgates of their trashy eloquence. Were I to permit myself to indulge in malicious remarks, I might enumerate a long list of singular characters, who were living examples of the faults in question.

For these and other reasons the duties of the presiding officer at the general conventions are by no means easy, still, thus far there has been no want of able presidents, and many of them were chosen from among the nobility. The following gentlemen were honored with this office: Chevalier von Buss; Count Joseph von Stolberg; Baron von Andlaff, who presided both at Linz and at Munich; Baron Wilderich von Ketteler, who was chosen chairman at Münster and at Frankfort; Maurice Lieber, who was elected president at Breslau and at Salzburg; Chevalier von Hartmann presided at Mayence; Count O'Donnell, of Vienna, at Linz and at Prague; Count Brandis, at Aix-la-Chapelle and Freiburg; Councillor Zell at Vienna; A. Reichensperger at Cologne; and Baron von Moy at Würzburg. Germany may justly be proud of these men—men of agreeable manners, distinguished not only by their social position but also by their literary taste and nobility of character, each of whom can boast of an honorable career.

It may not be inappropriate to mention in this place some of the noblemen who graced by their presence the Catholic conventions. Prominent among these were Don Miguel, duke of Braganza, and the young prince, Don Miguel, Prince Charles of Loewenstein-Werthheim, and Prince Charles of Isen-

Digitized by Google

burg; Count von Hompesch, of Rurich, Count Augustus von Spee, of Heltorf, Count Schaesberg, Baron Felix von Leë, of Missen, Count Hoensbroich, and Baron von Halberg-Broich, of Aix-la-Chapelle, represented the Rhenish nobilty; whilst Westphalia was represented by Count von Vischering, the Counts Max and Ferdinand von Galen, the Barons von Schorlemer, the Count von Stolberg, Baron von Twickel, Baron von Ketteler, Baron von Hereman, Baron von Oer, Baron von Drüffel, and others.

Of the Austrian nobles I shall mention Count von Migazzi, Baron von Mayerhofer, a field-marshal of the empire, Count Adolphus Lewis von Barth-Barthenheim, Count Maurice von Fries, Count Henry von Hoyos-Sprenzenstein, Count Henry von O'Donnell, Chevalier von Hartmann, Baron von Stillfried, of Salzburg, a very zealous and energetic man, and Count Frederick von Thun. Count von Thun was chosen vice-president at Würzburg, and delivered a speech. Tall and of a commanding figure, a thorough-bred nobleman, a diplomat well acquainted with the ways of the world, a man of refined manners, a Catholic distinguished by his living faith and his ardent love for the Church, as well as by his intimate knowledge of every shade of religious life, Count Thun appeared as the representative of the Austrian nobility, which, for the most part, is still animated by truly Catholic sentiments, and of the mighty empire, as a delegate from imperial Vienna, where Catholicity is daily acquiring new vigor, and as the bearer of an illustrious name, which reminds every Catholic of the concordat between Francis Joseph and the Pope, which has been so beneficial to the Church in its results. Among the German Church dignitaries Dr. Baudri, coadjutor-bishop of Cologne, is especially distinguished by his zeal for the success of the conventions, many of which he has opened by a glowing discourse. Archbishop Gregory and Bishop Ignatius, of Regensburg, spoke at Munich, and Bishop Wedekind, of Hildestein, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The apostolic words of Bishop von Stahl will always ring in the memory of his hearers. The Bishop of Limburg, Peter Joseph Blum, was represented at Frankfort by his vicar-general, Dr. Klein. Dr. Götz, dean of the cathedral at Würzburg, deserves great praise for his efficient arrangements at the last general convention. I may still notice Buchegger, vicar-general at Freiburg, Canon Broix, of Cologne, Krabbe, dean of the cathedral at Münster, Dean Schiedemayr, of Linz, Canon Wiery, of Salzburg, Canon Freund, of Passau, Schmitt, vicar-general at Bamberg, Abbot Mislin, of Groswardein, Provost Pelldram, of Berlin, Canon Henry Szajbely, of Gran, Abbot Michael von Fogarasy, of Grosswardein, Canon Michael Kubinsky, of Kalocza, Canon Dr. Molitor, of Spires, Canon Dr. Malkmus, of Fulda, Provost Nübel, of Soest, Dr. Stadler, dean of the Augsburg cathedral, Provost Kalliski, of Gnesen, Canon Büchinger, of Gratz, Strehle, of Freiburg, Dr. Häusle, of Vienna, and Müller, of Munich. The general conventions were also attended by Bishop Mermillot, of Geneva, one of the best pulpit orators in Europe, and by the Roman prelate, Monsignore Nardi, who is able to speak in four languages. The Catholic congresses were marked by several grand and imposing scenes. It was a glorious sight to behold 5,000 men, from every part of the known world, walk in procession to the cathedral of St. Rombau at Malines, but it was no less edifying to see hundreds of delegates making a pilgrimage from Salzburg to Maria Plain, and paying their devotions to the Mother of God. We can never forget the dedication of the column erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which took place at Cologne on the 8th of September, 1858, in presence of the whole congress. The enthusiastic welcome extended to the Bishop of Orleans at Malines defies all description, but the reception of the Hungarian prelates by the Viennese convention (Sept. 21, 22, 1853) was still more solemn. By

Digitized by Google

his speech delivered on the evening of Sept. 2, 1864, Father Felix produced a profound impression. Döllinger, too, at the Munich convention in 1861, called forth a storm of applause by his well-known declarations. Unique in its kind was the scene in the Kaisersaal at Aix-la-Chapelle already described. When, after the discourse of Father Felix on Sept. 2, 1864, the Redemptorist father Dechamps, and the Carmelite, F. Hermann, weeping tears of joy, thankfully embraced the Jesuit, and a Belgian bishop, joining the group, shook hands with the three religious, no heart remained unmoved. At Würzburg, also, on the 14th Sept., 1864, a solemn, touching scene took place, which joined in bonds of the sincerest friendship the Catholic Hungarians and Germans. Von Majer, a Hungarian lawyer and land-owner, had charmed all of us; his manly and chivalrous appearance, the romantic costume of his country, and his able speech, did not fail to produce an overpowering effect; Vice-President Adams expressed the opinion of the assembly, and then followed cheer upon cheer for the noble Hungarian.

Now and then there appears a speaker who possesses the talent of a demagogue, and causes a great though transient sensation. A Tyrolese, Greuter, now a member of the Austrian "Reichsrath," is an orator whom I delight to hear; he spoke at Salzburg and Aix-la-Chapelle. At Würzburg, likewise, a speaker of the same class, Brummel, a lawyer of Baden, addressed the assembly. I transcribe an account of his speech, which I wrote at the time. "After F. Modeste had left the tribune, amid thundering applause, a tall, stately figure, betraying at once the military career of the speaker, took the floor. The hero who now confronts us fought at the side of Pimodan and La Moricière for the Holy Father; distinguished himself at Castelfidardo; took part in the defence of Ancona; and for six months was held a captive by the Piedmontese. It is Brummel, of Baden. His voice sounds like the clarion's shrill tones summoning an army to battle. His speech is a violent attack on the shameful abuses existing in Baden. He combines force of expression with warmth of feeling, unflinching bravery, and a burning hatred of everything base, with a child-like love for the Church and the truth. He was the Tancred in the crusade against the self-styled saviors of the people of Baden, and nobly did battle for the venerable and much persecuted Archbishop of Freiburg, Hermann von Vicari."

Having thus concluded these unpretending sketches, those of my readers who have been disappointed will indulgently consider that it was written to assist a Catholic congregation to build a church. But thus to extend the divine worship is more pleasing to the Almighty than to write a good book.

Digitized by Google

From The Literary Workman.

ST. ELIZABETH.

"Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it to me."

A SHRILL and joyous summons
At Wartburg's postern rang,
And lightly from his panting steed
The princely Landgrave sprang.
Comes forth his stately mother
To meet him in her pride,
But the quick glance of Louis seeks
The sweet face of his bride.

Then scornful spoke the Landgravine,
"Fair son, thy lady sweet
Hath cares too urgent thus in haste
Thy coming step to greet.
Upon thy couch so stately,
Within thy chamber fair,
A vile and loathsome leper
She tends with pious care."

A wrathful man was Louis,
Yet not a word he said,
But up the castle's echoing stair
In quivering haste he sped—
Within her silent chamber,
As o'er the couch she hung,
Her lord's returning bugle
Had all unheeded rung.

In silent ecstacy she knelt,
Her heart so hushed in prayer,
It thrilled not at his longed-for step,
Now echoing on the stair.
With hasty hand young Louis tore
The coverlid aside—
The lifeless form before him lay
Of Jesus crucified,
Bleeding and pale, as in the hour
When for our sins he died.

"See, mother, see the Leper
She brings to be our guest,
Whom only she prefers to me—
May his dear name be blest.
Elizabeth, sweet sister,
Still bring such guests to me;
Sinful and all unworthy
I am of him and thee;
Yet train me in thy patient love
His guest in heaven to be."

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

DR. PUSEY ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It is just twenty years since the great movement in the Anglican Church, which took its rise and its name from the University of Oxford and the "Tracts for the Times," was broken, as it were, into two streams of very different direction by the submission of Mr. Newman to the Catholic Church. It happens that the circumstances of the last year and a half have brought the history of the movement prominently before the world; and they have occasioned an interesting set of publications from men of eminent position, whose names were at the time hardly less watch-words than at present. No one of the few most conspicuous Oxford leaders of thought who belonged in any sense to the Tractarian party has yet been removed by death. Dr. Pusey is still at Christ Church, Mr. Keble still at Hursley; but Mr. Newman has become the founder of the English Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and Archdeacon Manning is the present Catholic archbishop of Westminster. These four names were more than any others in the mouths of the adherents of the Oxford movement twenty years ago. Archdeacon Wilberforce lived in the country, and had, we believe, hardly begun to publish that series of theological treatises which soon after made his name second to none in the Anglican Church as a writer on doctrine: Isaac Williams, loved and venerated by all who knew him, had left Trinity and was occupied on his "Commentary on the Gospels" without taking any further part in the movement: the influence of Charles Marriott was hardly felt except by his immediate acquaintance. There were of course others whose position—such as that of Mr. Oakeley and Mr. Dodsworth in London—gave them much influence in particular places; but, speaking broadly, and without reference to the actual connection of individuals with the "Tracts"—in which, we think, Archdeacon Manning took no part at all—the four names we have just mentioned might be said to constitute the High-Church Quadrilateral. It must be remembered, moreover, that among the Anglicans, whose church had at that time not even so much liberty to speak in convocation as has since been allowed to it, and whose bishops were probably unanimous in nothing except in suspicion of Tractarianism, personal influence went for far more than is ever the case among Catholics. Whether they liked it or not, the position and responsibilities of party leaders were thrust upon the persons we have named; veneration and confidence haunted them, and their words were made into oracles. A little later than the time of which we are speaking, an enthusiastic admirer—now a colonial bishop—dedicated a volume of sermons to the three first, under the name of the three valiant men of David's band, who had broken through the ranks of the enemy to fetch water from the well of Bethlehem, the fountain of ancient doctrine; one of the three, he plaintively added in his dedication, was taken prisoner by the enemy in the attempt! This was after the submission of Dr. Newman.

Recent circumstances, as we have said, have drawn from three of these four distinguished persons declarations of opinion and feeling with regard to the Anglican establishment which it may well be worth while to place

Digitized by Google

side by side. The first in point of time was Dr. Newman, in his celebrated "*Apologia pro Vita suâ*," in the appendix to which he had occasion to speak his mind about Anglicanism. The passage will be fresh in the memories of most of our readers; and it has been preserved as part of a note in the second edition of the "*Apologia*," lately published by Dr. Newman as the "History of my Religious Opinions." It contains, as a passage from Dr. Newman was sure to do, most that can be said for or against the establishment in the happiest words:

"When I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church" [after becoming acquainted with Catholicism], "for which I had labored so hard, and upon all that appertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and æsthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities."

He then says that, looked at as a human institution, it is great:

"I recognize in the Anglican establishment a time-honored institution, of noble historical memories—a monument of ancient wisdom, a momentous arm of political strength, a great national organ, a source of vast popular advantage, and, *to a certain point, a witness and teacher of religious truth*: .... but that it is something sacred; that it is an oracle of revealed doctrine; that it can claim a share in St. Ignatius and St. Cyprian; that it can take the rank, contest the teaching, and stop the path of the Church of St. Peter; that it can call itself 'the Bride of the Lamb'—this is the view which simply disappeared from my mind on my conversion, and which it would be almost a miracle to reproduce. I went by, and, lo! it was gone; I sought it, but its place could nowhere be found,' and nothing can bring it back to me. And as to its possession of an episcopal succession from the time of the apostles—well, it may have it; and if the Holy See ever so decide, I will believe it, as being the decision of a higher judgment than my own; but for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, who saw the sacerdotal character on the forehead of a gaily-attired youngster, before I can by my own wit acquiesce in it; for antiquarian arguments are altogether unequal to the urgency of visible facts."

Dr. Newman then expresses his sense of the benefits he received by being born an Anglican, not a Dissenter, and so having been baptized and sent to Oxford:

"And as I have received so much good from the Anglican establishment itself, can I have the heart, or rather the want of charity, considering that it does for so many others what it has done for me, to wish to see it overthrown? I have no such wish while it is what it is, and while we are so small a body. Not for its own sake, but for the sake of the many congregations to which it ministers, I will do nothing against it. While Catholics are so weak in England, it is doing our work; and though it does us harm in a measure, the balance is in our favor" (p. 342).

Here is a plain, definite view about the establishment—giving it certainly not less than its full meed of praise as a human institution, and acknowledging benefits providentially received in it with all the warmth of a most affectionate heart, which never lets a single touching memory fade away. But its claim to a divine origin and supernatural character is set aside as a palpably absurd one. Without questioning whether it be heretical or schismatical or both, Dr. Newman declares that he cannot even believe its orders to be valid unless the Holy See declares them so to be. But Dr. Newman does not wish for the destruction of the establishment until the Catholic ministry is numerous enough to supply its place as the teacher of the mass of the population—an office at present discharged by Anglicans, not indeed adequately, not without many shortcomings and some errors, but still better

Digitized by Google

than might be the case if no such institution existed.

In expressing his own views about the establishment, Dr. Manning was obliged in the course of last year to speak at greater length, and to explain more in detail the Catholic doctrine with regard to baptized persons involuntarily outside the pale of the visible Church. The occasion of his declaration was the judgment of the Privy Council on the case of the "Essays and Reviews." This last of the series of similar decisions of the same tribunal, the ultimate court of appeal for Anglicans in matters of doctrine, naturally gave an opportunity for reviewing the gradual retirement of the High-Church party from the bold ground which they had taken up in 1850, at the time of the Gorham case. The facts only required to be pointed out; the mere narrative spoke more forcibly than any possible commentary. History, either political or ecclesiastical, scarcely contains such another example of a set of high-minded and earnest men having so ostentatiously to shrink from their implied pledges, and belie their most solemn declarations. Immediately after the Gorham decision the leaders of the High-Church party published a series of resolutions, the purport of which was that the Church of England would be "eventually" committed to heresy unless she "openly and expressly" rejected the erroneous doctrine sanctioned by the decision. The consequences were drawn out, involving the loss on the part of the Church of England of the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the universal church; and it was said that she would thus become "formally separated from the Catholic body, and be no longer able to assure to her members the grace of the sacraments and the remission of sins." Dr. Manning's task was therefore easy; here were men who had pledged themselves in this way in 1850, and, as far as in them lay, pledged the party of which they were leaders. What were they doing in the Church of England in 1864, after fourteen years in which she had not only not cleared herself from the Gorham judgment, but acquiesced in it? She had spoken in convocation on a number of subjects, never on this; she had moreover seen a controversy on the Lord's Supper within her pale, the issue of which was thought a triumph to the High-Church party—not because it proscribed the heretical doctrine held by the larger number of clergy in the Church, but because it just shielded their own doctrine from being proscribed in turn; finally, the "Essays and Reviews" had appeared, and their writers also had been protected from proscription by the crown in council. Dr. Manning might well say that it seemed as if Providence had been mercifully striving to open men's eyes to the position of the Church of England. On the ground taken by the resolutionists of 1850, she had forfeited whatever claim she ever had to allegiance over and over again.

This is hard truth; but it was not urged by Dr. Manning in a hard way, nor with the intention of taunting with their inconsistencies men of whom he has always spoken with respect and affection. The only important matter, after all, is, whether the High-Church party, whose opinions were expressed by the resolutions lately referred to, have in reality receded from their former ground. This is a very serious question; because, unless it can be answered in the negative, it involves an abandonment on their part, not of this or that particular doctrine, but of the whole Catholic idea of a church. The resolutions of 1850 proceeded on the hypothesis that a church that *tolerated* heresy became itself guilty of it; and that the Church of England was responsible for the acts of the courts to which she submitted without protest. From a Catholic point of view, a very grave change must have come over a set of men who held this principle, if they afterward contented themselves with a church that tolerates heresy on

Digitized by Google

the ground that it also tolerates orthodoxy; that its prayers are orthodox, that its formularies *admit* of an orthodox sense. Yet it seems quite impossible to draw from the declarations of Dr. Pusey and others anything but an acknowledgment that such a change has taken place. It is not therefore a question as to their view of the present effect of the Gorham decision or any other, but as to their view of the character of the Church in which they hope to be saved.

Dr. Manning's pamphlet was noticed by Dr. Pusey, in a preface placed by him before a legal statement as to the immediate effect of Lord Westbury's decision in the case of the "Essays and Reviews." This preface, like many of Dr. Pusey's *brochures*, was marked by considerable strength of language against those whom he was assailing, and contained distinct threats that he and his friends might set up a free church if their demands for a reconstitution of the court of appeal were disregarded. It was implied that the chancellor had acted from "the pure love of the heresy, and the desire of throwing open to unbelief an article of faith against which rationalism rebels," at the price "of breaking off churches of the colonies from the Mother Church" (no colonial churches are named), "and familiarizing devoted minds among us at home to thoughts of organic severance from the Church whose discipline is fettered by such a tribunal;" and so on. "The Church of England has necessarily more tenacity than the Scotch establishment. For, having a divine original" [origin ?], "it is an organic body, and knows more of the value of intercommunion, not *indeed as a condition absolutely necessary*, but as the natural fruit of divine unity. It is then the more remarkable when members of the Church of England begin to speak (*as they have*) of a free church. Our extension in the colonies, which has so enlarged the Church and its episcopate, makes such a rent possible, even though not one bishop in England should join it. And 'if ever there should be a rent in the Church of England,' said one, 'the rent in Scotland would be nothing to it.'" At the end of the preface, men were urged to league together as in the days of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation: no candidate was to receive support at the next election who would not pledge himself to do his best to bring about a change in the court of appeal. And a note was appended, suggesting that "no church should be offered for consecration, no sums given for the building of churches, which by consecration should become the property of the present Church of England, no sums given for endowment in perpetuity, until the present heresy-legalizing court shall be modified."

It must surely have occurred to Dr. Pusey, as it did to so many of his readers, that this threatening language accorded very ill with another passage in his pamphlet, in which he avowed his retirement from the threats he had joined in making in 1850. No fair-minded man can doubt that the resolutions to which we have alluded implied a threat of secession from Anglicanism, unless the Church of England cleared herself from the Gorham decision. Unless she cleared herself, the resolutionists declared she would "eventually" be bound. Dr. Pusey in explanation says that he wished the word to be "ultimately." We can see no great difference between the two. He then (p. 17, note) says that the resolutions were modified so as to be made acceptable to him; all the more, we suppose, is he responsible for their wording, having signed them. He also says that the difference between the line of action adopted by the different persons who signed them is to be accounted for by the fact that some of them thought that the judgment, in *itself*, committed the Church of England; others, that it did not. Surely men must be judged by their words. We may think as we please of the conduct of those who afterward left

Digitized by Google

the Church of England, or of those who remained in it; but it cannot be doubted that, as far as these resolutions are concerned, the former acted consistently, the latter inconsistently, with them. Moreover, in the page we are quoting, Dr. Pusey seems to us to retire altogether from his position, without saying so openly. He tells us that when he signed the resolutions, "not having a parochial cure, and worshipping mostly in a cathedral where baptism did not enter into the service, I felt the value of the baptismal office as a witness to truth rather than as a teacher of it." Since that time he has come to realize more distinctly "the value of the Prayer-book, speaking, as it does, to the hearts of the people in their own tongue, in teaching and impressing on the people the doctrines which it embodies." This seems to us to imply, that as long as the formularies used in public offices speak an orthodox language, the Church may in other ways be committed to heresy without losing her character. On the same ground, as long as the words of consecration are used in the "Lord's Supper," any doctrine whatever may be taught concerning it. At all events, this is all that Dr. Pusey says as to his adherence to or disavowal of the resolutions of 1850. He cannot be surprised if his threats in 1864 have been taken as worth no more than his declarations fourteen years ago—if the politicians on whose will the decision of these questions depends have found out that the bark of the High-Church leaders is worse than their bite.

"Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

So long as the Bible is read and the Prayer-book used, they will impress on the people the doctrines which they embody; and the Essayists and Reviewers and Dr. Colenso will labor so entirely in vain to pervert them, that no court at all will be necessary to punish the propagators of false doctrines. At all events, it may fairly be presumed that the threats about a free church are worth just as much, and no more, as the threats about secession.

But our immediate subject is the course of the controversy about the Anglican establishment. Some expressions in Dr. Pusey's preface, in which he said that some Catholics "seemed to be in an ecstasy at this victory of Satan" (the decision of the Privy Council as to the "Essays and Reviews") appear to have suggested attacks on Dr. Manning with reference to his "Crown in Council," in which he was said to have rejoiced in the troubles of his former friends, and to be merry over the miseries of the Church of England. The same kind of charge has often been made against Catholics, especially converts; and it is in the nature of things that it should be made. Every "trouble" in the Church of England of the kind of which we are speaking, while it weakens it as a teacher of fragments of Catholic truth, weakens also its hold on the minds of many who have hitherto been in the habit of making it the object of that allegiance and that obedience which the instincts of every Christian heart urge it to pay to the one mother of the children of God. So far, therefore, as the Gorham case or the Denison case, or the question of the "Essays and Reviews," and the Colenso decision, tend to expose the true and simply human character of the institution that calls itself the Church of England, so far, many good and loyal souls are set free from a delusion, and their affections transferred to their right and legitimate object. This, in the case of individuals, is a matter of rejoicing. On the other hand, on the grounds stated so clearly by Dr. Newman, it is no matter of rejoicing that a body which has to teach so large a number of baptized souls all that they will ever know of Catholic truth should have the truths that it yet retains diminished in number and in certainty, and should lose all power of preserving them from corruption.

Digitized by Google

Dr. Manning's letter to Dr. Pusey contains a clear and calm statement of the doctrines on which the feelings of Catholics toward bodies like the Church of England are based. Dr. Pusey had declared that he knew that "a very earnest body of Roman Catholics rejoice in all the workings of God the Holy Ghost in the Church of England," and had contrasted them with others who are in "ecstasy at the victory of Satan." It became necessary therefore to state in what sense a Catholic can admit that the Holy Ghost works in the Church of England. No Catholic, then, by denying utterly and entirely anything like the character of a church to the Church of England, denies thereby the workings of the Holy Ghost or the operations of grace among those who are its members; nor when these operations are affirmed and rejoiced in is any affirmation thereby made that the Church of England is in any sense whatever a church at all. Dr. Manning states in full the reasons why we affirm the workings of the Holy Ghost among the English people; and these parts of his pamphlet—indeed, the whole of it—are extremely valuable, as a clear statement of truths which it is very difficult to get Englishmen generally to understand, on account of their prevalent ignorance or misconception of the doctrine of grace. The truths in question, we need hardly say, enable Catholics to rejoice heartily in the effects of grace among the Dissenters, not less than among Anglicans. Dr. Manning has a few pages also on the specific truths that have been preserved by Anglicanism, and the fear with which he regards the process of undermining the Christianity of England which is going on. He also explains how naturally he rejoices at conversions, which are to him the bringing of souls from the imperfect to the perfect knowledge of the truth; and sums up by an argument to prove that the Anglican establishment, instead of being, as Dr. Pusey had called it, "the great bulwark against infidelity in this land," is in reality responsible for that infidelity; as having been the source of the present spiritual anarchy in England; as having weakened even those truths which it retains by detaching them from others and from the divine voice of the Church, which is the guarantee of their immortality; and as being a source of unbelief by the denial of the truths it has rejected and also of the perpetual and ever-present assistance of the Holy Ghost to preserve the Church from error. We may add, having quoted Dr. Newman on the subject of Anglican orders, that Dr. Manning speaks with equal clearness as to their entire invalidity.

Dr. Pusey's controversial appearances are generally rather late in the day: the method of his mind is inductive, and he rejoices above all things in the accumulation of a vast amount of materials, which he does not always succeed in clearly arranging or lucidly epitomizing. He has taken a year to answer Dr. Manning's short pamphlet of less than fifty pages, or rather a part of it. The volume teems with undigested learning; and a very large share of it is taken up with a long postscript and a set of notes. It will not be our business at present to do more than state concisely in what the answer to Dr. Manning consists, and endeavor to draw out from the pages of Dr. Pusey what *his* idea is of the Anglican Church, and what his own position in her.

There is nothing in direct answer to Dr. Manning's explanation of the doctrine as to the working of the Holy Ghost outside the visible Church—an explanation which of course places the Anglican Church on the same ground with the Dissenting sects. The satisfactory answer to this would of course be some proof that the Anglicans have orders and sacraments, and that grace is given *through* them, not merely to the dispositions of the individual who receives it. Dr. Pusey, of course, maintains the

Digitized by Google

validity of Anglican orders, but he adds nothing to the controversy, except the remark that the form of consecration used in the case of Parker was taken from that used in the case of Chichele a century before. As the controversy does not turn solely upon the form used in Parker's consecration, the fact adduced by Dr. Pusey has little to do with it.* With regard to the other point, it is of course impossible, or very difficult, to prove the connection between the effect of a supposed means of grace and that supposed means itself, independent of the subjective dispositions and belief of the recipient. Dr. Pusey has no proofs which would not equally show that any one who thought himself a priest was one, and that any one who thought he received a sacrament from him would receive it. But the statement of Dr. Manning on which Dr. Pusey fastens more particularly is that which accuses the Anglican establishment of being the "cause and spring of the prevailing unbelief." Dr. Pusey remarks first that there is plenty of unbelief everywhere. That is true; and everywhere it can be traced to some cause; the charge is, that the Reformation has produced it in England, which was free from it before. Dr. Manning's first proof—that Anglicanism rejects much Christian truth—is met by a statement of the amount of truth which both communions hold. In this part of his argument Dr. Pusey seems to us to avoid the real question at issue. Dr. Manning speaks of the formularies of the Church of England, no doubt, as well as of her practical teaching, such as it has been for the last three hundred years, and such as it is throughout the length and breadth of England at this day. But in a question as to the amount of truth with which she claims to be "the great bulwark against infidelity," it is obvious that her formularies must be judged according to the sense commonly attached to them, and according to the interpretation of them supplied by the ordinary teaching of her clergy. Every one knows that various senses have been applied to the Anglican formularies; and it was the object of the celebrated No. 90 of the "Tracts for the Times" to prove that, in some cases, it was the intention of the compilers of the articles to allow men of various schools to sign them. Still, it is going far beyond this to put forward the so-called "Catholic" interpretation of the formularies as *the* sense of the Church of England. It would be untrue even if we consider the matter as a simply literary question; much more is it in the highest degree unfair to put forward this interpretation in a controversy which turns upon what actually has been and is taught by her. If a foreigner—as unacquainted with the real teaching of Anglicanism as Dr. Pusey is with that of Catholicism—were to take up this book and believe what he finds in it, he would, we venture to say, derive a totally false impression of the doctrine of the English Church as it lies on the face of her formularies, and as it has always been understood and acted upon by nine-tenths of her clergy and people. He would find an assurance that she holds the three creeds, which would give him to understand that she interpreted them in the same sense as the Catholic Church.

* Practically speaking, it is surely a matter of surprise that so few Anglicans should have interested themselves in ascertaining what is thought about their orders by others than themselves. No portion of the Catholic Church (as they consider it) has ever been persuaded to acknowledge them in any way. It is of course their business to obtain their acceptance, not ours to disprove them; all the more, as so very large a number of those who have borne these orders have never believed in their sacramental character. Dr. Pusey says (p. 273), "I do not believe that God maintains the faith where there is not the reality." He is speaking directly of the real presence. By how large a proportion of the bishops and clergy and laity of the Church of England since the Reformation has it been believed, even with all the force of the old Catholic traditions to maintain it? And as to the priesthood and its correlative, the sacrifice, a strong argument, on Dr. Pusey's own ground, against their existence in Anglicanism, might be found in the fact that all practical belief in them has so completely died out in the mass of the people. If there had been the reality, there would have been the faith; and so it is with Eastern heretics and schismatics.

Digitized by Google

He would learn with surprise that there is no difference between Anglicans and Catholics on justification. "There is not one statement in the elaborate chapters on justification in the Council of Trent which *any of us* could fail in receiving," says Dr. Pusey. He would find that Dr. Manning had quite falsely said that "the Church of England sustains a belief in two sacraments, but formally propagates unbelief in the other five." In fact, that the Church of England holds all seven to be sacraments, with only a difference in dignity. Still more to his astonishment, he would read that the Church of England does not, in particular, object to extreme unction; she "*only* objects to the later abuse of it," which is not the Catholic practice—namely, the custom of not administering it except to the dying. Then, if some one told him that the Church of England has discontinued the practice altogether, and that any one would be called a simple papist who attempted to introduce it in any way, he might naturally be inclined to find fault with the treacherous guide who had so misled him. It is the same with other points. Dr. Pusey tells us that the Church of England does *not* deny the infallibility of general councils or of the Church. His reasoning on this last head is so good a specimen of his method, that we may dwell on it for a moment. One of the articles teaches, that as the other churches have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred —even in matters of faith. Dr. Manning sums this up, very naturally, as a statement that all churches have erred. "The article," says Dr. Pusey, "was a puzzle to me when young." He supposed, it seems, that the condemnation must have been meant to fall on doctrinal decrees. "The two clauses, being put antithetically, must correspond. On further information, I found that there were no canons of Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Antioch that were intended; then it followed —on the same principle of the correspondence of the two clauses—that neither were canons of the Church of Rome spoken of. The article moreover does not say that the Church of Rome *is* in error in the present, but *hath* erred in time past."

It is strange to see so much ingenuity wasted in a hopeless cause. Dr Pusey remembers perfectly that th attempt to put forward the interpretations for which he contends, not as *the* sense or teaching of the Church of England, but as *a* sense of her articles barely tolerated by her in certain individuals of Catholic opinions whom she wished to retain, as others, in her service, was met many years ago by an outcry such as has not been heard in our day in England, save in the case of the Catholic hierarchy. And yet he thinks it fair and just to argue as if the Church of England not only allowed such interpretations, but as if the views which they embody were her regular teaching, so that she has a right to claim that she has put forward boldly in face of the infidelity around her those portions of Christian truth to which they relate. Her people then are, and always have been, really taught that there are seven sacraments, that there is a real presence on the altar, that there is a eucharistic sacrifice, that the Church is infallible, and so on. And as he speaks of her ministers being vowed to banish and drive away strange doctrine, his position implies that any heresy which might contradict these great Catholic truths could not be permitted within her pale. And now, suppose he was taken at his word; suppose, in consequence of this so-called *Eirenicon*, negotiations were opened and emissaries sent from Rome to the bishops and convocation of the English Church to treat of reunion. What would be the first step of the Anglican authorities, those who really *have* a right to speak for their communion, and who would be backed by the great body of the clergy and laity in the country? It would certainly be to repudiate the false face put upon their teaching by Dr. Pusey, and to

Digitized by Google

declare that their Church had always been, and meant to be, thoroughly and simply Protestant on the points at issue.

If, therefore, Dr. Pusey cannot answer Dr. Manning's charge except by attributing to the Church of England the ordinary and regular teaching, as against infidelity, of doctrines which she practically disclaims—even if it be allowed that she does not formally proscribe them—it is clear that he thinks little better of that ordinary and regular teaching as it is in fact than Dr. Manning himself. His book is in reality more a long excuse of himself and others for remaining in her than anything else. This is quite a different question. She *may* tolerate Catholic opinions in her ministers, and Catholic interpretations of her articles. Her defenders have then to give an account of what sort of church it is which can compromise truth by purposely ambiguous formularies, and allow side by side in her pulpits men who must consider each other as heretics. But Dr. Manning's question relates to her actual teaching as a "bulwark against infidelity;" and Dr. Pusey knows very well that for every clergyman who teaches more sacraments than two, or the eucharistic sacrifice, there are twenty who deny them.

Perhaps the most elaborate part of Dr. Pusey's volume is that in which he endeavors to prove that the unity of the visible church need not be visible, and that it is sufficiently secured by orders and sacraments, "through its union with Christ, as head, by the sacraments, and the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost." He naïvely asks, How can we be said to deny the indissoluble unity of the Church when we cannot approach communion without repeating the Nicene Creed? Certainly, few people could ever be convicted of false doctrine if the repetition of the creed in public service was enough to absolve them. In this part of the work, however, Dr. Pusey more than ever leaves out of sight the real nature of the charge which he has undertaken to answer—the charge of having denied the indissoluble unity of the Church, its visible head, and its perpetual voice. The question is, whether these truths can be considered as a part of the system which the Church of England teaches and defends. Here, of course, there is more divergence as to the doctrine between the two controversialists; and Dr. Pusey answers only by a theory of his own. But in fact, even if he fairly represents Anglicanism, he cannot escape the charge, as to the unity of the Church, any more than that as to its infallibility. He really maintains that for all practical purposes the Church *was* infallible up to the division of East and West—we meet in his pages that phrase of which his friends are so fond, the "Holy Undivided Church." *Now* it is difficult to find what infallible teacher Dr. Pusey acknowledges; to what he would submit a conclusion, we will say, as to the Immaculate Conception, which he has drawn by his own reason from his study of Scripture or the fathers. His position may be understood from the following passage:

"This, I understand, is a favorite formula with Dr. Manning—'By whom does God the Holy Ghost speak? By the Roman Church? or by the Eastern? or by the Anglican?' I have been wont to say, by all concurrently, in so far as they teach the same faith which was from the beginning, which is the great body of all their teaching; and, if need require, they could at this day declare concurrently any truth, if it should appear that it had not as yet been sufficiently defined, against some fresh heresy which should emerge" (p. 84).

The faith of Christians is therefore proposed to them by an authority on which they are bound to receive it; but that authority has in the first place to be tested by Christians themselves, who must decide by their own reason —for they can have no other guide— whether in any particular point the three churches teach the same faith which was from the beginning. Fur-

Digitized by Google

ther this authority cannot speak at all precisely on those points as to which Christians must most desire its guidance —those points on which these three churches differ. Dr. Pusey speaks of his reciting the Nicene Creed. On what authority does he believe that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son? He may *think* that the Eastern faith comes to much the same thing as the Western; but that is a conclusion of his own reason. And we must leave to our readers to make out for themselves the way in which he tries to show that the churches could still act concurrently, if the occasion were to arise; especially in the very obvious and, according to the Anglican teaching, perfectly possible case, that one of these three churches themselves should be the victim of the new heresy, which, according to him, would constitute the occasion for a new definition.*

* We are not, of course, answering Dr. Pusey's book; but we cannot help quoting a single passage from the treatise "On the Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," lately published by his grace the Archbishop of Westminster, which simply destroys the whole theory on which Dr. Pusey reasons. Few things of the kind can be more refreshing than to turn from the pages of Dr. Pusey to the clear, bright, simple, and precise statements of Dr. Manning. It is like breathing pure country air after groping about in a London fog; and the fanciful and unsubstantial images that bewilder the readers of the *Eirenicon* vanish like so much mist and vapor as the majestic outlines of the Church, as sketched by the archbishop, take possession of the mind. No one who reads this book will need any other answer to that of Dr. Pusey. On the point before us the archbishop says: "There are some who appeal from the voice of the living Church to antiquity, professing to believe that while the Church was united it was infallible; that when it became divided it ceased to speak infallibly; and that the only certain rule of faith is to believe that which the Church held and taught while yet it was united, and therefore infallible. Such reasoners fail to observe that since the supposed division and cessation of the infallible voice there remains no divine certainty as to what was then infallibly taught. To affirm that this or that doctrine was taught then where it is now disputed, is to beg the question. The infallible Church of the first six centuries—that is, before the division—was infallible to those who lived in those ages, but is not infallible to us. It spoke to them; to us it is silent. The infallibility does not reach to us; for the Church of the last twelve hundred years is by the hypothesis fallible, and may therefore err in delivering to us what was taught before the division. And it is certain that either the East or the West, as it is called, must err in this, for they contradict each other as to the faith before the division. I do not speak of the protests of later separations, because no one can invest them with an infallibility which they not only disclaim for themselves, but deny anywhere to exist" (pp. 74, 75).

It is clear that, according to Dr. Pusey, we must ascertain what the "Undivided Church" taught for ourselves, and then receive it on her authority. Far more than this in reality; for we are to find out for ourselves negative conclusions as well as positive. There is what he speaks of as a vast practical system in the Catholic Church, the honor paid to our Blessed Lady, and other things of that kind, which penetrate the daily life and the ordinary thoughts of the great mass of her children. On this Dr. Pusey sits in judgment, and declares it to be alien to the teaching of the "Undivided Church," because he does not find it himself in the fathers. We do not see that he places his objections to it on the authority of his own Church. This leads us to our question, what, to him, is Anglicanism? Is he content to be its dutiful child, to catch its genuine spirit, to echo without further question its definitions, to "rest and be thankful" with whatever it may give him? We believe that no one who has ever known anything about the subject has suspected Dr. Pusey of any intention to secede from the Anglican Church: this makes it all the more strange that he should give it so wavering and niggardly an allegiance. Other people openly avow that they simply put up with it as a convenient lodging-place for men of no particular opinions; it exacts little, leaves them pretty much alone, and yet furnishes them handsomely with the outward paraphernalia of a church. Like the Roman Senate in the old story about Tiberius, it admits the gods of all nations easily into its Pantheon. One set of opinions alone it objects to, because they are so exclusive! Except in that case, its courts always shield the persecuted. Mr. Gorham is attacked for a heresy, and they shield him; Mr. Denison for a truth, and they absolve him; even the "Essays and Reviews" do not deprive their authors of this comprehensive protection. Its toleration gives, as a statesman expressed it, "general

Digitized by Google

satisfaction." Who can refuse to be loyal, when the yoke is so light?

"Quod si nec nomen, nec me tua forma teneret,
Posset servitium mite tenere tuum;"

and so Dr. Pusey himself seems to feel, save in those moods of rebelliousness which now and then come over him. We have seen how he once almost pledged himself to secede if the Gorham judgment was not disavowed. He was too old then to be excused on the plea of youthful impetuosity; at all events, the fit passed away: the baptismal service contents him. We have seen the threats he threw out more than a year ago about a free church if the court of appeal were not modified: that mood too has passed away. His present book speaks in the most contented manner: "Essay and Reviewism a passing storm," is the title that runs along the top of one of his pages; and he speaks of "the bright promise of the year of ingathering which the Lord has blessed!" He has forgotten his despair of last year, and boldly proposes to the Catholic Church terms on which reunion may be made,—terms, we venture to say, which would be rejected at once by every authority of the Church of England itself. Still, with all this, we do not see in his book any indication that, except as to the validity of Anglican orders, he really thinks much better of Anglicanism than Dr. Manning or Dr. Newman. Its authority is nothing to him; and they, on the other hand, do not deny that, though a mere human institution, it teaches many truths which might otherwise be untaught. He is ready to leave it if it "accepts heresy;" but it seems that *what* is heresy, and what is its acceptance, must be left to himself to decide. This is the language of one party in a contract or a compromise to another; not that of a pupil to a teacher, a child to a parent—above all, not that of a Catholic to his Church. He does not aver that "the Church of England is the best possible bulwark against infidelity," but only, "as a matter of fact, that it is at this moment, under God's providence, a real and chief bulwark against it." He complains of Dr. Manning's statement that she "rejects *much* Christian truth" in a way that looks very much as if he thought she rejected *some* and he only defends her even then by putting an entirely strange face upon her. He hoists a false flag, and fights for her under it.

We are unwilling to speak personally of an amiable and excellent man; but Dr. Pusey, if there are few exactly like him, is still in his way a representative man; and his work shows us the position of many others beside himself. It is obvious that he is really in the Church of England because he has nowhere else to go. He is loyal to her, not because he loves and admires her, but because he thinks he can find no other resting-place. Deeply versed in the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament, and with a large acquaintance with some of the fathers, he has studied them under that fatal disadvantage which consists in the entire ignorance of the living system in which the authors whom he has read lived and breathed. The fathers especially, if they are studied without a knowledge of the ever-living Church, are certain to be misunderstood and to convey inadequate ideas of their own practice and belief. The Church alone explains and completes their testimony. It is exactly the everyday life, the things and customs and ideas that are too familiar to be chronicled, that must ever be unknown to those who have a merely literary knowledge of any system or any set of men. The strange thing is that any reasonable man should suppose it to be otherwise. Dr. Pusey, if we may judge from the opening of his postscript, really seems to think that if St. Augustine were to arrive to-morrow in London, he would go to worship in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, rather than at Moorfields or Warwick Street—St. Augustine, who, in a well-known passage,

Digitized by Google

has pointed out the unfailing mark which the common sense of mankind has fixed upon the true Church by the simple popular use of the name Catholic!

The result of Dr. Pusey's thought and study may be summed up in two simple heads. The first is an attitude of mind utterly and entirely alien from that which is the first condition of the relation of a Catholic to the Church. He has never been taught by a church, guided by a church, moulded by a church; he is self-educated and self-reliant; he has made his own teacher for himself, and has never sat at the feet of any other, except of the author of a book of which he was himself the interpreter. Speaking of the possibility of "secession" in his own case, he tells us, "I have always felt that I could have gone in on no other way than that of closing my eyes and accepting whatever was put before me" (p. 98). What a revolution that would be! This attitude of simple, uncriticising, ungrudging docility and obedience, is a thing which to him is a perfect novelty. It is one thing to take our faith from an abstraction of our own brain; quite another to receive it from a living reality, outside and independent of ourselves. This is the first thing that strikes us in men like Dr. Pusey, as their minds are reflected in books such as that before us. The second is an amount of misconception, misunderstanding, and positive ignorance of the Catholic system, which would be simply unintelligible did we not consider the great disadvantages under which any one in his position must have studied it. He is not one of the more rabid school of Anglican controversialists; his character and habits of mind are quite alien from wilful misrepresentation and conscious unfairness. And yet there is hardly a fair statement in his book on matters which belong to Catholicism; and there are many most provoking misstatements, as well as many most ludicrous and childish blunders. The book presents an easy victory to any moderately-informed Catholic theologian who may take the trouble to refute it. This has not been our purpose at present. We have been content with pointing out that his defence of Anglicanism really condemns it, because it implies that he cannot defend it without misrepresenting it. In a future article we may deal with him as a controversialist, and point out, by way of specimen, some few of the mistakes into which he has fallen in his attack on the Catholic Church.

From The Literary Workman.

IRELAND BEFORE CHRISTIANITY.

THE ignorance of true Irish history that prevails, and the absurdity of the things given as facts to a large mass of moderately educated people, is painfully surprising. For instance, it is generally believed among a great number of people, and it is taught to them in books, that Ireland was a land of desolate bogs, and forests filled with wolves, and inhabited by lawless savages, till converted to a "sort of Christianity" by the English, of which Christianity the remarkable part was that it had nothing to do with the Pope. Many people believe St. Patrick to have been an Englishman; others think he was a Welshman, and a few bold spirits of the present day declare that they can prove him to have been an excellent Protestant. Savages, bogs, wolves, and desolation, having been taken compas-

Digitized by Google

sion upon by the English, they subjugated the people, taught them, gave them laws, and in the reign of Henry II. of England attached Ireland to the British crown, when that country began to have a history. Before that date, that is, before the twelfth century, for Henry II. ascended the throne in 1154, Ireland had had no history worth remembering or worth noting. This is a short summary of the chief points of the Protestant belief on that matter. And although true knowledge concerning many things has struck root and spread amazingly of late years, there is so much still to learn about Ireland, and the history of that country is at once so interesting and so edifying, that "Papers on Irish History" are offered to the readers of the "Workman" with a conviction that they will find a welcome both in that country and in England.

In looking back to the earliest years of the history of Ireland, our instructor is tradition. It is a very curious thing, however, to see that the old tales, which have passed with many for poetic fables, have assumed in these days a remarkable importance, because in so many instances science is proving tradition to be truth. Speaking of Ireland, Camden says: "If what the Irish historians relate be true, this island was not without reason called *Agygia*, or *most ancient*, by Plutarch. For they begin their histories from the remotest period of antiquity, so that compared with them all other nations are of modern date, and but in a kind of infancy. They tell us that one *Cæsarea*, granddaughter to Noah, lived here before the flood, and that afterward came *Bartholanus* (*Partholanus*), a Scythian, 300 years after the flood, and waged fierce war with the giants. Long after this, Nemethus, the Scythian, landed, and was presently driven off by the giants. Afterward, Dela, with some Greeks, made themselves masters of the island; then *Gaothelus*, with his wife *Scota*, daughter of Pharaoh, arrived here, and called the island from her *Scotia*, and from him *Gaothela*, and this at the time of the Israelites' departure out of Egypt. A few ages after, *Hiberus* and *Hermione* (or as the Irish called them, *Ever* and *Erimon*), sons of *Milesius*, king of Spain, led some colonies into this island, which had been depopulated by a plague.. These stories I neither mean to affirm nor refute, making all due allowance for antiquity." Then Camden gives his own opinion in these words: "That this island was originally inhabited upon the general dispersion of mankind, I have not the least doubt." And at this date, no one who may be quoted as understanding the subject, has any doubt of the immense antiquity of the Irish; an antiquity which, in fact, defies calculation. But it is in some measure proved by the discovery in Ireland of those weapons which are the earliest weapons of defence used by man. They are flints chipped into a shape like the head of a spear. They were used before men knew how to use metal; and they belong to that earliest time which geologists have called by the name of the stone age. Geologists have divided the early ages into three: the stone, the bronze, and the iron period. In the stone age, Ireland had a people, and the celts, or flint stones chipped into a form like a spear head, were their weapons.

The debated point of whether or not Ireland was peopled from England, is one which is of little interest. There was a time in the history of man when people could have walked over from France to England, and when Ireland was joined to Wales. Strange as this may read to some persons, it is less strange than the greater instance of, for example, Australia being found peopled, and yet parted from the rest of the world by a great sea. The people of Australia had not gone there in vessels. They had got there by land; and whether, by the gradual work of time, during which the land sunk, and the sea flow-

Digitized by Google

ed in over it, and by this means gave islands to the world, or whether by enormous convulsions rocks shivered, and the land was rent apart and sunk, as between us and France, where the chasm may be said to be filled in by the water that makes the Straits of Dover—however it was done, whether suddenly or not, the researches of modern science have settled that these things occurred, and that the people who were our forefathers in this manner were separated from each other. Accepting this theory as a truth, it is idle to ask whether Ireland was peopled from this country or not. But in the presence of such a theory, no person can any longer laugh at Ireland's traditional antiquity; it is more reasonable to accept it, and to allow that they have proved their ancient and hereditary intelligence by preserving history.

And this theory of the manner in which islands were divided from continents is, in fact, constantly proving itself before our eyes. Not to go out of England, we may see the progress of such a change now in Lincolnshire. The reason why the great embankments against the sea are necessary there, and have become more than ever necessary of late years, is, that the land is sinking; and but for the preventions that science and labor effect, a part of Lincolnshire would become an island.

There are now a few words to be said about the name Scotia, as applied to Ireland. The Romans called all the far "western people" Scots, or Scythians. It meant a people who sailed—a maritime people—they learnt the word in these countries, for it is *Teutonic*, or northern Celtic; and we use the word ourselves when we speak of a boat *scudding* over the waves.

That the people from Spain came to Ireland, and that the existing Irish are their descendants, is not disputed. Hiberus and Hermione, called by the Irish Ever and Erimon, left their names in *Hibernia*, from the Spanish for one brother, and in the Irish *Erin* for the other. But yet Hibernia is a comparatively modern name; and Ireland is the ancient *Scotia*, called Ierne by the Roman poet Claudian and other Roman writers, and Ivvorna by Diodorus Siculus, and many beside.

One word more about the rude flint weapon called everywhere a celt. It took its name undoubtedly from the people who used it. It was the weapon of the northern or Celtic nations. When Celts are found they indicate to us the existence of the men who used them, and their state of civilization. Wherever they are found they are called by this name, and their name is derived from the northern people.

Ireland has always been considered a most healthy country, and in Campbell's Philosophical Survey of Ireland, Dr. Rutty tells us, "The bogs are not injurious to health, and agues are very unfrequent here." And again, these "bogs are not, as may be supposed from their blackness, masses of putrefaction, but, on the contrary, are of such a texture as to resist putrefaction above any other substance we know of." Of such assertions we have now constant proof, and the durability of the beautiful and often highly polished ornaments made out of Irish bog-wood is too well known to dwell upon.

The people seem to have been, in very early times, great feeders of sheep, cattle, and pigs. But the richness of the soil of this beautiful island yields to the labor of the scientific farmer great gain.

Very curious speculations have arisen as to the gold that has been found in Ireland. It remains a mystery. Mr. O'Connor, in his dissertations on the history of Ireland, says, "that, soon after the arrival of the Scots from Spain, we read of Uchadan of Cuala, who rendered himself famous by his skill in the fabrication of metals." This places the civilization of Ireland very far back; and taken together with the early renown of the Irish in music, puts them at once in a

Digitized by Google

position of their own. When a people are musicians and workers in gold, silver, and other metals, they have advanced a good way in what is meant by the word civilization. Their music is described as being of the most affecting and tender kind; and they seem to have met together, as afterward at Tara, for such accomplished recreations before anything of that kind would have been understood in England.

It will be interesting to give, from "Gough's Additions" to Camden's account of Ireland, some notes of the buried gold that has been found:

"In the bog near Cullen, in the county of Tipperary, in 1732, a laborer found a piece of worked gold, a little less than half the size of a small egg. It weighed 3 ozs. 4 dwts. and 7 grs."

"In 1739, a boy found a circular plate of beaten gold, about eight inches in diameter, which, lapped up in the form of a triangle, enclosed three ingots of gold, which they say could not weigh less than a pound; for the boy no sooner brought them home than his mother, a poor widow, gave them to a merchant, on whose land she had a cabin, as brass to make weights."

This is one of the great many instances in which large pieces of gold were sold as brass. Gold was found in these lumps, and in thin plates, as follows:

"1742. A child found on the brink of a hole a thin plate of gold. 1747. A girl found in the turf-dust a thin plate of gold, rolled on another which when extended was 14 inches long, and a quarter of an inch broad; of which a fellow standing by took about half from her; what he left weighed 6 dwts. 13 grs. Soon after, an apprentice girl found 1 oz. 5 dwts. of the same kind, rolled after the same manner, in a sod of turf as she made the fire."

Vessels of a "yellow metal," as the people said, were frequently found in this bog. They used to sell them for brass. One was four-sided, and 8 inches high, with a handle on each side; the sisters who possessed it sold it to a tinker, who mended a pot and gave thirteenpence for it. The page of Irish history which the sight of these vessels, and the consideration of their shape and workmanship, might have revealed, has been, doubtless, lost with them in the melting pot.

From The St. James Magazine.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

In the elementary works for the instruction of young people we find every day frequent mention of the Colossus of Rhodes. The statue is always represented with gigantic limbs, each leg resting on the enormous rocks which face both sides of the entrance to the principal port of the island of Rhodes, and ships in full sail pass easily, it is said, between its legs; for Pliny the ancient tells us that its height was seventy cubits.

This colossus was reckoned among the seven wonders of the world, the six others being, as is well known, the suspended gardens of Babylon, devised by Nitocris, wife of Nebuchadnezzar; the pyramids of Egypt; the statue of Jupiter Olympicus; the mausoleum of Halicarnassus; the temple of Diana at Ephesus; and the pharos of Alexandria, erected in the year of Rome 470, and completely destroyed by an earthquake A.D. 1303.

Nowhere has any authority been found for the assertion that the Colos-

Digitized by Google

sus of Rhodes spanned the entrance to the island, and admitted the passage of vessels in full sail between its wide-stretched limbs. No old drawing even of that epoch exists, when the statue was yet supposed to be standing; several modern engravings may be seen, but they are mere works of the imagination, executed to gratify the curiosity of amateur antiquarians, or to feed the naïve credulity of the ignorant.

A century ago, the Comte de Caylus, a distinguished French archæologist, found fault with his countrymen for admitting this fiction into the school-books * for young people; but he sought in vain to trace its origin.

Vigenère, in his "*Tableaux de Philostrate*," is supposed to have been the first who ventured to make an imaginary drawing of the colossus. He was followed by Bergier and Chevreau,† the latter adding a lamp to the hand of the statue.

The greater number of French dictionaries, Rollin, in his "Ancient History," and even some encyclopædic dictionaries, have adopted the fiction of their predecessors.

A fictitious Greek manuscript, quoted by the mythologist Duchoul,‡ further adorns the colossus by giving him a sword and lance, and by hanging a mirror round his neck.

The Comte Choisel-Gouffier, in his picturesque "Journey through Greece," published about the year 1780, declares the colossus with the outstretched legs to be fabulous. He says: "This fable has for years enjoyed the privilege so readily accorded to error. It is commonly received, and discarded only by the few who have made ancient history their study. Most people have accepted, without investigation, an assertion which is unsupported by any authority from ancient authors." Nevertheless, the Belgian, Colonel Rottiers, and the English geologist, Hamilton,§ do not yield to this respectable authority, but endeavor to place the site of the statue at the entrance to one of the smaller harbors of the island, scarcely forty feet wide. Rottier goes still further, and gives a superb engraving of the colossus under the form of an Apollo, the bow and quiver on his shoulders, his forehead encircled by rays of light, and holding a beacon flame above his head.

Polybius is the first among the ancient writers who mentions the Colossus of Rhodes, in enumerating the donations received by the inhabitants of the island after the fearful earthquake they experienced in 222 or 224 B.C. We quote the passage: "The Rhodians have benefited by the catastrophe which befel them, owing to which not only the huge colossus, but also a number of houses and a portion of the surrounding walls, were demolished." Then follows a list of the rich gifts they received from all parts. Among the benefactors Polybius mentions the three kings, Ptolemy III. of Egypt, Antigone Doson, of Macedonia, and Seleucus, of Syria, father of Antiochus. The ancient Pliny records that the colossus, after having stood for sixty-six years, was overthrown by an earthquake, and that it took the artist Charès de Lindos, to whom the Rhodians had intrusted its construction, twelve years to complete his task.

The tendency in art to produce grand effects by colossal works became perceptible twenty-five years before Phidias; for we find that 463 years before Christ the inhabitants of Syracuse caused a huge statue to be erected to Jupiter Eleutherius, after the death of the tyrant Thrasybulus. This tendency was an indication of the decline of art, traceable during and after the period of Alexander the Great.

But to return to the colossus. One Philo-Byzantius wrote a short treatise on the seven wonders of the ancient world, about 150 years B.C.* In it he

* "*Memoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*," t. xxiv., p. 360.
† "*Histoire du Monde*," iv., p. 319.
‡ "*Religion des Anciens Romains*," p. 211.
§ "Researches in Asia Minor," etc. London, 1842.

* It was reprinted with a Latin translation, by J. C. Orelli, at Leipzic, in 1816. Strabo also mentions the colossus as one of the seven wonders of the world.

Digitized by Google

gives an explanation of the construction of the colossus, but nowhere speaks of the extended legs, under which vessels in full sail entered the port. On the contrary, he mentions one sole pedestal, which was of white marble. Moreover, the statue was said to be 105 feet in height, and the harbor entrance, according to modern researches, was 350 feet wide; it could not, therefore, possibly reach across this space. Lastly, if the statue had stood at the entrance of the port, the earthquake must have overthrown it into the sea; whereas Strabo and Pliny tell us that its fragments remained for a considerable time imbedded in the earth, and attracted much attention by their wonderful size and dimensions.

Now this is the real truth concerning the colossus:

Toward the year 305 B.C., Demetrius Poliorcetes laid siege to Rhodes, and the inhabitants defended themselves with so much bravery that, after a whole year of struggle and endurance, they forced the enemy to retire from the island. The Rhodians, by whom the sun-god (Helios) was worshipped as their patron (having emerged from the waves of the Ægean Sea), inspired by sentiments of devotion, and excited by fervent gratitude for so signal a proof of the divine favor, commanded Charès de Lindos to erect a colossal statue to the honor of their deity. An inscription explained that the expenses of its construction were defrayed out of the sale of the materials of war left by Demetrius on his retreat from the island of Rhodes. This statue was erected on an open space of ground near the great harbor, and near the spot where the pacha's seraglio now actually stands; and its fragments for many years after its destruction were seen and admired by travellers. This explanation is still further supported by the fact, that a chapel built on this ground in the time of the Knights of Rhodes is named *Fanum Sancti Joannis Colossensis.*

We have seen that Strabo, who wrote and travelled during the reigns of the first two Roman emperors, was the earliest author after Polybius who mentioned the fall of the Colossus of Rhodes, and that very concisely. Pliny enters into somewhat fuller details, and speaks of the dimensions of the mutilated limbs. "Even while prostrate," says he, "this statue excited the greatest admiration. Few men could span one of its thumbs with his arms; and each of its fingers was as large as an ordinary full-sized statue. Its broken limbs appeared to strangers like caverns, in the interior of which enormous blocks of stone were seen."

From this time we find no further mention whatever of these fragments; but it is curious that toward the end of the second century several writers speak of a colossal statue at Rhodes as still existing. It is possible that one was again constructed, but of smaller dimensions. Indeed, Leo Allazzi tells us that the Colossus of Rhodes was reconstructed and completed under the Emperor Vespasian; but later Greek authors give us nothing in support of this opinion.

A long time after the fall of the Roman empire the island of Rhodes was conquered by the general-in-chief of the Caliph Othman, in the seventh century of the Christian era; and then mention is once more made of a colossus in metal. "This last memorial of a glorious past was not respected by the conqueror," says the Byzantine history. "The general took down the colossus which stood erect on the island, and transported the metal into Syria, and sold it to a Jew, who loaded 980 camels with the materials of his purchase."

We should refer any who may be curious for further details on the Colossus of Rhodes to a remarkable work on the subject by Carl Ferdinand Lüders, in which the fiction of the gigantic outstretched limbs is completely disposed of; but with such an array of learned accessories, *more germanico*, that few will perhaps read it throughout.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

PUBLIC LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

No one can expect to find the history of the Church free from vicissitude; as it has its bright and glorious periods, so also it has its times of gloom and darkness, when a superficial observer might almost interpret the disastrous character of the more salient facts that meet his eye, as the evidence of a suspension of the vital activity and healthy vigor of the whole body. But the life of the Church is essentially internal, and depends on the free action of divine grace, penetrating and animating the whole community—an action that is perpetually kept up by the most common and unobtrusive ministrations of sacramental strength, which are going on in full frequency and efficacy, while the political fortunes of the hierarchy, or of the supreme power, are crushed by oppression or persecution; or even while scandals are seen in high places—when bishops become courtiers, when cardinals are truckling to kings and emperors, and popes are in captivity or exile. And it often happens that these dark times are most prolific of the noblest fruits of the interior life; and that at such seasons the choicest treasures of the Church—the souls on whom great and special graces have been bestowed—are providentially brought out into unusual prominence, so as to exercise great influence and give a character to the period, or a direction to some of its most important transactions. Even if it be not so, at all events we have only to go a little below the surface in order to find plentiful indications of the rich veins that are contained in no soil but one. Thus, in Italy, at the time in which this paper treats, there were a number of saintly souls, whose names have since taken rank in the calendar of the Church. The secular historian sees little more than a set of quarrelsome states, restless in their mutual discord and aggressive ambition, and distracted, ever and anon, by the most furious domestic strife, which would slake itself with nothing but blood. St. Andrew Corsini once showed his audience, as he was preaching in the Piazza of Fiesole, looking down on Florence, an immense flight of hawks, kites, and other ravenous birds, battling with one another over the city. They represented, he told them, the number of evil spirits that were engaged in stirring up the inhabitants to intestine discord. Florence was not worse, but rather better, and more thoroughly Catholic, than its neighbors; yet when we take up such a life, for instance, as that of St. Giovanni Colombini, of Siena, the founder of the Gesuati, we find ourselves at once in an atmosphere of calm and fresh simplicity, of happy peace, fervent devotion, and loving faith; and it is only by the chance mention of public calamities—the sufferings of the peasants, whose fruit-trees had been cut down by the German "company" of marauders, and the like—that we are reminded of the Italy of the day, with its endless disturbances and hopeless insecurity. We have not merely the beautiful picture of Giovanni himself, and his immediate followers and friends; of his good wife, for instance, who begged him to read her pious book while she kept him waiting a few minutes for his dinner, and who, though he had at first thrown it on the floor in a fit of impatient anger, could not persuade him to leave t, when all was ready, till he had read to the end the story of St. Mary of

Digitized by Google

Egypt. She had prayed that he might be more given to almsgiving than he was, and then had to complain that she had prayed for a shower, not for a deluge, when he began to give away everything in the house; and she had to yield at last to his saintly fervor, and release him altogether from the obligations of the married life. It is not only Francesco Vincenti, the other rich and noble gentleman of Siena, who caught up the example of Giovanni, began to give great alms, dress shabbily, and serve the poor, and at last joined him in giving up the world altogether, and placing himself under religious obedience; or Giovanni's cousin Catarina, the first of the nuns whom he established, whom he could not persuade to embrace the state of poverty, though she had given up the idea of marriage, till he called her to a little window in the wall between their two houses, one night, as she was going up to bed with her lamp lit, and talked to her in so heavenly a strain that her heart was perfectly changed; and when she turned to go away at last, she found that she had been listening all night, and the morning rays were streaming through the shutters, though, as he bade her observe, the little stock of oil in her lamp was unconsumed. These might be accidents of piety and simple faith in particular families; but we cannot so account for the great number of followers that enlisted themselves under Giovanni—so many, that the worthy magistrates of Siena thought fit for a time to banish him and his companions from the city, lest every one should join them; nor for the ready and enthusiastic welcome that he met with wherever he went throughout Tuscany, the joy with which his preaching was received, and the rapid fruit that it produced. The beautiful account of him and his early followers, written in the century after his death by Feo Belcari, is full of details and anecdotes that seem to prove the powerful hold that faith and religion retained upon the mass of the population in those seemingly black and miserable days. The mere number of his followers, as we have said, is an evidence of this. the proofs to which the novices were put were very severe indeed; yet when Urban V. came from France to Italy, Giovanni went to meet him at Corneto with a company of seventy, all of whom had joined him within two years. The same conclusion is forced upon us when we take up the life or the letters of the still more famous child of the same fair city, St. Catharine of Siena, of whose public influence we hope to give presently some short account. The family of religious disciples whom she collected around her in the course of her short life, from all ranks and classes, could never have been furnished save by a population thoroughly penetrated with religious feeling, and familiar with the loftiest principles of faith. Her own home, too, is a charming picture. There is the good pious father, "a man simple and without guile," as Father Raymond tells us, "fearing God, and keeping free from vice;" a man so moderate in speech, that for no occasion whatever, of disturbance or trouble that was given him, did unbecoming words escape his lips; rather, when others of his family felt bitterly, and he heard them break out into angry words, he set himself at once, with a joyous countenance, to comfort them, saying, "Ah, God give you good luck! don't fret yourself, or say things like that, which don't befit us." He let himself be injured and brought to the brink of ruin by a false charge, and yet would never allow any one in his presence to speak against his accuser, leaving his cause entirely to God; and in due time all was wonderfully set right. His large family of children were brought up with so much modesty, and with so great a hatred of anything licentious, though only in word, that one of the daughters, whom he had given in marriage to a young man who had lost his parents when a child, and learnt bad language from the chance companions he had picked up, made herself ill with griev-

Digitized by Google

ing over her husband's bad habit in this respect, and could never be well or happy till he had given it up. We hear less of the rest of the family. Catharine was one of twenty-five children; but though they opposed for a while her resolution not to marry, and tried to make her give up her excessive penances, they seem to have been good, fervent Christians; and her mother, with her natural love for her child, struggling against the sacrifice of giving her up entirely to the service of God, is delightful in her simplicity, and her character gives a charming air of truthfulness and reality to the whole picture. But there is no reason for supposing that the family of the good Jacomo and Lapa were far above the level of their neighbors in virtue and piety, except in the instance of the one chosen soul whose wonderful graces and history have alone saved them from being altogether forgotten, like the mass of their daily companions in the streets and the churches of Siena. What we are told of them reveals that which escapes the notice of the superficial historian—the daily life of a Catholic people, however politically unsettled, and subject to violent outbreaks natural to its hot temperament and passionate disposition—though the character of the Siennese was said to be comparatively gentle and sweet—still thoroughly leavened and penetrated by the faith that had been handed down through an unbroken succession of generations, since the city's first martyr consecrated its soil by his blood. Such, in general, was the population of Italy, and, of course, of great parts of Europe, at that time; and such a population constitutes a resource, as it were, for the Church, that it must take, it would seem, many generations thoroughly to corrupt or to destroy. From the depths of such a people springs ordinarily the ever-fresh crop of eminent saints, who form the chief glories and supports of the Church in their successive generations; and the wide extent to which the principles of Christian faith and practice influence the mass from which they themselves rise, makes it possible for them to gather followers around them, to touch the springs of public action and thought, and to exercise the wonderful influence upon the men of their day which is so strange an enigma to the uncatholic historian.*

The singularly beautiful life of St. Catharine of Siena, written by her friend and confessor, Raymond of Capua, gives us as perfect an account as we could wish to have of the personal and, as it were, private history of the saint, and sets her character before us in the freshest colors, like a picture of Fra Angelico. But it is deficient in that very part of her life to which it is our purpose more particularly to attend. The public influence exercised by St. Catharine was fresh in the recollection of those for whom Fr. Raymond wrote: they wished to be told the antecedents, as it were, of a person whom they had seen brought forward by Providence in so remarkable a manner to support the papacy in an hour of severe trial. A complete life of St. Catharine would have to include a great many points which have been omitted by Raymond; and much that he has mentioned or alluded to would have to be fixed more accurately as to time and place. Nor could any one hope to draw up such a work with success without the fullest acquaintance with the ample collection of her letters. It is from these last that many most important features of her public life would have to be drawn.† We owe them, probably, to

* Thus Dr. Milman ("Latin Christianity," t. v., p. 391-2) is fairly upset by what he calls a "most extraordinary letter" of St. Catharine. It is that in which she relates her assistance of Nicola Tuldo, when under sentence of death and on the scaffold. He adds at the end of his note: "St. Catharine had the stigmata. And this woman interposed between popes, princes, and republics!" We may see, perhaps, whether she "interposed," or was entreated to do so; whether her influence was sought by herself, or forced on her by others.

† One of the best sketches of St. Catharine's action on public matters with which we are acquainted is contained in the introduction to M. Caltier's recent translation of her letters into French. The "*Histoire de Ste. Catharine*," published many years ago by M. Chavin de Malan, contains a great deal of extraneous matter, and

Digitized by Google

the care with which her disciples or secretaries copied them before they were sent, for it is hardly likely that they could have been otherwise recovered from the persons to whom they were addressed.

It is not easy to say at what precise time the public action of Catharine began. She was in the twenty-fourth year of her age at the time of the death of Urban V. She had already passed, for about four years, from that life of prayer, mortification, and contemplation with which her saintly career had begun, to one of greater intercourse with others; and she had already brought about some very wonderful conversions, of which Fr. Raymond has given us an account. She had in several cases been successful in obtaining reconciliations between families hostile to one another through the hereditary feuds and traditions of revenge which have always had so baneful an effect on Italian society; but it does not appear that she had had any personal intercourse with Urban V., or any of the great prelates or princes of the time; and perhaps her fame had not travelled far beyond the frontiers of Tuscany. Giacomo Orsini, who passed through Siena in the year following the death of Urban to receive the dignity of cardinal from Gregory XI., may have made her acquaintance in her native town, and carried the report of her wonderful sanctity to the court of Avignon. The next year, 1372, we find her already in correspondence with important persons. War had again broken out between the Holy See and the restless Barnabo Visconti. Barnabo had usurped the dominion of Reggio, a fief of the Church, and had proceeded to other excesses, such as to force Gregory XI. to excommunicate him in 1371. War was now declared; but it was at first favorable to the Milanese tyrant. A league was then organized against him, in which the emperor, the King of Hungary, and the Count of Savoy took part. John Hawkwood, moreover, with his famous English lances, was engaged on the Pontifical side. The success was now chiefly on the side of the league, and Visconti once more betook himhimself to intrigues and negotiations at Avignon, where he obtained a truce in 1374. We find St. Catharine writing, in 1372, to two great French prelates, the Cardinal Pierre d'Estaing, who had just been appointed legate at Bologna; and the Abbot of Marmontier, a relation of the Pope, who was sent at the same time to govern Perugia and discharge the office of nuncio in Tuscany. Her letters to the cardinal seem to show that she was already known to him. The first contains little but spiritual exhortation, though there is a hint at the end to the saint's favorite subject at this time, the crusade against the infidels. In the second she speaks strongly for peace among Christians. The letter to the abbot—who afterward became a cardinal, and died on the schismatical side—is evidently an answer to a letter from him, asking advice for himself and also for the Pope. St. Catharine urges him to prevail on the Holy Father to put down the nepotism that prevailed among high ecclesiastics, to discourage the luxurious worldliness of the prelates, and to choose good and virtuous men as cardinals. A little later we find her writing to the truculent Barnabo himself, the man who made papal legates eat the missives of excommunication which they were charged to deliver to him—who declared that he was Pope in his own dominions, and dressed up a mad priest in mock vestments to excommunicate the Pope in return, and made the monasteries under his rule take charge of his hounds. This letter, again, was in answer to a message brought to Siena from Barnabo by

does not seem to us to use the letters as they might have been used. M. Christophe, in his "*Histoire de la Papauté pendant le XIVe Siècle*," fails entirely in giving sufficient importance to the saint. There is a good Italian "*Storia di Sta. Catarina da Siena*," by Fr. Capecelatro, an Oratorian, published a few years ago, in which much use is made of the admirable notes of Fr. Burlamacchi to Gigli's edition of the letters.

Digitized by Google

one of his servants. Catharine sets before him the crime he has been guilty of in going to war with the Pope, and exhorts him to make amends for it by taking part in the crusade. The letter seems to have been written after the peace granted to Visconti in 1374. The same date, or perhaps an earlier one, seems to belong to a long letter of the saint to Beatrice della Scala, the wife of Barnabo, in which that lady is urged to become more religious herself, and thus to influence her husband, especially to peace and obedience toward the Holy Father. This letter, also, is in answer to a message.

Catharine's life became still more active than before about this time. She was sent for to Florence by the general of her order, and seems to have gone about to several other cities, such as Pisa and Lucca, and to have exercised great influence everywhere. Her presence had before this begun to attract crowds wherever she went: they came to speak to her, to consult her about the affairs of their souls or their family troubles; and her burning words wrought numberless conversions. The B. Raymond, speaking of this part of her life, tells us in his simple way, "If all the limbs of my body were turned into so many tongues, they would not be enough to relate the fruit of souls which this virgin plant, that the heavenly Father hath planted, did produce. I have sometimes seen a thousand persons or more, men and women, come at the same time, as if drawn by the sound of some unseen trumpet, from the mountains or from the villages in the territory of Siena, to see or to hear Catharine. These persons—I don't say at her words, but even at the mere sight of her—were suddenly struck with compunction for their misdeeds, bewailed their sins, and ran to the confessors, of whom I was one; and so great was the contrition with which they made their confessions, that no one could doubt that a great abundance of grace had descended from heaven upon their hearts. This happened not once or twice only, but very often. For this reason Pope Gregory XI., of happy memory, who was both consoled and rejoiced at this great fruit in souls, granted letters apostolic to me and to my two companions, giving us power to absolve all those who came to see Catharine and to confess their sins, in all the cases for which the bishops of the dioceses had faculties. And that truth, that neither deceives nor can be deceived, knows well that many came to find us out who were laden with great sins, and who had never before made confession, or never received as it ought to be received the sacrament of penance. We—that is, my companions and myself—often remained fasting till evening, and were too few to hear all those who wished to confess; and indeed, to declare my own imperfection, and the influence of this holy virgin, so great was the throng of people wishing to confess that many times I found myself quite worn out and wearied by the excess of fatigue. But Catharine went on praying incessantly; and when the holy prey was won, she rejoiced fully in the Lord, as one who had won a victory, ordering her other sons and daughters to wait upon us, who were tending the nets that she had spread. No pen can express the abundance of the joy in her mind, nor even the signs of gladness that she gave, which indeed gave us so much internal delight as to make us forget the recollection of any sadness whatever we had to undergo." *

Gregory XI. seems before his election to have been well acquainted with St. Bridget, for he was the cardinal through whom she had wished to communicate to Urban V. the message that she had received to deliver to him. He kept up a correspondence with her as long as she lived, and received some tremendous warnings from her about the return of the Holy See to Rome. At the time of which

* *Legenda*, II. ch., 7.

Digitized by Google

we are speaking, 1374, in the fifth year of his reign, he sent St. Bridget's confessor to Catharine to recommend himself to her prayers. This may have been the opening of the intercourse between them. Of the fourteen letters to Gregory that remain to us, none seem to bear an earlier date than 1376.* It does not appear certain, therefore, whether she had any direct influence upon the Pope's desire to set on foot a new crusade, which he urged on with much vigor about the time of the peace granted to Visconti. But it was one of St. Catharine's three darling projects; the other two being the reform of the prelacy and the restoration of the papacy to Rome. The fact that her confessor and friend, Fr. Raymond, was appointed to preach the crusade seems to imply that she had been in communication with Gregory upon the subject. We have already said that she proposed to Barnabo himself to take the cross. The idea of sending all the turbulent spirits in Europe to fight against the Turks was not a new one; Urban V. had proposed it to the "companies" who ravaged France and even insulted him by exacting a ransom for Avignon; but the freebooters naturally preferred the less dangerous, though less glorious, life that they were living in France. They were at last persuaded to enlist against Peter the Cruel. In St. Catharine's time there was a proposal of the same kind, with regard to the "bands" in Italy, whom we shall presently see the instruments of the greatest possible mischief to that unhappy country. We have a letter from her to Sir John Hawkwood, from which it appears that he and his followers had actually engaged to serve in the crusade. Other letters on the subject of the same expedition show that she was now in a position to address herself with effect to the sovereigns of great states. She writes at this time to Queen Joanna of Naples, and to the queen-mother of Hungary, in hopes of her assistance in persuading her son, King Louis. But if the peace with Barnabo had made the crusade once more possible, fresh troubles soon ensued in Italy which prevented it, and which occasioned the still greater prominence of St. Catharine as an earnest advocate of peace.

The disturbances were not, this time, the work of the Visconti. Barnabo turned them to his own advantage, but he was not their author. Historians concur in attributing a feeling of general discontent with the internal administration and external policy of the pontifical government in Italy to the conduct of the French legates. We find very strong charges against them; for example, in the chronicle of St. Antoninus, written in the following century; but it may be questioned whether he did more than repeat what he found in other Florentine writers; and, in this case, the testimony of a Florentine is hardly to be admitted without suspicion. But it is very likely that many of the charges of tyranny, ambition, extortion, and luxury are not unfounded. Still, the internal administration of the States of the Church had been settled by Albornoz, and his system might have carried the government through without an outbreak, even under the trial of administrators quite unworthy to succeed him. had it not been for the suspicions that arose, in cities external to the pontifical territory, that its governors aimed at the subjugation of their neighbors. It thus seemed to become their interest not only to defend themselves, but to anticipate the danger by raising revolts in the States of the Church. It is quite clear that Gregory XI. had no such design him-

Four of these letters (7-10) were written while Catharine was at Avignon, and were only to be found in Latin among the papers of B. Raymond, who was, it appears, interpreter between the saint and the Pope, who did not understand her Tuscan dialect. M. Chavin de Malan (ii., 369) conjectures that the first three of them may be summaries of *conversations* that passed at Avignon, taken down afterward by B. Raymond. But internal evidence is against this supposition; and it is not at all unlikely, as the opposition to her influence was so strong, that the Pope preferred that she should communicate with him by letter.

Digitized by Google

self, and that he would not have tolerated it in his subordinates. Neither are the acts of the latter such as cannot be explained on other grounds. But what is clear to us at a distance was not necessarily so clear to the contemporaries of St. Catharine. Certain measures of the legate at Bologna, and of the governor of Perugia, had an unfor unate look. In the first place, it seems that the diplomacy of that time did not insist, in the case of a confederacy of a number of powers against a common enemy, that peace should not be made by one member of the league without the consent of the remainder. The peace with Barnabo had been made, it appears, without the concurrence of Florence, Pisa, Siena, and the other allies of the Pope. Another cause of soreness was a measure adopted about the same time by the Cardinal Legate of Bologna, which pressed hardly upon Tuscany. The last two years had been years of great scarcity in that part of Italy, and he now forbade the exportation of grain from the Legation. He was no doubt afraid of relieving his neighbors at the risk of suffering himself. But there was more to come. Sir John Hawkwood and his followers had to be discharged on account of the peace; they were no sooner dismissed than they invaded the Florentine territory, attempted to make themselves masters of Prato, and ravaged the country up to the gates of Florence itself. Thus soldiers, only a few days before in the pay of the Holy See, were attacking one of its allies with fire and sword. It looked very like an attempt to enslave Tuscany. At the same time Siena had a complaint of the same sort against the abbot of Montmajor at Perugia. The powerful family of the Salimbeni were at that time in exile from Siena, the last revolution of which city had put the supreme power into the hands of the popular party. The pontifical governor of Perugia leagued himself with the exiles, and thus appeared to be aiming at the destruction of the liberties of Siena.

Ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria justis. Nothing had indeed been done which did not admit of explanation; and, if his legates had really been guilty of aggression, Gregory XI. could have readily disavowed them. Indeed, he ordered the edict against the exportation of grain from the Romagna to be revoked; in which, however, the cardinal at Bologna refused to obey him. But this conciliatory order came too late. Under such provocation men, and especially Italians, would not wait for explanations. They were jealous of their liberties, and they hated the idea of foreign domination; the representatives of the pontifical government at the time were foreigners to them, and seemed to be seeking to enslave them. Florence flew to arms: she had been long devoted to the Holy See; now she gave herself over to the rule of the faction within her, who had ever been the minority, because they were the enemies of the Pope; and these men, feeling themselves still in reality the weaker party, lost no time in plunging into the most frantic excesses, that they might alienate their country from the Holy Father beyond hope of reconciliation, and wreak their own vengeance on their personal enemies so fully as to leave them no chance of again recovering their power. Hawkwood was soon disposed of; he was bought off for a large sum. The movement in Florence became a revolution, with all its accompaniments of blood, spoliation, and terror. The inquisitors were massacred, the prisons destroyed; the prior of the Carthusians, who presented himself as papal envoy with overtures of reconciliation, was torn to pieces, and his flesh thrown to the dogs. The clergy were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Pope; the nomination of benefices assumed by the magistrates of the republic. These, however, were all changed; a committee of eight, a sort of Comité du Salut Publique—called, in derision, the Eight Saints—seized the helm of government; it was a

Digitized by Google

complete reign of terror. But they were not content with turning Florence against the Pope; they sent envoys throughout the whole of Tuscany and Umbria, inviting all the cities to join in league against the pontifical government, and bearing with them red banners inscribed with the word "Libertas." The conduct of the French governors had but too well prepared the subjects of the Pope for these invitations. Citta di Castello led the way; Perugia, Narni, Viterbo, Montefiascone followed; before the end of 1375 nearly the whole of the pontifical territory, the Patrimony, the Duchy of Spoleto, and the March of Ancona, were in open revolt. All that Albornoz had done for the Holy See seemed to have been done in vain. Bologna, almost alone, remained faithful; but even there the government of the legate was very insecure.

It was felt at Avignon that something was now to be dealt with very different even from a war against the Visconti. Some "companies" of Bretons were then ravaging or ransoming cities in the south of France, under two famous captains of the day, Jean de Malestroit and Silvestre de Bude; they were enlisted under the flag of the Church, and prepared to descend on Italy. But Gregory XI. determined to try the method of conciliation before letting them loose. He sent envoys to Florence, who offered terms to which no prudent person could make objection. Perugia and Citta di Castello were to be free, but the Florentines were to cease in their revolutionary propaganda in the States of the Church, and particularly in Bologna. The "eight saints" had all that was reasonable and good in Florence against them, and they dared not openly refuse to entertain terms such as these. But they sent secret instructions to their commander in the field while the negotiations were being carried on; he marched on Bologna, raised the people in revolt, and made the legate a prisoner. They succeeded in their ulterior object: the Papal envoys left Florence without concluding any peace.

After this fresh provocation, nothing remained for the Pope but to attack the Florentines with every weapon at his disposal. The Breton companies were ordered to march, under the general command of the Cardinal Robert of Geneva, a man, it seems, with more of the soldier than the priest about him, who was to be, within three years from the time that he began his expedition, the first of the miserable line of Antipopes who opposed themselves to the legitimate successors of Gregory XI. His present campaign was distinguished chiefly by two events, neither of which cast credit on the pontifical cause: a treaty he made with Visconti (who had before allied himself with the Florentines), by which the Guelfic party in the north of Italy were sacrificed to the enmity of the tyrant; and the awful sack and massacre of Cesena by the Breton troops. But the Pope used spiritual weapons also against offenders like the Florentines; and in their case the temporal consequences of the solemn excommunication under which they fell made themselves far more swiftly and keenly felt than in that of a great seigneur like Barnabo. Their merchants and agents were in every country of Europe: the sentence of the Pope exposed them everywhere to confiscation, imprisonment, and slavery; their commerce was ruined, and it is said that the immediate loss to the city amounted to three million florins. At all events, early in the year 1376, and but a few weeks after they had chosen not to avail themselves of the moderate overtures made by the Papal envoys, the Florentines began to desire peace. It is probable that there had always been but a narrow majority in favor of the violent measures of which we have spoken; now, the great misfortunes of the state made even its revolutionary rulers look about them for a mediator, for their first attempt at negotiation had proved a failure. They had sent two

Digitized by Google

ambassadors to Avignon; but instead of apologizing for their undeniable aggressions, they laid all the blame on the pontifical delegates, and were dismissed by Gregory with a confirmation of their sentence. A mediator, therefore, was necessary; and instead of asking the kind offices of the emperor, or the king of France, or some other of the sovereigns of Europe, they determined to seek the help of Catharine of Siena.

Catharine had been in the midst of the tumult, doing what she could to maintain peace. It seems that Gregory XI. had begged her to go to Lucca, where she was held in great veneration, to keep that city from joining the league against the Church. She had also exerted her influence at Pisa, and seems to have succeeded in both places, though with some difficulty. From Pisa she wrote the first of her series of letters to the Pope. She was still there when the magistrates of Florence invited her to undertake their cause. She visited the city, conversed with the principal men of all parties, and it was agreed that they should send another and a humbler embassy to Avignon, on condition that she should precede the envoys, and endeavor to soften the heart of the Holy Father toward his rebellious children. She was already sending letters to Avignon imploring peace, and urging the Pope to return to Rome, and to raise the standard of the crusaders, in order to unite all discordant elements by directing them to a common object. She had sent her most intimate confidant and confessor, Father Raymond, to plead the cause of the Florentines; and soon followed him herself, accompanied by a number of her "disciples," arriving at Avignon about the middle of June, 1376.

As is so often the case in the lives of the chosen instruments of Providence, Catharine was to do a great work at Avignon, but not the work for which she apparently went there. She was received by the Pope with the greatest kindness and distinction; she was even intrusted by him with full powers to make peace with the Florentines. But Gregory XI. knew the men with whom he was dealing better than she. The government of Florence was still in the hands of the eight; they did not really desire peace, at least on any terms that the Pope could grant them. They had yielded to the vast majority of their fellow-citizens in seeming to wish for what would be in reality the end of their own power. The envoys delayed their journey to Avignon: when they did arrive, and Catharine proposed to use the full powers the Pope had given her, they replied that they had no authority to treat with *her;* nor were they more honest in their dealings with the Pope himself. The time, then, for the particular task that Catharine had undertaken was not yet come; but she was at Avignon now, at the side of Gregory XI., and she was to decide him to a step far more important than the granting a peace to Florence.

The character of Gregory XI. is so constantly represented in the same colors by historians of every grade, that it would seem almost rash to suppose that they could all have been mistaken in the picture. It has a softness and beauty about it that are extremely touching, when viewed in the light of his many misfortunes and early death, overshadowed as it was by the threats of the still greater troubles from which it saved him. He had been marked out for high ecclesiastical dignity from the very first, and was but eighteen when his uncle, Clement VI., made him cardinal. His career after his elevation justified his premature advancement; he made himself famous for learning, and even more so for his tender piety and the unsullied purity of his life. His humility and sweetness won all hearts: perhaps the more because his frail health, his pale countenance, and evident delicacy of constitution, gave a kind of plaintive charm to his very

Digitized by Google

appearance. Though he was barely forty years of age at the death of Urban V., he had been elected Pope after the conclave had lasted but a single night. He had refused at first, but at last had been forced to accept the crown of St. Peter as a matter of duty. He was then only in deacon's orders. No one has ever questioned the purity of his aims, or even the rightness of his views and the soundness of his judgment. We have already said, with regard to one great paramount question of the time, that he had secretly vowed to take back the papacy to Rome, if he ever should be elected pope. But, inheriting as he did the traditions of Clement VI., surrounded in France by noble and powerful relatives, and by cardinals almost exclusively his fellow-countrymen, and with health and constitution that were almost sure to be ruined at once by the air of Rome, everything seemed to forbid him to make the effort that was required. The earlier years of his reign had passed away, not indeed without many thoughts and even declarations on the subject, but without any steps being taken to put the design in execution. In 1374 he had announced his intention of visiting Rome to the emperor; in the following January he had written in the same sense to Edward III. and to other kings of Europe. But that summer and autumn saw the outbreak at Florence, and the great revolution that arrayed almost the whole of the Ecclesiastical States in rebellion against the Church; and the advocates of the French residence of the papacy must have thought themselves safe now that Italy had risen against Gregory. He was not, like Urban V., a pope elected from outside the College of Cardinals, with little sympathy and but few ties with them. He was of one of the great Limousin families, the nephew of the most brilliant of the Avignon popes, surrounded by powerful relatives, all of whom were interested in keeping him where he was. The quiet security of Provence suited him, and he was one of those gentle characters, not wanting in ordinary firmness and decision, which still are more fitted for tranquil times than for days of disturbance, and are more capable of suffering and of patience than of initiating bold measures and breasting the waves of a great emergency. Family and personal influence had much weight with him; not from any active ambition or spirit of nepotism, so much as that it had become at Avignon a matter almost of course that many of the splendid prizes in the gift of the Popes should be bestowed on their relatives. He himself owed his position originally to that custom. At a time when reform was much needed in the prelacy, and many abuses and scandals existed which required to be sternly rebuked and punished, he could see what was wanting more easily than carry it out with a severity alien to his nature. He was influenced by the atmosphere around him. In the same way, notwithstanding his own strong inclination to grant peace on any terms to the Florentines, he seems to have yielded as to his actual policy to the more violent and relentless counsels of the French cardinals, headed by Robert of Geneva, who led the Breton companies over the Alps. It might well have been thought that such a pontiff would not now act against the advice and the wishes of all around him, and that the actual state of Italy would be enough to make him adjourn indefinitely his promised journey to Rome.

To such a character it is sometimes everything to have support and companionship—the mind and the voice of another, however inferior, that seem to give body and life to thoughts and designs not new indeed, but which seemed before to belong rather to the world of dreams and imaginations than of possible realities; to change wishes and longings into practical resolutions; to chase away phantom difficulties, and nerve the will to efforts and sacrifices which the conscience

Digitized by Google

has long prompted. With all of us our own ideas and designs seem sometimes to date their real existence from the moment that we found they were shared by some one else. In the case of Gregory XI., he seems, before the arrival of Catharine at Avignon, to have been almost alone in his wish to return to Italy; and he had already seen something of St. Bridget, and learnt from intercourse with her what the personal influence of great sanctity might be. Catharine at once won his perfect confidence, and her presence gave him the courage to follow out the course which he had long felt to be the right one. It is this which makes it historically true that she had so great a part in the final return of the Holy See from Avignon. It is easy to find reasons why Gregory should have returned; it is easy to show that there was danger that an attempt might be made by the Romans to give their city a bishop of their own creation; or, on the other hand, that Gregory had intended to take the step long before he took it. If these things are alleged to show that the influence of St. Catharine has been exaggerated by her historians, they are beside the point. Her providential mission at Avignon was not to put new considerations before the mind of Gregory, but to strengthen his will to act upon considerations already familiar to him.

The esteem in which the Pope held her was not only manifested by the reception he gave her, and by his inviting her even to speak in public as to what she thought to be required for the best interests of the Church; it also shielded and defended her from the dislike with which her unwelcome presence was viewed by many a magnificent prelate and many a brilliant official of the court of Avignon. The reforms that she spoke of as so necessary, and the return to Rome that she recommended, were equally distasteful to them. Three of the most learned prelates asked leave of the Pope to visit her, and began to catechise her most severely both as to her presumption in coming as the envoy of Florence, and as to her preternatural gifts of prayer and her extraordinary mode of life. But they left her overwhelmingly convinced of her sanctity and wonderful gifts. The fine ladies about the court—the sisters, nieces, and relations of the Pope and the cardinals—looked on her with instinctive dread. Some of them even tried to patronize and make her the fashion; but she either exhorted them plainly to conversion, or turned from them with that stern silence with which her Master received the overtures of the blood-stained paramour of Herodias. One of them—a niece of the Pope—knelt beside her in apparent devotion, as she was rapt in prayer before communion, and plunged a needle or bodkin into her bare foot, to see whether she could feel it. When her state of abstraction ceased, Catharine could hardly walk, and her sandal was full of congealed blood. The French king heard of her influence with the Pope, and sent his brother, the Duke of Anjou, to dissuade Gregory from listening to her; but Catharine won the respect and admiration of the duke, prevailed on him to offer himself for the crusade, and suggested him to the Pope as its captain-in-chief. Then an attempt was made to influence Gregory by means of the deference that he paid to the advice of saintly souls. A forged letter was sent him—as it appears, in the name of the holy Peter of Aragon—telling him that if he went to Italy he would be poisoned. Catharine showed him that the letter was not such as a servant of God would write, and that poison could be given him in France as well as in Italy. After all, the Pope still hesitated; he made preparations and issued orders, but it was with slowness and reluctance; and at any time a change might come over the state of affairs in Italy that might be the occasion of indefinite delay. One day again he asked her opinion. She said she was a poor weak woman; how should she

Digitized by Google

give advice to the sovereign Pontiff? "I do not ask you to counsel me," he replied, "but to tell me what is the will of God." Again she excused herself; and Gregory again urged her, commanding her at last, by virtue of her obedience, to tell him what she knew of God's will as to the matter. She bowed her head—"Who knows the will of God better than your holiness, who have promised him by vow to return to Rome?" Gregory had never revealed his vow to living soul; and from that moment his determination was taken. Still the opposition was great and powerful. The cardinals urged him with the example of an excellent Pope, Clement IV., who had never done anything without the approval of the Sacred College. Catharine met their arguments, she even went so far as to urge the Pope to depart secretly, so obstinate and so influential was the party that wished to retain him in France. At length, on September 13, 1376, amid the remonstrances of his family and the tears of his aged father, as well as the sullen complaints of the whole court, Gregory XI. left Avignon. Catharine had remained to the last, and then went on foot with her companions to Genoa, whither the Pope was to pass by sea.

It seemed as if every kind of influence that could beat down his courage was to be allowed to work upon the failing heart of Gregory. Everything that could be turned into a bad omen was carefully noted. His horse refused to let him mount; then it became so restive that another had to be brought. As he passed by Novis, Orgon, and Aix to Marseilles, everywhere the inhabitants were in tears and gloom. Marseilles itself, when he came to embark, was the scene of a grand explosion of grief. Then there came the terrors of a dangerous voyage, from the extremely severe weather encountered by the fleet. The grand master of the Knights of St. John himself took the helm of the galley in which the Pope sailed—a weather-beaten veteran, accustomed to perils of all sorts, who had to exert all his skill under the storm that came on as they made across toward Genoa. They were obliged to put into Villafranca for some days. It was not till the 18th of October, sixteen days after leaving Marseilles, that Genoa was reached. Here the Pope was met by bad news from Rome and from Florence; the Florentines, alarmed at his approach, were preparing for the most desperate hostilities; the Romans seemed quite unwilling to put the government of the city into his hands. A consistory was held (the greater number of the cardinals were with the Pope), and the resolution was adopted not to proceed further with the journey. All seemed lost; but Catharine with her company was in Genoa. The Pope sought her out—it is said, by night; and from her calm and fervent words gained fresh strength and courage to pursue his journey to the end.*

So, after ten days spent at Genoa, the fleet once more put to sea, to be driven again into Porto Fino, where the feast of All Saints was kept. It arrived at Leghorn on the 7th of November, and there again lingered ten or eleven days. As far as Piombino all went well. When the galleys left that port, another storm—the most violent of all they had met with—arose, and drove them back shattered and disabled; three cardinals were seriously ill, one of whom died at Pisa a few days later. At last Corneto was reached on December 6, more than two months after the departure from Marseilles. Gregory remained there for several weeks to regain his strength, and then sailed up the Tiber, landing near the basilica of St. Paul on January 17, 1377, the day before the feast of the Roman Chair of St. Peter. His entrance was a triumph that seemed to promise him every security for peace and tranquillity; and the joy and devotion of the Romans may

* See Capecelatro, "*Storia di Santa Catarina*," lib. v., p. 222, 2d ed.

Digitized by Google

have taken away for the moment the mournful feelings with which he had turned his back on France. Thus, a year and a half after the revolution at Florence, which had caused so rapid and widespread a defection among the cities of the Pontifical States, and seemed to threaten the very existence of the temporal power of the Church, these very events, which might have seemed likely to furnish reason for the prolonged exile of the papacy, brought about, under the providence of God, the fulfilment of the resolution to return to Rome which the Pope had so long delayed to accomplish. The instrument of the deliverance of the Holy See from its dangerous position was the envoy of its rebellious children, the humble maiden from Siena.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

PRIMEVAL night had repossess'd
Her empire in the fields of peace;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell;
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay like dew along the dell.

God's angel close beside them stood:
"Fear naught," that angel said, and then,
"Behold, I bring you tidings good:
The Saviour Christ is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang
Loud song again, and yet again,
Till all the hollow valley rang
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

The shepherds went and wondering eyed,
In Bethlehem born, the heavenly stranger.
Mary and Joseph knelt beside:
The Babe was cradled in the manger!

Digitized by Google

From The St. James Magazine.

LAW AND LITERATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the seeming incongruity, there subsists a very intimate connection between law and literature. To the legal profession, more than any other, we are indebted for the magnitude and splendor of our literature. Nor is it only with one or two branches or divisions of literature that the connection exists. On the contrary, there is scarcely a single department in which the legal profession is not represented. History, biography, philosophy, metaphysics, poetry, the drama, fiction, oratory, criticism, and even theology, have all been contributed to by men who at one time or other were connected with the legal profession. Nor is the literature which has emanated from that source of a superficial or evanescent nature. Much of it has passed away, and is now almost unknown; but a great deal still remains, forming some of the best and most endurable of our classics. And these contributions have been—and still are being—made in spite of the opposition and discountenance of the legal profession itself.

There is an opinion very prevalent among the public generally, and the legal profession in particular, that the study of literature is at variance and inconsistent with the study of law; that the more the former is indulged in, the more the latter will decline. In support of this opinion we are told that very few men have distinguished themselves in both avocations; that men of great literary attainments have seldom risen to eminence in the legal profession. That is, no doubt, true; but I attribute it to a very different cause. I consider that the study of literature must have a beneficial effect upon a lawyer, provided that it is made subservient to the business of his profession.

The duties which lawyers are called upon to discharge are many and various, and consequently a vast deal of general knowledge is indispensable to the formation of a really good lawyer. It is not sufficient that he is well versed in legal principles and precedents. Without these he cannot succeed in his profession; but they are not the only requisites. There are many cases in which legal principle and precedent are only of secondary importance. It is when he is called upon to deal with such cases that the lawyer feels the advantages of varied information. If he is ignorant of almost everything but law, he must be painfully aware of his utter incompetence to do justice to his client. He is compelled to grope his way like a man in the dark; he wanders at random, stumbling over everything that lies in his path, and ends, it may be, by falling into a ditch from which he vainly attempts to extricate himself—every attempt only causing him to sink deeper—and is at last compelled to call for help. But it is different with the man who, in addition to his legal knowledge, is possessed of much general and varied information. He can always see his way, and, if assistance is necessary, he knows where to seek for, and seldom fails in obtaining it. It is only to a lawyer of this latter stamp that any man with his eyes open would intrust the care of interests which involved other than strictly legal questions.

Now if it be true that a large amount of general knowledge is necessary to the formation of a really good lawyer, then it must be admitted that the study

Digitized by Google

of literature is an indispensable part of his professional education. The arts and sciences are all represented in literature; and it is only in the study of literature that the requisite general information can be gained. The error appears to me to consist in confounding the term *literature* with *amusing literature*. This confusion of terms is very common: but it is also very absurd. When I speak of "literature," I use the word in its most comprehensive sense; and if I were to be understood as meaning solely "amusing literature," my meaning would be grossly perverted. There is no ground for accepting a limited interpretation unless the term used is expressly qualified.

Ease, fluency, and polish, not only in speaking, but also in writing, are likewise indispensable to a lawyer, particularly in the higher walks of the profession. In order to attain these requisites, conciseness, concentration, and arrangement of thought must be diligently studied. There is nothing which tends more to the acquirement of such qualities than the careful examination of them as displayed in the writings and speeches of others, and the frequent expression of our own thoughts, both in writing and in speech. Law treatises, it need scarcely be said, are not conspicuous as models of either ease, fluency, or polish; and therefore the lawyer who aspires to these accomplishments must seek elsewhere for his models. In this respect, also, the study of literature is beneficial to the lawyer; and if attentive reading be accompanied with frequent careful writing and speaking, he cannot fail ultimately to gain the objects of his desire. If the members of the legal profession would bestow more pains than they do to the acquisition of a good style of writing and speaking, the advantages which would accrue to them would greatly outweigh all the trouble incurred. I have seen letters and even pleadings written, and heard speeches delivered, by men of eminence in the legal profession, which displayed either the grossest carelessness or the most lamentable ignorance of the rules, not only of composition, but also of grammar; and such as would have been almost inexcusable in a schoolboy. It is a common notion that elegance is not required, and is out of place in law papers and in letters. I for one cannot agree in that opinion. An elegant style is always desirable. It is preposterous to assert—as many people do—that attention to style begets a habit of neglecting the substance for the sake of the shadow. On the contrary, an elegant style adds to the effect both of speech and writing; and therefore it ought to be cultivated by every lawyer.

So much for the general objection that the study of literature is incompatible with the study of law. I think I have said quite sufficient to show that it ought to form a part of the education of every lawyer. But with reference to the proof of the assertion, that men of distinguished literary attainments have seldom risen to eminence in the legal profession, I could name many men who have rendered themselves conspicuous for their literary abilities, and, at the same time, gained the highest honors of their profession. Yet I admit that overwhelming evidence of a contrary nature might easily be adduced; but I do not admit the reason to be that the one profession is incompatible with the other. I maintain the reverse. The reason why comparatively few lawyers have risen to eminence, both in literature and in law, appears to me to be simply this, that whenever their literary leanings became known, the opportunity was denied them of distinguishing themselves in their profession; the consequence of which was that they abandoned the study of law altogether, and betook themselves to the more agreeable and less laborious occupation of literature. And it must also be borne in mind that law is not always studied with the view of engaging in its practice; but often with the

Digitized by Google

sole purpose of gaining admission to the bar for the sake of its social advantages, or with the aim of acquiring such a knowledge as will be useful in legislative discussion.

I now proceed to consider the causes which lead to the intimate connection between law and literature. I do not think they are difficult of explanation. Speaking generally, it may be said that the lawyers who have distinguished themselves in literature have been for the most part members of the bar. Comparatively few have been members of the other branches of the profession. In England intending barristers must be students of an inn of court for three years,* during which time they are not permitted to engage in any business. In Scotland, too, every applicant for admission into the faculty of advocates must have graduated either in arts or in laws; or undergo an examination in Latin, Greek (or in his option, in lieu of Greek, two of the following languages, viz., French, German, Italian, and Spanish), ethical and metaphysical philosophy, and logic or (in his option) mathematics, beside an examination in the civil law and the law of Scotland; and one year must be passed without an occupation. Having been called to the bar, a few years generally elapse before much business is intrusted to them, and often it never comes at all. During all this time something must be done—an occupation of some kind must be found either for pleasure or to kill time; or it may be to earn a means of subsistence. Literature—to which their previous training inclines them—is the only employment which is available; and accordingly literature is resorted to. A taste for letters is thus fostered. Its gratification has a twofold advantage, it affords both pleasure and profit. It becomes a habit, and is indulged in on every available occasion. There is always plenty of leisure, at least for many years, and that leisure is devoted to literature. The employment is so seductive that in many cases its legal votaries are drawn away from their regular studies—which unfortunately often happen not to be profitable in a pecuniary sense—and adopt literature as a profession Even lawyers with a large practice can occasionally find time for indulging in literary pursuits. During vacation they have plenty of leisure, and as they are accustomed to constant hard work in session, they experience a want and a craving whenever they have nothing to do, and this they endeavor to satisfy by devoting themselves to literature. Many of the most eminent men at the bar occupy the greater portion of their spare time in literary studies.

The practice of law eminently qualifies a man for attaining distinction in literature. It engenders rapidity of thought, systematic arrangement of arguments and ideas, and facility of expression. Lawyers in the enjoyment of any considerable practice are almost constantly called upon to form their opinion and give it expression, apparently without time for even the most superficial reflection. Continual exercise renders these easy to them. In setting forth their arguments both in written and in oral pleadings they are trained to habits of carefulness and close reasoning; because they know very well that any inconsistencies or false reasoning will at once be discovered by the judges whom they are addressing, or by the opposite counsel. What would impose upon a jury, or upon an ordinary reader or listener, will not impose either upon the judges or opposing counsel. They are thus led to say what they wish to say in the clearest manner, and in the way which is most likely to succeed in gaining the object in view. As they are compelled to avoid false reasoning and inconsistencies themselves, so they are ever on the outlook for them on the part of

* Now, before being admitted as *students* they must have passed a public examination at an university, or undergo an examination in Latin, English language, and English history.

Digitized by Google

an opponent—it becomes, in fact, a habit. Again, the various duties which they are called upon to discharge enable them to pass from one subject to another with ease and readiness, and compel them to acquire a vast amount of general information which is carefully stored up for future use. The habits thus engendered and constantly exercised, either in written pleading or in oral debate, are easily transferred to literature when that is indulged in. As perspicuity, arrangement, and close reasoning are the very qualities which lead to literary success, and as these are more exercised and consequently more perfect among lawyers than among any other class of men, the reason why they occupy such an eminent position in literature is easily understood.

There are two departments of literature to which the foregoing observations are applicable only to a limited extent—poetry and fiction. In many respects poetry and fiction are analogous: and the old adage, "*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*" may, therefore, with almost equal propriety, be applied to the writer of fiction. However true it may be that the poet *is born*, there can be no doubt that the development of the poetic faculty is quite as much a matter of hard study and practice as the development of any other inborn faculty. The study of law is the opposite of poetical; but this very antagonism begets in the lawyer, by comparison, a keener relish for and appreciation of poetry, when he turns to it in his hours of leisure. And if he is gifted with the "faculty divine," the delight taken in its cultivation will be greater, because it is to him a relief from the dry details of his ordinary pursuits. He sees, too, so much of human life—of character and passion—in the course of his professional career, that he is enabled to delineate with truth, with strict adherence to reality, the feelings and emotions which he attempts to exhibit in the creatures of his imagination. These, combined with the habits of continuity of thought and forcible expression engendered by his professional studies, must contribute in no slight degree to his success as a poet or novelist. I do not mean to say that any lawyer may write a good novel or poem if he will only apply himself to the task. All I assert is that if he is gifted with the poetic faculty, his professional studies, when properly attended to, will contribute materially to his success as a poet or novelist.

MISCELLANY.

Fossil Wood in Flint.—An interesting specimen of this kind, which is in the Oxford collection, has lately been described and figured in a paper by Professor Phillips. The nodule of flint, which, when broken across, disclosed the contained wood, was of an elongated oval form, and had the uneven and knotted surface which frequently indicates aggregation on a sponge. The fractured surface showed partial change of color by watery action from without, and many variations of tint within, arising from some original differences in the composition of the mass. The color was, on the whole, somewhat lighter than is common in flints of the "Upper Chalk." Examined with a lens, it showed traces of spicula and other organic bodies; but it was impossible to trace through the mass a distinct spongy structure. The wood lay in the centre, and the figure of the flint was, in a general sense, conformed to it, and embraced it equally on all sides. There was a certain distinctness of color in the flint

Digitized by Google

where it lay in contact with the wood. The wood was a fragment worn and rounded in some of the prominent parts, and looked like a small portion of a pine branch which had been exposed to rough treatment, so as to present a wasted surface deprived of the bark. It was entirely siliceous, and exhibited its vegetable structure most perfectly. Traversing the woody fibres were several short, tubular masses swollen at the end, and marked more or less plainly with transverse rings. These Professor Phillips supposed to be flint moulds of cavities left by boring shells, probably *Teredinidæ*. It would appear that these animals must have begun their operations in a young state on the wood, when it was reduced to its present form and size; for the moulds which remain in their holes appear to be quite small at the surface, and to expand internally. The writer of the paper becomes absolutely poetical in his speculations upon the remnant of extinct vegetation which he described. He writes: "Far away from the Cretaceous Sea of Albion, among the mountains previously uplifted in the West, from which had flowed the great river of the Wealden, we see a forest of coniferous trees. Whirled and broken to fragments by the rushing stream which received their decaying stems, the ruins of the forest reach the sea, and some few pieces float far from the shore beyond the area of deposited mud and drifted sand. Attacked by xylophagous mollusks, and sinking to the ocean bed, one, at least, serves as the nucleus for organic growth and accretion." Professor Phillips does not here refer to ordinary accretion; he conceives of the block as first surrounded by organic matter, and then, when buried in the cretaceous deposit, serving as a centre of attraction for siliceous solutions, such as have more than filled to solidity the tissues of sponges.—*Popular Science Review.*

The Removal of Neuralgic Pain.—It has lately been stated in some of the French journals that Dr. Caminiti, of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain forms of neuralgia. A patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects, her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphine, friction with tincture of aconite, pills of acetate of morphine and camphor, subcarbonate of iron, etc., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily, adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphine. This treatment was perfectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.

The Maltese Fossil Elephant.—The curious pigmy pachyderm whose remains were some time ago discovered in the Maltese bone-caves, has been indefatigably investigated by its original discoverer, Dr. Leith Adams. This gentleman has recently met with further relics of the fossil elephant in several new localities. He met with its teeth in great quantities in a cavern near Crendi. In a gap, evidently at one time the bed of a torrent, he has discovered the teeth and bones of thirty more individuals. The skeletons are met with jammed between large blocks of stone in a way which shows clearly that the carcases must have been hurled into their present situations by violent floods or freshets. Dr. Adams has now almost completed the skeleton of this wonderful little representative of an order which, till this discovery was recorded, had been commonly termed gigantic. Dr. Adams concludes, from his numerous inquiries, that the Maltese elephant did not exceed the height of a small pony.

The Volcanic District of Chili.—Some short time since, M. Pissis, the great explorer of South American geology, transmitted to M. Elie de Beaumont an elaborate description of the volcanic regions of Chili. He found the volcano of Chillans again in a state of eruption. This is a very rare circumstance in the volcanoes of the Andes, where the eruptions generally succeed each other only at very long intervals. The present eruption, which is much more extensive than the last one, commenced toward the end of last November, at a new point, situated about 200 metres below the summit of the grand cone, the new cone having toward the end of January attained a height of fifty me-

Digitized by Google

tres. The lava, escaping by two apertures near the summit, had already reached the vast glacier surrounding this massive volcano. The grand cone, which was covered with snow during the eruption, had the appearance of being completely bare, yet the snow had not been melted, but was covered with a great quantity of projected substances, which formed a layer over the snow of many decimetres in thickness. The alternation of glaciers with layers of scoriæ are frequently met with in the volcanic cones of the Andes; wherever natural clefts occur, a great number of these layers may be seen successively superposed. The volcano of Antuco, visited last year, had been in eruption on a small scale in 1863. As no solid bodies were being projected at the time of his visit, M. Pissis was enabled to examine the interior of the crater, and, favored by a strong westerly wind, to observe it without being annoyed by the acid vapors which escape in abundance. The principal column of vapor proceeded from an aperture nearly circular, being recognized as that through which the lava had escaped. Its diameter was only from four to five feet.

Transferring Photographs to Metal for Printing.—Some months since we called attention to some very promising experiments in this direction, conducted by Mr. Woodbury, of Manchester. These have resulted in a process recently patented, which is likely to assume a very important position in the arts. Mr. Fox Talbot has the merit of first pointing out the facts upon which it is based. This gentleman, to whom photographers too often forget how much they owe, discovered in connection with one of his photo-engraving processes that gelatine when dissolved in hot water, if mixed with bichromate of potash or ammonia, dried, and exposed to the action of light, would become insoluble—a result due to the decomposition of the alkaline bichromate and the liberation of chromic acid. It will at once, therefore, be seen that a coat of the bichromated gelatine on a glass or metal plate placed under a negative and exposed to light, would, when subjected to the action of hot water, be dissolved away in some parts, and in other parts unaffected, thus producing a photographic positive *in relief*. Acting on these facts, Mr. Woodbury takes the image in relief so produced, and either by mechanical pressure with some soft metal, such as type metal, or by the usual process of electrotyping, produces an *intaglio* impression therefrom. A properly prepared ink, formed with gelatine and some black or other colored pigment, is then passed over the plate, with which the impression is filled up even to the surface. Of course the gradations of *relief* in the bichromatic gelatine print form gradations of *depth* in the metal intaglio, in which again the ink, being transparent, forms gradations of blackness proportioned to its varying thicknesses. When this ink is transferred to paper, delivered as a jelly is from its mold, the delicate tints, the deepest shadows, and the intermediate gradations of the photographic negative are faithfully reproduced. In preparing the relievo, two ounces of gelatine are dissolved in six of water, and to this is added three-quarters of an ounce of lump sugar. Four ounces of a solution containing sixty grains of bichromate of ammonia to the ounce being added to this, the whole is then, while quite warm, strained. A plate of glass is next covered with a sheet of talc temporarily fixed by a few drops of water; the talc is coated with the above, and being sensitive to light, is placed in the dark to set. This done, the coated talc is removed, a negative laid over the talc, and exposed to light in the usual way, the only change being that of causing the light to pass through a glass condenser and fall on it in a parallel direction. The hot water is then applied as above stated. In order to insure perfect flatness while the cast is being taken, the talc side of the film should be again fastened to a plate of glass with Canada balsam. Mr. Woodbury calculates that with three or four presses going, these mechanically printed photographs could be produced at the rate of 120 per hour. Apart from ordinary purposes, the process can be applied to glass for transparencies; to china for burning in with enamel colors; to the production, at a cheaper rate, of porcelain transparencies, etc., etc. At present the prints exhibited are said to lack clearness; and the high relief of the extreme darks is also objected to.—*Popular Science Review.*

Digitized by Google

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEMOIR AND SERMONS OF THE REV. FRANCIS A. BAKER, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul. Edited by the Rev. A. F. Hewit. Crown octavo, 504 pp. New York: Lawrence Kehoe.

Now and then, in our way through this world, we encounter persons of a peculiar character, so placidly gentle in their manners, so unworldly in all their ways, that they do not seem fairly to belong to this world at all. Not that they are melancholy, reserved, and unsocial. On the contrary, they play their own part in society thoroughly and well; so well, indeed, so thoroughly do they harmonize in every circle where they may be thrown, so little they display of that roughness and rudeness, that froward importunity, that obstinate self-will, self-conceit, and self-devotion which are so common among us, although we acknowledge them as blemishes upon our nature—in fine, so much more perfectly do they wear the garment of humanity than we ourselves, and so easily, that they seem like better creatures from a better world, mingling among us like good angels sent hither to exhibit before our eyes the perfect type of a true manhood. Of course, all men have their temptations and imperfections, but the ordinary life of some rare men is such as we have described; so they appear before the world, and so they live in the memories of their friends. So will Father Baker long live in many memories. That joyous face, that sweet smile, that gentle voice, that soft step, have passed away. One may visit the Paulists still in their convent, and a thousand attractions lead us there, but we shall miss Father Baker. So quietly, so easily, so naturally he dropped into his place—and every place was his that charity, and courtesy, and Christian zeal found open—no one could appreciate how much he did, what large areas he occupied on this scene of life, until he was taken away. Who will now make up the loss to his brethren? Who will take his place in the missions? Who will comfort and sustain that long line of penitents? Who will guide the feet of those converts? Who will supply in the churches that silver voice, now soft as the flute, now thrilling like the trumpet, that roused us and warned us, that pierced our hearts betimes as with a sword, and yet so kindly that we would not wish to escape unwounded? Our sorrow for such a loss can find no refuge but in resignation. "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

In this volume of memoirs F. Hewit has undertaken a far greater task than merely to respond to the fond recollection of friends, or to pay a tribute to the memory of a good priest. He has made a most valuable contribution to the Catholic literature of this country. One of the most pregnant periods in the history of our American Church is that during which Father Baker was either a student or a Protestant preacher. That aspiration toward Catholicism called Puseyism (although, in truth, Dr. Pusey was not its chief ruling and guiding spirit) which swelled in the hearts of so many members of the Church of England, so called, who struggled for a reformation, or restoration, until their great water-logged craft, timbered, and tinkered, and coppered by so many sovereigns and parliaments, shook and trembled in every joint, and which finally burst forth in a flood of conversions to the Catholic Church—that memorable movement gave birth to a parallel agitation here, and with the same results. In no part of the country perhaps, New York excepted, was the storm greater than in the diocese of Baltimore, where Father Baker and his biographer then resided. In these memoirs we see graphically portrayed the rising, the swelling, and the various fluctuations of that storm. All this belongs to Catholic history, and Catholics ought to know it. Episcopalians are glad to forget those days, and no writer of theirs will dare to recall the stirring scenes which displayed their own religion in its poverty and helplessness, and drove so many gallant but tempest-weary souls into the haven of the true Church. Those, however, who like Father Hewit participated in this revival of true faith, and had the courage to follow the truth which it unfold-

Digitized by Google

ed, have no reason to be ashamed of the history, and he gives it in life-like colors. This part of his task is charmingly done. We have here descriptions of Baltimore and its churches, both Anglican and Catholic; early rambles of the author with Father Baker through the city, when a secret impulse led them so often to visit the Catholic sanctuaries, especially that quiet little Sulpician church of St. Mary's—sweet and holy spot it is indeed; the amusing efforts of the Protestant bishop and his disciples to ape Catholicism, at least in its exterior dress, with their long cassocks, crosses, their profound bows before naked altars draped in broadcloth or velvet, like drawing-room tables; the very natural wrath of the Low-Churchmen—all this is placed before us very naturally, and with a life-like simplicity. Our biographer has had, moreover, the good judgment to recognize what great questions are involved in the life of a convert such as Father Baker, and he takes them up directly and boldly. The pretensions of Anglicanism to be a branch of the universal Church, and a representive to the world of Catholicism, are exposed with a straightforward, nervous logic which leaves poor donkey little room to sport the lion's skin.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of these valuable memoirs is that which contains a series of letters, written by Father Baker to an intimate friend, during the last ten years before his conversion. There are chasms in this correspondence, but they are well filled up by the explanations of his biographer. We have here a glimpse of his inner life, and a chart is given us, imperfect, of course, but deeply interesting, of that pathway by which he was led to the Church. It commences with the pleasing delusions of a young *Puseyite* who looked upon his own insulated communion as the great Church Catholic, and his little table within the chancel as an altar of sacrifice, and his cross, and candlesticks, and other clandestine playthings, as legitimate heirlooms of Anglican devotion. Thus he writes: "Your brother told me of his intended repairs in his church. I am delighted to hear it. It will not be long, I hope, before such is the universal arrangement of our churches. Only one thing will be lacking (if he has a cross), the candlesticks. I have come to the conclusion that we have a perfect right to them, for they will come in by the Church common-law, as the surplice did" (p. 71). By-and-bye comes a change. "The workings of a mind and heart struggling with doubt and disquietude, weary of a hollow and unreal system, weaned from all worldly hopes, detaching itself from all earthly ties, and striving after truth and after God, become more and more manifest, until at last, after seven long years, the result is reached." The result is announced in the following brief and startling communication to his friend:

BALTIMORE, April 5, 1853.

MY DEAR DWIGHT: The decision is made. I have resigned my parish, and am about to place myself under instruction preparatory to my being received into the Catholic Church. I can write no more at present. May God help you.

"Your affectionate friend,

"FRANCIS A. BAKER."

Three years after this, namely, in the summer of 1856, commenced Father Baker's career as a Catholic priest and missionary, which continued until his death. During this time his active life was bound up with that of his associates, first in the Redemptorist order, and then in the new congregation of St. Paul, formed by himself and his fellow-missionaries. His biographer, therefore, furnishes us a description of those protracted spiritual exercises called "Missions," with a brief history of their introduction into this country. Then follows an account of those missions in which Father Baker took part, or rather it is a portfolio of pictures in which the more serious labors of the mission are shadowed in the perspective, while gay groups of various kinds and colors are made to figure in the foreground. Father Hewit has given himself a great latitude, accommodating himself to the literary tastes of our day, and his readers will certainly thank him for it. When these missionary campaigns were actually going on, it was hard toil all the year round, and little play; but in retracing their course with us our author avoids the dry details, which would involve much repetition, and recalls in preference the sunshiny hours of relaxation, and the pleasing incidents which befel them on their way and relieved their labors. Turning away, therefore, boldly from the regular highway of biography, we are conducted hither and

Digitized by Google

thither in a professional ramble around the United States. "Follow my leader" is the word, and down the lanes we go, and over the fences, and into the green fields. Now we find ourselves in Savannah, chatting with the old negro preacher as he sits "in the sun, on a little stool, holding his cow by a rope around her horns, while she nibbles the grass that grows along the streets." Now we are gazing on the gentleman hermit of Edgefield, in rags, and barefooted, fasting on bread and water, and reading the "Fathers of the Desert," "Brownson's Review," and other ascetical books good for hermits. Now, again, we mingle with a motley company on a coasting steamer, while the philosopher and the spiritualist are discussing the question, "Can God annihilate space?" The next moment we are at St. Augustine, in the casemates of the old fort or castle of St. Marco, and take a look at the narrow loop-hole through which, after a course of rigid fasting, the Seminole chief Wild Cat was enabled to escape to his home in the everglades. Presently we follow Father Baker and his comrades to Charleston, where, then, "all was peace, Sumter solitary and silent, untenanted by a single soldier." Soon, again, we are in New York, then in New Jersey, then among the coal mines of Pennsylvania, and then (seriously and not profanely be it said) we go to Halifax. Kalamazoo, Covington, Quebec, St. Louis, are visited in their turn, and a host of other places huddled together in that small area to which these wandering apostles restrict their labors. We like this seven-year trip with Father Baker and the Paulists, and we like the free, off-hand, and original way in which F. Hewit carries us through it, with all his digressions. These digressions may be sins against the rules of biographical composition, but if so they are "capital" ones.

The last fifteen pages of the memoirs contain the story of Father Baker's sickness and death; a sad story, indeed, but sadly sweet to those who knew him well. Their eyes will be watered with tears as they read it, but happy tears, such drops as form the rainbow when the sun smiles on the summer shower. There was a light from heaven on the death-bed of Father Baker that is stronger than our grief.

The volume contains twenty-nine sermons of Father Baker, chiefly parochial discourses, with a few others selected from those he was accustomed to preach on the missions. It is unnecessary for us to make any comment on these. His eloquence and his style are well known. He was a model peacher, as well as a model Christian and a model priest. The art of sacred eloquence is little understood among us, and therefore we hail this contribution to it with enthusiasm. It will show the young pulpit orator how the Word of God will admit of legitimate ornament, which is neither derived from the theatre, the lecture-room, nor the political rostrum. We never listened to a preacher of whom it can be more appropriately said: "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth salvation.*"

This work is well printed on superfine paper and handsomely bound. We have no doubt that the numerous friends of Father Baker will be glad to obtain this delightful memoir of his life and labors.

THE TEMPORAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST. By Henry Edward Manning, D.D., Archbishop of Westminster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Messrs. Appleton have again rendered a great service to the reading public, especially the Catholic portion of it, by republishing a standard work in English Catholic literature. The author of this work, Archbishop Manning, was formerly a dignified clergyman of the Established Church of England, and one of the leaders of the Oxford movement. He was the Archdeacon of Chichester, a position in the English Church next in rank to the episcopate, and conferring a quasi-episcopal dignity and jurisdiction. He is said to have possessed in the highest degree the confidence of the English government, and to have been the person most frequently consulted concerning political measures relating to the interests of the ecclesiastical establishment. The *London Weekly Register* states, on what it claims to be authentic information, that he was marked for promotion to the episcopal bench. But, far beyond the distinction conferred on him by hierarchical position, was the influence which he wielded by the simple force of his intellectual and moral superiority. His writings, especially a treatise

Digitized by Google

on "The Unity of the Church," raised him to the first rank as an advocate of the principles of the High-Church party. In the first stage of the Oxford movement, he was considered a more safe and judicious advocate of its principles than Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, and his name and opinions had more weight with the bishops and the superior clergy on account of the calm, moderate, and thoroughly ecclesiastical spirit and tone of his character and writings. After Mr. Newman's conversion, Archdeacon Manning succeeded in a great measure to his vacant throne, and held it for about six years. He led the second great movement from Oxford to Rome, and his conversion, which occurred in 1851, made nearly as great a sensation, on both sides of the Atlantic, as that of Mr. Newman had done in 1845. Six months after his reception into the Catholic Church he was ordained priest. Some time after he joined the "Oblates of St. Charles," a religious congregation founded by St. Charles Borromeo, and established a house in London, of which he was appointed the superior. He received also the appointment of provost of the Cathedral of Westminster and was decorated by the Holy Father with the title of a Roman prelate. During the thirteen years of his priesthood he has been most actively and zealously employed in laboring for the advancement of the Catholic faith, chiefly by preaching, writing books, and privately instructing converts from the educated classes, in which latter work he has been remarkably successful. It is probably for this reason that, in spite of his remarkable amenity of mind and character, and the extreme courtesy and gentleness which characterize his controversial writings, he has been regarded and spoken of by the English in so hostile a manner, and that his appointment to the see of Westminster seemed to awaken a feeling of resentment. The mind and character of Archbishop Manning are sure, however, to command, in the long run, the respect of all classes of men, however widely they may differ from him in their theological opinions; and although certain English susceptibilities may have been unpleasantly irritated by his elevation, yet the general verdict will agree that the Holy Father has placed a most worthy successor in the vacant chair of the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman.

In the book before us the author treats of the office of the Holy Ghost, as sent by the Father and the Son in the temporal order; that is, in the order established in time, through which the principal operation *ab extra* of the Blessed Trinity is accomplished, viz., the redemption of the human race. In a very interesting introduction he takes occasion to explain in part the motives of his conversion, by pointing out the connection between the Catholic doctrines which he held as an Anglican and their complements in the full system of Catholicism. In the body of the work he discusses the office of the Holy Ghost in relation to the Church, to Reason, to Holy Scripture, and to the Divine Tradition of the Faith. This includes a very wide scope of doctrine, embracing revelation, the medium through which revealed truths are proposed, explicated, and defined; the formation of Christian theology and philosophy; the relation of faith to science, and the whole subject of the inspiration and interpretation of Scripture.

If we may be allowed to express a modest opinion on the subject, we should say, that the principal merit of Dr. Manning, as a theological writer, lies in his ability to unfold the analogy of faith, and expose the *inter-communion*, so to speak, of the great truths of natural and revealed religion with one another. He shows pre-eminently in his writings that gift which is denominated in theology "the gift of intelligence;" that is, the gift by which the mind penetrates the interior essence of the doctrines of faith, and their interior relations. His exposition is in the highest degree luminous, and his style corresponds in this regard to his thought, so that his treatment of the great doctrines declared by the Church appears like a statement of self-evident propositions, or a geometrical demonstration in which the problem is proved by simply describing the figure. We have never read anything which has given us more satisfaction than his statement of the four grand fundamental propositions on which the entire fabric of the Catholic doctrine rests. It appears to our mind that in his statement of the nature of the evidence by which reason apprehends the

Digitized by Google

being of God, and the credibility of revelation, and afterward the real meaning and contents of the revelation, he has marked out the outlines of a sound and correct philosophy of religion, which is so much needed, and without which the antagonists of revelation cannot be adequately refuted on rational principles. We desire to quote one sentence, short but pregnant, in illustration of our meaning. After stating that he always uses the word "rationalism" in an ill sense, he proceeds to say:

"By rationalism, I do not mean the use of the reason in testing the evidence of a revelation alleged to be divine.

"Again, by rationalism I do not mean the perception of the harmony of the divine revelation with the human reason. It is no part of reason to believe that which is contrary to reason, and it is not rationalism to reject it. As reason is a divine gift equally with revelation—the one in nature, the other in grace—discord between them is impossible, and harmony an intrinsic necessity. To recognize this harmony is a normal and vital operation of the reason under the guidance of faith; and the grace of faith elicits an eminent act of the reason, its highest and noblest exercise in the fullest expansion of its powers." (Introd., p. 4.)

The eliciting of this eminent act of the reason to the utmost possible extent is at present the great desideratum in theology. It involves the exhibition of the intrinsic harmony between faith and science; that is, of the conformity of revelation, not only as to its extrinsic motives of credibility, but also as to the intrinsic credibility of its doctrines to reason. It appears to us that Dr. Manning appreciates the first half of the desideratum more perfectly than the second; and that, in regard to the second, he appreciates more completely what is necessary to convince Anglicans and Orthodox Protestants than what is requisite for rationalists, with whom the chief contest has to be carried on. The main drift of his reasonings goes to establish, in an admirable manner, that Christianity is credible, and that Catholicism is identical with Christianity. Orthodox Protestants already believe the first, and whatever difficulties they may have on the subject are easily answered by a lucid statement of the grand external proofs of that which they have been educated to accept as a first principle. Of the second, they can be convinced by the exposition of the analogy and harmony of the special Catholic dogmas which they have not been taught with those they already believe. Difficulties raised on the side of human science against the intrinsic credibility of revelation, they can easily dismiss by reverting to their first principle of the well-established verity of divine revelation, as resting on extrinsic evidence. Establish in their minds the infallible authority of the Church, and they are content to receive a doctrinal exposition of all that she teaches which is made by way of deduction from revealed principles, without seeking for a reconciliation of this exposition with the deductions of purely rational principles. This is no doubt a very sound and Christian method, and it were to be wished that all would be willing to follow it. Experience has shown, however, that those who have been brought up in the more advanced and rationalistic Protestantism, are with difficulty induced to adopt it. They exact an answer to the difficulties and objections lying in their minds against the intrinsic reasonableness of revealed doctrines, before they will attend to their extrinsic evidence. The exposition of this intrinsic conformity between revealed and rational principles forms for them a part of the requisite moral demonstration of the credibility of the Christian revelation. Nor is it altogether without reason that they require this. They are obliged to learn a great deal which a High-Church Anglican has already received from his early education. They have the same incapacity of apprehending correctly the most fundamental Catholic verities which the Anglican has of apprehending certain specific dogmas. Both must have these misapprehensions removed in the same way, only it is a shorter and more restricted process for the one than for the other. The account given by our illustrious author of his own interior history shows that the extrinsic proof of the claims of the Roman Church to supremacy over all portions of the Christian fold did not convince him before they were illuminated by the discovery of the intrinsic relation between this supremacy and the essential spiritual unity of the Church in

Digitized by Google

Christ. His mind demanded an apprehension of the *rationale* of strict, external, organized unity of administration under one ecclesiastical head. It was enough for him that this *rationale* was made evident from revealed principles, because he already possessed these principles as a part of his intellectual life. Those who have lost in great measure the Christian tradition, or who have never had, must find the *rationale* further back in their reason.

A Jew, for instance, apprehends the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation as follows: "God is divided into three portions, one of which became inclosed in human flesh." A Unitarian will apprehend these doctrines, and others, such as original sin, atonement, etc., in some form almost equally repugnant to reason. Many Protestants apprehend the doctrine of the real presence to be that God is made a piece of bread, or that a piece of bread is made God. It is evident, according to the rule laid down by Dr. Manning in the passage above cited, that it is impossible for the human mind to assent to such irrational propositions on any extrinsic authority. Even supposing that a person admits the proofs of divine revelation and the authority of the Church to be irrefragable, he cannot submit to either while he believes that they require him to assent to such absurdities. Hence the necessity of exhibiting the Catholic dogmas in their analogy to the truths of reason, as a part of the evidence of their credibility. A large portion of nominal Christians are so completely imbued with rationalistic and sceptical notions, and so full of misconceptions of Catholic ideas, that they are persuaded of the validity of a thousand objections derived from reason, science, history, etc., against the Catholic religion. They cannot be reached by a line of argument which lays the principal stress on the extrinsic proof of the Christian revelation proposed by the Catholic Church, and rules out their objections and difficulties by the principle of the obedience due to legitimate authority. It seems to us, for this reason, requisite to make every effort to exhibit the interior conformity between faith and reason, theology and science, and to prove that faith is really "an eminent act of reason." All Catholics must agree in this general statement, for all the advocates of the Catholic religion have from the beginning of Christian literature aimed at this result. In regard to the method of doing it, however, there is some diversity of opinion. Dr. Newman, for instance, regards the progress of theological science as a movement from below upward, and from the circumference to the centre. That is, science is elaborated by the reflection of individual minds, especially the gifted and learned, on the dogmas of faith, under the supervision and subject to the judgment of authority. Dr. Manning, if we understand him correctly, regards the movement as one which proceeds in a reverse order; he represents the Church as proceeding in a more direct, positive, and magisterial manner; not by collecting the accumulated, elaborated, and clarified products of study, thought, reasoning, and meditation, and giving them her implied or express approbation, but by continually giving forth utterances of inspired wisdom received from a divine source. He apprehends that in adopting the other view, there is danger of subordinating the Ecclesia Docens to the Ecclesia Discens, and making reason a critic on divine revelation. Those who adopt the latter view have a tendency to elevate theological opinions and arguments which have gained a wide acceptance to a species of authority binding on the mind and conscience, and limiting the freedom of investigation. They desire that all arguments on doctrine should follow the traditional track and merely emulate and elucidate what has been already taught by the great doctors of theology.. They extend the sphere of authority and infallibility to the utmost possible limits, and many of them seek to extend the protecting ægis of the Church over philosophical systems. Those who adopt the other may often err in an opposite extreme. Yet, we think, they have a principle which is justified by sound reasons, and by the actual history of the formation of doctrine and theology in the Church. That principle is stated by Möhler in these words: "For a time *even a conception of a dogma*, or an opinion, may be tolerably general, without, however, becoming an integral portion of a dogma, or a dogma itself. There are here eternally changing individual forms of an universal principle which may serve . . . for mastering that universal principle by way of reflection

Digitized by Google

and speculation." (Symb. Introd., p. 11, London Edit.)

On this principle, they seek continually to scrutinize more deeply the inner essence of dogmatic truths, and to investigate its relation and conformity to the principles and deductions of philosophy and science. We think history shows that this is the way in which theology has actually advanced, and the Catholic Church herself attained more and more to that reflective consciousness of her own dogmas by which she is enabled to enunciate from time to time her solemn definitions. St. Thomas made an immense advance beyond St. Augustine and the other fathers. The great Jesuit theologians, Bellarmine, Suarez, and Molina, struck out a new and bold path in theology. Take, for instance, the great doctrines of original sin, predestination, and efficacious grace. The conception of these dogmas, and the scientific explication of their contents, has been greatly modified in the process of time, and chiefly through the influence of a few original thinkers. These have generally met with a strong opposition from the established schools of theology, and the most strenuous efforts have been made to decry them as unorthodox and to procure their condemnation by authority. The names of Catharini, Sfondrati, and Molina will serve as a sufficient illustration. Yet, their method of stating Christian doctrine on important points has gained a great predominance in the Church, and the supreme authority has frequently intervened, not to enforce these opinions, but to protect those who hold and advocate them from censure. Not only theologians, but even teachers of natural science, have brought about great changes in current theological opinions. For instance, Galileo, and those who followed him, have, by the force of scientific demonstration, compelled theologians to modify their interpretation of Scripture where it speaks of natural phenomena. Geology has caused a similar general change of the method of interpreting the Scriptural account of the creation and the deluge. The old Swiss proverb is verified in the perpetual effort to discover the harmony between faith and science: "God gives us plenty of nuts to crack, but does not crack them for us." One of these hard nuts, not yet cracked, is the question concerning the extent of the influence of inspiration in preserving the sacred writers from error in matters of purely human knowledge. The well-known opinion of Holden on this subject, it appears to us, is a little too summarily condemned by our learned author. The opinions of Bellarmine and Lessius were severely censured in their time, but nevertheless are now acknowledged to be tenable and probable. We think the opinion of Holden deserves at least a very thorough examination and discussion before it is put under the ban. Dr. Manning admits that "it is evident that Holy Scripture does not contain a revelation of what are called physical sciences," and that "no system of chronology is laid down in the sacred books" (p. 165, Eng. Ed.) Nevertheless the sacred writers speak of physical phenomena and of chronological dates. The Holy Spirit allowed them to speak of the former in accordance with their own and the common opinion even when that was erroneous. He has allowed their statements respecting the latter to fall into such inextricable confusion, through accidental or intentional alterations either in the Hebrew or Greek text, that we cannot tell with certainty what they intended to record on the subject. Does not this show that revelation was not intended to teach chronology? And if it was not, how does it militate against the Catholic doctrine of inspiration to maintain that the sacred writers were originally left to follow the best human authority they could find in chronology as well as in science? If the end of revelation did not require that an infallible system of dates should be *preserved* in the sacred text, why should it have been given at first? Why are minor historical facts, relating to the numbers who fell in particular battles, etc., within the cope of infallibility any more than matters of science and chronology? It appears to us, that until some authoritative decision is made, this question is open to discussion, and the opinion of Holden tenable without prejudice to orthodoxy. Very probably the distinguished author meant to express simply his judgment as to what is the sounder view of inspiration, without denying that the other is within the limits of orthodoxy. However this may be, this is the only instance in which there is any appearance of sever-

Digitized by Google

ity toward those whose theological opinions on matters *extra fidem* differ from his own. It were to be wished that some other writers, who are disposed to censure their brethren severely and throw suspicion upon their loyalty to the Church, on account of theological differences, would imitate the admirable model placed before them by the illustrious chief of the English hierarchy. We commend to their attention the following extract from the *London Weekly Register*, which is a portion of an excellent and well written review of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*. When severely pressed by an able antagonist, one frequently finds himself driven to defend the Catholic cause upon the common, certain ground where all Catholics stand together, and to sink domestic controversies. This is very well; but the same language ought to be used *toward* opponents in these domestic controversies, when they are discussed *inter nos*, which is used *respecting* them when we are fighting the exterior enemy. If one takes certain ground because it is available against non-Catholics, he ought to allow other Catholics to stand upon that ground at all times in peace without having his fidelity to the Church called in question. We give the quotations now, without further comment, and leave the intelligent reader to make his own reflections on them:

"The greater part of the remainder of the volume is taken up with proving what most Catholics would be ready to admit, that many exaggerated things have been said by Catholic writers of name concerning the Pope's personal infallibility, on the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, and on many other subjects. No doubt, viewed from without, there is much matter for perplexity in this whole subject. We know that many persons, now Catholics, have been kept back from seeing the Church's claims on their absolute allegiance, because of the hold these exaggerated statements had obtained on their imagination, and the repugnance they felt to the aspect of doctrine thus presented. This, we think, has arisen partly from their having attributed to such statements an authority which they did not possess, and from their not distinguishing between matters of faith and matters of pious opinion. . . . Catholics, on the other hand, . . . know that the Church, while requiring *unitas in necessariis*, is most free in conceding *libertas in dubiis*; . . . . . does not aim at creating a dead and soulless level of uniformity, but tolerates great liberty of opinion in matters of opinion," etc.

"Even though we might ourselves hold that what are commonly called the Ultramontane opinions are the more logical, the legitimate deduction from Scripture, the true development of patristic teaching; and however much we might wish for a union of all Christians on this basis, we should nevertheless hold most strongly, until otherwise taught, that a reunion on the principles of Bossuet would be better than perpetuated schism."

Archbishop Manning's work will, of course, take its place in our standard Catholic literature, and we earnestly recommend it to all our readers.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. Vol. lxxix.

We observe by a notice appended to its last number, for November, 1865, that this long-established periodical has been transferred from Boston to New York, and will hereafter be conducted under the editorship of the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D. This is a significant fact, but precisely what it signifies time only can reveal to the uninitiated. So far as we can conjecture its significance, the change of location and editorship bodes a change in its prevailing tone and spirit. It is, however, announced that the former editors will co-operate with the new one in the conduct of the Review, which leads us to suppose that the different schools of Unitarians will be allowed fair scope for expressing their views in its pages. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Dr. Bellows may fairly expect that if he devotes his time and energies to the task of contributing articles on the great topics which are just now occupying the attention of Unitarians, there will be a great improvement in the general spirit and tendency of the Review. It will become less extreme in its rationalism, and more positively Christian. Dr. Bellows has come the nearest to Catholic doctrine in some of the fundamental points of religion of any rationalist with whose writings we have happened to meet. We shall look with

Digitized by Google

interest for the result of the movement which has placed this powerful medium for influencing minds and shaping the course of events in the sphere to which he belongs under his control. Meanwhile, we have some criticisms to make on certain portions of the number which closes the Boston series of "The Examiner."

The first article contains a critique upon Mill's "Examination of the Philosophy of Hamilton." We are delighted to have that overrated and inconsistent disseminator of sceptical principles, Sir William Hamilton, demolished, no matter who does it. One of his pupils, Mr. Calderwood, has attacked him on the side of positive philosophy, showing his sceptical tendencies. Mr. Mill has countermined him by a more subtle scepticism than his own, and has shown the baselessness of the positive and dogmatic portion of his philosophy. Very good! The most dangerous of all errors is semi-scepticism. It defends all that it retains of philosophical and theological truth in such an illogical manner that it brings it into doubt and discredit with logical thinkers. It covers up its scepticism so adroitly that the unwary are deceived and poisoned by it unawares. Let the contradiction between its two elements be shown, let both be pushed to their legitimate consequences, and a great advantage is gained. Those who push through the sceptical principle, like Mr. Mill, bring it to such a patent absurdity, that every right-thinking mind will reject it at once. Those who take the other side, are forced upon a better and more solid basis for both science and faith. The reviewer of Mr. Mill seems to have given himself up completely to his sway, and to be unable to do more than echo his thoughts. He gives up transcendentalism, the grand philosophy of Boston and Cambridge which was to supersede old-fashioned Christianity and inaugurate a new epoch, as an exploded and obsolete system. This formidable iron-clad has blown up and gone under, like the famous *Merrimac;* and it appears that Dr. Brownson need not have levelled his artillery against her, but might have waited patiently for her own magazine to be set fire to by her crew. We are no longer even sure that two and two do not make five, or that two parallel lines cannot inclose a space! The writer anxiously endeavors to show that in spite of this Mr. Mill will still allow him to believe in a God, and in the difference between right and wrong. Let him, however, if he will persist in believing something, do it *with trembling.* For, if two and two might, for anything we know, make five, one might possibly become equal to nothing, and then some day we may all find ourselves annihilated. Mr. Mill's mine can be countermined as easily as Sir William Hamilton's; for, when once the perception of absolute and necessary truth is questioned, there is no stopping short of nihilism.

The article on Dr. Newman's "*Apologia*" is well written, and shows a candid and respectful appreciation of the intellectual and moral greatness of the illustrious convert. The author, however, makes a sweeping, wholesale charge of having adopted a system of equivocation, chicanery, and sophistry upon the Jesuits, and the whole Catholic Church, which has nothing to sustain it but an *on dit.* The charge is false. But apart from that, in saying it the writer struck a foul blow, unworthy of an honorable critic. Here is a great question, on which men's minds are divided, and on which there are most weighty and important testimonies to be examined. The writer does not profess to enter the lists for the discussion of it, but merely to criticise the particular statements of Dr. Newman. If he had anything to say about it, he should have taken up Dr. Newman's statements and arguments, and made some rejoinder. It is always a sign that a man is either weak or disingenuous, when he throws a wholesale assertion of the general badness of your cause in your face, because you have successfully defended it in respect to one particular item. It is also very *schoolboyish* to repeat continually the stale generalities that one has read in his books or in the newspapers about the Jesuits. Cannot our antagonists "*invint some other little bit of truth?*" We are tired of hearing this one so often.

The writer fairly admits that if any other guide to truth is necessary, beside the individual reason, that guide must be the Catholic Church. There is no alternative except to follow your own light, or be a Roman Catholic. Every man, he thinks, has for himself a light, which is infallible for himself

Digitized by Google

alone, and only for the time being. We would like to ask him whether this is a certain, necessary, and universal truth, true for all times, and every individual? Is it so? Then by the same process which proves it to be so, you can establish a complete system of universal truths, and among them the universal or Catholic principles of the Catholic Church. We admit the infallible light of reason, excluding his limitations, which are *ipso facto* destroyed if he answers our question in the affirmative. If in the negative, the assertion he has made is true only for himself, as a kind of provisional arrangement—a sort of dark lantern borrowed for the evening. It is quite probable that by-and-bye the sun may rise, and the dim rays of his lantern blend with its brighter beams. The infallible light within may tell him that he needs the revelation of God, and the instruction of the Catholic Church.

Decidedly the most valuable article in the number is the one on "English Schools and Colleges." It is evidently written by one who is perfectly familiar with the English system of education, and contains many valuable hints and suggestions for the improvement of our own colleges. We recommend all those who are engaged in the higher branches of instruction to procure and read it; and, indeed, the author would do them a great service by publishing it separately as a pamphlet, with such additions as he might think suitable to enhance its value.

OUR FAITH, THE VICTORY; OR, A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL DOCTRINES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Rt. Rev. John McGill, D.D., Bishop of Richmond. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1865.

This new edition of a work already noticed in our pages is well printed, and, if the paper were of somewhat finer quality and the binding a little better, would be a very handsome volume. The extravagant price of paper at present is a very fair excuse for the first defect, although we cannot help regretting that a work of such high merit and permanent value should not be brought out in a style completely worthy of it. If our copy is a fair specimen, however, there is no excuse for the binding, which, though handsome enough, is so loosely and carelessly executed as to endanger already some of the leaves falling out. We recommend our Catholic publishers to show a little more of the enterprise and thoroughness requisite in first-class houses. Mr. O'Shea has given them a good example in Dr. Brownson's "American Republic," which we trust will not be without a good effect. We again recommend this admirable work to our readers as one of the best in the English language on the great topics of which it treats.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 8vo. New York: P. O'Shea. Pp. 435. 1866.

This is a work brought out in a very superior style of typography which does great credit to the enterprise of the young publisher, Mr. O'Shea, and is worthy of its great subject and its equally great author. We have only had time to read the preface, which breathes the exalted philosophical wisdom, the noble, magnanimous spirit, and the pure Christian faith of the illustrious Catholic publicist and American patriot who wrote it. A more extended notice of the work itself will appear in our next number.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner & Company.

The fourth volume of Mr. Froude's work ends with the death of his hero, Henry VIII. The portion of the history embraced in the instalment now before us includes, therefore, many picturesque incidents, which the author narrates with his most charming and brilliant pen, and with that quick eye for dramatic effect which lends such a fascination to his style. In a notice of the first and second volumes we expressed with sufficient clearness our judgment of Mr. Froude's faults and merits, and we see no reason to modify our previous statements. He professes to have originally approached his subject without prejudice or any purpose of running counter

Digitized by Google

to the commonly received opinions of the world; but he does not deny that he has come to take a very different view of Henry and his times from that accepted by the rest of mankind. He has this advantage over his critics—that, as he makes use of state papers and other manuscript records which are not accessible to the world at large, it is not always possible to test the correctness of his quotations or the justness of his inferences from official documents. We can only say that in the few instances in which it has been in our power to follow him in his researches, we have learned to distrust not only his accuracy but his honesty. We must wait until some other and dispassionate historian shall have explored the same fields before we can detect all his misrepresentations and rectify all his errors.

HUMOROUS POEMS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, with illustrations by Sol. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

A cheap but neat edition, bound in pamphlet form, forming one of a series of "Companion Poets for the People, illustrated." Dr. Holmes is our Thomas Hood, in some respects more to our taste than his English compeer. His humorous poems, though steeped in the double distilled oil of wit, have no poison in them, and are wholesome and delicious, when taken laughing in small doses.

THE PRACTICAL DICTATION SPELLING-BOOK, in which the spelling, pronunciation, meaning, and application of almost all the irregular words in the English language are taught in a manner adapted to the comprehension of youth. For the use of schools. By Edward Mulvany. New York: P. O'Shea.

The plan of this book is excellent, and will, we have no doubt, be generally adopted in our schools. It has evidently been compiled with much care and attention. The scholar that masters its various sections will not be apt to make those ridiculous mistakes in spelling and writing which are so prevalent in the community. In the next edition the typographical errors ought to be attended to. The present one contains too many such errors.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, announce for publication at an early day the following works: A new improved and enlarged edition of Archbishop Spalding's "Miscellanea;" a new edition of "The Evidences of Catholicity," by the same author; "The Apostleship of Prayer," a translation from the French of the Rev. H. Ramière, S.J.; "The Manual of the Apostleship of Prayer;" new editions of "Ellen Middleton," "Lady Bird and Grantly Manor," by Lady Fullerton; and of "Pauline Seward."

P. O'Shea, New York, announces: "The Life of St. Anthony of Padua;" "The Life and Miracles of St. Philomena;" "The Christian's Daily Guide," a new prayer-book; the second volume of "Darras' History of the Church."

P. Donahoe, Boston, announces the publication of a new illustrated magazine for the young folk. It is to be called "Spare Hours," and is to appear early in December. There is room for such a publication, and we hope it will prove a success, and that Mr. Donahoe will make it equal to anything of the kind published in this country. A good magazine for the young has been a want long felt. The subscription price is two dollars per year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, New York: "Aurora Floyd," by M. E. Braddon. 12mo., pp 372. "The Ordeal for Wives." A novel, by the author of "The Morals of Mayfair." 12mo., pp. 448. "Rebel Brag and British Bluster: A record of unfulfilled prophecies, baffled schemes, disappointed hopes, etc., etc. By Owls-Glass." Paper, pp. 111.

We have also received a neat little pamphlet, of twenty-four pages, entitled: "Notes on Willson's Readers," by S. S. Haldeman.

From the Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, Washington: "Diplomatic Correspondence for 1864. Parts 3 and 4."

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York: "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects," a series of popular lectures. By J. G. Holland. 12mo., pp. 335.

From P. O'SHEA, New York: Numbers 14, 15, and 16 of "Darras' History of the Church."

From D. & J. SADLIER & Co., New York: Parts 5, 6, and 7 of "D'Artaud's Lives of the Popes.'

Digitized by Google

IBRA
BIT
IA.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 11.—FEBRUARY, 1866.

Translated from Etudes Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus.

CHARLES II. AND HIS SON, FATHER JAMES STUART.

I.

Of all the Stuarts who reigned over Great Britain only one, if historians can be trusted, abandoned Anglicanism and became a child of the Catholic Church. It is true that to the name of James II. that of his elder brother, Charles II., has sometimes been added; but the general opinion is that Charles had no religion whatever, and scoffed at all creeds alike. Documents, however, which have lately been brought to light, enable us to prove that both the sons of Charles I. abandoned Protestantism, and that in their persons Catholicism occupied for more than twenty years the throne of Henry VIII.

To understand how the religion of Charles II. could remain so long an historical enigma, we must recall to mind the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. Surrounded by fanatical sectaries, who yielded him a kind of insubordinate obedience, and kept him in continual fear of the axe by which his unfortunate father had suffered, he felt constrained to observe in public the forms of worship which he had solemnly renounced before the altar. And to this we must add another reason. Far from reforming the disorders of a licentious youth, he prolonged his excesses to the very eve of death, and his unbridled passions tended to extinguish in his naturally weak and timid soul all the energy alike of the man and of the Christian. So, though a Catholic at heart, Charles never had the courage during his whole reign to avow his sentiments. Some thought him a zealous Presbyterian; others, a devoted Anglican. Those who knew him better declared he was nothing but a bad Protestant, and for that declaration they had more reason than they supposed.

There is no question that he died in the bosom of the Church; but that he had returned to it long before he died is a fact which has only lately

Digitized by Google

been established. After lying for two hundred years among the dusty archives of a religious order in Rome, a remarkable correspondence has been brought to light between the sixth successor of Henry VIII. and Father Paul Oliva, the general of the Jesuits. The occasion of this singular interchange of letters between Whitehall and Rome was the presence in the Jesuit house, in the last named city, of a young novice whom all the fathers, even the general himself, believed to be a French gentleman. Charles informed Father Oliva who this young man was. By the right of paternal authority he demanded that James Stuart, the eldest of his natural sons, should be sent back to him. He wished to keep him for some time about his person, and by his assistance to instruct himself more thoroughly in the Catholic faith, and so finish the work which he had long ago commenced. After reading these letters, and penetrating the hidden thoughts and mental tortures of the conscience-stricken king, who knows his duty, and fears, yet wishes, to fulfil it; a crowned slave, bearing beneath his royal robes a yoke of iron, and sighing in vain for liberty to believe and worship after the dictates of his heart, we cannot resist the conclusion that Charles II. was neither a deist nor a waverer; he was a Catholic—a timid and a bad one, if you will, but firm in his convictions.

But, you may say, a conversion such as this is not much for the Church to brag of. Here you have a prince born a heretic, and becoming a Catholic so quietly that his people know nothing about it. The Church declares that faith without works is dead. Well, it is true that Charles's life was in perpetual discord with his faith. We certainly do not propose our neophyte as a model penitent; it is enough if the reasons which led to his conversion afford his countrymen another proof of the divine origin of Catholicism. It is surely a startling circumstance that this slave to voluptuousness should turn his back upon the easy-going Anglican Church, so complaisant even to the monstrous passions of Henry VIII., and choose the most inflexible of all Christian communions, the one which preferred losing her hold upon the glorious and powerful Island of Saints to conniving at adultery; which defended the innocent Catharine of Aragon against her ferocious spouse, and might, one hundred and forty years later, have protected Catharine of Portugal also had a royal caprice again attempted to displace a virtuous queen in order to raise a vicious favorite to the throne of England. This monarch, timid by nature, and surrounded by sanguinary fanatics, knew that the bare accusation of "popery" would be enough to stir up his whole kingdom against him; yet he did not hesitate to become a "papist"—he upon whom the laws conferred the title, so much coveted by his predecessors, of supreme head of the Established Church. Do we not see in this a signal triumph of God over man, of truth over falsehood?

Should it be asked why this correspondence has remained so long unpublished, we answer that it was by its nature strictly confidential. So long, too, as the Stuarts maintained their pretensions to the English crown the publication of such letters would have seriously compromised them. Then came the suppression of the society, after which it would appear that all trace of the correspondence was lost, until it was recently brought to light by the learned Father Boero.* The original letters form part of a collection of autograph manuscripts of Charles II., Father Paul Oliva, Christina of Sweden, James II., the queen-mother, Henrietta of France, Catharine of Braganza, and other celebrated persons of the time. The letters of Charles are impressed with the royal seal.

* *Istoria della conversione alla Chiesa Cattolica di Carlo II., Re d'Inghilterra, cavata da scritture autentiche ed originali.*

Digitized by Google

II.

It is easy enough to mention circumstances which would naturally have prepossessed Charles in favor of the Church. In the first place, he was indebted for his life, after the defeat of Worcester, almost entirely to Catholics, who at great risk to themselves concealed him from the soldiers of Cromwell and enabled him to escape to France. In Paris he must have seen many things to influence his religious sentiments. The most profound impression, however, was made upon him by the venerable M. Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice. "God opened to him," says his biographer, the Abbé Faillon, "the English monarch's heart. In the new conferences which he had with this prince, he showed him the beauty and truth of the Catholic religion with so much grace, force, and energy that Charles II. was constrained to acknowledge afterward to one of his friends that although many distinguished persons had spoken to him about these matters, there was none of them who had enlightened him so much as M. Olier; that in his words he recognized and felt an extraordinary virtue; in fine, that he had fully satisfied him. There can be little doubt that M. Olier had persuaded the king to abjure his errors and to take the first step toward a return into the bosom of the Church; that is to say, by sending a secret abjuration to the Pope, who, as has been said above, required nothing more. For, in the first place, it was rumored all through France and England that Charles had sent to the Pope a secret abjuration; and beside, M. de Bretonvilliers, after mentioning that his majesty recognized and felt an extraordinary virtue in his conversations with M. Olier on the truth of the Catholic religion, adds these significant words: 'At present, I can say no more.' This reticence naturally leads us to infer that Charles had taken some step toward becoming a Catholic which it was not then prudent to make known."

III.

Two years after his restoration to the throne, and under the influence, probably, of the queen-mother and the queen-consort, he resolved to open with the Holy See a negotiation which he hoped might lead to the restoration of the English people to religious unity. It was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution. He chose for his envoy Sir Richard Bellings—the same to whom he afterward intrusted the most secret and delicate of his missions to the court of Louis XIV. Sir Richard set out for Italy under pretext of attending to affairs of his own; and as soon as he could do so safely, he quietly went to Rome. His first business was to ask for a cardinal's hat for Louis Stuart, duke of Richmond and Lennox, better known under the name of the Abbé d'Aubigny. He was a near relative of the king's, and had been summoned from Paris to fulfil the functions of grand almoner to Queen Catharine. Charles wished to place under his charge the affairs of the Church in Great Britain. A memoir on this subject was drawn up for Bellings by Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and copied by Clarendon's son. It is dated October 25, 1662. Each leaf is authenticated by the royal signature. A minute of the instructions given by Charles to his ambassador is preserved at Rome. It can only have been drawn up by Sir Richard himself:

"1. His majesty solicits this promotion for the advantage of his kingdom, and in order to give the Catholic party an authorized chief, intimately united with the sovereign by the ties of blood, and upon whom he can depend securely under all circumstances. The king, to quote his own words, sees in the elevation of the Abbé d'Aubigny to the cardinalship 'an essential condition to the good understanding which ought to exist between

Digitized by Google

the Pope and his majesty; he deems this a measure of the last importance for the welfare of his Roman Catholic subjects throughout his dominions.'

"2. The cardinal once appointed, his majesty engages to support him in the style which his dignity and his relationship to the sovereign demand."

The Holy Father summoned a secret congregation of cardinals to consider the matter, and also appointed a council of theologians, who were instructed to draw up their opinion in a careful report. In this document we find a careful resumé of the "Benefits which the Catholics of England have received from his Britannic majesty." They approved of the proposed appointment; but unfortunately the Abbé d'Aubigny was given to the errors of the Port Royalists, and the Pope felt compelled to refuse Charles's request. He refused, however, with so much delicacy, and gave such good reasons for the refusal, that the king, instead of breaking off intercourse with the Holy See, as he had threatened to do, ordered Bellings to proceed to the second object of his mission. This was nothing less than the conversion of the king and the reconciliation of his realms to the Roman Church.

IV.

Sir Richard was instructed to treat directly with the Holy Father, and the number of counsellors whom the Pope might call to his assistance was to be strictly limited. On the side of the English there is every reason to believe that nobody was in the secret except the king, the two queens, the envoy, and the person—whoever he may have been—who drew up the document which we shall presently have occasion to quote. Clarendon certainly knew nothing about it; he was ready to assist in the promotion of d'Aubigny; but he was a stern enemy of the Catholics, and even before Sir Richard's return we find him opposing in parliament a proposal of his sovereign's for granting liberty of conscience to dissenters.

There is no doubt that Charles II. himself made known to the Holy Father his intention of becoming a Catholic and re-establishing Catholicism as an authorized form of worship in his kingdom. There is, moreover, no doubt that Pope Alexander VII. replied to him. This is all that we can now affirm with certainty; and we should not have known even this if the king had not mentioned it incidentally in one of his letters to Father Paul Oliva.

The absence of these two letters is much to be regretted; but we have fortunately at hand a document of still greater value. This is the profession of faith presented in the name of the English monarch as the basis of a concordat:

"Proposition on the part of Charles II., king of Great Britain, for the much-to-be-desired reunion of his three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland with the apostolic and Roman see.

"His majesty, the king, and all who aspire to the unity of the Catholic Church, will accept the profession of faith drawn up by Pope Pius IV. after the decisions of the Council of Trent, and with it all the other decrees respecting faith or discipline enacted either by the aforesaid council or by any other general council, as well as the decisions of the last two pontiffs in the affair of Jansenius; reserving to himself, however, as is done in France and some other places, certain special rights and certain customs which usage has sanctioned in our own particular Church. These various decrees are to be understood with the restrictions which other œcumenical councils have, prudently no doubt and after mature consideration, imposed upon them, as the aforesaid profession of faith proves. Whence it follows that, except within these limits, nothing may henceforth be imposed upon or prescribed to either the king or any of his Catholic subjects; and

Digitized by Google

that it shall not be imputed to them as a crime or a favoring of heresy should they have occasion to declare their mind upon matters of this sort. Under these conditions his majesty is ready to break at once with all Protestant societies and all sects separated from the Roman Church, and to withdraw from their communion. He declares his detestation in particular of the schism and deplorable heresies originated by Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Memnon, Socinus, Browin, and other equally perverse sectaries. Better than any one else, he knows by sad experience in his own kingdom what a deluge of calamities, what revolutions, what a Babel-confusion this pretended Reformation (which might better be called a *de*formation) has entailed in politics as well as in religion; so much so that these three kingdoms, and especially England, are, in both secular and sacred affairs, nothing but a theatre of frightful disturbances, which hold the entire world chained with attention and dismay."

This profession of faith is followed by twenty-four "notes" or "declarations," in which the king indicates more in detail the course which he proposes to follow in his difficult task of religious restoration. The reconciliation with Rome once effected, he would grant the Protestants complete toleration. The hierarchy should be re-established as it was in the time of Henry VIII., before the schism. Parishes should be established and seminaries founded. The king also described in what manner he would arrange for the introduction of the Roman liturgy, the preaching of the divine word, the teaching of the catechism, the administration of the sacraments, the celebration of provincial synods, and the admission of the religious orders of both sexes into Great Britain; he spoke of the festivals, beside Sunday, which it would be possible to make days of obligation, and of the precautions which ought to be adopted in bringing the people back to the veneration of the saints and their relics.

It may be suggested that Charles was not sincere; but it is difficult to understand what he could have hoped to gain by these representations, made in strictest confidence to the Pope, if he did not really intend to return to the bosom of the Church and hope to bring his people with him. Lingard says that he used to feign an inclination toward Catholicism, in view of the subsidies which he received from the king of France; but we must remember that at this time it was Louis who made all the overtures and evinced all the eagerness for an alliance between the two countries, and that Charles held back. Louis XIV. was ready to pay almost any price for his neighbor's friendship, and Charles was under no necessity of periling his crown and arousing all the fanaticism of his subjects in order to obtain what Louis was so ready to give him.

Just about the time of the departure of Sir Richard Bellings for Italy Charles made an attempt to obtain from parliament an act of indulgence in favor of the Presbyterians, Independents, and Roman Catholics. He met with the most violent resistance, even from his own ministers. Far from carrying this equitable measure, he soon found himself compelled, by the clamors of parliament, to issue a proclamation ordering all Catholic priests to leave the country under penalty of death. Disheartened by this ignominious defeat, he seems to have rushed more madly than ever into debaucheries, and stifled the voice of conscience until a providential incident, in 1668, aroused his better feelings.

V.

About the month of April, 1668, the king received a piece of news which awakened in his heart at once remorse and hope. A natural son whom he loved tenderly—a young man of great

Digitized by Google

intelligence and acquirements—had abjured Protestantism and consecrated himself to God's service in the Society of Jesus. This personage, who was destined to play a part in Charles's conversion as important as it was mysterious, is not unknown to our readers alone: no memoir of the time makes any mention of him. We must go back a little way to find out who he was.

The son of Lucy Walters, the intriguing and factious Duke of Monmouth, born in 1649, is generally regarded as the first fruit of Charles's illicit amours; but this is a mistake. It was not in the Netherlands, nor in Paris, but in the isle of Jersey, that the heir to the English crown began the career of licentiousness which ultimately proved so disastrous to his reign. This little island, rich and populous, had always remained faithful to the royal house; and it was probably with the hope of obtaining succor for the royal cause that Charles, while Prince of Wales, went there in 1647. But unfortunately he encountered, under the roof of one of the most illustrious families of Great Britain, a temptation which extinguished all his warlike ardor. The young soldier reposed in the gardens of Armida, and gave not a thought to the terrible morrow which might follow his careless sleep.*

The child born of this connection, who afterward was called James Stuart, was taken, in infancy, we know not by what name, to the continent. He was educated by the best masters in France and Holland, and as he grew up manifested great quickness of intellect, together with the most estimable qualities of the heart. Charles was proud of him and loved him; but when he came to the throne he durst not publicly recognize him. He was afraid of his parliament and afraid of the factions which encompassed him. Beside, the child's mother was still living, and no doubt had obtained from the monarch a promise not to compromise the honor of her noble family by acknowledging the son until there should no longer be any danger of her being suspected as the mother. So, when the young man, then about eighteen years of age, was summoned to London in 1665, he was commanded to present himself under the name of Jacques de la Cloche du Bourg de Jersey; and though he received from his father the most unequivocal marks of affection, he soon grew tired of his false position, and begged permission to return to the continent and resume his studies. Charles reluctantly consented. He gave his son at parting a document written in French with his own hand and impressed with the royal seal, which is still preserved at the Gesù in Rome. It runs thus:

"Charles, par la grâce de Dieu Roy d'Angleterre, de France, d'Écosse et d'Hibernie, confessons et tenons pour nostre fils naturel le sieur Jacques Stuart qui, par nostre ordre et commandement a vescu en France et auttres pays jusques à mil six cent soixante cinq où nous avons daigné prendre soin de Luy. Depuis, la même année, s'étant treuvé à Londres de nostre volonté expresse et pour raison, Luy avons commandé de vivre sous auttre nom encore, sçavoir, de la Cloche du Bourg de Jarzais.* Auquel, pour raisons importantes qui regardent la paix du Royaume que nous avons toujours recherchée, deffendons de parler qu' après nostre mort [*i. e.*, of the secret of his birth]. En ce temps, Luy soit lors permis de présenter au parlement cette nostre dé-

* In the multiplicity of more important events, English historians have lost sight of this abortive Jersey expedition; but if they do not confirm, they at least do not contradict our statement. After the battle of Naseby, Prince Charles fled to the Scilly Isles and afterward to Jersey. The next three years he passed chiefly at the Hague. He does not reappear in history until 1648, when he made a fruitless demonstration with a royalist fleet at the mouth of the Thames. In the meanwhile he used to pay occasional visits to his mother at Paris, and what more likely than at her instigation he should have made a trip to Jersey in the hope of doing something for his father?

* Charles wrote indifferently Jarzais, Jersais, or Jersé.

Digitized by Google

claration que, de plein gré et avec équité, nous Luy donnons à sa requeste, et en sa langue, pour lui oster occasion de la monstrer à qui que ce soit pour en avoir l'interpretation.—A Wthall, le 27 de septembre 1665. Escry et signé de nostre main, et cacheté du cachet ordinaire de nos lettres sans auttre façon.

L. S. CHARLES."

(TRANSLATION.)

We Charles, by the grace of God king of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, acknowledge and hold as our natural son Sir James Stuart, who by our order and commandment has lived up to the year 1665 in France and other countries, where we have seen fit to take care of him. Thence after, on the same year, he resided in London by our express will and for good reasons, we having commanded him to live under a new name, to wit, La Cloche du Bourg de Jarzais. Whom, however, for important reasons touching the peace of the realm, whereof we are ever regardful, we forbid to speak *concerning the secret of his birth* until after our death. At that time be it then permitted him to present to parliament this our declaration, which of our own free will and in justice we grant him at his request and in his language, in order to remove all occasion of his exhibiting it to any one whatsoever for its better interpretation. At Whitehall, the 27th of September, 1665. Written and signed by our hand and sealed with the ordinary seal of our letters, without other fashion.

L. S. CHARLES.

With this acknowledgment of parentage, the young man returned to the Netherlands; but he soon reflected that in the event of his father's death the document was not likely to be of much service to him, for it mentioned no provision for his support. The English Parliament would be very apt, on one pretext or another, to refuse him any sum whatever. So he prevailed upon Charles to give him another paper, assigning to him £500 a year, "subject to the good pleasure of the next successor to the crown and of the Parliament." Coupled with this legacy were the conditions that James should live in London and remain faithful to the Anglican Church. This document, dated Feb. 7, 1667, is also preserved at the Gesù:

"Charles, by the grace of God king of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland. The Sieur James Stuart, whom we have heretofore recognized as our natural son, living under the name of La Cloche—having represented to us that, should he survive our death, he would be without means of support, if not recognized by parliament, beside other difficulties which might occur in this affair; for this reason, bending to his entreaties, we have seen good to assign him and to leave him from our domain, if such be the good pleasure of our successor to the crown and of our parliament, the sum of £500 sterling per annum. Which legacy it will not be lawful for him to enjoy, except in so far as he shall reside in London, living according to the religion of his fathers and the Anglican liturgy.

At Whitehall, the 7th Feb. 1667. Written and sealed by our proper hand. CHARLES."

L. S.

When the king imposed the second condition he little imagined that his son was already on the point of abandoning the Established Church; but so it was; and on the 29th of the next July he was received into the Catholic communion at Hamburg. Very soon afterward he determined to enter the Society of Jesus; but there was one great obstacle in the way. He could not be received without telling the secret of his birth, for illegitimacy was an impediment from which it was necessary to obtain a dispensation. And if he told it, with no other

Digitized by Google

proof to show than the two papers just cited, which it would be impossible for an Italian Jesuit to verify, who would believe him? In this perplexity he had recourse to the ex-queen Christina of Sweden, who was then at Hamburg. There was a dash of romance in the story which pleased the eccentric princess; she was well acquainted personally with Charles II., and having obtained from him a confirmation of all that James Stuart had told her, she gave the young man a letter which secured a ready belief for the account that he gave of himself at Rome. This letter, written in Latin, is also among the documents lately discovered at the Gesù:

"James Stuart, who was born in the isle of Jersey, and of his own free will assumed the name of La Cloche du Bourg, is the natural son of Charles II., king of England, and so much has been secretly confirmed to us by his Britannic majesty. Renouncing the sect of Calvin, to which his birth and education had up to this time attached him, he joined the Holy Roman Church at Hamburg July 29, 1667. In faith of which, contrary to our custom, we have written by our own hand this declaration, to the end that James Stuart can, in an extraordinary circumstance, open his conscience entirely to his confessor and receive from him the necessary counsels for the salvation of his soul.

L. S. CHRISTINA ALEXANDRA."

James Stuart was accordingly received into the Society in April, 1668, under the name of Jacques de la Cloche. The inventory of his personal effects, to which the novice, according to custom, affixed his signature on entering, gives us a curious idea of the wardrobe of a king's son. Here it is: "One hat; one ecclesiastical habit and mantle; one pair of breeches and a waistcoat of black cloth; one vest trimmed with yellow fur; a sword-belt of green leather; white silk stockings; two shirts and one undershirt; one pair of linen drawers," etc.

VI.

It was on the 11th day of April, 1668, that James Stuart commenced his religious life. On the 23d of April, 1668, the Marquis de Ravigny, the French ambassador at London, sent to the court of St. Germain an account of a conversation he had just had with Charles II. The King of England had said to him: "I am very desirous of effecting a strong union with France, but I must have help; for there are many people about me who are not of that way of thinking. As to myself, I have always been so disposed, as you know better than anybody..." Charles, after having repeated these words several times, had added more than once—"Leave it to me. I will speak with you about it before many days." M. de Ravigny, whose efforts toward the political unity of the two cabinets had, up to this time, been without result, received the overture with apparent coldness. Louis XIV. was equally incredulous, and M. de Lionne replied to the representative of France in England in these terms: "The king is of the opinion that your response was exceedingly judicious, when the King of Great Britain signified his desire of making a strong alliance with him, and hinted to you to make advances. His majesty has already made so many, and has been so poorly responded to, when requested to enter into the matter, that the prudence and dignity of his majesty forbid his committing himself further.."

Charles waited to receive the propositions of the court of St. Germain; but the court of St. Germain was dumb. Driven to declare himself, therefore, he renewed the assurances he had already given, and the letter of the French ambassador, bearing date of May 21, 1668, describes the interview, and closes with these significant words: "It looks as though this will

Digitized by Google

come to something; for this reason I most humbly beg your majesty to send further instructions."

Thus, only a few days after the humble novice of the Quirinal had assumed the robes of his order, Charles and Louis were busily engaged in cementing that family pact which broke the Triple Alliance, and delayed, for many years, the formation of that formidable coalition under which France finally succumbed. Are we too bold in suspecting something more than a simple coincidence in the simultaneousness of these two events?

Hume, in his "History of the House of Stuart," attributes the action of the English monarch to his admiration for the gaiety, wit, and elegance of the French court. Let those who will, accept this frivolous explanation! The curious conjuncture of dates, together with a vast assemblage of other facts looking in the same direction, have convinced us that the true motive of this sudden change was the religious convictions of the king. The conscience of Charles had long been troubled. Even before assuming the crown, he had resolved to introduce larger religious liberty into the realm. Baffled in all his attempts, completely disconcerted, he learns one day that his eldest son—a mind thoroughly serious and earnest—had separated himself utterly from the errors of Protestantism, and had deliberately devoted himself to a life of prayer, of silence, and of mortification. Then Charles took heart, and convinced that he could not attain his object without the help of France, he resolutely set aside all the obstacles of national sentiment, and entered at once upon the completion of the compact. While this was pending, the British sovereign was employed, for the three months which followed the entrance of his son upon the novitiate of the Jesuits, in strengthening himself against the insurrections and the civil war to which his conversion was certain to give rise. It is not, however, by political precautions alone that heresy is made to yield to the true faith. There must also be the discreet theologian, the wise master, the spiritual guide—assistance difficult to avail one's self of when Anglican intolerance watches menacingly at the gates of all the royal palaces! Such a guide, such an instrument of the divine pity, the prince felt that he possessed to-day in the novice of St. André. Resuming the dress of a gentleman, James Stuart, known by nobody at court, might readily obtain access to the king without exciting suspicion. To him Charles would joyfully become a disciple, joyfully become a penitent; from him he could receive the necessary religious instruction and absolution for his sins. In concert with the two queens, he therefore decided to write to the father-general of the Jesuits and request the immediate return of the novice to England. The prince wrote to Rome five autograph letters, all in French; four to P. Oliva, one to his son. The different envelopes have perfectly preserved the stamp of the royal seal. It is for the reader now to determine whether the author of these pages—so truthful, so ingenuous—was, as has been a thousand times asserted, only an accomplished cheat. It is for the reader to declare whether the brother of James II. merits those odious epithets of deist and atheist with which Protestantism has so freely bespattered him, doubtless in recompense for the scorn and aversion which Charles always felt in his deepest heart for the Establishment of Henry VIII.

Scarcely five months had elapsed since James Stuart began to practise the rules of St. Ignatius, when a stranger placed in the hands of Paul Oliva, father-general of the order, the following letter:

TO THE REVEREND FATHER-GENERAL OF THE JESUIT FATHERS:

REVEREND FATHER,—We write this to your reverence as to a person whom we believe to be most prudent and judicious, inasmuch as the princi-

Digitized by Google

pal charge which you have of an institute, so famous will not permit us to think otherwise. We address you in French, a language common to all persons of quality, wherewith we believe that your reverence is not unacquainted, preferring this language to bad Latin, in which we could with difficulty write so as to be understood; it being our principal aim in this that no Englishman may intrude himself as a translator—a thing which would otherwise be exceedingly prejudicial to us, for the reason that we wish this letter to be a secret between you and us.

And to commence, your reverence ought to know that for a long time, amid the embarrassments of the crown, we had prayed God to grant us the opportunity of finding at least one person in our realm in whom we could confide touching the affair of our salvation without giving our court grounds for suspecting that we are Catholic. And although there have been here a multitude of priests, both in the service of the queen (a portion of whom have dwelt in our palace of St. James and at Somerset House) and also scattered throughout our whole city of London; nevertheless we could not avail ourselves of any because of the suspicion we should give to our court by conversation with such people, who, whatever disguises of clothing they may assume, are always known for what they are. Yet despite so many difficulties, it seems as if the providence of God had provided for and seconded our desires, by causing to be born to us in the Catholic religion a son to whom alone we could confide ourselves in an affair so delicate. And although many persons, perhaps better versed than himself in the mysteries of the Catholic religion, might be found for our service in this exigency; nevertheless we could not make use of others as well as of him, who would be always capable of administering to us in secret the sacraments of the confession and of the communion which we desire to receive as soon as possible.

This our son is a young gentleman whom we know you have received with you at Rome under the name of the Sieur La Cloche de Jersay, for whom we have always had a peculiar tenderness, as much because he was born to us when we were scarcely sixteen or seventeen years old, of a young lady of the highest rank in our realm (rather from the frailty of our early youth than from a bad heart), as also because of the excellent nature we have ever remarked in him and of that eminence in learning wherein he has advanced through our means. For this makes us all the more esteem his conversion to the Catholic religion, since we know that he has been led to it through judgment, reason, and knowledge. Many important reasons touching the peace of our realm have prevented us, up to the present time, from publicly recognizing him as our son; but this will be for a brief time only, because we presently design to make a kind of public recognition of him ere many years, having, however, provided him, in 1665, with the necessary assurances, in case we should come to die, so that he may make use of them in due time and place. And as he is not known here in anywise, saving by the queens —this affair having been managed with great secresy—we could in all safety converse with him, and exercise in secret the mysteries of the Catholic religion, without exciting in any one of our court the suspicion that we are Catholic, which we could not do with any other missionary; in addition to the confidence that we should have in opening to him our conscience in all freedom and sincerity as to a part of ourselves. Thus we see that, although he was born in our tender youth against the ordinances of God, the same God has seen fit to preserve him for our salvation, since it pertains to himself alone to know how to bring good out of evil.

We believe that the need we have

Digitized by Google

of him has been sufficiently explained to your reverence, and if your reverence write us, you will intrust your letters to our son alone, when he comes to us. For although we do not doubt but that you would find secret ways enough to do it, nevertheless you would disoblige us excessively by intrusting your letters to anybody but to this our son, for many considerable reasons whereof your reverence can conjecture apart, but especially from the mischief which it would bring upon us, as we were subjected to great hazard on account of our receiving a letter which we had from Rome in reply to one we had written to the deceased Pope; and although it was presented to us with all necessary circumspection and by a Catholic person, nevertheless it could not be managed with sufficient prudence to prevent the suspicion of our most keen-sighted courtiers. But having found means to stifle the suspicion which was abroad respecting our being Catholic, we were obliged, through fear of renewing it in men's minds, to consent on several occasions to many things that turned to the disadvantage of numerous Catholics in our kingdom of Ireland. This is the reason why—although we had written with all possible secresy to His Holiness respecting our conversion to the Catholic Church at the same time that we besought His Holiness to make our very dear cousin, my Lord d'Aubigny, a cardinal, whereof we were refused for good reasons—we have not been able to pursue our point.

And although the Queen of Sweden is very wise and discreet, nevertheless it is enough that she is a woman to lead us to fear that she cannot keep a secret, and, as she believes that she alone knows the origin of our well-beloved son, we have written her again and have confirmed her in that opinion. This is done in order that your reverence shall manifest to her, upon occasion, that you have no knowledge of his birth, if she should inquire of you. As also, we pray your reverence not to make known to her or to anybody else, be it whom it may, the design we have of becoming Catholic, or that we send for our son for this object. If the Queen of Sweden asks where he is gone, your reverence will find some pretext, either that he is gone on a mission to our island of Jersey or to some other part of our realm, or still another pretext, until we make our desires and wishes in this matter again known to you.

We pray you, then, to send to us as soon as possible our very dear and well-beloved son—that is to say, at the first time that this season or the next permit. We believe that your reverence is too zealous for the salvation of souls, and has too much respect for crowned heads, not to accord to us a request so just. We had had some thought of writing to His Holiness and disclosing to him what we have in soul, and by the same means to pray him to send our son to us. But we have believed that it would be sufficient for us this time to make a declaration to your reverence, reserving for another occasion—which we shall bring to pass as soon as possible—the writing and declaring ourselves to the Pope by a very secret courier sent post by us.

If our dear and well-beloved son is not a priest, and if he cannot become one without making publicly known his true name and origin, or from other circumstances (which we say because we do not know your mode of acting in these matters), in that case let him rather not be made a priest at Rome than that he communicate aught of what he is to the bishops or priests; but let him pass through Paris and present himself to our very dear cousin the King of France, or, if he prefer, to our very honored sister the Duchess d'Orleans, to whom he can make manifest on our part our good desire in all safety. They know well enough what is the wish of our soul, and will readily recognize our very dear and well-beloved son by the tokens which we gave to him in London in 1665, and, perceiving that he is Catholic, they would endeavor

Digitized by Google

and would be able to make him a priest without any one's knowing what he is, and with all possible secresy as we believe. If, however, without so many crooks and turns, he prefer to come to us without being a priest—which is, perhaps, the better course—then we would do the same thing by means of the queen our very honored mother, or of the queen-consort, who would have at their service bishops, missionaries, or others to perform the ceremony without any one's perceiving or knowing anything about it. We say this in the event of his encountering difficulties in effecting this at Rome.

And although we wish our very dear son to come to us, it is, nevertheless, not our design to draw him away from your society. On the contrary, we should rejoice if he remain in it all his life if God inspire him to that vocation, and, after having put our conscience in order by his means, we shall not prevent him from returning to Rome, to live according to the society to which he has attached himself; and even during the time that he shall be at our service we shall not prevent him, if he so will, from pursuing, with those of your body that are in our realm, the life commenced in conformity with the religious vocation which he has embraced, provided that it be not in London, but in some city or village not far off from our city of London, to the end that when we need him he can come with the greatest promptitude and facility. And the reason why we do not wish him to reside in London among your people is because of the danger of his being suspected as a Jesuit, from his being seen to enter those places which are the residences of your people, already too well known by many—a thing that would turn to our prejudice. Now we are well content, after being absolved by him of heresy, and after we are reconciled to God and to the Church, that he return to Rome to lead the religious life which he has begun, awaiting further orders from us—a scheme which seems to us quite to the point, and we believe that your reverence will be of our opinion and counsel in this last particular. Thus doing, when he shall have been here some weeks or months, we will send him back to Rome under the government of your reverence, to the end that, under your care, he may the better fit himself for our service. And during the short time that he shall be at London, when he speak to any one of yours let him guard himself well in discoursing upon the object of his coming. He can say that it is for some affair of importance in our court, of which only your reverence and himself should have cognizance.

In the meanwhile, though we cannot openly manifest to your illustrious society the affection and the good-will we have toward it, this does not prevent your reverence from making known to us, by our very dear and well-beloved son, if there be any way in which we can aid it, which we should do all the more willingly because we know that everything which we can contribute will be employed in the service of God for the remission of our offenses. For the rest, we recommend to your prayers our realm and ourselves.

CHARLES, King of England.

At Whitehall, the 3d of August, 1668.

Enclosed in the communication addressed to the father-general was a second letter of the king's, which reads as follows:

TO OUR VERY HONORED SON THE PRINCE STUART, RESIDENT WITH THE JESUIT FATHERS UNDER THE NAME OF SIEUR DE LA CLOCHE, AT ROME:

MONSIEUR,—We have written very fully to your reverend father-general; he will tell you our pleasure. The Queen of Sweden has asked of us, as a loan, the sum of money that we had taken care to provide for your maintenance, which was sufficient for

Digitized by Google

many years. We have ordered what was necessary in the matter; and this is a reason why you need not put yourself to the trouble either of writing to her about it, or of speaking more thereof.

If the autumn season be too disagreeable to get out on your journey to us, and if you cannot venture upon it without putting yourself in imminent danger of falling ill, wait till the commencement of next spring, having especial care for the preservation of your health, and keeping yourself in all quiet, writing us nothing, for we are not a little suspected of being Catholic.

The queens are very eager to see you, as we have communicated to them privately the news of your conversion to the Roman religion. They have counselled us to tell you that we do not forbid your living in the institute to which you have attached yourself, and we should be rejoiced if you remain in it all your life; but desire you to measure well your powers and your constitution, which has appeared to us very feeble and delicate. One can be a good Catholic without being a religious, and you ought to consider that we design, before many years, to publicly recognize you as our son. But as neither parliament nor the state of affairs has permitted it up to the present moment, we have always been constrained to defer it. You ought, moreover, to consider that you can aspire to the same titles from us as the Duke of Monmouth, and perhaps to more ample ones. Beside, we are without children by the queen and those of the Duke of York are very feeble; while, for every reason and because of the rank of your mother, you can lay claim on ourselves and on parliament to be preferred to the Duke of Monmouth. In that case, being young, as you are, if liberty of conscience and if the Catholic religion be restored to this realm, you would have some hope of the crown. For we can assure you that if God permit that we and our very honored brother the Duke of York die without children, the crown will belong to yourself, and parliament cannot legitimately oppose it, unless that the fact of your being a Catholic exclude you; as liberty of conscience is not yet established, and since, at present, only Protestant kings are eligible. This, then, we are advised by the queens to tell you. If, in the meantime, all things considered, you prefer to serve God in the Society of Jesus, we do not wish to offer any resistance to the will of God, whom we have already grieved too much by our offences. We do not, therefore, forbid your pursuing that vocation, if God inspire you to it; but we desire only that you think well of it.

We do not wish to write to the Pope until we have spoken to you by our own mouth. We had written to the late Pope, to the end that he should make our very dear and well-beloved cousin, my Lord d'Aubigny, a cardinal; whereof we have not had the satisfaction that we demanded. However, we are not offended in this, His Holiness having made known to us manifold reasons why he could not conscientiously create a cardinal in our realm, the affairs of religion and other things being as they are.

Not long since we wrote to the Queen of Sweden, and advised her not to write to you, and to treat you henceforth as simply a gentleman, without manifesting that she has any knowledge of your birth. This is a reason why you should not take it amiss if her majesty treat you after that manner. It is a no light burden to us to see you always constrained to live unknown, but have patience yet a little, for before many years we shall try to so conduct affairs and parliament that all the world will know who you are. You will no longer live in these hindrances and restraints, and it will depend only on yourself to live in the liberty and the pleasure of a person of your birth, unless that God strongly inspire you and that you should wish to continue absolutely the

Digitized by Google

religious life which you have commenced.

Although we cannot, and ought not, to openly show the good-will that we have for the Society of Jesus, who have received you, yet in the meanwhile if we cannot publicly favor them with our royal munificence, there may still be some place, room, or occasion wherein they might need our aid, and where we could contribute somewhat. We would do it all the more because we know that all will be employed for the service of God and the remission of our offences, and because, also, we could desire that no one of your lineage should remain with them without founding something as a memorial suitable to one of your extraction. We will talk about this matter in London, if you persist in your design of living with them.

In the meanwhile, believe that we have always had you in our peculiar affection, not only because you were born to us in our tenderest youth, when we were scarcely sixteen or seventeen, but particularly because of the excellent nature that we have always remarked in you, because of that eminence of knowledge in which you have been advanced through our means, because you have always borne yourself as a virtuous man, and because you have been especially obedient to our commands: the which, joined to the paternal love that we have felt toward you, strongly governs our desires in wishing all kinds of benefits for you, beside the pity that moves us in seeing you so unknown and disregarded—a thing which shall continue as brief a space as possible.

It is not easy for us to send privately to Rome a sum of money adequate for a person of your birth and sufficient to put you in the condition and estate of appearing before us, being, as we are, neither willing nor able to noise it abroad that we have any one at Rome with whom we have communication. It is not possible that you are not everywise modest enough to come to us, if not in the condition of one of your rank, at least as a simple gentleman when you put foot in England. Finally, pray God for ourselves, the queen, and our realm.

I am your affectionate father,

CHARLES,

King of Eng., Fr., Scot., and Ire.

At Whitehall, 4th of Aug., 1668.

Charles II., in the letters we have just given, left his son at liberty to set out at the end of autumn or even at the winter season. Twenty-five days have not elapsed when his resolution changes. He wishes the novice at Rome to make haste to precipitate his departure. What was the cause of this serious disquietude? It was this: Queen Christina, repenting of her abdication and hating the north, resolved to seek an asylum for her remaining days in the shadow of the Vatican. Charles was informed of her intention, and at once took alarm. Christina would then witness the departure of James Stuart; entangling the inexperienced novice in a network of cunning questions, what secret could escape her? Everything would be discovered. Little by little the rumor would spread from Italy to England. Charles already saw his kingdom in revolution and himself reduced to the most grievous extremity. Such was the object of the second letter to the father-general:

TO THE REVEREND FATHER-GENERAL OF THE JESUIT FATHERS AT ROME:

REVEREND FATHER,—We send, with the greatest diligence and with the greatest secresy, an express to Rome charged with two letters, one to your reverence to the end that our well-beloved son set out as soon as possible; the other to the Queen of Sweden—having commanded the messenger to await the arrival of her majesty in any Italian town through which she may pass, not wishing even that the aforesaid express should appear at your house, through fear of be-

Digitized by Google

ing recognized by some of your order who are English. As he is a person of rank, we have in like manner forbidden his delaying more than one day at Rome, fearing lest he should be recognized by certain Englishmen who are at Rome.

We say, then, to your reverence that, since the first letter that we wrote you, we have received trustworthy news that the Queen of Sweden returns to Rome, contrary to the anticipations which we had formed—the which has not a little embarrassed us in the matter of our salvation. This is the reason that, upon this new accident, having taken counsel with the queens, we have determined to write in haste to the Queen of Sweden, feigning to her and persuading her that our very dear and well-beloved son has represented to us that he wishes assigned to him something fixed for life, to the end that in case he should not pursue the religious calling he has commenced, being now a Catholic, he may have something to fall back upon; and that even if he should pursue it, he prays us to settle a sum of money upon him which he may dispose of according to his devotion, which petition we have granted him; but since this cannot be effected at Rome, we have ordered him to go to Paris to find certain correspondents of ours, and after that to proceed to Jersey or to Hanton,* where he will receive from us forty or fifty thousand crowns in total, which may be deposited in some bank; and that we have instructed him not to tell his superior of his birth; but that he shall simply feign to your reverence.that he is the son of a rich preacher, who, being deceased some time since, his mother, moved with a desire of becoming a Catholic and to give him the goods which belong to him, has written to him, and that your reverence, desirous of the salvation of this person, and of making her a Catholic, and perceiving also that he can come by his estate, has readily permitted him to go. This we have arranged in order that she shall thus believe that she alone has the secret, and will therefore not break the matter to your reverence from the friendship she bears him. Thus we counteract any suspicion she might have of your letting him come to us and of our being Catholic. But above all it is necessary that our very dear son do not wait, but that he set out as soon as possible; for, as she needs money (and so needs it that she demanded at the last Swedish diet 35,000 crowns in advance), she would embarrass him in such a way that the drama which we wish to play would come off but illy. This we have arranged touching the Queen of Sweden.

Your reverence will not be astonished then if this fear has led us to dread the evils by which we are besieged; a fear all the more lively in us, because these evils are greater and bear in their train consequences more dangerous. Now it is a truth received without dispute among our wisest statesmen, that of all the temporal evils which can befal us, the proof that we are Catholic is the greatest, since it would infallibly cause our death, and at the same time many convulsions in our realm. Your reverence ought not, therefore, to be astonished if we take so many precautions and if we have judged proper to write him this second letter also, as well in the matter of the Queen of Sweden as to supply omissions which we made in the first, and at the same time to retract some things contained therein—that our very dear and honored son do not present himself to our very dear cousin the King of France, nor to our very honored sister the Duchess of Orleans, as we advised before; but only that he come to us, be it through France or through Paris or by other ways, as it shall please your reverence to determine. He will abstain during the journey from writing to the Queen of Sweden, lest she see that those things are not carried out which, as we have heretofore said, have been pretended to her. This we have decided upon with the aid of the queens, fearing a discovery or some accident.

* Now Southampton.—Ed. C. W.

Digitized by Google

Moreover, we pray your reverence (who are secretly acquainted, as are her most christian majesty the queen, and our very dear sister, Madame the Duchess of Orleans, with the warm disposition for becoming a Catholic which we have for a long time shown),—we pray you, nevertheless, to abstain from writing to them in any fashion touching these matters, but to keep everything quite secret until the providence of God has otherwise disposed of affairs.

Now as we desire, with all requisite prudence in an affair of so great consequence to ourselves and the peace of our realm, that our very dear and well-beloved son find everything which is necessary in the business of our salvation made easy for him, and to avoid the inconveniences which might spring upon this side, we have taken counsel with the queen to this effect, that when he shall arrive alone in London—for such is our good will and pleasure—he take time to clothe himself, and dress himself as quickly as possible, if he be not sufficiently well-dressed—not having been willing to do so for fear of soiling his garments by the bad weather and muddy roads, which soil a carriage and also all who are in it; and having put himself in order and rendered himself presentable, let him take occasion to address himself to the reigning queen, either when she is dining at our palace of St. James or when her majesty shall go to visit the queen, our very dear and honored mother. To whom, without causing any suspicion, he will present a sealed letter in the form of a supplication, in which he will say in a few words who he is. Her majesty has directions from us to manage everything which is necessary for an introduction to ourselves, with all possible prudence, and we are assured that there shall arise no disorder nor suspicion. He has nothing else to do but to let himself be directed according to what shall be advised him, and we command him to observe punctually everything we have written to him, especially what we have put within the envelope.

In the meanwhile, we renew to your reverence the prayer which we made to you from the first, which is, not to write us, nor to make any response saving by the hands of our very dear and well-beloved son, whom we order to set out from Rome as soon as possible, not wishing that the Queen of Sweden speak to him for the aforesaid reasons. Having departed from Rome, he will take his ease in coming to us. We pray, however, your reverence, if this be necessary, to move him to come as soon as possible, representing to him the need we have of him. For we know that he has no little repugnance to England, which we attribute to the fact of his not having been educated there, and also of his finding himself compelled to live there alone, so that we have never been able to induce him to live there more than a year. And even before that year was finished, he presented us so many reasons that we were constrained to let him go to Holland, where he bore himself with great praise and to our great satisfaction in the belles lettres and other studies, in which he made admirable progress.

We believe he has too much judgment to wish to disobey us, and not come as we desire. As soon as he comes we shall endeavor, by means of the queens, to have him made a priest in all secresy. And if there be anything that the bishop ordinary cannot do without permission of His Holiness, let him not fail to provide for it, but very secretly, so that no one shall know who he is: which will be done if possible before he set out from Rome. Meanwhile we beseech you, reverend father, to pray God for the queens, our realm, and ourselves, who are

CHARLES, King of England.

At Whitehall, the 29th Aug., 1668.

Yet even these numerous and urgent recommendations did not quite pacify the timid monarch. One feature in the rule of St. Ignatius, of

Digitized by Google

which his queens had just advised him, suddenly upset all his ideas. He snatches up the pen. He countermands the orders he has just given. He traces a new plan of campaign in which the clearness of exposition, the ability of conception, the facility of execution, are about on a level. This third letter, we must confess, does little credit to the geographical knowledge and above all to the courage of Charles II. In another point of view, however, it merits the attention of the reader. Precisely because of the trouble which reigns in his thoughts, we detect more than once the cry of the soul. More than at any time hitherto, the unhappy prince lets us discover the cruel anguishes which torture his conscience, and the incontestable sincerity of his desires.

To the Reverend Father-General of the Jesuit Fathers at Rome:

Reverend Father,—We have never felt so many embarrassments, though we have had enough of them in our life, as at present, when we wish to think seriously of our salvation. We have but just sealed this other letter, which we pray you to read before the one which is open, that you may better learn our intention and the order in which we hold to the writing. The queens have advised us and counselled us not to press his [our son's] coming, because they wish to arrange and bring about certain very necessary and notable precautions, to render the arrival of our very dear and well-beloved son to England very prudent and secret.

For this end their majesties, having found means of learning accurately and with judgment the ways of your society regarding those who have but recently joined them, inform us that they have ascertained from a good source that the novices of your holy society, not less than with others, are never sent off without some member of the fraternity accompanying them, as much to be advised of their actions and deportment as to render an account to the superior—the which we admire as a very holy prudence and which can only spring from the divine spirit with which so holy a society is animated. But nevertheless in this matter we beseech your reverence to dispense with this companionship in the case of our very dear son; because we command him absolutely, in virtue of the power which God has given us over him, to come to us by himself, partly because this will properly accord with the letter which we have sent to the Queen of Sweden, who should believe that he has gone alone —that is to say, unaccompanied by any member of the fraternity; but principally because of the dangerous inconveniences whereof we should be constantly in fear if he came in the company of any of the fraternity. We have already, with great secresy, pretended to some very safe persons in a great number of the English ports, and by ways entirely concealed, that a foreign prince, of such a carriage, such a mien, alone by himself, is flying to us, and much more indeed which we could not explain to your reverence without going too far into detail. We do this, partly that if we come to be anywise suspected of being too familiar with him (Father James Stuart) we may have something to say to remove the suspicion.

Your reverence can see by this that if he should bring an Italian with him who was recognizable as an Italian, be it by his accent or otherwise, this might be the occasion of overthrowing all our designs and of interrupting the scheme which we wish to work out in order to come most surely to our just desires. Even in case he can have some one other than an Italian with him, we should forbid his bringing any one into England, of whatever nation he might be, for many very considerable reasons, which it would take too long to recount.

Your reverence ought not to be surprised if we are so cautious, because we learned in the time of Cromwell

Digitized by Google

what misery is, and what are the things of this world, what it is to be prudent and to hide one's self in order to succeed in our undertaking. We doubt not that, as our very dear and well-beloved son is young, he is far from eager for company and conversation, and that he does not desire to have intercourse with any one by letter or by discourse; for we know that he does not love the court any too well. But he must needs have patience, inasmuch as it is not reasonable that for a pleasure so brief and of so little consequence, he should put himself in danger of ruining all our designs. Beside, he ought to know that when he shall put foot in our palace, he is not to converse with any one saving with ourselves and the queen, who will give the necessary orders in the matter. Nor will he write any letters saving to you, reverend father, and these letters that he shall write to you we shall despatch by an express in great secresy to Rome, to the end that your reverence relieve us in the necessities which may arise touching our soul.

We have made inquiries respecting the seaports nearest to Rome. Among many which have been named to us, we recall Civita Vecchia and Gênes. We command him, then, to go to Gênes. We have ascertained, with all necessary prudence, that your society has at that place a house of your order. Being then at Gênes, we wish him to seek out some ship or English shallop, but in such wise that we do not wish any of the fraternity to recommend him to the master nor to those who manage the ship, not showing their acquaintanceship with him, for very considerable reasons; but especially because these seafaring men will repeat it all as soon as they come to port. Moreover, we desire that he put off and lay aside his religious robes in the house of his friends and brother Jesuits of Gênes. He will assume them again in the same place on his return to Rome, when we send him back to pursue there the religious life he has commenced.

He will land then in our realm solitary and in disguise. He will call himself everywhere he may go Henry de Rohan, which is the name of the family of a certain French prince, a Calvinist, and very well known and intimate with us. We are in such fear lest some accident occur, that in these different ports we at present take cognisance, both very secretly and with the requisite prudence, of ships which have arrived or are due, and even so far as we can of persons, under pretence of a zeal for the well-being of our realm, and under pretence of maintaining the Protestant religion, to which we pretend to be attached more than ever, although, before God, who knows the heart, we abhor it as very false and pernicious.

Moreover, we forbid our very dear and honored son to pass through France and by the other passages and ports which lie in that part, for he could not bring about our intentions with sufficient secresy sailing from that coast, and therefore we have found no place more proper than Gênes for his embarkation. And, in the meanwhile, awaiting his return to Rome, your reverence shall noise it abroad that he has gone to Jersey or Hanton to see his pretended mother, who desires to become a Catholic, as we have suggested and feigned in that other letter, and that, to make the greater haste, he went by sea.

This then we command him to observe, point by point, through the authority that God has given us over him, and we promise him, on the faith of a king, that we seek nothing else in his coming but the salvation of our souls, his good, and that of the society to which he has attached himself, which, sooner or later, we shall find means to notably favor with our royal magnificence. And so far from forbidding his pursuing his calling, both for the Catholic religion and your society, we and the queens will urge it upon him better than any *director* he

Digitized by Google

can have. It is very true that when the season and affairs permit us to write and make known to His Holiness the veneration we hold him in as the vicegerent of God, we hope that he will be too well disposed toward us to refuse him the cardinal's hat, inasmuch as the conditions which could forbid his having this dignity for the honor of our person and of our realm are not fulfilled in his case, viz., residence in England, since we can send him to dwell at Rome, as we promise, and with the royal magnificence requisite for his birth. Nevertheless, if in time he prefer to live according to the religious life he has commenced, we would readily abandon what would be to the honor of our crown and of our person, rather than to urge and procure such dignities against his will.

We have made discreet inquiries of our physician whether sea-sickness cause any dangerous accidents to those of a feeble constitution, who has answered us that sea-sickness never killed any one, but on the contrary has been the means of greater health. Nevertheless, if it be too painful for him to make one trip of it, he shall contrive that the bark or shallop in which he sails rest from time to time in some port. He might easily come at once to London; but we do not wish it for good reasons. Let him land at some other port of England, from whence he can come by land in a carriage to London.

We once again entreat your reverence not to write to us nor to make any reply, saving by the hand of our very dear and honored son, when he comes to us. And, if there be a need for anything which he does not possess in making the voyage to London, we beseech you, reverend father, to have particular care in the matter, furnishing him with whatever he requires, whereof he will keep account.

We firmly believe it is God who has inspired us to all these above-mentioned ways for bringing us in secret our very honored son, because of what he has said in his word—that when two or three are gathered together in his name, he will be in the midst of them. For it is exactly ourselves, and the queen, our very dear mother, and the reigning queen, who decree all these things, not without having invoked, first of all, the Holy Spirit. Beside that, the queens have commanded their priests to celebrate many masses in accordance with their intention, which is nothing other than that this affair succeed as well as all our other projects above mentioned, which tend not only to our good, but to that of the Roman Catholic Church and of our realm. We are,

CHARLES, King of England.

These last two letters were a sad revelation to Father Oliva, and no doubt very much diminished the hopes which he had before conceived. However, the order was given to the novice to set out without delay.

If James Stuart could easily obey his father by departing from Rome before the arrival of Queen Christina, it was certainly more difficult for him to conform to the frequently contradictory injunctions concerning the route to be taken and the precautions to be guarded against which had been successively transmitted to him. Everything which was rational and practicable the young man respected. He set sail from Leghorn about the middle of October, a fact which we learn from a brief letter of Father Oliva to the King of England. It is of course unnecessary to explain to the reader why the father-general has dated his note from a Tuscan port rather than from the city of the Roman pontiffs at which he wrote:

SIRE,—The French gentleman who is charged with the delivery of this letter will inform you of my utter carefulness in fulfilling the commands of your three letters and my unlimited devotion to your royal person. Your majesty will always see me execute with the same promptness and the

Digitized by Google

same zeal everything which he shall deign to impose on me. I shall endeavor to be such in reality as he deigns to believe that I am; such as the confidence with which he honors me obliges me to show myself.

I throw myself respectfully at the feet of your majesty.

Leghorn, Oct. 14, 1668.

In one very important respect it was found necessary to abandon, or rather to violate, the royal programme. Charles, a perfect stranger to ecclesiastical laws, always supposed that, at his request, his son could be made priest either at Rome or in London. But James Stuart was only twenty-one years old, and was without theological studies. Even if these serious objections had not existed, it would not have been prudent to elevate to the sacred office a novice whose religious experience extended scarcely over a space of six months. Thus, despite the repugnance of the king, Henry de Rohan, as our young traveller must now be called, took as his companion a priest of the society, a Frenchman, as far as we can judge, who, disguised like himself, was presented to their Britannic majesties in the quality of a friend of the refugee prince. This wise measure, imposed by the timidity of Charles, was attended by so little inconvenience, that we shall find the monarch himself, on the occasion of his son's second voyage to England, earnestly requesting of the father-general the return of this same *religious*, whose talents and virtues he had come to appreciate.

VII.

This is not the place to describe the warmth with which Charles opened his arms to his first-born, whom he had always peculiarly cherished, nor the joy of the two pious princesses, nor the tender emotions of the youth upon whom beamed, at length, the sympathy and affection he had never known before. In the isolation of his earlier life, James Stuart had sadly felt the void which the absence of that sweetest tie on earth, the family, creates. This grief had eaten into him like a cancer, till the day when he resolved to renounce the world. When the victim has immolated himself, when he has said to flesh and blood, I will know you nevermore! behold in a royal palace, by one of the first thrones on earth, the humble novice finds again a home—venerable queens are mothers to him. His father caresses him, and, emulating the example of his brother, the Duke of York, who was also preparing to embrace Catholicism, receives the child of St. Ignatius as an angel from heaven.

But it was not for such pleasures that the young Jesuit had quitted his solitude. Guided by the wise counsels of Father Oliva, and assisted by his own studies and the able co-operation of his companion, he engaged without delay in the religious instruction of the king. Of these conferences, surrounded with so much mystery, two fragments have come down to us. One word upon the nature and upon the history of this double document.

It consists of two divisions, and is a resumé of a great theological discussion which, at once, establishes the divine authority of the Roman, and saps the foundation of the Anglican, Church. The original piece is in the French language and in the handwriting of the king. He was not, however, the author. The primitive text has disappeared, probably through fear that a paper of this nature, if it should get abroad, would furnish material proof that a sovereign of Great Britain had held communication with a "papist" priest. These pages of religious controversy Charles carefully concealed. While he lived probably no one, save the Duke of York, had any knowledge of them. After the death of Charles, James II. found these writings again, one in the private chest, the other in the cabinet of the dead monarch, and in spite of the

Digitized by Google

storm which they were certain to produce, he did not fear to make them public. In 1700 he presented them solemnly, as a proof of the faith which animated his brother, to the general assembly of the clergy of France convened at St. Germain-en-Laye. Of the many thousand copies which, during the reign of the last of the crowned Stuarts, were circulated on both sides of the Channel, there exists at the present day only one. The Jesuit College at Rome still possess the edition of 1685, and in addition a manuscript copy of the two papers, both bearing, as a guarantee of their perfect authenticity, the autograph signature of King James. All the English historians speak of these two celebrated writings; but only to declare that the real convictions of Charles had nothing in common with these fragments of a controversy transcribed by him they know not why.

James II. in his "Memoirs" gives us a short anecdote, which from its connection with this subject we will reproduce. One day, finding himself alone in his cabinet with the Archbishop of Canterbury, he availed himself of the opportunity to place in his hands the two papers.

"He, the archbishop, appeared surprised, and remained for a quarter of an hour without making any reply. Then he said that he had not supposed the deceased king was so learned in the matter of controversy, but he nevertheless thought the arguments could be refuted. Upon which the king begged him to make the trial, telling him that if he accomplished it by means of reasons both solid and honestly expressed, he would probably succeed in converting him to his church. The archbishop replied that it would, perhaps, be evincing a want of respect for the deceased king, should he seek to contradict him; but his majesty replied by urging on him that the hope of converting himself ought to override every other consideration. He besought him then to occupy himself at once with a refutation of these papers, and to employ his pen if he thought proper. Whatever the reason may have been, neither this authorization nor the pressing instance of my Lord Dartmouth could engage him to write, and there appeared no reply during the four years that his majesty reigned in England."*

Here then are these dogmatic pages, almost as unknown in our century as in the time when Charles concealed them in the most secret places in his palace. We publish them exactly as they saw the light.

FIRST WRITING.

The conversation that we had the other day will have satisfied you, as I hope, upon the principal point, which was that Jesus Christ can have, here upon the earth, but one church only, and I believe that it is as clear as it is that the Scripture is printed, that this church does not exist unless it be what is called the Roman Catholic Church.

I believe that there is no need of your troubling yourself with entering upon a sea of particular disputes, since the principal, and in truth the only and simple question, consists in ascertaining where this church is which, in the two creeds, we profess to believe in. We declare, in the two creeds, that we believe in only one catholic and apostolic church, and it does not belong to each individual member to believe everything that comes into his head according to his fancy; but it belongs to the church to whom on earth Jesus Christ has left the power of governing us in matters of faith, and has made these creeds to serve us as a rule.

It would be a most unreasonable thing to make laws for a country, and then to permit the inhabitants to be the interpreters and the judges. For then,

* "*Vie de Jacques II., roi d'Angleterre, d'apres les Memoirs écrits de sa Main. T. iii., p.* 12. *Paris*, 1819."

Digitized by Google

each individual would be a judge in his own cause, and consequently, there would be no standard whereby to distinguish justice from injustice. Can we then suppose that God has abandoned us to such uncertainties as to give us a rule for our conduct, and then to permit each individual to be his own judge? I demand of every honest man if this be not the same thing as following our own imaginations, or of making use thereof in the interpretation of Scripture?

I could wish that some one would show me in what passage the power of deciding upon matters of faith is given to each individual. Jesus Christ has left this power to his Church, even for the remission of sins, and he has left his spirit there. This power has been exercised since his resurrection, first by the apostles in their creed, and many years after by the Council of Nice, where the creed was made that bears its name.

By the power which has been received of Jesus Christ, the Holy Scripture itself was judged many years, after the apostles, in determining which were the canonical books and which were not. If we had the power then, I would like to know how it has come to be lost, and by what authority men can separate themselves from this Church. The only pretence I have ever heard advanced is because the Church has fallen into error, interpreting the Scripture after a forced manner and contrary to its true sense, and that it has imposed on us articles of faith which are not authorized by the word of God. I would like to know who is to be the judge of all this, whether it is the whole Church whose succession has continued up to to-day without any interruption, or is it to be the individuals who have excited schisms for their own interest?

This is the true copy of a paper which I have found in the private chest of the deceased king, my brother, written by his own hand.

JAMES R.

SECOND WRITING.

It is a most sad thing to see the infinite number of heresies which have spread themselves over this nation. Each one believes himself as competent a judge of the Scripture as the apostles themselves. And no wonder, for that part of the nation which has most resemblance to a church does not dare employ the true arguments against the other sects, through fear lest they should be turned against themselves, and they should thus find themselves confounded by their own proper arguments. Those of the Anglican Church, as it is called, are willing enough to be regarded as judges in matters spiritual. They dare not, however, positively assert that their judgment is without appeal. For it would be necessary for them to assert that they are infallible, which they dare not pretend, or to avow that what they decide upon in matters of conscience ought not to be followed further than as it accords with the judgment which each one may make in his own mind.

If Jesus Christ has left a church here on earth, and if we were all at one time in this church, how, and by what authority, are we separated from it? If the power of interpreting Scripture resides in the brain of each individual, what need have you of a church or of churchmen? Why did Jesus Christ—having given to his apostles power to bind and to unbind on earth and in heaven—add *that he would be with them till the end of the world?* These words were not spoken figuratively nor in the manner of a parable. Jesus Christ was ascending into glory, and he left his power to his church, until the end of the world.

For one hundred years we have known the sad effects of this doctrine, which takes away from the church the power of judging without appeal in matters spiritual. What country could remain at peace if there were not a supreme judge from whom there

Digitized by Google

could be no appeal? Can any justice be done where the culprits are their own judges and interpreters of the law, equally with those who are set on high to render justice?

It is to this condition that we are reduced in England in spiritual affairs. For the protestants are not of the Anglican Church because it is the true church from which there can be no appeal; but because the discipline of this church is conformable to their present imaginations. And as soon as it shall run counter or swerve from it, they will embrace almost the first congregation of those whose discipline and religion accord at that time with their opinions. Thus, accepting this doctrine, there is no other church nor any other interpretation of Scripture than that which each extravagant individual shall hit upon in his brain. I would then like exceedingly to know of all those who have seriously reflected on these things, if the great work of our salvation ought to rest on such a sandy foundation as this? Has Jesus Christ ever said to secular magistrates, still less to the people—*that he will be with them till the end of the world?*—or has he given them power of *pardoning* sins? St. Paul has said in Corinthians—*We are God's husbandry, we are God's building, we are laborers in the house of God together with God.* This shows us who they are who labor—which is the field, which the edifice. In the whole of this and in one of the preceding chapters, St. Paul takes great pains to establish the doctrine that they (that is to say, the clergy) *have the spirit of God, without which no one can penetrate the profound mysteries of God;* and he concludes the chapter with this verse, "*For who hath known the mind of the Lord that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.*" If then we consider merely in the light of probability and human reason the power that Jesus Christ left to his church in the gospel, and which St. Paul explains afterward so distinctly, we cannot believe that our Saviour has said all these things for nothing.

I entreat you to consider, on the other hand, that those who resist the truth, and who do not wish to submit to his church, draw their arguments from so-called contradictions and far-fetched interpretations, while at the same time they deny verities expressed in clear and positive words, a thing so contrary to good faith that it is difficult to think that they believe what they say.

Is there any other foundation of the Protestant Church if it be not this, that should the civil magistrate judge it fit, he can summon together such persons of the clergy, according as he believes it to be for his interest, for the time being; and can change the form of the church to Presbyterianism or to Independency, and finally make it just what he pleases? Such has been the method which they have pursued here in our so-called English Reformation, and by the same rule and by the same authority it can be still further diversified and changed into as many forms and figures as there are different imaginations in the heads of men.

This is a true copy of a paper written by the hand of the late king, my brother, which I found in his cabinet. JAMES R.

But why, it may be asked, do we arbitrarily date from the epoch of Father James Stuart's appearance in London these papers, otherwise without date, and which were not publicly known till seventeen years later, in 1685? Let us set forth, as briefly as possible, the arguments by which we support our position.

In the first place, we agree with the English historians that these two fragments of controversy are not from the pen of Charles II. A comparison of the rugged and often inaccurate French of his majesty with that of the present text, settles this question at once. To whom, then, must we look for the authorship? They pro-

Digitized by Google

ceed from an ecclesiastic, from a theologian consulted by the King of England. The very form which they assume argues the teaching of a master. But are not these two papers the offspring of two authors, of two teachers? By no means. There is a perfect resemblance between them, a perfect consanguinity of thought and of argument. There is the same turn of mind, the same style, often the same expressions. Still further. The tenor of the two pieces, which present in an abridged and condensed form many points of doctrine, presupposes in our opinion a whole series of lessons given to the royal disciple. Observe that, at the beginning of the first resumé, we have the phrase "the principal point;" there were then secondary points. The peaceful and at the same time simple, almost familiar tone of the master on entering upon the subject, is exactly the tone of a man who is conversing neither for the first nor for the last time. "The conversation" of which he speaks had not been, you would say, the only conversation. Everything, in fact, shows that these two fragments made part of a very considerable series of religious conferences.

But could these conferences, which, as we have seen, Charles might have held in all secresy at the end of the year 1668 and at the commencement of the year 1669, have taken place at any other period of his reign? By no means. For the first eight years, the king himself is our witness, since we have only to study the terms in which he complains to Father Oliva of his lamentable state of spiritual destitution. After the departure of the two Jesuits and the conversion of the Duke of York, the Anglican hatred and bitterness did not cease to rage about the throne of the Catholic Stuarts. During this second period, the only name which stands in our way is that of Father Claude de la Colombière, who sojourned in England a little more than two years, from 1676 to 1679. Now in this unhappy time, so great was the terror which ruled Charles II. that, despite his sincere esteem for the preacher of the Duchess of York, he dared not accord him, by the very confession of Father de la Colombière, more than two or three audiences, and not one of them secret. Whence it follows that these two famous documents are very probably, we had almost said certainly, the work of Father James Stuart and of his learned companion. Beside, does not such an origin explain the almost religious care with which these arid pages of theology were guarded for nearly twenty years by a prince to whom history points as the perfect type of carelessness? They called back to him the day when, in the presence of his mother, who was no more, and who now prayed for him in heaven, under the direction of a saint whose father he was, he had made his most powerful effort to abjure odious errors; they remained in his hand as a consolation for the past, a light in the future, a pledge of pardon and of hope in the hour when, cited before him who judges kings, he should at last render a severe account for the scandals of his life and the deficiencies of his faith.

Had the difficulties which these two devout ecclesiastics were forced to encounter been merely spiritual, had it been a question of logic, history, and truth, their mission would have been a fruitful one. But in actual life events are seldom simple, and history becomes a problem of complex forces. The heart of Charles II. led him toward his God. The pleasures of court life, and a natural unwillingness to sacrifice his throne, made him hesitate, falter, invent subtleties. It happened, at this time, that a wide-spread opinion prevailed in England, which had not been without its influence on the king. A Catholic, it was claimed, could procure a dispensation from Rome, could disguise his faith without scruple, and conform himself externally, at least, to the rites of the Anglican Church. Nor was the British monarch destitute of a plausible

Digitized by Google

precedent. When sojourning at Paris, in the days of the Protectorate, he had promised the venerable Father Olier to renounce Protestantism, and Alexander VII., at the urgent instance of the crownless prince, had authorized him to conceal his abjuration until his affairs took a more favorable turn. This concession was made in no absolute sense. It stopped at the limits which the divine law has fixed for kings as well as for the humblest of Christians. Unquestionably, a convert whose abrupt publication of a change of faith would subject him to grave perils ought to use prudence. But in no respect would this permission extend so far as that the disciple should be "ashamed of" his Master. In this latter case dissimulation would be a crime.

Yet, in the delicate situation in which Charles was placed, what was he to do? The French alliance remained at this moment a state secret, and was thus far without result. Much was anticipated from the war which Louis XIV. was about to wage with Holland. Amid the triumph of the confederate arms, and the glory which would redound to his own person, the English monarch hoped to discover some means of strengthening the royal power and of breaking at last the Anglican tyranny. Not one of these things, however, had reached the vantage point of a *fait accompli;* not a domestic difficulty which did not subsist in all its force. In his extremity, the unfortunate prince naturally returned to his dreams of an accommodation with the Pope, of a compromise with the law of God: and one might say that circumstances invited it. Had he not now, in the general of the Jesuits, a powerful advocate with the sovereign pontiff? His son, a novice of the fraternity of Jesus, his son, called from the bosom of Italy and so tenderly received—would he not serve in the Vatican as a guarantee for the integrity of the father? Recourse to the Holy See, so far as to ascertain the precautions which would be permitted to the King of Great Britain in order to avoid exposing himself, his family, all the Catholics of England, to the extremest dangers—such was, we think the final determination of Charles II This conjecture, authorized by the well-known sentiments of the prince and the whole sequence of facts, is specially based on a letter which Father James Stuart will shortly bear to Rome, and which appears to us scarcely susceptible of any other interpretation. Beside, one very authentic feature in the conversion of the Duke of York, to which we shall presently allude, falls in so perfectly with our theory, that it will be exceedingly difficult, in our opinion, to find any other satisfactory explanation for the ambiguous denouement which the end of this recital affords.

There are no historical indications to guide us in ascertaining the attitude assumed by the two pious queens when the monarch arrived at this resolution. Probably the princesses partook of the illusion of the Duke of York and of most of the Catholics of the court: they placed an exaggerated hope on the powerful intervention of the King of France. Relying upon this, and on the probable complaisance of the Pope, they supported in his unhappy course the son, the husband, whose safety lay so closely to their heart.

It would do our two missionaries a cruel injustice to suppose that they saw no deeper or clearer. In so elementary a question of theology, these vigorous controversialists, whose learning and keen reasonings we have appreciated, could have had but one opinion—that of their confrère Father Symons, of whom we shall shortly speak. James Stuart, we may fearlessly affirm, fulfilled respectfully but firmly the duty of his ministry. He strove to convince his father that no pontifical letter would authorize either king or emperor to reconcile in his person what the Son of God by his divine lips had declared eternally irreconcilable, to be ashamed of him before men, and yet to find favor in his sight. Two things are certain. On

PRESS LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Digitized by Google

the one hand, the holy novice failed to convince the king; on the other, filial love, happily combined with apostolic prudence, preserved his zeal from all bitterness.

Charles persisted in seeking, through the intervention of Father Oliva, to draw from Clement IX. impossible concessions. Despite the recent fatigues of his late voyage, the young enthusiast offered to be himself the bearer of his father's despatches. The proposition was accepted, and Charles wrote these lines, upon which we have already commented, and which are unfortunately the only source from which the historian can draw a correct judgment upon the results of the secret mission completed in 1668 in the palace of the kings of England by Father J. Stuart.

To the Reverend Father-general of the Jesuit Fathers at Rome (intrusted to the hand of Mons. de la Cloche, Jesuit at Rome):

Reverend Father,—You are too necessary for us in the position where your merit has raised you, not to be frequently troubled by us, in that condition where the misfortune of our birth obliges us to be.

Our very dear and honored son will tell you, on our part, all our proceedings, and as we were perplexed in deciding upon some one who should be our messenger once again to your reverence touching our affairs, he represented to us the urgent desire he had of returning himself to Rome on a secret embassy from us to you, reverend father—which desire we have granted him, under the condition that he come back to London as soon as he shall have had an interview with your reverence, and obtained those things which we entreat of you, and which our aforesaid very dear and honored son will explain from us personally, bringing us, on his return through France, the reverend father whom he left there.

At the request of our very dear and honored son afore-mentioned, who has represented to us that the place where he has been received into your fellowship is burdened heavily with debts, and that there is need of some buildings and other things, we have arranged that your house, in which he has been received, shall obtain from us, as soon as possible, a notable sum for the expiation of our offences. Waiting, if it please you, till your reverence can advise us of the measures which you will take for its reception, which shall be within a year. If you write to us, it will be by our very dear and honored son, who will tell your reverence all our intentions not intrusted to this paper. We are

Charles, King of England.

At Whitehall, London, the 18th Nov., 1668.

If it happen that our very dear and honored son be in need of anything, whatever it may be, we beseech you, reverend father, to attend to it, and we will keep an account of all.

The sense of the fourth and last letter of Charles II. to Father Oliva does not appear to us doubtful. If the royal disciple of Father Stuart had shown himself unconditionally and generously disposed to every sacrifice, what could have been this business with the Holy See which he committed to the father-general? Had no difficulty existed, the abjuration ought to have taken place without delay. For the rest, the Duke of York helps us. His illusions, his doubts, avowed by himself in his memoirs, and which very probably he shared with his brother, confirm, point by point, our conjectures upon the nature of the obstacles opposed to the self-sacrifice of the two apostles of Whitehall.

In the closing months of the year 1668, the king renewed his intercourse with his brother, toward whom he had been momentarily estranged by the intrigues of Buckingham. The author of the Life of James II. recalls this fact, and immediately after he adds:

Digitized by Google

"It was about this time (toward the commencement of the year 1669) that his royal highness, convinced hitherto that the English was the only true church, experienced lively compunctions of conscience and began to reflect seriously upon his salvation. He therefore sent for a Jesuit named Symons, who was reputed a very wise man, to the end that he might converse with him upon this subject. When the Jesuit made his appearance, the duke set forth his intention of becoming a Catholic, and spoke with reference to his reconciliation with the Church. After a long conversation, the father told him frankly that he could not be received into the Catholic Church unless he entirely abandoned the Anglican communion. The duke replied that, according to the belief he had always held, this could be done by means of a papal dispensation. He alleged the singularity of his position, and the advantage which would inhere to the Catholic religion in general, and especially to the Catholics of England, if by a dispensation he could be permitted to follow externally the rites of the Anglican Church, until an occasion offered for declaring himself with greater safety both for his own person and for the Catholics. But the good father insisted, saying that even the Pope himself had no right to grant such a dispensation, seeing that it was the unalterable doctrine of the Catholic Church never to do evil that good might come. The duke having written upon this subject to the Pope, received from the Holy Father confirmation of what the good Jesuit had told him. Up to this time his royal highness had always thought, following the opinion or at least the expressed words of the Anglican theologians, that dispensations of this kind were readily accorded by the Pope; but the remarks of Fr. Symons and the letter of His Holiness caused the duke to conclude that it was high time to make every effort to obtain liberty to declare himself, that he might no longer live in the embarrassing and perilous situation in which he then was."*

What relation does this historical passage bear to the sojourn of Father Stuart in London? Notice, in the first place, that the date, "at the commencement of the year 1669," cannot be taken literally. We shall find mention, a few lines further on, of a secret council held Jan. 25, in reference to "a declaration of their Catholicism;" the Duke of York being already converted, and the king almost decided to take, like his brother, the last step. Now let us suppose that, on the 1st of Jan., the duke, hitherto a staunch Anglican, "experienced lively compunctions of conscience." With his characteristic caution, he studies into the matter, and finally comes at the truth. Then occurs his interview with Fr. Symons; next he writes to the Pope. The Pope sends his decision. The prince is startled, makes an irrevocable resolution, and thus on the twenty-fifth day of the same month we find him deliberating with Charles II. and three of his ministers upon the political measures necessary to empower them both to practise freely the religion of their choice! A promptness certainly very strange and inexplicable even in this day of express trains and telegraph wires! Evidently the supposition is impossible, and the expressions of the writer must be interpreted very broadly. Glancing back, it will be observed that these events followed closely upon the reconciliation of the two brothers, which occurred, as the English historians inform us, toward the end of 1668, during the autumn when Henrietta of France, the queen-mother, came to England in order to bid her children a final adieu.

If now we confront the whole series of Father Stuart's proceedings in London with the circumstances attending the Duke of York's conversion, these

* "The Life of James the Second, etc., vol. i., p. 440-441. London, 1816. Quarto." [After several attempts to find this work, the translator has been compelled to rely on the French version.—Ed. C. W.]

Digitized by Google

two categories of facts, separate in appearance, unite and coalesce so naturally that it will be almost impossible not to recognize their intimate correlation, or, so to speak, their perfect identity.

Setting out from Leghorn Oct. 14, the son of Charles II., after a voyage of twenty-five or twenty-six days, arrives in the Thames about Nov. 1, O. S. Henrietta of Bourbon, not less jealous for the salvation of her second son than for that of the king, hastens to put the Duke of York in communication with Father James Stuart and the eminent ecclesiastic who accompanied him. Our two apostles divide their days between Charles and his brother. It is in their school that the prince received those strong lessons which in the short space of twenty days overturned and created anew the entire structure of his belief. It was from them that he heard with surprise that the pretended papal permissions were only a ridiculous fable, and that the profession of the Catholic faith obliged him to sacrifice everything, to suffer everything, for the eternal life. Situated as James then was, this declaration was of startling import. It affected his hopes of the crown, his family, his entire future. At this juncture he consults with Fr. Symons; and, still dissatisfied, he resolves to appeal to the Pope. Our argument now takes form; it speaks to the eye. Suppose that the courier of the Duke of York spent twenty-six days each way in his journey to Rome, and remained only eight in that city; to have returned to London six or seven days before the council of Jan. 25, he would have had to quit England the 19th or 20th of Nov. And these are the very dates for the departure of the novice of St. Andrew, upon the close of the conferences, and for his return to the capital of Great Britain after his journey to Italy!

Consider the subject in another light. According to every English historian, the facts relative to the conversion of the Duke of York have their extreme limits in Nov. 1, 1668, and Jan. 25, 1669. They cannot be fixed earlier, nor later. But these are the precise points at which the apostolic mission of Father Stuart at the court of Whitehall commences and ends. Examine this in detail, measure the time necessary to instruct and convert a heretic, to carry a message to Rome, to confer with the Pope, to return to London—there is not a feature which does not present a coincidence almost mathematical.

The novice of St. Andrew left behind him in France the priest whose co-operation had been so useful, and on his return to Rome he made known to the father-general the results of his apostolic labors at the court of the Stuarts. What impression did the royal letter produce upon Father Oliva? It would not be surprising if he thought that he discovered, what many readers will perhaps have felt, in these brief lines, a reserve, a constraint, in perfect contrast with the joy of a soul that has found, after long and sad errors, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Charles II. also wrote on a matter completely apart from the religious question. In a former postscript, the king had engaged to recompense the Roman fraternity for all the extraordinary expenses to which they had been subjected on account of his son. Unfortunately, when the year expired, the funds of the civil list were found empty. It was one of those financial crises not unusual under a prince who never knew the worth of money until it was gone. Charles was therefore forced to subscribe to an obligation payable in six months for the sum of £800 sterling. This note will close the series of inedited pieces that Father J. Stuart has left for two centuries in the hands of Father Paul Oliva:

"We Charles, by the grace of God King of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, acknowledge ourselves debtors to the reverend father-general

Digitized by Google

of the Jesuit Fathers to the amount of £800 sterling, viz., 800 pistoles for the maintenance and journeyings of our very dear and honored son the Prince James Stuart, a Jesuit living under the name of La Cloche, the which 800 pistoles the said reverend father-general, Jean Paul Oliva, has furnished him with, and which sum we acknowledge ourselves indebted for, and promise to pay him at his pleasure, after six months have passed from the day and date of the said obligation.

In witness whereof, we have given, both our sign-manual and our ordinary seal.

CHARLES, King of England,
L. S. France, Scotland, and Ireland.

Clement IX. was now, for the first time, informed of the secret movement which was drawing into the bosom of the Church the posterity of Mary Stuart. The pontiff received a letter from the Duke of York, and it does not appear improbable that the young traveller had also some words to communicate from the king himself: such at least was the intention of Charles three months previous. But whatever was the monarch's desire, there was only one course open to the Pope. The Master had said to the highest ecclesiastic as to the humblest disciple, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall not pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." There was then no response to be made but a *non possumus*, tempered by all those considerations of a charity the most tender which were fitting upon so important an issue. And such, as we know from history, was the nature of the reply of Clement IX. to the Duke of York.

The general of the Jesuits, in his turn, owed thanks for the royal benefactions to the fraternity of Mont Quirinal. This letter, which the commonest dictates of courtesy would have enjoined, is not, however, to be found in the archives of the Jesuits at Rome. One loves to think that it was written, that the son of Charles II. bore it to Whitehall, but that the author, for weighty motives, destroyed it to the last syllable. Fr. Oliva was a man of note. He was the chief of a great apostolic order; he had grown old amid important services rendered to the Church. Italy could justly pride itself for its orators; but in Italy itself his rank for eloquence was high. He had been official "*predicateur*" to four sovereign pontiffs, and the sermons which he has left behind still attest the vigor, the fire, and the opulence of his rhetoric. It was not in such a nature to leave so significant an event as the conversion of a great monarch to the unaided efforts of a novice. Through all the previous conduct of the mission, he bore a vital part; and now when the supreme moment had come, the king hesitating, the eternal life of a nation in the balance, we cannot doubt that he was moved to write with all the energy and persuasiveness of his being. He must have seen that something more than an Anglican Church or a suspicious parliament stood in the way of the monarch's conversion; that, in the scandalous licentiousness of the English court, there was a stumbling-block equally as great. If the father-general had the courage to mingle with the language of gratitude a sincere but gentle reproof for these delinquencies, it is easy to understand why not a trace of his message remains to us.

Father Stuart was in haste to return to England, where at any moment the great interests which Providence had intrusted to him might unexpectedly be compromised. His stay at Rome was therefore brief. As soon as he had received the verbal or written replies of Fr. Oliva, and in addition (according to our opinion) those that the Pope sent to the court at Whitehall, he set out at once on his return. He quitted Rome never to return. Without doubt, in the course of the following years, he communicated by letter with his superior, who

Digitized by Google

did not die till 1681, four years before Charles II.; but the very nature of this correspondence precluded its being deposited in the archives of the society. From this moment, therefore, we must rely upon English history for our details. Fr. Stuart drops into obscurity; but the work for which he labored still gleams above the darkness.

It was on Jan. 18, 1669, if our previous calculation be accepted, that the pretended Prince Henry de Rohan appears again at the court of London, bringing with him his old companion in accordance with the wish expressed by the king in his last letter to Fr. Oliva. The pontifical letters, touching, energetic, full of the wisdom of God, have then been remitted; the emphatic opinions of the general of the society are known. James Stuart and the French Jesuit have had their interview with Charles; they have aroused anew in his heart those earnest and holy impressions which swayed him two months before; and the venerable Henrietta de Bourbon is waiting anxiously and in tears the moment when she may say, in the language of the gospel, "Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace." Such is the situation of affairs at Whitehall. Recurring to the "Life of James II." we find that the historian, after speaking of the Duke of York, his interview with Fr. Symons, and his letter to the Pope, continues as follows:

"This is why his royal highness, knowing that the king was of the same mind, and had already opened himself to Lord Arundel, to Lord Arlington, and to Sir Thomas Clifford, seized an opportunity to converse with his majesty on this subject. He found him fully decided to become a Catholic, and penetrated with the danger and the constraint of his position. The king added that he desired to have, in the cabinet of the duke, a secret interview with the persons we have just named, in order to consult with them upon the means which it would be necessary to employ in order to extend the Catholic religion in the state. This interview was fixed for Jan. 25, the day on which the Church celebrates the conversion of St. Paul:

"When they had come together, the king declared his sentiments upon matters of religion; he repeated what he had said to the duke regarding the embarrassments which he had experienced in being prevented from the profession of the faith to which he was attached, and told them that he had summoned them to consult upon the measures necessary to be employed in the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in his realm, and upon the most favorable measure for declaring himself openly. He remarked that there was no time to lose; that he expected to find great difficulties in the execution of his project; and that for himself he preferred to enter upon it while, like his brother, he was in the prime of life, and capable of supporting the greatest fatigues, rather than put it off later, when he would no longer have the energy to successfully manage so great a design. His majesty spoke with much force; tears filled his eyes, and he besought the gentlemen to do all that was fitting wise men and good Catholics.

"The consultation was protracted, and the ultimate decision was to act in concert with France, and to demand the assistance of his very christian majesty: the house of Austria being no longer in a condition to cooperate."

The Duke of York at once abjured with great secresy; but did Charles II. also abjure? Our opinion is that the two brothers separated from the Anglican Church at the same time; and that on the same day, at the foot of the same altar, in the hands of the same priest, they made the same profession of faith. Only one remained unchangeable in his fidelity. The other, sincere but feeble, made an honest effort to give his country liberty of conscience, was defeated at every point by the united mass of the Eng-

Digitized by Google

lish factions, and finally fell back upon dissimulations and hypocrisies. It was Fr. Stuart who presided at this abjuration—a fact which the following considerations prove.

On the 5th of Jan., 1685, Fr. Huddleston, an English Benedictine, and a chaplain to the queen, summoned, says Lingard, in the absence of a foreign ecclesiastic in London, administered at evening the last sacraments to the king without demanding from him that act which should have preceded all others—abjuration. Charles throughout the rest of the night had full consciousness, and it would be perfectly absurd to suppose that neither Fr. Huddleston, a priest for twenty-five or thirty years, nor any of the queen's almoners, nor the Duke of York, as well as the other Catholics present, nor the sick man himself, should have thought, for five hours, of satisfying this most necessary of all conditions for admitting one among the children of the true Church.

Clearly, then, Charles had made his abjuration before his last illness. Studying the sequence of his reign, we remark that the year 1669 closes the period of calm which the brother of James II. enjoyed. Immediately after the French alliance exasperated the nation; and the rage and fury of Anglicanism were excited by the known conversion of the Duke and the Duchess of York, by that of Sir Thomas Clifford, by the second marriage of the Duke with the princess of Modena, by all that movement of Catholic activity the signs of which multiplied around the palace of the Stuarts. Presently persecution began anew, and Charles, incapable of holding head against the storm, yielded in everything; he signed the decrees of proscription, he permitted the flow of innocent blood. What priest, in such a conjuncture, would have consented to receive his abjuration? But in Jan., 1669, the presence of Henrietta of Bourbon, the pious joy of all that royal family, the hope which might reasonably be founded on the probable influence of Fr. James Stuart, united in urging forward so desirable a consummation. Charles, whose good faith we cannot justly suspect without satisfactory proof,—Charles persuaded himself that, assisted by the French monarch, and supported by his brother the duke, there was no domestic coalition which could defeat him, and he brought over the rest to his opinion by that seductive eloquence which, with him, was almost irresistible. The priest doubtless had many fears; but the priest, when there was the appearance of security, inclined toward indulgence, and on the present occasion so many reiterated assurances, so many moving supplications, so many marvellous advantages in perspective, finally disarmed him. Nothing in the duke's account prejudices this conclusion. His delicate sense of family honor, the reproach which would have attached to Charles and ultimately to all the Stuarts if the act were known, the reticence necessary to maintain regarding the king's eldest son—each and all explain the silence of that prince. Beside the offer to take the sword in hand, and to run the chances of a long and perilous civil war, would indicate less a future step than a step in the past. In our opinion, therefore, the council of Jan. 25 followed the abjuration of Charles rather than preceded it.

Digitized by Google

From The Argosy.

THE INFIORATA OF GENZANO.

If you are ever in Rome at Corpus Christi (a thing not likely to happen, by the way, as it must fall in the months when northerners shun the Campagna) do not let anything induce you to miss the Infiorata of Genzano —the gem of village festivals. We were fortunate enough to witness it last year, the first time it has been celebrated since the troubles of 1848.

All Rome turned out to assist at it. Many days before every available vehicle and beast had been bespoken, and *yet* there was a demand.

Our mount, "Master Pietro," of half Italian, half English race, as his name symbolizes, came to fetch us punctually at the unearthly hour of seven—to get his work done ere the noontide heat. He had carried us through many lovely scenes before, and his hardy qualities adapted him well for the three days' excursion we intended to make of it, through a land where hay is scarce and oats almost unattainable. But we knew he had one idiosyncracy, of kicking violently at the approach of any mule—a frequent customer in the neighborhood of Rome —and as the crowded state of the road on that day would render it particularly unsuited for such pranks, we elected to travel along the solitary Appian Way. It was a brilliant morning of early June. A light trot soon brought us to the grand old Arch of Drusus. We could not help stopping to admire the play of light and shade on its time-worn stones, and through the fairy tracery with which nature loves to deck art. It could not have appeared more worthy of admiration the first day that—oldest of triumphal arches—its noble proportions were completed, and the imperial father saw immortalized in it the triumphs of his son. The "stern round tower of other days" demanded another pause. Often as we had passed it before, the romance with which "the Childe's" speculations have invested it make it ever an object of fresh interest. If it be the object of "huge tombs" to set all posterity wondering about their tenants, the tomb of Cæcilia Metella certainly has fulfilled its mission. Who passes the massive structure and does not long to know something about the lady to whom, nearly two thousand years ago, this lasting memorial was raised? The ground-plan is a square of seventy feet, and the walls are twenty-five feet thick. In the small interior space thus formed, Cæcilia's ashes reposed in a white marble sarcophagus. The inscription is of the simplest description —"Cæciliæ Q. Cretici F. Metælle Crassi;" in the neighborhood even her name is untold, and the tower is only called the "Capo di Bove," from the ornaments of the frieze.

We pushed on vigorously for a mile or two, and then came patches of the old Roman pavement, to stop Master Pietro's cantering, and give leisure to be again examining the tombs on either hand; little temples erected to house ashes—their own ruins now the subject of fostering care—and to set one wondering how mortal horses ever pranced, or ran, or drew weights over those stony blocks. "Let us hope" they were not left for an uncovered pavement, but that they served for the foundation of a coating of tufa, or something equally grateful to weary hoofs.

The lizards, bewildered with our clatter, shot madly across our path, and "the merry brown hares came leaping" from their retreat, defying

Digitized by Google

with their swiftness the vain attempts of our brave little lupino to run them to ground. We were thankful they all escaped with their lives, so blithe and gay among the tombs. Some ten miles of this, and then a mile through a newly-mown field, the fragrant hay most tantalizing to our probably breakfastless steeds. Some of our party knew a cut through Duke Torlonia's ground which was to save us a mile or two, but in anticipation of the festive crowd an iron chain had been made to bar the passage. It was an easy leap for Master Pietro, however, and for one or two of his companions; the others had to go round. The rise is steep, and, though in places rocky, generally good. We pass, on our right, the ancient town of Bovillæ, and then on our left comes the lovely lake of Albano, and Castel Gandolfo with the Popes' modest summer palace. Another trot brings us to the "Galeria di Sopra," a delicious, gently ascending path, soft as Rotten Row, under the flickering shade of massive ilexes. It is just the place for a canter, and Master Pietro evidently thinks so as he sniffs the morning air. To our regret it comes to an end at last, and we wait behind the sheltering gateway of the Chigi palace while some of our party go in and secure beds at l'Ariccia. We have allowed little short of three hours to the seventeen miles, but still we are nearly the first to arrive, so we get the best rooms the *Locanda* can afford, and are well satisfied with them and with our collation of pastry and wine. Our own hunger satisfied, we determine to leave Master Pietro and his brethren to their oats (if they can get any), and we walk on to Genzano. Three noble bits of viaduct save us the terrible up and down hill through which our predecessors of a few years ago had to toil.

During the few minutes we were in the hotel, "all the world" has arrived, and we are soon in the midst of a vast train of people, all following the same object, all talking earnestly, and of course very loud. A gun sounds. There is a rush. We are just too late for the start of the first race. It is *a' fantini*. Gaily dressed but clownish jockeys bestride the contending chargers, without stirrups or saddles, guiding them only by a red woollen rope. The next is *à vuoto*. The rough but ready steeds career riderless along the way lined out for them by the living hedge of spectators; and it is hard to say whether they are first brought to a stand by the roar which—suppressed by the very intensity of excitement during the race—bursts into a deaf ening peal as they near the goal, or by the black curtain suspended across their path, which forms the legitimate "*rip resa dei barberi*." The horse who has won the contest by his own *unridden* impetuosity is decked with flowers and streamers, and marched through the admiring crowds, giving a k. owing and majestic nod to the plumes which form his crest. A file of soldiers escorts him, and the band agitates his triumphant "progress;" he has borne all his other honors meekly, but this one chafes him. As soon as he is marched off, the crowd, breaking up as Roman crowds do into couples, soon manœuvres itself into picturesque groups round the various stalls of the village fair. How they enjoy themselves! How gladsome and light of heart they seem! —and on what mild conditions. Does it not do one good to see their easy contentment? What strange wares form the attractions of dark, glancing eyes and generous purses! Staple commodity of the fairs of all the Roman *paesi* is the unfailing pork, boned and rolled, and stuffed with rosemary: we did wrong not to taste it, for the eager thousands find it "very good." The Genzano wine—and the Cesarini and Jacobini cellars are open to-day—affords a more congenial temptation. It is a luscious wine, with more body and more delicate flavor than the gener ality of Roman wines, but lacks the sparkle of the surpassing Orvieto.

The gay scene is full of attractive interest, but, finding a couple of hours to spare, we trot back to l'Ariccia to

Digitized by Google

dine. Others have adopted the same course, and the *Locanda* is all astir. What to have is always a difficult question for the most *un*fastidious anywhere in the Papal States out of Rome. A provoking waiter, who thinks he can speak French, and on all occasions comes out with his one broken sentence, "*Aspetti oon petti momenti*," finds us impracticable, and sends us the *chef de cuisine*. The *chef*, with a profusion of *issimos*, assures us there is no *cuisine* in the world like his, and rings the changes on the well-known names we abominate. *Minestra* we refuse, it is always water bewitched; the *lesso* is sure to be tasteless and stringy; the *pasta*, the Roman rendering of maccaroni, underdone and indigestible; the *arrosto*, hard and tough—we will none of them. Well, a *fritto*? If the oil is good, we have nothing to say against that; we allow you excel there. If something else we must have, we will take you on your own ground; bring us an *agro-dolce*, that is a culinary curiosity with which, after the palate has been once annealed to its compound of wine, vinegar, bacon, butter, parsley, spices, sugar, oil, chocolate, and wild boar or porcupine, you may be always glad to renew acquaintance. The wind-up of *pasticcieria* and *frutte* we say nothing about; we know it is useless to argue against the inevitable.

While this repast is preparing, we are driven to occupy ourselves with a study of the room and the guests. The former presents a strange mixture of primitiveness and pretension: the build is clumsy, the window-shutters cover only the glass panes, the fittings are rude, the floor is bare. But the walls have been painted in (millions-of-miles-off) imitation of Raphael's much-sinned-against Loggie! And over the mantelpiece hangs a landscape, into which a piece of looking-glass is inserted to represent a lake. The principal piece of furniture is a large glass cupboard, in which is stowed away—we know not for what grand occasion, for it is not even brought into use to-day—a set of common English willow-pattern earthenware! We cannot but smile to see our humble friend in such grand plight; and we moralize to ourselves on the subjectivity of the human mind, to which its changed estimation testifies. The angularity of the fall of the table-cloth "accuses" a table composed of a literal "board," supported on tressels; and though there are a few chairs, the majority of the guests have to be content with backless benches. At one end of our board an English artist, not unknown to fame, and his party are going through the regular routine of an Italian hotel dinner with praiseworthy patience. At another board sits a large family of natives, and we forget all note of time as we watch with astonished eyes the masses of *pasta* they contrive to stow away, half-cooked as it is sure to be. The sight is not new to us, but every time we see it it has the same attraction, derived from the reminiscence of a delicious early surprise such as the performance of Punch and Judy always exercises on any number of Londoners. A vacant space near them is soon filled by another native, a young exquisite, who appears quite oppressed by the mild heat we northerners had been enjoying. Throwing himself at full length on the bench, he commences a violent fanning with his handkerchief; but after a minute or two his hand requires a cooler instrument, and he changes it for his hat, which in turn is exchanged for his dinner-napkin, and, finally, he completes the operation with his plate! At last the one-sentence-of-French waiter directs his steps toward our party, but, to the indignation of every individual of it, he bears the *minestra* we forbade him to name. This has been our universal experience. The Italian mind cannot take in the idea of the possibility of dining without broth; it is useless to countermand it, it is sure to be sent to table. We explode, nevertheless, and desire the dishes we ordered to be brought without further delay. "*Aspetti oon petti momenti*," says Nicolò

Digitized by Google

and better than his word this time, it is really only *un petit moment* before we are duly served.

Dinner despatched, we have still time to stroll over the neighborhood before we are wanted at Genzano. A walk of less than a mile, starting over the magnificent new viaduct, takes us to the straggling *paese* (we cannot bring ourselves to call it a town) of Albano. A good-natured old fellow, always recognizable by the extreme whiteness of his stockings, hails us as we pass, in memory of old acquaintance, and is sure we must want donkeys; we cannot refuse him, and hoping Master Pietro won't see us out of his stable window, we suffer the sure-footed but ignoble substitutes to take us down the difficult descent which the viaduct was built to spare us—so wayward is woman! But the viaduct itself has created a reason for making the descent, as the sight of its noble proportions amply repays the journey.

It was completed during the reign of the present Pope, from the designs of a local engineer—one of the Jacobini family. It is formed of "arches on arches" in three ranges, six on the lowest tier, twelve in the next, and eighteen in the highest; they are each forty-nine feet wide between the piers, and sixty feet in height; the whole length of roadway, including the approaches, is nearly a quarter of a mile, and the height to top of parapet just two hundred feet. It is built of massive blocks of peperino, cut to fit each other without mortar, and the appearance is solid and grand, worthy of the models of ancient masonry by which it is surrounded. There is no attempt at ornament. The entire cost was 140,000 scudi (£33,000),* and the halfpenny toll has already gone far toward repaying it.

* We drove, the other day, under the viaduct of the Brighton Railway for the sake of comparing it with our memory of l'Ariccia, and were disappointed to find it a slender brick affair, for which the meaningless display of stone at the top had not prepared us. It consists of thirty-seven arches, sixty feet high, and is a little over a quarter of a mile in length. We were informed its cost was £58,000.

Close under it lies the old ruined tomb commonly called of the Horatii and Curiatii, but now determined to be that of Aruns, son of Porsenna. It has all the appearance of being of Etruscan work, and the remains are very peculiar. It is a square structure, forty-six feet every way and twenty feet high; at the four corners are the remains of four small cones, one being nearly perfect; in the centre is a cylinder, twenty-three feet across, made to contain the urn.

Our donkeys carried us bravely up the rugged hill, and then we found, to our regret, we must leave the Chigi palace, Duke Sforza's infant schools, and other objects of interest for another visit; we had only time to get back to Genzano. A great deal of business had been done at the fair, and many hearts won by the *fair*. The booth-keepers, having sold off their stock, had shut up shop and gone away, and the merry couples were circulating freely. The rosemaried pork and Genzano wine had given them strength and vigor and gaiety—let it not be understood that we see any trace of excess; all is mirth and good humor and picturesqueness. At last six o'clock strikes, and, like an army marshalled by the word of command, the spontaneous and unanimous will of the thousands of sightseers brings them in serried procession up the broad street, where the Infiorata lies sparkling and rendering up its varied and gorgeous reflections to the sun's rays which bathe it.

Beautiful and delicate tribute of a poetical people! The occasion is the festival of the Blessed Sacrament; and as it is carried among them in solemn procession the custom of all Catholic countries is to strew flowers along the way; but here the idea has taken a development of a surpassing order, if not unique—as if no care could be too great: not only are the most brilliant flowers planted months before, and collected from distant contributors, but when the day arrives all these are made to form the most exquisite mosa-

Digitized by Google

ics. What is a Gobelins carpet to this weft of nature's own materials! A cord is drawn up both sides of the road to keep the flowered centre clear, and no one thinks of infringing the slight barrier. The rising ground is most favorable for displaying in two lines, ascending and descending, the endless variety of elaborate devices of tesselation. Costly marbles of different hues fitly pave the basilica; the glazed *azulejos* cooled the Moslem's feet at the same time that they pleased his eye; the velvet-pile tapestries of British looms carpet the bleak floors of our northern homes; and the stiff geometrical tiles, angular and uncomfortable as everything Gothic is, suit very well to our Gothic churches. Each and all have their fitness; and what is the Infiorata? It is the tribute of a simple and poor, but imaginative and loving, people "preparing to meet their God."

"O earth, grow flowers beneath his feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
He comes, he comes,—O heaven on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon his way,"

sings one of their hymns for the occasion. And, poor tillers of the earth, the only offering they *can* make is of the flowers which "her children are." We looked on with an artist's and humanitarian's enjoyment. And delicious enjoyment it was! It was the fresh enjoyment of our childhood over again to trace the rich mosaic designs spread before us; and we pity him who does not know the enjoyment of the sensation of color. There were the arms of the Stato Pontificio, and of the *paese*, and of the Cesarini and Jacobini, with all their bearings and all their tinctures, and then, as it were, the arms of the blessed sacrament—the symbols under which it is figured. The herald must find a new nomenclature; already he has a separate one for commonalty, nobility, and royalty, but now, for a "greater than Solomon," he must devise another. To his "sol, topaz, or," he must add the marigold; and to his "luna, pearl, argent," the lily. Then came arabesques in perplexing mazes of tracery; every line true, and every harmony or contrast of tint faultless. By a refinement least of all to be expected, in the centre of some of the compartments a tiny fountain had been introduced, "flinging delicious coolness round the air, and verdure o'er the ground." Nothing that poets have fabled of fairyland or paradise ever exceeded it in imaginative luxuriance.

"O what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year
The mingled spoils were scattered here.
The pathway like a garden breathes
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky."

A crowd of Romans is not surrounded by a savory atmosphere. We are never in one without finding that the thing Cleopatra exceedingly feared had fallen upon us—

"In their thick breath,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor."

Their baths are things of the past; their picturesque costume looks as if it were never renewed during a whole life; their houses are dingy, and bare, and comfortless; yet we have before us the proof that they possess a delicacy of both feeling and taste which it would be impossible to find surpassed anywhere.

Meantime the procession from the church approaches, and a hush succeeds the merry din which has stunned us so long; the last pertinacious "*Ecco! zigari!*" and "*Acqua fresca!*" is sung out. And in their harsh nasal intonation the appropriated hymns are begun by the priests and taken up by the whole population, very much after the fashion of a horse running away; without any regard for time and very little for tune, but with a heartiness and earnestness which we try to persuade ourselves ought to compensate for the "skinning" of our ears. The untidy choristers precede and follow in due numbers, and the quaint confraternities, in various dresses, bearing unwieldy, misshapen

Digitized by Google

banners, waddle and hobble behind. Slovenly men with unwashed hands carry great yellow tapers, and a ragged urchin runs by the side of each catching the droppings into a piece of stiff paper. The whole thing is disenchanting and disedifying; but we see so plainly the impression that they think they are doing their best reflected from so many hundred beaming countenances, that we end by exhausting our squeamishness, and learn to look on the Genzanese modes of devotion from their own standing-point. By the time it has taken to effect this, however, the procession has regained the church, where we find it impossible to penetrate; and so we turn to take a last look at the Infiorata. Alas! it has all vanished, as completely as if it had been the emanation of fairyland it appeared to be. As soon as the procession had passed the people broke in, eager to possess themselves of the flowers as a sort of relic. From what we saw of the process of undoing, it appeared that the mosaics were not composed of whole flowers, except in some instances where their form adapted them to form special designs, but the generality were made with shred petals, by which means masses of color were obtained in the most manageable quantities. There was, in most cases, a board or oil-cloth for a foundation, with the patterns marked out in chalk; but the blending of colors seemed to have been left to the individual taste of the workers.

We get back to our narrow rooms at l'Ariccia in time to escape the firing of the *mortaletti* and *botti* (small guns and crackers) without which an Italian *festa* is seldom considered complete.

Nicolò is much disappointed that we will not again trust to the resources of his cuisine, and exclaims "*Aspetti oon petti momenti*," as he goes in quest of our bed-lamps. While we wait, we hear our Italian fellow-diners angrily complaining that mine host had taken advantage of the throng of visitors to cheat them of their due proportion of *pasta!* The quantity sent up for four was only the due mess of one, *selon* them. What a spectacle we should have had if it had been dealt out to them according to their own measure!

From Chambers's Journal.

BROADCAST THY SEED.

BROADCAST thy seed!
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop or wither there—
Be not discouraged; some will find
Congenial soil and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew and ripening shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit, to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed—
Broadcast thy seed!

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Ah, ladies," exclaimed Mr. Cobham—pleased, I ween, to see how eagerly we looked for his news—"I promise you the eastern counties do exhibit their loyalty in a very commendable fashion, and so report saith her majesty doth think. The gallant appearance and brave array of the Suffolk esquires hath drawn from her highness sundry marks of her approval. What think you, my Lady Tregony, of two hundred bachelors, all gaily clad in white-velvet coats, and those of graver years in black-velvet coats and fair gold chains, with fifteen hundred men all mounted on horseback, and Sir William le Spring of Lavenham at their head. I warrant you a more comely troop and a nobler sight should not often be seen. Then, in Norfolk, what great sums of money have been spent! Notably at Kenninghall, where for divers days not only the queen herself was lodged and feasted, with all her household, council, courtiers, and all their company, but all the gentlemen also, and people of the country who came thither upon the occasion, in such plentiful, bountiful, and splendid manner, as the like had never been seen before in these counties. Every night she hath slept at some gentleman's seat. At Holdstead Hall I had the honor to be presented to her highness, and to see her dance a minuet. But an unlucky accident did occur that evening."

"No lives were lost, I hope?" Lady Tregony said.

"No lives," Master Cobham answered; "but a very precious fan which her majesty let drop into the moat—one of white and red feathers, which Sir Francis Drake had gifted her with on New Year's day. It was enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl and had her majesty's picture within it."

"And at Norwich, sir?" I asked. "Methinks, by some reports we heard, the pageants there must have proved exceeding grand."

"Rare indeed," he replied. "On the 16th she did enter the town at Harford Bridge. The mayor received her with a long Latin oration, very tedious; and, moreover, presented her with a fair cup of silver, saying, 'Here is one hundred pounds pure gold.' To my thinking, the cup was to her liking more than the speech, and the gold most of all; for when one of her footmen advanced for to take the cup, she said sharply, 'Look to it: there is one hundred pounds.' Lord! what a number of pageants were enacted that day and those which followed! Deborah, Judith, Esther at one gate; Queen Martia at another; on the heights near Blancheflower Castle, King Gurgunt and his men. Then all the heathen deities in turn: Mercury driving full speed through the city in a fantastic car; Jupiter presenting her with a riding-rod, and Venus with a white dove. But the rarest of all had been design-

Digitized by Google

ed by Master Churchyard. Where her majesty was to take her barge, at the back-door of my Lord Arundel's town-house, he had prepared a goodly masque of water-nymphs concealed in a deep hole, and covered with green canvas, which suddenly opening as if the ground gaped, first one nymph was intended to pop up and make a speech to the queen, and then another; and a very complete concert to sound secretly and strangely out of the earth. But when the queen passed in her coach, a thunder-shower came down like a water-spout, and great claps of thunder silenced the concert; which some did presage to be an evil omen of the young lord's fortunes."

"I' faith," cried Basil, "I be sorry for the young nobleman, and yet more for the poor artificer of this ingenious pageant, to whom his nymphs turned into drowned rats must needs have been a distressing sight."

"He was heard to lament over it," Master Cobham said, "in very pathetic terms: 'What shall I say' (were his words) 'of the loss of velvets, silks, and cloths of gold? Well, nothing but the old adage—Man doth purpose, but God dispose.' Well, the mayor hath been knighted; and her majesty said she should never forget his city. On her journey she looked back, and, with water in her eyes, shaked her riding whip, and cried, 'Farewell Norwich!' Yesterday she was to sleep at Sir Henry Jerningham's at Cottessy, and hunt in his park to-day."

"Oh, poor Sir Henry!" I said laughing. "Then he hath not escaped this dear honor?"

"Notice of it was sent to him but two days before, from Norwich," Master Cobham rejoined; "and I ween he should have been glad for to be excused."

Lady Tregony then reminded us that supper was ready, and we removed to the dining-hall; but neither did this good gentleman weary of relating nor we of listening to the various haps of the royal progress, which he continued to describe whilst we sat at meat.

He was yet talking when the sound of a horse galloping under the windows surprised us, and we had scarce time to turn our heads before Basil's steward came tumbling into the room head foremost, like one demented.

"Sir, sir!" he cried, almost beside himself; "in God's name, what do you here, and the queen coming for to sleep at your house to-morrow?"

Methinks a thunder-clap in the midst of the stilly clear evening should not have startled us so much. Basil's face flushed very deeply; Lady Tregony looked ready to faint; my heart beat as if it should burst; Master Cobham threw his hat into the air, and cried, "Long live Queen Elizabeth, and the old house of Rookwood!"

"Who hath brought these tidings?" Basil asked of the steward.

"Marry," replied the man, "one of her majesty's gentlemen and two footmen have arrived from Cottessy, and brought this letter from Lord Burleigh for your honor."

Basil broke the seal, read the missive, and then quietly looking up, said, "It is true; and I must lose no time to prepare my poor house for her majesty's abode in it."

He looked not now red, but somewhat pale. Methinks he was thinking of the chapel, and what it held; and the queen's servants now in the house. I would not stay him; but, taking my hand whilst he spoke, he said to Lady Tregony,

"Dear lady, I shall lack yours and Constance's aid to-morrow. Will you do me so much good as to come with her to Euston as early before dinner as you can?"

"Yea, we will be with you, my good Basil," she answered, "before ten of the clock."

"'Tis not," he said, "that I intend to cast about for fine silks and cloths of gold, or contrive pageants—God

Digitized by Google

defend it!—or ransack the country for rare and costly meats; but such honorable cheer and so much of comfort as a plain gentleman's house can afford, I be bound to provide for my sovereign when she deigneth to use mine house."

"Master Cobham, I do crave the honor of your company also," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, with many acknowledgments of his courtesy, excused himself on the plea that he must needs be at his own seat the next day.

Then Basil, mounting his horse which the steward had brought with him, rode away so fast that the old man could scarce keep up with him.

Not once that night did mine eyes close themselves. Either I sat bolt upright in my bed counting each time the clock struck the number of chimes, or else, unable to lie still, paced up and down my chamber. The hours seemed to pass so slowly, more than in times of deep grief. It seemed so strange a hap that the queen should come to Euston, I almost fancied at moments the whole thing to be a dream, so fantastic did it appear. Then a fear would seize me lest the chapel should have been discovered before Basil could arrive. Minor cares likewise troubled me; such as the scantiness and bad state of the furniture, the lack of household conveniences, the difficulty that might arise to procure sufficient food at a brief notice for so great a number of persons. Oh, how my head did work all night with these various thinkings! and it seemed as if the morning would never come, and when it did that Lady Tregony would never ring her bell. Then I bethought myself of the want of proper dresses for her and myself to appear in before her majesty, if so be we were admitted to her presence. Howsoever, I found she was indifferently well provided in that respect, for her old good gowns stood in a closet where dust could not reach them, and she bethought herself I could wear my wedding-dress, which had come from the seamstress a few days before; and so we should not be ashamed to be seen. I must needs confess that, though many doubts and apprehensions filled me touching this day, I did feel some contentment in the thought of the honor conferred on Basil. If there was pride in this, I do cry God mercy for it. As we rode to Euston, the fresh air, the eager looks of the people on the road—for now the report had spread of the queen's coming—the stir which it caused, the puttings up of flags, and buildings of green arches, strengthened this gladness. Basil was awaiting us with much impatience, and immediately drew me aside.

"I have locked," he said, "all the books and church furniture, and our Blessed Lady's image, in Owen's hiding place; so methinks we be quite secure. Beds and food I have sent for, and they keep coming in. Prithee, dear love, look well thyself to her majesty's chamber, for to make it as handsome and befitting as is possible with such poor means thereunto. I pray God the lodging may be to her contentation for one night."

So I hasted to the state-chamber—for so it was called, albeit except for size it had but small signs of state about it. Howsoever, with the maids' help, I gathered into it whatsoever furniture in the house was most handsome, and the wenches made wreaths of ivy and laurel, which we hung round the bare walls. Thence I went to the kitchen, and found her majesty's cook was arrived, with as many scullions as should have served a whole army; so, except speaking to him civilly, and inquiring what provisions he wanted, I had not much to do there. Then we went round the house with Mr. Bowyer, the gentleman-usher, for to assign the chambers to the queen's ladies, and the lords and gentlemen and the waiting-women. There was no lack of room, but much of proper furniture; albeit chairs and tables were borrowed on all sides from the neighboring cottages, and Lady

Digitized by Google

Tregony sent for a store from her house. Mr. Bowyer held in his hand a list of the persons of the court now journeying with the queen; Lord Burleigh, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many other famous courtiers were foremost in it. When their lodgings were fixed, he glanced down the paper, and, mine eyes following his, I perceived among the minor gentlemen there set down Hubert's name, which moved me very much; for we did not of a surety know at that time he did belong to the court, and I would fain he had not been present on this occasion, and new uneasy thoughts touching what had passed at Sir Francis Walsingham's house, and the words the queen had let fall concerning him and me, crossed my mind in consequence. But in that same list I soon saw another name which caused me so vehement an emotion that Basil, noticing it, pulled me by the hand into another room for to ask me the cause of that sudden passion.

"Basil," I whispered, "mine heart will break if that murthering Richard Topcliffe must sleep under your roof."

"God defend it!" he exclaimed. But pausing in his speech leant his arm against the chimney and his head on it for a brief space. Then raising it, said, in an altered tone, "Mine own love, be patient. We must needs drink this chalice to the dregs" (which showed me his thoughts touching this visit had been from the first less hopeful than mine). Taking my pencil out of mine hand, he walked straight to the door before which Mr. Bowyer was standing, awaiting us, and wrote thereon Master Topcliffe's name. Methought his hand shook a little in the doing of it. I then whispered again in his ear:

"Know you that Hubert is in the queen's retinue?"

"No, indeed!" he exclaimed; and then with his bright winning smile, "Prithee now, show him kindness for my sake. He had best sleep in my chamber to-night. It will make room, and mind us of our boyish days."

The day was waning and long shadows falling on the grass when tidings came that her majesty had been hunting that morning, and would not arrive till late. About dusk warning was given of her approach. She rode up on horseback to the house amidst the loud cheering of the crowd, with all her train very richly attired. But it had waxed so dark their countenances could not be seen. Her master of the horse lifted her from the saddle, and she went straight to her own apartments, being exceeding tired, it was said, with her day's sport and long riding. Notice was given that her highness would admit none to her presence that evening. Howsoever, she sent for Basil, and, giving him her hand to kiss, thanked him in the customary manner for the use of his house. It had not been intended that Lady Tregony and I should sleep at Euston, where the room did scarcely suffice for the queen's suite. So when it was signified her majesty should not leave her chamber that night, but, after a slight refection, immediately retire to rest, and her ladies likewise, who were almost dead with fatigue, she ordered our horses to be brought to the back-door. Basil stole away from the hall where the lords and gentlemen were assembled for to bid us good-night. After he had lifted me on the saddle, he threw his arm round the horse's neck as if for to detain him, and addressing me very fondly, called me his own love, his sole comfort, his best treasure, with many other endearing expressions.

Then I, loth to leave him alone amidst false friends and secret enemies, felt tenderness overcome me, and I gave him in return some very tender and passionate assurances of affection; upon which he kissed mine hands over and over again, and our hearts, overcharged with various emotions, found relief in this interchange of loving looks and words. But, alas! this brief interview had an unthought

Digitized by Google

of witness more than good Lady Tregony, who said once or twice, "Come, children, bestir yourselves," or "Tut, tut, we should be off;" but still lingered herself for to pleasure us. I chanced to look up, whilst Basil was fastening my horse's bit, and by the light of a lamp projecting from the wall, I saw Hubert at an open window right over above our heads. I doubt not but that he had seen the manner of our parting, and heard the significant expressions therein used; for a livid hue, and the old terrible look which I had noticed in him before, disfigured his countenance. I am of opinion that until that time he had not believed with certainty that my natural, unbiassed inclination did prompt me to marry Basil, or that I loved him with other than a convenient and moderate regard, which, if circumstances reversed their positions, should not be a hindrance to his own suit. Basil having finished his management with my bridle stepped back with a smile and last good-night, all unconscious of that menacing visage which my terrified eyes were now averted from, but which I still seemed pursued by. It made me weep to think that these two brothers should lie in the same chamber that coming night; the one so confiding and guileless of heart, the other so full of envy and enmity.

I was so tired when I reached home that I fell heavily asleep for some hours. But, awaking between five and six of the clock, and not able to rest in my chamber, dressed myself and went into the garden. Not far from the house there was an arbor, with a seat in it. Passing alongside of it, I perceived, with no small terror, a man lying asleep on this bench. And then, with increased affright, but not believing mine own eyes, but rather thinking it to be a vision, saw Basil, as it seemed to me, in the same dress he wore the day before, but with his face much paler. A cry burst from me, for methought perhaps he should be dead. But he awoke at my scream, looked somewhat wildly about him for a minute, rubbed his eyes, and then with a kind of smile, albeit an exceeding sad one, said,

"Is it you, my good angel?"

"O Basil," I cried, sitting down by his side, and taking hold of his chilled hand, "what hath happened? Why are you here?"

He covered his face with his hands. Methinks he was praying. Then he raised his pale, noble visage and said:

"About one hour after your departure, supper being just ended, I was talking with Sir Walter Raleigh and some other gentlemen, when a message was brought unto me from Lord Burleigh, who had retired to his chamber, desiring for to speak with me. I thought it should be somewhat anent the queen's pleasure for the ordering of the next day, and waited at once on his lordship. When I came in, he looked at me with a very severe and harsh countenance. 'Sir,' he said in an abrupt manner, 'I am informed that you are excommunicated for papistry. How durst you then attempt the royal presence, and to kiss her majesty's hand? You—unfit to company with any Christian person—you are fitter for a pair of stocks, and are forthwith commanded not to appear again in her sight, but to hold yourself ready to attend her council's pleasure.' Constance, God only knoweth what I felt; and oh, may he forgive me that for one moment I did yield to a burning resentment, and forgot the prayers I have so often put up, that when persecution fell on me I might meet it, as the early Christians did, with blessings, not with curses. But look you, love, a judicial sentence, torture, death methinks, should be easier to bear than this insulting, crushing, brutal tone, which is now used toward Catholics. Yet if Christ was for us struck by a slave and bore it, we should also be able for to endure their insolent scorn. Bitter words escaped me, I think, albeit I know not very well what I said; but

Digitized by Google

his lordship turned his back on the man he had insulted, and left the room without listening to me. I be glad of it now. What doth it avail to remonstrate against injuries done under pretence of law, or bandy words with a judge which can compel you to silence?"

"Basil," I cried, "you may forgive that man; I cannot."

"Yea, but if you love me, you shall forgive him," he cried. "God defend mine injuries should work in thee an unchristian resentment! Nay, nay, love, weep not; think for what cause I am ill-used, and thou wilt presently rejoice thereat rather than grieve."

"But what happened when that lord had left you?" I asked, not yet able to speak composedly.

Then he: "I stood stock-still for a while in a kind of bewilderment, hearing loud laughter in the hall below, and seeing, as it did happen, a man the worse for liquor staggering about the court. To my heated brain it did seem as if hell had been turned loose in my house, where some hours before—" Then he stopped, and again sinking his head on his hands, paused a little, and then continued without looking up: "Well, I came down the stairs and walked straight out at the front door. As I passed the hall I heard some one ask, 'Which is the master of this huge house?' and another, whom by his voice I knew to be Topcliffe, answered, 'Rookwood, a papist, newly crept out of his wardship. As to his house, 'tis most fit for the blackguard, but not for her gracious majesty to lodge in. But I hope she will serve God with great and comfortable examples, and have all such notorious papists presently committed to prison.' This man's speech seemed to restore me to myself, and a firmer spirit came over me. I resolved not to sleep under mine own roof, where, in the queen's name, such ignominious treatment had been awarded me, and went out of my house, reciting those verses of the Psalms, 'O God, save me in thy name, and in thy strength judge me. Because strangers have risen up against me, and the strong have sought my soul.' I came here almost unwittingly, and not choosing to disturb any one in the midst of the night, lay down in this place, and, I thank God, soon fell asleep."

"You did not see Hubert?" I timidly inquired.

"No," he said, "neither before nor after my interview with Lord Burleigh. I hope no one hath accused him of papistry, and so this time he may escape."

"And who did accuse you?" I asked.

"I know not," he answered; "we are never safe for one hour. A discontented groom or covetous neighbor may ruin us when they list."

"But are you not in danger of being called before the council?" I said.

"Yea, more than in danger," he answered. "But I should hope a heavy fine shall this time satisfy the judges; which, albeit we can ill afford it, may yet be endured."

Then I drew him into the house, and we continued to converse till good Lady Tregony joined us. When I briefly related to her what Basil had told me, the color rose in her pale, aged cheek; but she only clasped her hands and said,

"God's holy will be done."

"Constance," Basil exclaimed, whilst he was eating some breakfast we had set before him, "prithee get me paper and ink for to write to Hubert."

I looked at him inquiringly as I gave him what he asked for.

"I am banished from mine own house," he said; "but as long as it is mine the queen should not lack anything I can supply for her comfort. She is my guest, albeit I am deemed unworthy to come into her presence; I must needs charge Hubert to act the host in my place, and see to all hospitable duties."

My heart swelled at this speech. Methought, though I dared not utter

Digitized by Google

my thinking for more reasons than one, that Hubert had most like not waited for his brother's licence to assume the mastership of his house. The messenger was despatched, and then a long silence ensued, Basil walking to and fro before the house, and I embroidering, with mine eyes often raised from my work to look toward him. When nine o'clock struck I joined him, and we strolled outside the gate, and without forecasting to do so walked along the well-known path leading to Euston. When we reached a turn of the road whence the house is to be seen, we stopped and sat down on a bank under a sycamore tree. We could discern from thence persons going in and out of the doors, and the country-folk crowding about, the windows for to catch a glimpse of the queen, the guard ever and anon pushing them back with their halberds. The numbers of them continually increased, and deputations began to arrive with processions and flags. It was passing strange for to be sitting there gazing as strangers on this turmoil, and folks crowding about that house the master of which was banished from it. At last we noticed an increased agitation amongst the people which seemed to presage the queen's coming out. Sounds of shouting proceeded from inside the building, and then a number of men issued from the front door, and pushing back the crowd advanced to the centre of the green plot in front and made a circle there with ropes.

"What sport are they making ready for?" I said, turning to Basil.

"God knoweth," he answered in a despondent tone. Then came others carrying a great armed-chair, which they placed on one side of the circle and other chairs beside it, and some country people brought in their arms loads of fagots, which they piled up in the midst of the green space. A painful suspicion crossed my mind, and I stole a glance at Basil for to see if the same thought had come to him. He was looking another way. I cast about if it should be possible on some pretence to draw him off from that spot, whence it misgave me a sorrowful sight should meet his eyes. But at that moment both of us were aroused by loud cries of "God save the queen!" "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" and we beheld her issue from the house bowing to the crowd, which filled the air with their cries and vociferous cheering. She seated herself in the armed-chair, her ladies and the chief persons of her train on each side of her. On the edge of this half-circle I discerned Hubert. The straining of mine eyes was very painful; they seemed to burn in their sockets. Basil had been watching the forthcoming of the queen, but his sight was not so quick as mine, and as yet no fear such as I entertained had struck him.

"What be they about?" he said to me with a good-natured smile. Before I could answer—"Good God!" he exclaimed in an altered voice; "what sound is that?" for suddenly yells and hooting noises arose, such as a mob do salute criminals with, and a kind of procession issued from the front door. "What, what is it?" cried Basil, seizing my hand with a convulsive grasp; "what do they carry?—not Blessed Mary's image?"

"Yea," I said, "I see Topcliffe walking in front of them. They will burn it. There, there—they do lift it in the air in mockery. Oh, some people do avoid and turn away; now they lay it down and light the fagots." Then I put my hand over his eyes for that he should not see a sort of dance which was performed around the fire, mixed with yells and insulting gestures, and the queen sitting and looking on. He forced my hand away; and when I said, "Oh, prithee, Basil, stay not here—come with me," he exclaimed·

"Let me go, Constance! let me go! Shall I stand aloof when at mine own door the Blessed Mother of God is outraged? Am I a Jew or a heretic that I should endure this sight and not smite this queen of earth, which dareth

Digitized by Google

to insult the Queen of Saints? Yea, if I should be torn to pieces, I will not suffer them to proceed."

I clung to him affrighted, and cried out, "Basil, you shall not go. Our Blessed Lady forbids it; your passion doth blind you. You will offend God and lose your soul if you do. Basil, dearest Basil, 'tis human anger, not godly sorrow only, moves you now." Then he cast himself down with his face on the ground and wept bitterly; which did comfort me, for his inflamed countenance had been terrible, and these tears came as a relief.

Meantime this disgusting scene ended, and the queen withdrew; after which the crowd slowly dispersed, smouldering ashes alone remaining in the midst of the burnt-up grass. Then Basil rose, folded his arms, and gazed on the scene in silence. At last he said:

"Constance, this house shall no longer be mine. God knoweth I have loved it well since my infancy. More dearly still since we forecasted together to serve God in it. But this scene would never pass away from my mind. This outrage hath stained the home of my fathers. This people, whose yells do yet ring in mine ears, can no longer be to me neighbors as heretofore, or this queen my queen. God forgive me if I do err in this. I do not curse her. No, God defend it! I pray that on her sad deathbed—for surely a sad one it must be—she shall cry for mercy and obtain it; but her subject I will not remain. I will compound my estate for a sum of money, and will go beyond seas, where God is served in a Catholic manner and his Holy Mother not dishonored. Wilt thou follow me there, Constance?"

I leant my head on his shoulder, weeping. "O, Basil," I cried, "I can answer only in the words of Ruth: 'Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

He drew my arm in his, and we walked slowly away toward Fakenham. Wishing to prepare his mind for a possible misfortune, I said: "We be a thousand times happier than those which shall possess thy lands."

"What say you?" he quickly answered; "who shall possess them?"

"God knoweth," I replied, afraid to speak further.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed: "a dreadful thought cometh to me; where was Hubert this morning?"

I remained silent.

"Speak, speak! O Constance, God defend he was there!"

His grief and horror were so great I durst not reveal the truth, but made some kind of evasive answer. To this day methinks he is ignorant on that point.

The queen and the court departed from Euston soon after two of the clock; not before, as I since heard, the church furniture and books had been all destroyed, and a malicious report set about that a piece of her majesty's plate was missing, as an excuse for to misuse the poor servants which had showed grief at the destruction carried on before their eyes. When notice of their departure reached Banham Hall, whither we had returned, Basil immediately went back to Euston. I much lamented he should be alone that evening, in the midst of so many sad sights and thoughts as his house now should afford him, little forecasting the event which, by a greater mishap, surmounted minor subjects of grief.

About six of the clock, Sir Francis Walsingham, attended by an esquire and two grooms, arrived at Lady Tregony's seat, and was received by her with the courtesy she was wont to observe with every one. After some brief discoursing with her on indifferent matters, he said his business was with young Mistress Sherwood, and he desired to see her alone. Thereupon I was fetched to him, and straightway he began to speak of the queen's good opinion of me, and that her highness had been well contented

Digitized by Google

with my behavior when I had been admitted into her presence at his house; and that it should well please her majesty I should marry a faithful subject of her majesty's, whom she had taken into her favor, and then she would do us both good.

I looked in a doubtful manner at Sir Francis, feigning to misapprehend his meaning, albeit too clear did it appear to me. Seeing I did not speak, he went on:

"It is her majesty's gracious desire, Mistress Sherwood, that you should marry young Rookwood, her newly appointed servant, and from this time possessor of Euston House, and all lands appertaining unto it, which have devolved upon him in virtue of his brother's recusancy and his own recent conformity."

"Sir," I answered, "my troth is plighted to his brother, a good man and an honorable gentleman, up to this time master of Euston and its lands; and whatever shall betide him or his possessions, none but him shall be my husband, if ten thousand queens as great as this one should proffer me another."

"Madam," said Sir Francis, "be not too rash in your pledges. I should be loth to think one so well trained in virtue and loyalty should persist in maintaining a troth-plight with a convicted recusant, an exceeding malignant papist, who is at this moment in the hands of the pursuivants, and by order of her majesty's council committed to Norwich gaol. If he should (which is doubtful) escape such a sentence as should ordain him to a lasting imprisonment or perpetual banishment from this realm, his poverty must needs constrain him to relinquish all pretensions to your hand: for his brother, a most learned, well-disposed, commendable young gentleman, with such good parts as fit him to aspire to some high advancement in the state and at court, having conformed some days ago to the established religion and given many proofs of his zeal and sincerity therein, his brother's estates, as is most just, have devolved on him, and a more worthy and, I may add, from long and constant devotion and fervent humble passion long since entertained for yourself, more desirable candidate for your hand could not easily be found."

I looked fixedly at Sir Francis, and then said, subduing my voice as much as possible, and restraining all gestures:

"Sir, you have, I ween, a more deep knowledge of men's hearts and a more piercing insight into their thoughts than any other person in the world. You are wiser than any other statesman, and your wit and sagacity are spoken of all over Christendom. But methinketh, sir, there are two things which, wise and learned as you are, you are yet ignorant of, and these are a woman's heart and a Catholic's faith. I would as soon wed the meanest clown which yelled this day at Blessed Mary's image, as the future possessor of Euston, the apostate Hubert Rookwood. Now, sir, I pray you, send for the pursuivants, and let me be committed to gaol for the same crime as my betrothed husband. God knoweth I will bless you for it."

"Madam," Sir Francis coldly answered, "the law taketh no heed of persons out of their senses. A frantic passion and an immoderate fanaticism have distracted your reason. Time and reflection will, I doubt not, recall you to better and more comfortable sentiments; in which case I pray you to have recourse to my good offices, which shall ever be at your service."

Then bowing, he left me; and when he was gone, and the tumult of my soul had subsided, I lamented my vehemency, for methought if I had been more cunning in my speech, I could have done Basil some good; but now it was too late, and verily, if again exposed to the same temptation, I doubt if I could have dissembled the indignant feelings which Sir Francis's advocacy of Hubert's suit worked in me.

Lady Tregony, pitying my unhappy plight, proposed to travel with me to

Digitized by Google

London, where I was now desirous to return, for there I thought some steps might be taken to procure Basil's release, with more hope of success than if I tarried in the scene of our late happiness. She did me also the good to go with me in the first place to Norwich, where, by means of that same governor to whom Sir Hammond l'Estrange had once written in my father's behalf, we obtained for to see Basil for a few minutes. His brother's apostasy, and the painful suspicion that it was by his means the secret of Owen's cell at Euston had been betrayed, gave him infinite concern; but his own imprisonment and losses he bore with very great cheerfulness; and we entertained ourselves with the thought of a small cottage beyond seas, which henceforward became the theme of such imaginings as lovers must needs cherish to keep alive the flame of hope. Two days afterward I reached London, having travelled very fast, and only slept one night on the road.

It sometimes happens that certain misfortunes do overtake us which, had we foreseen, we should well-nigh have despaired, and misdoubted with what strength we should meet them; but God is very merciful, and fitteth the back to the burthen. If at the time that Basil left me at four of the clock to return to Euston, without any doubt on our minds to meet the next day, I should have known how long a parting was at hand, methinks all courage would have failed me. But hope worketh patience, and patience in return breedeth hope, and the while the soul is learning lessons of resignation, which at first would have seemed too hard. At the outset of this trouble, I expected he should have soon been set at liberty on the payment of a fine; but I had forgot he was now a poor man, well-nigh beggared by the loss of his inheritance. Mr. Swithin Wells, one of the best friends he and myself had—for, alas! good Mr. Roper had died during my absence—told me that, when Hubert heard of his brother's arrest, he fell into a great anguish of mind, and dealt earnestly with his new patrons to procure his release, but with no effect. Then, in a letter which he sent him, he offered to remit unto him whatever moneys he desired out of his estates; but Basil steadfastly refused to receive from him so much as one penny, and to this day has persisted in this resolve. I have since seen the letter which he wrote to him on this occasion, in which this resolution was expressed, but in no angry or contumelious terms, freely yielding him his entire forgiveness for his offence against him, if indeed any did exist, but such as was next to nothing in comparison of the offence toward God committed in the abandonment of his faith; and with all earnestness beseeching him to think seriously upon his present state, and to consider if the course he had taken, contrary to the breeding and education he had received, should tend to his true honor, reputation, contentment of mind, and eternal salvation. This he said he did plainly, for the discharge of his own conscience, and the declaration of an abiding love for him.

For the space of a year and two months he remained in prison at Norwich, Mr. Wells and Mr. Lacy furnishing him with assistance, without which he should have lacked the necessaries of life; leastways such conveniences as made his sufferings tolerable. At the end of that time, it may be by Hubert's or some other friend's efforts, a sentence of banishment was passed upon him, and he went beyond seas. I would fain have then joined him, but it pleased not God it should be at that time possible. Some moneys which were owing to him by a well-disposed debtor he looked for to recover, but till that happened he had not means for his own subsistence, much less wherewith to support a wife in howsoever humble a fashion. Dr. Allen (now cardinal) invited him to Rheims, and received him there with open arms. My father, during the last years of his life, found in him a most dutiful and affectionate son,

Digitized by Google

who closed his eyes with a true filial reverence. Our love waxed not for this long separation less ardent or less tender; only more patient, more exalted, more inwardly binding, now so much the more outwardly impeded. The greatest excellency I found in myself was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his. If his name appear not so frequently in this my writing as it hath hitherto done, even as his visible presence was lacking in that portion of my life which followed his departure, the thought of him never leaves me. If I speak of virtue in any one else, my mind turns to him, the most perfect exemplar I have met with of self-forgetting goodness; if of love, my heart recalls the perfect exchange of affection which doth link his soul with mine; if of joy, the memory of that pure happiness I found in his society; if of sorrow, of the perpetual grief his absence did cause me; if of hope, the abiding anchor whereon I rested mine during the weary years of separation. Yea, when I do write the words faith, honor, nobility, firmness, tenderness, then I think I am writing my dear Basil's name.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE year which followed Basil's arrest, and during which he was in the prison at Norwich, I wholly spent in London; not with any success touching the procuring of his release, as I had expected, but with a constant hope thereof which had its fulfilment later, albeit not by any of the means I had looked to. I shared the while with Muriel the care of her now aged and very infirm parents, taking her place at home when she went abroad on her charitable errands, or employed by her in the like good works when my ability would serve. A time cometh in most persons' lives, when maturity doth supplant youthfulness. I say most persons, because I have noticed that there are some who never do seem to attain unto any maturity of mind, and do live and die with the same childish spirit they had in youth. To others this change, albeit real, is scarcely perceptible, so gradual are its effects; but some again, either from a natural thoughtfulness, or by the influence of circumstances tending to sober in them the exuberance of spirits which appertaineth to early age, do wax mature in disposition before they grow old in years; and this befel me at that time. The eager temper, the intent desire and pursuit of enjoyment (of a good and innocent sort, I thank God) which had belonged to me till then, did so much and visibly abate, that it caused me some astonishment to see myself so changed. Joyful hours I have since known, happy days wherein mine heart hath been raised in adoring thankfulness to the Giver of all good; but the color of my mind hath no more resembled that of former years, than the hues of the evening sky can be likened to the roseate flush of early morning. The joys have been tasted, the happiness relished, but not with the same keenness as heretofore. Mine own troubles, the crowning one of Basil's misfortune, and what I continued then to witness in others of mine own faith, wrought in me these effects. The life of a Catholic in England in these days must needs, I think, produce one of two frames of mind. Either he will harbor angry passions, which religion reproves, which change a natural indignation into an unchristian temper of hatred, and lead him into plots and treasons; or else he becomes detached from the world, very quiet, given to prayer, ready to take at God's hands, and as from him at men's also, sufferings of all kinds; and even those as yet removed from so great perfection learn to be still, and to bethink themselves rather of the next world than of the present one, more than even good people did in old times.

The only friends I haunted at that time were Mr. and Mrs. Swithin Wells.

Digitized by Google

In the summer of that year I heard one day, when in their company, that Father Edmund Campion was soon to arrive in London. Father Parsons was then lodging at Master George Gilbert's house, and much talk was ministered touching this other priest's landing, and how he should be conducted thither in safety. Bryan Lacy, Thomas James, and many others, took it by turns to watch at the landing-place where he was expected to disembark. Each evening Mr. Wells's friends came for to hear news thereof. One day, when no tidings of it had yet transpired, and the company was leaving, Mr. James comes in, and having shut the door, and glanced round the room before speaking, says, with a smile,

"What think you, sirs and ladies?"

"Master Campion is arrived," cries Mistress Wells.

"God be praised!" cries her husband, and all giving signs of joy do gather round Mr. James for to hear the manner of his landing.

"Well," quoth he, "I had been pacing up and down the quay for well-nigh five hours, when I discerned a boat, which (God only knoweth wherefore) I straightway apprehended to be the one should bring Master Campion. And when it reached the landing-place, beshrew me if I did not at once see a man dressed in some kind of a merchant suit, which, from the marks I had of his features from Master Parsons, I made sure was the reverend father. So when he steps out of the boat I stand close to him, and in an audible voice, 'Good morrow, Edmund,' says I, which he hearing, turns round and looks me in the face. We both smile and shake hands, and I lead him at once to Master Gilbert's house. Oh, I promise you, it was with no small comfort to myself I brought that work to a safe ending. But now, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Wells, "what think you of this? Nothing will serve Master Campion but a place must be immediately hired, and a spacious one also, for him to begin at once to preach, for he saith he is here but for that purpose, and that he would not the pursuivants should catch him before he hath opened his lips in England; albeit, if God will grant him for the space of one year to exercise his ministry in this realm, he is most content to lay down his life afterward. And methinks he considers Almighty God doth accept this bargain, and is in haste for to begin."

"Hath Master Gilbert called his friends together for to consider of it?" asked Mr. Wells.

"Yea," answered Mr. James. "To-morrow, at ten of the clock, a meeting will be held, not at his house, for greater security, but at Master Brown's shop in Southwark, for this purpose, and he prayeth you to attend it, sir, and you, and you, and you," he continued, turning to Bryan Lacy, William Gresham, Godfrey Fuljambe, Gervase Pierpoint, and Philip and Charles Bassett, which were all present.

The next day I heard from Mrs. Wells that my Lord Paget, at the instigation of his friends which met at Mr. Brown's, had hired, in his own name, Noel House, in the which one very large chamber should serve as a chapel, and that on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, which fell on the coming Sunday, Father Campion would say mass there, and for the first time preach. She said the chief Catholics in London had combined for to send there, in the night, some vestments, some ornaments for the altar, books, and all that should be needful for divine worship. And the young noblemen and gentlemen which had been at her house the night before, and many others also, such as Lord Vaux, William and Richard Griffith, Arthur Cresswell, Charles Tilvey, Stephen Berkeley, James Hill, Thomas de Salisbury, Thomas Fitzherbert, Jerom Bellamy, Thomas Pound, Richard Stanyhurst, Thomas Abington, and Charles Arundel (this was one of the Queen's pages, but withal a zealous Catholic), had joined themselves in a

Digitized by Google

company, for to act, some as sacristans of this secret chapel, some as messengers, to go round and give notice of the preachments, and some as porters, which would be a very weighty office, for one unreliable person admitted into that oratory should be the ruin of all concerned.

Muriel and I, with Mr. Wells, went at an early hour on the Sunday to Noel House. Master Philip Bassett was at the door. He smiled when he saw us, and said he supposed he needed not to ask us for the password. The chamber into which we went was so large, and the altar so richly adorned, that the like, I ween, had not been seen since the queen had changed the religion of the country.

Mass was said by Father Campion, and that noble company of devout gentlemen aforementioned almost all communicated thereat, and many others beside, and ladies not a few. When mass was ended, and Father Campion stood up for to begin his sermon, so deep a silence reigned in that crowded assembly—for the chamber was more full than it could well hold—that a pin should have been heard to drop. Some thirsting for to hear Catholic preaching, so rare in these days, some eager to listen to the words of a man famous for his learning and parts, both before and after his conversion, beyond any other in this country. For mine own part, methought his very countenance was a preachment. When his eyes addressed themselves to heaven, it seemed as if they did verily see God, so piercing, so awed, so reverent was their gaze. He took for his text the words, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." My whole soul was fastened on his words; and albeit I have had but scant occasion to compare one preacher with another, I do not think it should be possible for a more pathetic and stirring eloquence to flow from human lips than his who that day gave God's message to a suffering and persecuted people. I had not taken mine eyes off his pale and glowing face not for so much as one instant, until, near the close of his discourse, I chanced to turn them to a place almost hidden by the curtain of an altar, where some gentlemen were standing, concealing themselves from sight. Alas! in one instant the fervent glowing of my heart, the staid, rapt intentness with which I had listened, the heavenward lifting up of my soul, vanished as if a vision of death had risen before me. I had seen Hubert Rookwood's face, that face so like—oh, what anguish was that likeness to me then!—to my Basil's. No one but me could perceive him, he was so hid by the curtain; but where I sat it opened a little, and disclosed the stern, melancholy, beautiful visage of the apostate, the betrayer of his own brother, the author of our ruin, the destroyer of our happiness. I thank God that I first beheld him again in that holy place, by the side of the altar whereon Jesus had lately descended, whilst the words of his servant were in mine ears, speaking of love and patience. It was not hatred, God knoweth it, I then felt for Basil's brother, but only terror for all present, and for him also, if peradventure he was there with an evil intent. Mine eyes were fixed as by a spell on his pale face, the while Father Campion's closing words were uttered, which spoke of St. Peter, of his crime and of his penance, of his bitter tears and his burning love. "If," he cried, "there be one here present on whose soul doth lie the guilt of a like sin; one peradventure yet more guilty than Peter; one like Judas in his crime; one like Judas in his despair—to him I say, There is mercy for thee; there is hope for thee, there is heaven for thee, if thou wilt have it. Doom not thyself, and God will never doom thee." These or the like words (for memory doth ill serve me to recall the fervent adjurations of that apostolical man) he used; and, lo, I beheld tears running down like rain from Hubert's eyes—an unchecked, ve-

Digitized by Google

hement torrent which seemed to defy all restraint. How I blessed those tears! what a yearning pity seized me for him who did shed them! How I longed to clasp his hand and to weep with him! I lost sight of him when the sermon was finished; but in the street, when we departed—which was done slowly and by degrees, for to avoid notice, four or five only going out at a time—I saw him on the other side of the pavement. Our eyes met; he stopped in a hesitating manner, and I also doubted what to do, for I thought Mistress Wells and Muriel would be averse to speak to him. Then he rapidly crossed over, and said, in a whisper:

"Will you see me, Constance, if I come to you this evening?"

I pondered; I feared to quench, it might be, a good resolve, or precipitate an evil one by a refusal; and building hopes of the former on the tears I had seen him shed, I said:

"Yea, if you come as Basil's brother and mine."

He turned and walked hastily away.

Mistress Wells and Muriel asked me with some affright if it was Hubert who had spoken to me, for they had scarce seen his face, although from his figure they had judged it was him; and when I told them he had been at Noel House, "Then we are undone!" the one exclaimed; and Muriel said, "We must straightway apprise Mr. Wells thereof; but there should be hopes, I think, he came there in some good disposition."

"I think so too," I answered, and told them of the emotion which I had noticed in him at the close of the sermon, which comforted them not a little. But he came not that evening; and Mr. Wells discovered the next day that it was Thomas Fitzherbert, who had lately arrived in London, and was not privy to his late conformity, which had invited him to come to Noel House. Father Campion continued to preach once a day at the least, often twice, and sometimes thrice, and very marvellous effects ensued. Each day greater crowds did seek admittance for to hear him, and Noel House was as openly frequented as if it had been a public church. Numbers of well-disposed Protestants came for to hear him, and it was bruited at the time that Lord Arundel had been amongst them. He converted many of the best sort, beside young gentlemen students, and others of all conditions, which by day, and some by night, sought to confer with him. I went to the preachments as often as possible. We could scarce credit our eyes and ears, so singular did it appear that one should dare to preach, and so many to listen to Catholic doctrine, and to seek to be reconciled in the midst of so great dangers, and under the pressure of tyrannic laws. Every day some newcomer was to be seen at Noel House, sometimes their faces concealed under great hats, sometimes stationed behind curtains or open doors for to escape observation.

After some weeks had thus passed, when I ceased to expect Hubert should come, he one day asked to see me, and having sent for Kate, who was then in the house, I did receive him. Her presence appeared greatly to displease him, but he began to speak to me in Italian; and first he complained of Basil's pride, which would not suffer him to receive any assistance from him who should be so willing to give it.

"Would you—" I said, and was about to add some cutting speech, but I resolved to restrain myself and by no indiscreet words to harden his soul against remorse, or perhaps endanger others. Then, after some other talking, he told me in a cunning manner, making his meaning clear, but not couching it in direct terms, that if I would conform to the Protestant religion and marry him, Basil should be, he could warrant it, set at liberty, and he would make over to him more than one-half of the income of his estates yearly, which, being done in secret, the law could not then touch him. I made no answer thereunto, but fixing mine eyes on him, said, in English:

Digitized by Google

"Hubert, what should be your opinion of the sermon on St. Peter and St. Paul's Day?" He changed color. "Was it not," I said, "a moving one?" Biting his lip, he replied:

"I deny not the preacher's talent."

"O Hubert," I exclaimed, "fence not yourself with evasive answers. I know you believe as a Catholic."

"The devils believe," he answered.

"Hubert," I then said, with all the energy of my soul, "if you would not miserably perish—if you would not lose your soul—promise me this night to retrace your steps; to seek Father Campion and be reconciled." His lip quivered; methought I could almost see his good angel on one side of him and a tempting fiend on the other. But the last prevailed, for with a bitter sneer he said:

"Yea, willingly, fair saint, if you will marry me."

Kate, who till then had not much understood what had passed, cried out, "Fie, Hubert, fie on thee to tempt her to abandon Basil, and he a prisoner."

"Madam," he said, turning to her, "recusants should not be so bold in their language. The laws of the land are transgressed in a very daring manner now-a-days. and those who obey them taunted for the performance of their duty to the queen and the country."

Oh, what a hard struggle it proved to be patient; to repress the vehement reproaches which hovered on my lips. Kate looked at me affrighted. I trembled from head to foot. Father Campion's life and the fate of many others, it might be, were in the hands of this man, this traitor, this spy. To upbraid him I dared not, but wringing my hands, exclaimed:

"O Hubert, Hubert! for thy mother's sake, who looks down on us from heaven, listen to me. There be no crimes which may not be forgiven; but some there be which if one doth commit them he forgiveth not himself, and is likely to perish miserably."

"Think you I know this not?" he fiercely cried; "think you not that I suffer even now the torment you speak of, and envy the beggar in the street his stupid apathy?" He drew a paper from his bosom and unfolded it. A terrible gleam shot through his eyes. "I could compel you to be my wife."

"No," I said, looking him in the face, "neither man nor fiends can give you that power. God alone can do it, and he will not."

"Do you see this paper?" he asked. "Here are the names of all the recusants who have been reconciled by the Pope's champion. I have but to speak the word, and to-morrow they are lodged in the Marshalsea or the Tower, and the priest first and foremost."

"But you will not do it," I said, with a singular calmness. "No, Hubert; as God Almighty liveth, you will not. You cannot commit this crime, this foul murther."

"If it should come to that," he fiercely cried, "if blood should be shed, on your head it will fall. You can save them if you list."

"Would you compel me by a bloody threat to utter a false vow?" I said. "O Hubert, Hubert! that you, you should threaten to betray a priest, to denounce Catholics! There was a day—have you forgot it?—when at the chapel at Euston, your father at your side, you knelt, an innocent child, at the altar's rail, and a priest came to you and said, '*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam ad vitam æternam.*' If any one had then told you"—

"Oh, for God's sake speak not of it!" he wildly cried; "that way madness doth lie."

"No, no," I cried; "not madness, but hope and return."

A change came over his face; he thrust the paper in my hand. "Destroy it," he cried; "destroy it, Constance!" And then bursting into tears, "God knoweth I never meant to do it."

"O Hubert, you have been mad, dear brother, more mad than guilty. Pray, and God will bless you."

"Call me not brother, Constance Would to God I had been *only* mad! But it is too late now to think on it."

Digitized by Google

"Nay, nay," I cried, "it never is too late."

"Pray for me then," he said, and went to the door: but, turning suddenly, whispered in a scarce audible manner, "Ask Father Campion to pray for me," and then rushed out.

Kate had now half-fainted, and would have it we were all going to be killed. I pacified and sent her home, lest she should fright her parents with her rambling speeches.

Albeit Hubert's last words had seemed to be sincere, I could not but call to mind how, after he had been apparently cut to the heart and moved even to tears by Father Campion's preaching, he had soon uttered threats which, howsoever recalled, left me in doubt if it should be safe to rely on his silence; so I privately informed Mr. Wells, and he Master George Gilbert and Father Parsons, of what had passed between us. At the same time, I have never known whether by Hubert's means, or in any other way, her majesty's council got wind of the matter, and gave out that great confederacies were made by the Pope and foreign princes for the invasion of this country, and that Jesuits and seminary priests were sent to prepare their ways. Exquisite diligence was used for the apprehension of all such, but more particularly the Pope's champion, as Master Campion was called. So in the certainty that Hubert was privy to the existence of the chapel at Noel House, and that many Protestants were also acquainted with it, and likewise with his lodging at Master Elliot's, where not a few resorted to him in the night, he was constrained by Father Parsons to leave London, to the no small regret of Catholics and others also which greatly admired his learning and eloquence, the like of which was not to be found in any other person at that time. None of those which had attended the preachments at Noel House were accused, nor the place wherein they had met disclosed, which inclineth me to think Hubert did not reveal to her majesty's government his knowledge thereof.

About two months afterward Basil's release and banishment happened. I would fain have seen him on his way to the coast; but the order for his departure was so sudden and peremptory, the queen's officers not losing sight of him until he was embarked on a vessel going to France, that I was deprived of that happiness. That he was no longer a prisoner I rejoiced; but it seemed as if a second and more grievous separation had ensued, now that the sea did divide me from the dear object of my love.

Lady Arundel, whose affectionate heart resented with the most tender pity the abrupt interruption of our happiness, had often written to me during this year to urge my coming to Arundel Castle; "for," said she, "methinks, my dear Constance, a third turtle-dove might now be added to the two on the Queen of Scotland's design; and on thy tree, sweet one, the leaves are, I warrant thee, very green yet, and future joys shall blossom on its wholesome branches, which are pruned but not destroyed, injured but not withered." She spoke with no small contentment of her then residence, that noble castle, her husband's worthiest possession (as she styled it), and the grandest jewel of his earldom. For albeit (thus she wrote) "Kenninghall is larger in the extent it doth cover and embrace, and far more rich in its decorations and adornments, I hold it not to be comparable in true dignity to this castle, which, for the strength of its walls, the massive grandeur of its keep, the vast forests which do encircle it, the river which bathes its feet, the sea in its vicinity and to be seen from its tower, the stately trees about it, and the clinging ivy which softens with abundant verdure the stern, frowning walls, hath not its like in all England." But a letter I had from this dear lady a few months after this one contained the most joyful news I could receive, as will be seen by those who read it:

"My good Constance" (her ladyship wrote), "I would I had you a prisoner in this fortress, to hold and detain at

Digitized by Google

my pleasure. Methinks I will present thee as a recusant, and sue for the privilege of thy custody. Verily, I should keep good watch over thee. There be dungeons enough, I warrant you, in the keep, wherein to imprison runaway friends. Master Bayley doth take great pains to explain to me the names and old uses of the towers, chapels, and buildings within and without the castle, which do testify to the zeal and piety of past generations: the Chapel of St. Martin, in the keep, which was the oratory of the garrison; the old collegiate buildings of the College of the Holy Trinity; the Maison-Dieu, designed by Richard, Earl of Arundel, and built by his son on the right bank of the river, for the harboring of twenty aged and poor men, either unmarried or widowers, which, from infirmity, were unable to provide for their own support; the Priory of the Friars Preachers, with the rising gardens behind it; the Chapel of Blessed Mary, over the gate; that of St. James ad Leprosos, which was attached to he Leper's Hospital; and St. Lawrence's, which standeth on the hill above the tower; and in the valley below, the Priory of St. Bartholomew, built by Queen Adeliza for the monks of St. Austin. Verily the poor were well cared for when all these monasteries and hospitals did exist; and it doth grieve me to think that the moneys which were designed by so many pious men of past ages for the good of religion should now be paid to my lord, and spent in worldly and profane uses. Howsoever, I have better hopes than heretofore that he will one day serve God in a Christian manner. And now, methinks, after much doubting if I should dare for to commit so weighty a secret unto paper, that I must needs tell thee, as this time I send my letter by a trusty messenger, what, if I judge rightly, will prove so great a comfort to thee, my dear Constance, that thine own griefs shall seem the lighter for it. Thou dost well know how long I have been well-affected to Catholic religion, increasing therein daily more and more, but yet not wholly resolved to embrace and profess it. But by reading a book treating of the danger of schism, soon after my coming here, I was so efficaciously moved, that I made a firm purpose to become a member of the Catholic and only true Church of God. I charged Mr. Bayley to seek out a grave and ancient priest, and to bring him here privately; for I desired very much that my reconciliation, and meeting with this priest to that intent, should be kept as secret as was possible, for the times are more troublesome than ever, and I would fain have none to know of it until I can disclose it myself to my lord in a prudent manner. I have, as thou knoweth, no Catholic women about me, nor any one whom I durst acquaint with this business; so I was forced to go alone at an unseasonable hour from mine own lodging in the castle, by certain dark ways and obscure passages, to the chamber where this priest (whose name, for greater prudence, I mention not here) was lodged, there to make my confession—it being thought, both by Mr. Bayley and myself, that otherwise it could not possibly be done without discovery, or at least great danger thereof. Oh, mine own dear Constance, when I returned by the same way I had gone, lightened of a burthen so many years endured, cheered by the thought of a reconcilement so long desired, strengthened and raised, leastways for a while, above all worldly fears, darkness appeared light, rough paths smooth; the moon, shining through the chinks of the secret passage, which I thought had shed before a ghastly light on the uneven walls, now seemed to yield a mild and pleasant brightness, like unto that of God's grace in a heart at peace. And this exceeding contentment and steadfastness of spirit have not—praise him for it—since left me; albeit I have much cause for apprehension in more ways than one; for what in these days is so secret it becometh not known? But whatever now shall befal me—public dangers or private sorrows—my

Digitized by Google

feet do rest on a rock, not on the shifting sands of human thinkings, and I am not afraid of what man can do unto me. Yea, Philip's displeasure I can now endure, which of all things in the world I have heretofore most apprehended."

The infinite contentment this letter gave me distracted me somewhat from the anxious thoughts that filled my mind at the time it reached me, which was soon after Hubert's visit. A few days afterward Lady Arundel wrote again:

"My lord has been here, but stayed only a brief time. I found him very affectionate in his behavior, but his spirits so much depressed that I feared something had disordered him. Conversation seemed a burthen to him, and he often shut himself up in his own chamber or walked into the park with only his dog. When I spoke to him he would smile with much kindness, uttering such words as 'sweet wife,' or 'dearest Nan,' and then fall to musing again, as if his mind had been too oppressed with thinking to allow of speech. The day before he left I was sorting flowers at one end of the gallery in a place which the wall projecting doth partly conceal. I saw him come from the hall up the stairs into it, and walk to and fro in an agitated manner, his countenace very much troubled, and his gestures like unto those of a person in great perplexity of mind. I did not dare so much as to stir from where I stood, but watched him for a long space of time with incredible anxiety. Sometimes he stopped and raised his hand to his forehead. Another while he went to the window and looked intently, now at the tower and the valley beyond it, now up to the sky, on which the last rays of the setting sun were throwing a deep red hue, as if the world had been on fire. Then turning back, he joined his hands together and anon sundered them again, pacing up and down the while more rapidly than before, as if an inward conflict urged this unwitting speed. At last I saw him stand still, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and move his lips as if in prayer. What passed in his mind then, God only knoweth. He is the most reluctant person in the world to disclose his thoughts.

"When an hour afterward we met in the library his spirits seemed somewhat improved. He spoke of his dear sister Meg with much affection, and asked me if I had heard from Bess. Lord William, he said, was the best brother a man ever had; and that it should like him well to spend his life in any corner of the world God should appoint for him, so that he had to keep him company Will and Meg and his dear Nan, 'which I have so long ill-treated,' he added, 'that as long as I live I shall not cease to repent of it; and God he knoweth I deserve not so good a wife;' with many other like speeches which I wish he would not use, for it grieveth me he should disquiet himself for what is past, when his present kindness doth so amply recompense former neglect. Mine own Constance, I pray you keep your courage alive in your afflictions. There be no lane so long but it hath a turning, the proverb saith. My sorrows seemed at one time without an issue. Now light breaketh through the yet darksome clouds which do environ us. So will it be with thee. Burn this letter, seeing it doth contain what may endanger the lives of more persons than one.—Thy loving, faithful friend,

"Ann, Arundel and Surrey."

A more agitated letter followed this one, written at different times, and detained for some days for lack of a safe messenger to convey it.

"What I much fear," so it began, "is the displeasure of my lord when he comes to know of my reconcilement, for it cannot, I think, be long concealed from him. This my fear, dear Constance, hath been much increased by the coming down from London of one of his chaplains, who affirms he was sent on purpose by the earl to read prayers and to preach to me and my family; and on last Sun-

Digitized by Google

day he came into the great chamber of the castle, expecting and desiring to know my pleasure therein. I thought best for to send for him to my chamber, and I desired him not to trouble himself nor me in that matter, for I would satisfy the earl therein. But oh, albeit I spoke very composedly, my apprehensions are very great. For see, my dear friend, Philip hath been but lately reconciled to me, and his fortunes are in a very desperate condition, so that he may think I have given the last blow to them by this act, which his enemies will surely brave at. Think not I do repent of it. God knoweth I should as soon repent of my baptism as of my return to his true Church; but though the spirit is steadfast, the flesh is weak, and the heart also. What will he say to me when he cometh? He did once repulse me, but hath never upbraided me. How shall I bear new frowns after recent caresses?—peradventure an eternal parting after a late reunion? O Constance, pray for me. But I remember I have no means for to send this letter. But God be praised, I have now friends in heaven which I may adjure to pray for me who have at hand no earthly ones."

Four or five days later, her ladyship thus finished her letter:

"God is very merciful; oh, let his holy name be praised and magnified for ever! Now the weight of a mountain is off my heart. Now I care not for what man may do unto me. Phil has been here, and I promise thee, dear Constance, when his horse stopped at the castle-door, my heart almost stopped its beating, so great was my apprehension of his anger. But, to my great joy and admiration, he kissed me very tenderly, and did not speak the least word of the chaplain's errand. And when we did walk out in the evening, and, mounting to the top of the keep, stood there looking on the fine trees and the sun sinking into the sea, my dear lord, who had been some time silent, turned to me and said, 'Meg has become Catholic.' Joy and surprise almost robbed me of my breath; for next to his reconcilement his sister's was what I most desired in the world, and also I knew what a particular love he had ever shown for her, as being his only sister, by reason whereof he would not seem to be displeased with her change, and consequently he could not in reason be much offended with myself for being what she was; so when he said, 'Meg has become Catholic,' I leant my face against his shoulder, and whispered, 'So hath Nan.' He spoke not nor moved for some minutes. Methinks he could have heard the beatings of my heart. I was comforted that, albeit he uttered not so much as one word, he made no motion for to withdraw himself from me, whose head still rested against his bosom. Suddenly he threw his arms about me, and strained me to his breast. So tender an embrace I had never before had from him, and I felt his tears falling on my head. But speech there was none touching my change. Howsoever, before he left me I said to him, 'My dear Phil, Holy Scripture doth advise those who enter into the service of Almighty God to prepare themselves for temptation. As soon as I resolved to become Catholic, I did deeply imprint this in my mind; for the times are such that I must expect to suffer for that cause.' 'Yea, dearest Nan,' he answered, with great kindness, 'I doubt not thou hast taken the course which will save thy soul from the danger of shipwreck, although it doth subject thy body to the peril of misfortune.' Then waxing bolder, I said, 'And thou, Phil—' and there stopped short, looking what I would speak. He seemed to struggle for a while with some inward difficulty of speaking his mind, but at last he began, 'Nan, I will not become Catholic before I can resolve to live as a Catholic, and I defer the former until I have an intent and resolute purpose to perform the latter. O Nan, when I

Digitized by Google

think of my vile usage of thee, whom I should have so much loved and esteemed for thy virtue and discretion; of my wholly neglecting, in a manner, my duty to the earl my grandfather, and my aunt Lady Lumley; of my wasting, by profuse expenses, of great sums of money in the following of the courts, the estate which was left me, and a good quantity of thine own lands also; but far more than all, my total forgetting of my duty to Almighty God—for, carried away with company, youthful entertainments, pleasures, and delights, my mind being wholly possessed with them, I did scarce so much as think of God, or of anything concerning religion or the salvation of my soul—I do feel myself unworthy of pardon, and utterly to be contemned.'

"So much goodness, humility, and virtuous intent was apparent in this speech, and such comfortable hopes of future excellence, that I could not forbear from exclaiming, 'My dear Phil, I ween thou wilt be one of those who shall love God much, forasmuch as he will have forgiven thee much.' And then I asked him how long it was since this change in his thinking, albeit not yet acted upon, had come to him? He said, it so happened that he was present, the year before, at a disputation held in the Tower of London, between Mr. Sherwin and some other priests on the one part, Charles Fulk, Whittakers, and some other Protestant ministers on the other; and, by what he heard and saw there, he had perceived, he thought, on which side the truth and true religion was, though at the time he neither did intend to embrace or follow it. But, he added, what had moved him of late most powerfully thereunto was a sermon of Father Campion's, which he had heard at Noel House, whither Charles Arundel had carried him, some days before his last visit to me. 'The whole of those days,' he said, 'my mind was so oppressed with remorse and doubt, that I knew no peace, until one evening, by a special grace of God, when I was walking alone in the gallery, I firmly resolved—albeit I knew not how or when to accomplish this purpose—to become a member of his Church, and to frame my life according to it; but I would not acquaint thee, or any other person living, with this intention, until I had conferred thereof with my brother William. Thou knowest, Nan, the very special love I bear him, and which he hath ever shown to me. Well, a few days after I returned to London, I met him accidentally in the street, he having come from Cumberland touching some matter of Bess's lands; and taking him home with me, I discovered to him my determination, somewhat covertly at first; and after I lent him a book to read, which was written not long ago by Dr. Allen, and have dealt with him so efficaciously that he has also resolved to become Catholic. He is to meet me again next week, for further conference touching the means of putting this intent into execution, which verily I see not how to effect, being so watched by servants and so-called friends, which besiege my doors and haunt mine house in London on all occasions.'

"This difficulty, dear Constance, I sought to remedy by acquainting my lord that his secretary, Mr. Mumford, was Catholic, and he could, therefore, disclose his thought with safety to him. And I also advised him to seek occasion to know Mr. Wells and some other zealous persons, which would confirm him in his present resolution and aid him in the execution thereof. It may be, therefore, you will soon see him, and fervently do I commend him to thy prayers and whatever service in the one thing needful should be in thy power to procure for him. My heart is so transported with joy that I never remember the like emotions to have filled it. My most hope for this present time at least had been he should show no dislike to my being Catholic; and lo, I find him to be one in heart, and soon to be so in effect;

Digitized by Google

and the great gap between us, which so long hath been a yawning chasm of despair, now filled up with a renewed love, and yet more by a parity of thinking touching what it most behoveth us to be united in. *Deo gratias!*"

Here this portion of my lady's manuscript ended, but these few hasty lines were written below, visibly by a trembling hand, and the whole closed, I ween, abruptly. Methinks it was left for me at Mr. Wells's, where I found it, by Mr. Mumford, or some other Catholic in the earl's household:

"The inhabitants of Arundel have presented me for a recusant, and Mr. Bayley has been committed and accused before the Bishop of Chichester as a seminary priest. He hath, of course, easily cleared himself of this; but because he will not take the oath of supremacy, he is forced to quit the country. He hath passed into Flanders."

And then for many weeks I had no tidings of the dear writer, until one day it was told us that when the queen had notice of her reconcilement she disliked of it to such a degree that presently she ordered her, being then with child, to be taken from her own house and carried to Wiston, Sir Thomas Shirley's dwelling-place, there to be kept prisoner till further orders. Alas! all the time she remained there I received not so much as one line from her ladyship, nor did her husband either, as I afterward found. So straitly was she confined and watched that none could serve or have access to her but the knight and his lady, and such as were approved by them. Truly, as she since told me, they courteously used her; but special care was taken that none that was suspected for a priest should come within sight of the house, which was no small addition to her sufferings. Lady Margaret Sackville was at that time also thrown into prison.

CHAPTER XXIV

DURING the whole year of Lady Arundel's imprisonment, neither her husband, nor her sister, nor her most close friends, such as my poor unworthy self, had tidings from her, in the shape of any letter or even message, so sharply was she watched and hindered from communicating with any one. Only Sir Thomas Shirley wrote to the earl her husband to inform him of his lady's safe delivery, and the birth of a daughter, which, much against her will, was baptized according to the Protestant manner. My Lord Arundel, mindful of her words in the last interview he had with her before her arrest, began to haunt Mr. Wells's house in a private way, and there I did often meet with him, who being resolved, I ween, to follow his lady's example in all things, began to honor me with so much of his confidence that I had occasion to discern how true had been Sir Henry Jerningham's forecasting, that this young nobleman, when once turned to the ways of virtue and piety, should prove himself by so much the more eminent in goodness as he had heretofore been distinguished for his reckless conduct. One day that he came to Holborn, none others being present but Mr. and Mrs. Wells and myself, he told us that he and his brother Lord William, having determined to become Catholics, and apprehending great danger in declaring themselves as such within the kingdom, had resolved secretly to leave the land, to pass into Flanders, and there to remain till more quiet times.

"What steps," Mr. Wells asked, "hath your lordship disposed for to effect this departure?"

"In all my present doings," quoth the earl, "the mind of my dear wife doth seem to guide me. The last time I was with her she informed me that my secretary, John Mumford, is a Catholic, and I have since greatly benefited by this knowledge. He is gone to Hull, in Yorkshire, for to take

Digitized by Google

order for our passage to Flanders, and I do wait tidings from him before I leave London."

Then, turning to me, he inquired in a very earnest manner if my thinking agreed with his, that his sweet lady should be contented he should forsake the realm, for the sake of the religious interests which moved him thereunto, joined with the hope that when he should be abroad and his lands confiscated, which he doubted not would follow, she would be presently set at liberty, and with her little wench join him in Flanders. I assented thereunto, and made a promise to him that as soon as her ladyship should be released I would hasten to her, and feast her ears with the many assurances of tender affection he had uttered in her regard, and aid her departure; which did also Mr. Wells. Then, drawing me aside, he spoke for some time, with tears in his eyes, of his own good wife, as he called her.

"Mistress Sherwood," he said, "I do trust in God that she shall find me henceforward as good a husband, to my poor ability, by his grace, as she has found me bad heretofore. No sin grieves me anything so much as my offences against her. What is past is a nail in my conscience. My will is to make satisfaction; but though I should live never so long, I can never do so further than by a good desire to do it, which, while I have any spark of breath, shall never be wanting."

And many words like these, which he uttered in so heartfelt a manner that I could scarce refrain from weeping at the hearing of them. And so we parted that day; he with a confident hope soon to leave the realm; I with some misgivings thereon, which were soon justified by the event. For a few days afterward Mr. Lacy brought us tidings he had met Mr. Mumford in the street, who had told him—when he expressed surprise at his return—that before he could reach Hull he had been apprehended and carried before the Earl of Huntingdon, president of York, and examined by him, without any evil result at that time, having no papers or suspicious things about him; but being now watched, he ventured not to proceed to the coast, but straightway came to London, greatly fearing Lord Arundel should have left it.

"He hath not done so?" I anxiously inquired.

"Nay," answered Mr. Lacy, "so far from it, that I pray you to guess how the noble earl—much against his will, I ween—is presently employed."

"He is not in prison?" I cried.

"God defend it!" he replied. "No; he is preparing for to receive the queen at Arundel House; upon notice given him that her majesty doth intend on Thursday next to come hither for her recreation."

"Alack!" I cried, "her visits to such as be of his way of thinking bode no good to them. She visited him and his wife at the Charterhouse at the time when his father was doomed to death, and now when she is a prisoner her highness doth come to Arundel House. When she set her foot in Euston, the whole fabric of my happiness fell to the ground. Heaven shield the like doth not happen in this instance; but I do greatly apprehend the issue of this sudden honor conferred on him."

On the day fixed for the great and sumptuous banquet which was prepared for the queen at Arundel House, I went thither, having been invited by Mrs. Fawcett to spend the day with her on this occasion, which minded me of the time when I went with my cousins and mine own good Mistress Ward for to see her majesty's entertainment at the Charterhouse, wherein had been sowed the seeds of a bitter harvest, since reaped by his sweet lady and himself. Then pageants had charms in mine eyes; now, none—but rather the contrary. Howsoever, I was glad to be near at hand on that day, so as to hear such reports as reached us from time to time of her majesty's behavior to the earl. From all I could find, she seemed very well

Digitized by Google

contented; and Mr. Mumford, with whom I was acquainted, came to Mrs. Fawcett's chamber, hearing I was there, and reported that her highness had given his lordship many thanks for her entertainment, and showed herself exceeding merry all the time she was at table, asking him many questions, and relating anecdotes which she had learnt from Sir Fulke Greville, whom the maids-of-honor were wont to say brought her all the tales she heard; at which Mrs. Fawcett said that gentleman had once declared that he was like Robin Goodfellow; for that when the dairy-maids upset the milk-pans, or made a romping and racket, they laid it all on Robin, and so, whatever gossip-tales the queen's ladies told her, they laid it all upon him, if he was ever so innocent of it.

"Sir," I said to Mr. Mumford, "think you her majesty hath said aught to my lord touching his lady or his lately-born little daughter?"

"Once," he answered, "when she told of the noble trick she hath played Sir John Spencer touching his grandson, whom he would not see because his daughter did decamp from his house in a baker's basket for to marry Sir Henry Compton, and her majesty invited him to be her gossip at the christening of a fair boy to whom she did intend to stand godmother, for that he was the first-born child of a young couple who had married for love and lived happily; and so the old knight said, as he had no heir, he should adopt this boy, for he had disinherited his daughter. So then, at the font, the queen names him Spencer, and when she leaves the church, straightway reveals to Sir John that his godson is his grandson, and deals so cunningly with him that a reconciliation doth ensue. Well, when she related this event, my lord said in a low voice, 'Oh madame, would it might please your majesty for to place another child, now at its mother's breast, a first-born one also, in its father's arms! and as by your gracious dealing your highness wrought a reconciliation between a father and a daughter, so likewise now to reunite a parted husband from a wife which hath too long languished under your royal displeasure.'"

"What answered her grace?" I asked.

"A few words, the sense of which I could not catch," Mr. Mumford answered; "being placed so as to hear my lord's speaking more conveniently than her replies. He said again, 'The displeasure of a prince is a heavy burden to bear.' And then, methinks, some other talk was ministered of a lighter sort. But be of good heart, Mistress Sherwood; I cannot but think our dear lady shall soon be set at liberty."

Mr. Mumford's words were justified in a few days; for, to my unspeakable joy, I heard Lady Arundel had been released by order of the queen, and had returned to Arundel Castle. It was her lord himself who brought me the good tidings, and said he should travel thither in three days, when his absence from court should be less noted, as then her majesty would be at Richmond. He showed me a letter he had received from his lady, the first she had been able to write to him for a whole year. She did therein express her contentment, greater, she said, than her pen could describe, at the sight of the gray ivied walls, the noble keep, her own chamber and its familiar furniture, and mostly at the thought of his soon coming; and that little Bess had so much sense already, that when she heard his name, nothing would serve her but to be carried to the window, "whence, methinks," the sweet lady said, "she doth see me always looking toward the entrance-gate, through which all my joy will speedily come to me. When, for to cheat myself and her, I cry, 'Hark to my lord's horse crossing the bridge,' she coos, so much as to say she is glad also, and stretcheth her arms out, the pretty fool, as if to welcome her unseen father, who, methinks,

Digitized by Google

when he doth come, will be no stranger to her, so often doth she kiss the picture which hangeth about her mother's neck."

But, alas! before the queen went to Richmond, she sent a command that my Lord Arundel should not go anywhither out of his house (so Mr. Mumford informed me), but remain there a prisoner; and my Lord Hunsdon, who had been in former times his father's page, and now was his great enemy, was given commission to examine him about his religion, and also touching Dr. Allen and the Queen of Scots. Now was all the joy of Lady Arundel's release at an end. Now the sweet cooings of her babe moved her to bitter tears. "In vain," she wrote to me then, "do we now look for him to come! in vain listen for the sound of his horse's tread, or watch the gateway which shall not open to admit him! I sigh for to be once more a prisoner, and he, my sweet life, at liberty. Alas! what kind of a destiny does this prove, if one is free only when the other is shut up, and the word 'parting' is written on each page of our lives?"

About a month afterward, Mr. Mumford was sent for by Sir Christopher Hatton, who asked him divers dangerous questions concerning the earl, the countess, and Lord William Howard, and also himself—such as, if he was a priest or no; which indeed I did not wonder at, so staid and reverend was his appearance. But he answered he never knew or ever heard any harm of these honorable persons, and that he himself was not a priest, nor worthy of so great a dignity. He hath since told me that on the third day of his examination the queen, the Earl of Leicester, and divers others of the council came into the house for to understand what he had confessed. Sir Christopher told them what answers he had made; but they, not resting satisfied therewith, caused him, after many threats of racking and other tortures, to be sent prisoner to the Gate-house, where he was kept for some months so close that none might speak or come to him. But by the steadfastness of his answers he at last so cleared himself, and declared the innocency of the earl, and his wife and brother, that they were set at liberty.

Soon after her lord's release, I received this brief letter from Lady Arundel:

"MINE OWN GOOD CONSTANCE,—I have seen my lord, who came here the day after he was set free. He very earnestly desires to put into execution his reconciliation to the Church now that his troubles are a little overpast. I have bethought myself that, since Father Campion hath left London, diligence might be used for to procure him a meeting with Father Edmonds, whom I have heard commended for a very virtuous and religious priest, much esteemed both in this and other countries. Prithee, ask Mr. Wells if in his thinking this should be possible, and let my lord know of the means and opportunities thereunto. I shall never be so much indebted, nor he either, to any one in this world, my dear Constance, as to thee and thy good friends, if this interview shall be brought to pass, and the desired effect ensue.

"My Bess doth begin to walk alone, and hath learned to make the sign of the cross; but I warrant thee I am sometimes frightened that I did teach her to bless herself, until such time as she can understand not to display her piety so openly as she now doeth. For when many lords and gentlemen were here last week for to consider the course her majesty's progress should take through Kent and Sussex, and she, sitting on my knee, was noticed by some of them for her pretty ways, the clock did strike twelve; upon which, what doth she do but straightway makes the sign of the cross before I could catch her little hand? Lord Cobham frowned, and my Lord Burleigh shook his head; but the Bishop of Chichester stroked

Digitized by Google

her head, and said, with a smile, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense;*' for which I pray God to bless him. Oh, but what fears we do daily live in! I would sometimes we were beyond seas. But if my lord is once reconciled, methinks I can endure all that may befal us. Thy true and loving friend,

"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

I straightway repaired to Mr. Wells, and found him to be privy to Father Edmonds's abode. At my request, he acquainted Lord Arundel with this secret, who speedily availed himself thereof, and after a few visits to this good man's garret, wherein he was concealed, was by him reconciled, as I soon learnt by a letter from his lady. She wrote in such perfect contentment and joy thereunto, that nothing could exceed it. She said her dear lord had received so much comfort in his soul as he had never felt before in all his life, and such directions from Father Edmonds for the amending and ordering of it as did greatly help and further him therein. Ever after that time, from mine own hearing and observation, his lady's letters, and the report of such as haunted him, I learnt that he lived in such a manner that he seemed to be changed into another man, having great care and vigilance over all his actions, and addicting himself much to piety and devotion. He procured to have a priest ever with him in his own house, by whom he might frequently receive the holy sacrament, and daily have the comfort to be present at the holy sacrifice, whereto, with great humility and reverence, he himself in person many times would serve. His visits to his wife were, during the next years, as frequent as he could make them and as his duties at the court and the queen's emergencies would allow of; who, albeit she looked not on him with favor as heretofore, did nevertheless exact an unremitting attendance on his part on all public occasions, and jealously noted every absence he made from London. Each interview between this now loving husband and wife was a brief space of perfect contentment to both, and a respite from the many cares and troubles which did continually increase upon him; for the great change in his manner of life had bred suspicion in the minds of some courtiers and potent men, who therefore began to think him what he was indeed, but of which no proof could be alleged.

During the year which followed these haps mine aunt died, and Mr. Congleton sold his house in Ely Place, and took a small one in Gray's Inn Lane, near to Mr. Wells's and Mr. Lacy's. It had no garden, nor the many conveniences the other did afford; but neither Muriel nor myself did lament the change, for the vicinity of these good friends did supply the place of other advantages; and it also liked me more, whilst Basil lived in poverty abroad, to inhabit a less sumptuous abode than heretofore, and dispense with accustomed luxuries. Of Hubert I could hear but scanty tidings at that time—only that he had either lost or resigned his place at court. Mr. Hodgson was told by one who had been his servant that he had been reconciled; others said he did lead a very disordered life, and haunted bad persons. The truth or falsity of these statements I could not then discern; but methinks, from what I have since learnt, both might be partly true; for he became subject to fits of gloom, and so discomfortable a remorse as almost unsettled his reason; and then, at other times, plunged into worldly excesses for to drown thoughts of the past. He was frightened, I ween, or leastways distrustful of the society of good men, but consorted with Catholics of somewhat desperate character and fortunes, and such as dealt in plots and treasonable schemes.

Father Campion's arrest for a very different cause—albeit his enemies did seek to attach to him the name of traitor—occurred this year at Mrs. Yates's house in Worcestershire, and conster-

Digitized by Google

nated the hearts of all recusants ; but when he came to London, and speech was had of him by many amongst them which gained access to him in prison, and reported to others his great courage and joyfulness in the midst of suffering, then, methinks, a contagious spirit spread amongst Catholics, and conversions followed which changed despondency into rejoicing. But I will not here set down the manner of his trial, nor the wonderful marks of patience and constancy which he showed under torments and rackings, nor his interview with her majesty at my lord Leicester's house, nor the heroic patience of his death ; for others with better knowledge thereof, and pens more able for to do it, have written this martyr's life and glorious end. But I will rather relate such events as took place, as it were, under mine own eye, and which are not, I ween, so extensively known. And first, I will speak of a conversation I held at that time with a person then a stranger, and therefore of no great significancy when it occurred, but which later did assume a sudden importance, when it became linked with succeeding events.

One day that I was visiting at Lady Ingoldsby's, where Polly and her husband had come for to spend a few weeks, and much company was going in and out, the faces and names of which were new to me, some gentlemen came there whose dress attracted notice from the French fashion thereof. One of them was a young man of very comely appearance and pleasant manners, albeit critical persons might have judged somewhat of the bravado belonged to his attitudes and speeches, but withal tempered with so much gentleness and courtesy, that no sooner had the eye and mind taken note of the defect than the judgment was repented of. What in one of less attractive face and behavior should have displeased, in this youth did not offend. It was my hap to sit beside him at supper, which lasted a long time; and as his behavior was very polite, I freely conversed with him, and found him to be English, though from long residence abroad his tongue had acquired a foreign trick. When I told him I had thought he was a Frenchman, he laughed, and said if the French did ever try to land in England, they should find him to be a very Englishman for to fight against them ; but in the matter of dinners and beds, and the liking of a clear sunny sky over above a dim cloudy one, he did confess himself to be so much of a traitor as to prefer France to England, and he could not abide the smoke of coal fires which are used in this country.

"And what say you, sir," I answered, "to the new form of smoke which Sir Walter Raleigh hath introduced since his return from the late discovered land of Virginia ?"

He said he had learnt the use of it in France, and must needs confess he found it to be very pleasant. Monsieur Nicot had brought some seeds of tobacco into France, and so much liking did her majesty Queen Catharine conceive for this practice of smoking, that the new plant went by the name of the queen's herb. "It is not gentlemen alone who do use a pipe in France," he said, "but ladies also. What doth the fair sex in England think on it ?"

"I have heard," I answered, "that her majesty herself did try for to smoke, but presently gave it up, for that it made her sick. Her highness is also reported to have lost a wager concerning that same smoking of tobacco."

"What did her grace bet ?" the gentleman asked.

"Why, she was one day," I replied, "inquiring very exactly of the various virtues of this herb, and Sir Walter did assure her that no one understood them better than himself, for he was so well acquainted with all its qualities, that he could even tell her majesty the weight of the smoke of every pipeful he consumed. Her highness upon this said, 'Monsieur

Digitized by Google

Traveller, you do go too far in putting on me the license which is allowed to such as return from foreign parts;' and she laid a wager of many pieces of gold he should not be able to prove his words. So he weighed in her presence the tobacco before he put it into his pipe, and the ashes after he had consumed it, and convinced her majesty that the deficiency did proceed from the evaporation thereof. So then she paid the bet, and merrily told him 'that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first who had turned smoke into gold.'"

The young gentleman being amused at this story, I likewise told him of Sir Walter's hap when he first returned to England, and was staying in a friend's house: how a servant coming into his chamber with a tankard of ale and nutmeg toast, and seeing him for the first time with a lighted pipe in his mouth puffing forth clouds of smoke, flung the ale in his face for to extinguish the internal conflagration, and then running down the stairs alarmed the family with dismal cries that the good knight was on fire, and would be burnt into ashes before they could come to his aid.

My unknown companion laughed, and said he had once on his travels been taken for a sorcerer, so readily doth ignorance imagine wonders. "Near unto Metz, in France," quoth he, "I fell among thieves. My money I had quilted within my doublet, which they took from me, howsoever leaving me the rest of my apparel, wherein I do acknowledge their courtesy, since thieves give all they take not; but twenty-five French crowns, for the worst event, I had lapped in cloth, and whereupon did wind divers-colored threads, wherein I sticked needles, as if I had been so good a husband as to mend mine own clothes. Messieurs the thieves were not so frugal to take my ball to mend their hose, but did tread it under their feet. I picked it up with some spark of joy, and I and my guide (he very sad, because he despaired of my ability to pay him his hire) went forward to Chalons, where he brought me to a poor ale-house, and when I expostulated, he replied that stately inns were not for men who had never a penny in their purses; but I told him that I looked for comfort in that case more from gentlemen than clowns; whereupon he, sighing, obeyed me, and with a dejected and fearful countenance brought me to the chief inn, where he ceased not to bewail my misery as if it had been the burning of Troy; till the host, despairing of my ability to pay him, began to look disdainfully on me. The next morning, when, he being to return home, I paid him his hire, which he neither asked nor expected, and likewise mine host for lodgings and supper, he began to talk like one mad for joy, and professed I could not have had one penny except I were an alchemist or had a familiar spirit."

I thanked the young gentleman for this entertaining anecdote, and asked him if France was not a very disquieted country, and nothing in it but wars and fighting.

"Yea," he answered; "but men fight there so merrily, that it appears more a pastime than aught else. Not always so, howsoever. When Frenchman meets Frenchman in the fair fields of Provence, and those of the League and those of the Religion—God confound the first and bless the last!—engage in battle, such encounters ensue as have not their match for fierceness in the world. By my troth, the sight of dead bodies doth not ordinarily move me; but the valley of Allemagne on the day of the great Huguenot victory was a sight the like of which I would not choose to look on again, an I could help it."

"Were you, then, present at that combat, sir?" I asked.

"Yea," he replied; "I was at that time with Lesdiguières, the Protestant general, whom I had known at La Rochelle, and beshrew me if a more valiant soldier doth live, or a worthier

Digitized by Google

soul in a stalwart frame. I was standing by his side when Tourves the butcher came for to urge him, with his three hundred men, to ride over the field and slay the wounded papists. 'No, sir,' quoth the general, 'I fight men, but hunt them not down.' The dead were heaped many feet thick on the plain, and the horses of the Huguenots waded to their haunches in blood. Those of the Religion were mad at the death of the Baron of Allemagne, the general of their southern churches, brave castellane, who, when the fight was done, took off his helmet for to cool his burning forehead; and lo, a shot sent him straight into eternity."

"The Catholics were then wholly routed?" I asked.

"Yea," he answered; "mowed down like grass in the hay-harvest. De Vins, however, escaped. He thought to have had a cheap victory over those of the Religion; but the saints in heaven, to whom he trusted, never told him that Lesdiguières on the one side and d'Allemagne on the other were hastening to the rescue, nor that his Italian horsemen should fail him in his need. So, albeit the papists fought like devils, as they are, his pride got a fall, which well-nigh killed him. He was riding frantically back into the fray for to get himself slain, when St. Cannat seized his bridle, and called him a coward, so I have heard, to dare for to die when his scattered troops had need of him; and so carried him off the field. D'Oraison, Janson, Pontmez, hotly pursued them, but in vain; and all the Protestant leaders, except Lesdiguières, returned that night to the castle of Allemagne for to bury the baron."

A sort of shiver passed through the young gentleman's frame as he uttered these last words.

"A sad burial you then witnessed?" I said.

"I pray God," he answered, "never to witness another such."

"What was the horror of it?" I asked.

"Would you hear it?" he inquired.

"Yea," I said, "most willingly; for methinks I see what you describe."

Then he: "If it be so, peradventure you may not thank me for this describing; for I warrant you it was a fearful sight. I had lost mine horse, and so was forced to spend the night at the castle. When it grew dark I followed the officers, which, with a great store of the men, also descended into the vault, which was garnished all round with white and warlike sculptured forms on tombstones, most grim in their aspect; and amidst those stone images, grim and motionless, the soldiers ranged themselves, still covered with blood and dust, and leaning on their halberds. In the midst was the uncovered coffin of the baron, his livid visage exposed to view—menacing even in death. Torches threw a fitful, red-colored light over the scene. A minister which accompanied the army stood and preached at the coffin's head, and when he had ended his sermon, sang in a loud voice, in French verse, the psalm which doth begin,

'Du fond de ma pensée,
Du fond de tous ennuis,
A toi s'est adressé
Ma clameur jour et nuit.'

When this singing began two soldiers led up to the tomb a man with bound hands and ghastly pale face, and, when the verse ended, shot him through the head. The corpse fell upon the ground, and the singing began anew. Twelve times this did happen, till my head waxed giddy and I became faint. I was led out of that vault with the horrible singing pursuing me, as if I should never cease to hear it."

"Oh, 'tis fearful," I exclaimed, "that men can do such deeds, and the while have God's name on their lips."

"The massacre of St. Bartholomew," he answered, "hath driven those of the Religion mad against the papists."

"But, sir," I asked, "is it not true that six thousand Catholics in Languedoc had been murthered in cold blood,

Digitized by Google

and a store of them in other places, before that massacre?"

"May be so," he answered in a careless tone. "The shedding of blood, except in a battle or lawful duel, I abhor; but verily I do hate papists with as great a hate as any Huguenot in France, and most of all those in this country—a set of knavish traitors, which would dethrone the queen and sell the realm to the Spaniards."

I could not but sigh at these words, for in this young man's countenance a quality of goodness did appear which made me grieve that he should utter these unkind words touching Catholics. But I dared not for to utter my thinking or disprove his accusations, for, being ignorant of his name, I had a reasonable fear of being ensnared into some talk which should show me to be a papist, and he should prove to be a spy. But patience failed me when, after speaking of the clear light of the gospel which England enjoyed, and to lament that in Ireland none are found of the natives to have cast off the Roman religion, he said:

"I ween this doth not proceed from their constancy in religion, but rather from the lenity of Protestants, which think that the conscience must not be forced, and seek rather to touch and persuade than to oblige by fire and sword, like those of the south, who persecute their own subjects differing from them in religion."

"Sir," I exclaimed, "this is a strange thing indeed, that Protestants do lay a claim to so great mildness in their dealings with recusants, and yet such strenuous laws against such are framed that they do live in fear of their lives, and are daily fined and tormented for their profession."

"How so?" he said, quickly. "No papist hath been burnt in this country."

"No, sir," I answered; "but a store of them have been hanged and cut to pieces whilst yet alive."

"Nay, nay," he cried, "not for their religion, but for their many treasons."

"Sir," I answered, "their religion is made treason by unjust laws, and then punished with the penalties of treason; and they die for no other cause than their faith, by the same token that each of those which have perished on the scaffold had his life offered to him if so he would turn Protestant."

In the heat of this argument I had forgot prudence; and some unkindly ears and eyes were attending to my speech, which this young stranger perceiving, he changed the subject of discourse—I ween with a charitable intent—and merrily exclaimed, "Now I have this day transgressed a wise resolve."

"What resolve?" I said, glad also to retreat from dangerous subjects.

"This," he answered: "that after my return I would sparingly, and not without entreaty, relate my journeys and observations."

"Then, sir," I replied, "methinks you have contrariwise observed it, for your observations have been short and pithy, and withal uttered at mine entreaty."

"Nothing," he said, "I so much fear as to resemble men—and many such I have myself known—who have scarce seen the lions of the Tower and the bears of Parish Garden, but they must engross all a table in talking of their adventures, as if they had passed the Pillars of Hercules. Nothing could be asked which they could not resolve of their own knowledge."

"Find you, sir," I said, "much variety in the manners of French people and those you see in this country?"

He smiled, and answered, "We must not be too nice observers of men and manners, and too easily praise foreign customs and despise our own—not so much that we may not offend others, as that we may not be ourselves offended by others. I will yield you an example. A Frenchman, being a curious observer of ceremonious compliments, when he hath saluted one, and begun to entertain him with speech, if he chance to espy another

Digitized by Google

man, with whom he hath very great business, yet will he not leave the first man without a solemn excuse. But an Englishman discoursing with any man—I mean in a house or chamber of presence, not merely in the street—if he spy another man with whom he hath occasion to speak, will suddenly, without any excuse, turn from the first man and go and converse with the other, and with like negligence will leave and take new men for discourse; which a Frenchman would take in ill part, as an argument of disrespect. This fashion, and many other like niceties and curiosities in use in one country, we must forget when we do pass into another. For lack of this prudence I have seen men on their return home tied to these foreign manners themselves, and finding that others observe not the like toward them, take everything for an injury, as if they were disrespected, and so are often enraged."

"What think you of the dress our ladies do wear?" I inquired of this young traveller.

He smiled, and answered:

"I like our young gentlewomen's gowns, and their aprons of fine linen, and their little hats of beaver; but why have they left wearing the French sleeves, borne out with hoops of whalebone, and the French hood of velvet, set with a border of gold buttons and pearls? Methinks English ladies are too fond of jewels and diamond rings. They scorn plain gold rings, I find, and chains of gold."

"Yea," I said, "ladies of rank wear only rich chains of pearl, and all their jewels must needs be oriental and precious. If any one doth choose to use a simple chain or a plain-set brooch, she is marked for wearing old-fashioned gear."

"This remindeth me," he said, "of a pleasant fable, that Jupiter sent a shower, wherein whosoever was wet became a fool, and that all the people were wet in this shower, excepting one philosopher, who kept his study; but in the evening coming forth into the market-place, and finding that all the people marked him as a fool, who was only wise, he was forced to pray for another shower, that he might become a fool, and so live quietly among fools rather than bear the envy of his wisdom."

With this pleasant story our conversation ended, for supper was over, and the young gentleman soon went away. I asked of many persons who he should be, but none could tell me. Polly, the next day, said he was a youth lately returned from France (which was only what I knew before), and that Sir Nicholas Throckmorton had written a letter to Lady Ingoldsby concerning him, but his name she had forgot. O what strange haps, more strange than any in books, do at times form the thread of a true history! what presentiments in some cases, what ignorance in others, beset us touching coming events!

The next pages will show the ground of these reflections.

CHAPTER XXV.

One day that Mrs. Wells was somewhat disordered, and keeping her room, and I was sitting with her, her husband came to fetch me into the parlor to an old acquaintance, he said, who was very desirous for to see me. "Who is it?" I asked; but he would not tell me, only smiled; my foolish thinking supposed for one instant that it might be Basil he spoke of, but the first glance showed me a slight figure and pale countenance, very different to his whom my witless hopes had expected for to see, albeit without the least shadow of reason. I stood looking at this stranger in a hesitating manner, who perceiving I did not know him, held out his hand. and said,

"Has Mistress Constance forgotten her old playfellow?"

"Edmund Genings!" I exclaimed, suddenly guessing it to be him.

Digitized by Google

"Yea," he said, "your old friend Edmund."

"Mr. Ironmonger is this reverend gentleman's name now-a-days," Mr. Wells said; and then we all three sat down, and by degrees in Edmund's present face I discerned the one I remembered in former years. The same kind and reflective aspect, the pallid hue, the upward-raised eye, now with less of searching in its gaze, but more, I ween, of yearning for an unearthly home.

"O dear and reverend sir," I said, "strange it doth seem indeed thus to address you, but God knoweth I thank him for the honor he hath done my old playmate in the calling of him unto his service in these perilous times."

"Yea," he answered, with emotion, "I do owe him much, which life itself should not be sufficient to repay."

"My good father," I said, "some time before his death gave me a token in a letter that you were in England. Where have you been all this time?"

"Tell us the manner of your landing," quoth Mr. Wells; "for this is the great ordeal which, once overpassed, lets you into the vineyard, for to work for one hour only sometimes, or else to bear many years the noontide heat and nipping frosts which laborers like unto yourself have to endure."

"Well," said Edmund, "ten months ago we took shipping at Honfleur, and, wind and weather being propitious, sailed along the coast of England, meaning to have landed in Essex; but for our sakes the master of the bark lingered, when we came in sight of land, until two hours within night, and being come near unto Scarborough, what should happen but that a boat with pirates or rovers in it comes out to surprise us, and shoots at us divers times with muskets! But we came by no harm; for the wind being then contrary, the master turned his ship and sailed back into the main sea, where in very foul weather we remained three days, and verily I thought to have then died of sea-sickness; which ailment should teach a man humility, if anything in this world can do it, stripping him as it does of all boastfulness of his own courage and strength, so that he would cry mercy if any should offer only to move him."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Wells, laughing, "Topcliffe should bethink himself of this new torment for papists, for to leave a man in this plight until he acknowledged the queen's supremacy should be an artful device of the devil."

"At last," quoth Mr. Genings, "we landed, with great peril to our lives, on the side of a high cliff near Whitby, in Yorkshire, and reached that town in the evening. Going into an inn to refresh ourselves, which I promise you we sorely needed, who should we meet with there but one Radcliff?"

"Ah! a noted pursuivant," cried Mr. Wells, "albeit not so topping a one as his chief."

"Ah!" I cried, "good Mr. Wells, that is but a poor pun, I promise you. A better one you must frame before night, or you will lose your reputation. The queen's last effort hath more merit in it than yours, who, when she was angry with her envoy to Spain, said, 'If her royal brother had sent her a goose-man,* she had sent him in return a man-goose.'"

Mr. Genings smiled, and said:

"Well, this same Radcliff took an exact survey of us all, questioned us about our arrival in that place, whence we came, and whither we were going. We told him we were driven thither by the tempest, and at last, by evasive answers, satisfied him. Then we all went to the house of a Catholic gentleman in the neighborhood, which was within two or three miles of Whitby, and by him were directed some to one place, some to another, according to our own desires. Mr. Plasden and I kept together; but, for fear of suspicion, we determined at last to separate also, and singly to commit ourselves to the protection of God and his good angels. Soon after we had thus re-

* Guzman.

Digitized by Google

solved, we came to two fair beaten ways, the one leading north-east, the other south-east, and even then and there, it being in the night, we stopped and both fell down on our knees and made a short prayer together that God of his infinite mercy would vouchsafe to direct us, and send us both a peaceable passage into the thickest of his vineyard."

Here Mr. Genings paused, a little moved by the remembrance of that parting, but in a few minutes exclaimed:

"I have not seen that dear friend since, rising from our knees, we embraced each other with tears trickling down our cheeks; but the words he said to me then I shall never, methinks, forget. 'Seeing,' quoth he, 'we must now part through fear of our enemies, and for greater security, farewell, sweet brother in Christ and most loving companion. God grant that, as we have been friends in one college and companions in one wearisome and dangerous journey, so we may have one merry meeting once again in this world, to our great comfort, if it shall please him, even amongst our greatest adversaries; and that as we undertake, for his love and holy name's sake, this course of life together, so he will of his infinite goodness and clemency make us partakers of one hope, one sentence, one death, and one reward. And also as we began, so may we end together in Christ Jesus.' So he; and then not being able to speak one word more for grief and tears, we departed in mutual silence; he directing his journey to London, where he was born, and I northward."

"Then you have not been into Staffordshire?" I said.

"Yea," he answered, "later I went to Lichfield, in order to try if I should peradventure find there any of mine old friends and kinsfolks."

"And did you succeed therein?" I inquired.

"The only friends I found," he answered, with a melancholy smile, "were the gray cloisters, the old cathedral walls, the trees of the close; the only familiar voices which did greet me were the chimes of the tower, the cawing of the rooks over mine head as I sat in the shade of the tall elms near unto the wall where our garden once stood."

"Oh, doth that house and that garden no more exist?" I cried.

"No, it hath been pulled down, and the lawn thereof thrown into the close."

"Then," I said, "the poor bees and butterflies must needs fare badly. The bold rooks, I ween, are too exalted to suffer from these changes. Of Sherwood Hall did you hear aught, Mr. Genings?"

"Mr. Ironmonger," Mr. Wells said, correcting me.

"Alas!" Edmund replied, "I dared not so much as to approach unto it, albeit I passed along the high road not very far from the gate thereof. But the present inhabitants are famed for their hatred unto recusants, and like to deal rigorously with any which should come in their way."

I sighed, and then asked him how long he had been in London.

"About one month," he replied. "As I have told you, Mistress Constance, all my kinsfolk that I wot of are now dead, except my young brother John, whom I doubt not you yet do bear in mind—that fair, winsome, mischievous urchin, who was carried to La Rochelle about one year before your sweet mother died."

"Yea," I said, "I can see him yet galloping on a stick round the parlor at Lichfield."

"'Tis to look for him," Edmund said, "I am come to London. Albeit I fear much inquiry on my part touching this youth should breed suspicion, I cannot refrain, brotherly love soliciting me thereunto, from seeking him whom report saith careth but little for his soul, and who hath no other relative in the world than myself. I have warrant for to suppose he should be in London; but these four weeks,

Digitized by Google

with useless diligence, I have made search for him, leaving no place unsought where I could suspect him to abide; and as I see no hopes of success, I am resolved to leave the city for a season."

Then Mr. Wells proposed to carry Edmund to Kate's house, where some friends were awaiting him; and for some days I saw him not again. But on the next Sunday evening he came to our house, and I noticed a paleness in him I had not before perceived. I asked him if anything had disordered him.

"Nothing," he answered; "only methinks my old shaking malady doth again threaten me; for this morning, walking forth of mine inn to visit a friend on the other side of the city, and passing by St. Paul's church, when I was on the east side thereof, I felt suddenly a strange sensation in my body, so much that my face glowed, and it seemed to me as if mine hair stood on end; all my joints trembled, and my whole body was bathed in a cold sweat. I feared some evil was threatening me, or danger of being taken up, and I looked back to see if I could perceive any one to be pursuing me; but I saw nobody near, only a youth in a brown-colored cloak; and so, concluding that some affection of my head or liver had seized me, I thought no more on it, but went forward to my intended place to say mass."

A strange thinking came into mine head at that moment, and I doubted if I should impart to him my sudden fancy.

"Mr. Edmund," I said, unable to refrain myself, "suppose that youth in the brown cloak should have been your brother!"

He started, but shaking of his head said:

"Nay, nay, why should it have been him rather than a thousand others I do see every day?"

"Might not that strange effect in yourself betoken the presence of a kinsman?"

"Tut, tut, Mistress Constance," he cried, half kindly, half reprovingly; "this should be a wild fancy lacking ground in reason."

Thus checked, I held my peace, but could not wholly discard this thought. Not long after—on the very morning before Mr. Genings proposed to depart out of town—I chanced to be walking homeward with him and some others from a house whither we had gone to hear his mass. As we were returning along Ludgate Hill, what should he feel but the same sensations he had done before, and which were indeed visible in him, for his limbs trembled and his face turned as white as ashes!

"You are sick," I said, for I was walking alongside of him.

"Only affected as that other day," he answered, leaning against a post for to recover himself.

I had hastily looked back, and, lo and behold! a youth in a brown cloak was walking some paces behind us. I whispered in Mr. Genings's ear:

"Look, Edmund; is this the youth you saw before?"

"O my good Lord!" he cried, turning yet more pale, "this is strange indeed! After all, it may be my brother. Go on," he said quickly; "I must get speech with him alone to discover if it should be so."

We all walked on, and he tarried behind. Looking back, I saw him accost the stranger in the brown cloak. And in the afternoon he came to tell us that this was verily John Genings, as I had with so little show of reason guessed.

"What passed between you?" I asked.

He said:

"I courteously saluted the young man, and inquired what countryman he was; and hearing that he was a Staffordshireman, I began to conceive hopes it should be my brother; so I civilly demanded his name. Methought I should have betrayed myself at once when he answered Genings; but as quietly as I could, I told him I was

Digitized by Google

his kinsman, and was called Ironmonger, and asked him what had become of his brother Edmund. He then, not suspecting aught, told me he had heard that he was gone to Rome to the Pope, and was become a notable papist and a traitor both to God and his country, and that if he did return he should infallibly be hanged. I smiled, and told him I knew his brother, and that he was an honest man, and loved both the queen and his country, and God above all. 'But tell me,' I added, 'good cousin John, should you not know him if you saw him?' He then looked hard at me, and led the way into a tavern not far off, and when we were seated at a table, with no one nigh enough to overhear us, he said: 'I greatly fear I have a brother that is a priest, and that you are the man,' and then began to swear that if it was so, I should discredit myself and all my friends, and protested that in this he would never follow me; albeit in other matters he might respect me. I promise you that whilst these harsh words passed his lips I longed to throw my arms round his neck. I saw my mother's face in his, and his once childish loveliness only changed into manly beauty. His young years and mine rose before me, and I could have wept over this new-found brother as Joseph over his dear Benjamin. I could no longer conceal myself, but told him truly I was his brother indeed, and for his love had taken great pains to seek him, and begged of him to keep secret the knowledge of my arrival; to which he answered: 'He would not for the world disclose my return, but that he desired me to come no more unto him, for that he feared greatly the danger of the law, and to incur the penalty of the statute for concealing of it.' I saw this was no place or time convenient to talk of religion; but we had much conversation about divers things, by which I perceived him to be far from any good affection toward Catholic religion, and persistent in Protestantism, without any hope of a present recovery. Therefore I declared unto him my intended departure out of town, and took my leave, assuring him that within a month or little more I should return and see him again, and confer with him more at large touching some necessary affairs which concerned him very much. I inquired of him where a letter should find him. He showed some reluctance for to give me any address, but at last said if one was left for him at Lady Ingoldsby's, in Queen street, Holborn, he should be like to get it."

After Mr. Genings had left, I considered of this direction his brother had given him, which showed him to be acquainted with Polly's mother-in-law, and then remembering the young gentleman I had met at her house, I suspected him to be no other than John Genings. And called back to mind all his speeches for to compare them with this suspicion, wherein they did all tally; and some days afterward, when I was walking on the Mall with Sir Ralph and Polly, who should accost them but this youth, which they presently introduced to me, and Polly added, she believed we had played at hide-and-seek together when we were young. He looked somewhat surprised, and as if casting about for to call to mind old recollections; then spoke of our meeting at Lady Ingoldsby's; and she cried out,

"Oh, then, you do know one another?"

"By sight," I said, "not by name."

Some other company joining us, he came alongside of me, and began for to pay me compliments in the French manner.

"Mr. John Genings," I said, "do you remember Lichfield and the close, and a little girl, Constance Sherwood, who used to play with you, before you went to La Rochelle?"

"Like in a dream," he answered, his comely face lighting up with a smile.

"But your brother," I said, "was my chiefest companion then; for at that age we do always aspire to the notice of such as be older than conde-

Digitized by Google

scend to such as be younger than ourselves."

When I named his brother a cloud darkened his face, and he abruptly turned away. He talked to Polly and some other ladies in a gay, jesting manner, but I could see that ever and anon he glanced toward me, as if to scan my features, and, I ween, compare them with what memory depicted; but he kept aloof from me, as if fearing I should speak again of one he would fain forget.

On the 7th of November, Edmund returned to London, and came in the evening to Kate's house. He had been laboring in the country, exhorting, instructing, and exercising his priestly functions amongst Catholics with all diligence. It so happened that his friend, Mr. Plasden, a very virtuous priest, which had landed with him at Whitby, and parted with him soon afterward, was there also; and several other persons likewise which did usually meet at Mr. Wells's house; but, owing to that gentleman's absence, who had gone into the country for some business, and his wife's indisposition, had agreed for to spend the evening at Mr. Lacy's. Before the company there assembled parted, the two priests treated with him where they should say mass the following day, which was the Octave of All Saints. They agreed to say their matins together, and, by Bryan's advice, to celebrate it at the house of Mr. Wells, notwithstanding his absence; for that Mistress Wells, who could not conveniently go abroad, would be exceeding glad for to hear mass in her own lodging. I told Edmund of my meeting with his brother on the Mall, and the long talk ministered between us some weeks ago, when neither did know the other's name. Methought in his countenance and conversation that night there appeared an unwonted consolation, a sober joy, which filled me almost with awe. When he wished me good-night, he added, "I pray you, my dear child, to lift up your soul to heaven ere you sleep and when you wake, and recommend to heaven our good purpose, and then come and attend at the holy sacrifice with the crowd of angels and saints which do always assist thereat." When the light faintly dawned in the dull sky, Muriel and I stole from our beds, quietly dressed ourselves, and slipping out unseen, repaired as fast as we could, for the ground was wet and slippery, to Mr. Wells's house. We found assembled in one room Mr. Genings, Mr. Plasden, another priest, Mr. White, Mr. Lacy, Mistress Wells, Sydney Hodgson, Mr. Mason, and many others. Edmund Genings proceeded to say mass. There was so great a stillness in the room a pin should have been heard to drop. Albeit he said the prayers in a very low voice, each word was audible. Mine ears, which are very quick, were stretched to the utmost. Each sound in the street caused me an inward flutter. Methought, when he was reading the gospel, I discerned a sound as of the hall-door opening, and of steps. Then nothing more for a little while; but just at the moment of the consecration there was a loud rush up the stairs, and the door of the chamber burst open. The gentlemen present rose from their knees. Mistress Wells and I contrariwise sunk on the ground. I dared not for to look, or move, or breathe, but kept inwardly calling on God, then present, for to save us. I heard the words behind me: "Topcliffe! keep him back!" "Hurl him down the stairs!" and then a sound of scuffling, falling, and rolling, followed by a moment's silence.

The while the mass went forward, ever and anon noises rose without; but the gentlemen held the door shut by main force all the time. They kept the foe at bay, these brave men, each word uttered at the altar resounding, I ween, in their breasts. O my God, what a store of suffering was heaped into a brief space of time! What a viaticum was that communion then received by thy doomed priest! "*Domi-*

Digitized by Google

ne, non sum dignus," he thrice said, and then his Lord rested in his soul. "*Deo gratias!*" None could now profane the sacred mysteries; none could snatch his Lord from him. "*Ite missa est.*" The mass was said, the hour come, death at hand. All resistance then ceased. I saw Topcliffe hastening in with a broken head, and threatening to raise the whole street. Mr. Plasden told him that, now the mass was ended, we would all yield ourselves prisoners, which we did; upon which he took Mr. Genings as he was, in his vestments, and all of us, men and women, in coaches he called for, to Newgate. Muriel and I kept close together, and, with Mistress Wells, were thrust into one cell. Methinks we should all have borne with courage this misfortune but for the thinking of those without—Muriel of her aged and infirm father; Mistress Wells of her husband's return that day to his sacked house, robbed of all its church furniture, books, and her the partner of his whole life. And I thought of Basil, and what he should feel if he knew of me in this fearful Newgate, near to so many thieves and wicked persons; and a trembling came over me lest I should be parted from my companions. I had much to do to recall the courageous spirit I had heretofore nurtured in foreseeing such a hap as this. If I had had to die at once, I think I should have been more brave; but terrible forebodings of examinations—perchance tortures, long solitary hours in a loathsome place—caused me inward shudderings; and albeit I said with my lips over and over again, "Thy will be done, my God," I passionately prayed this chalice might pass from me which often before in my presumption—I cry mercy for it—I had almost desired to drink. Oh, often have I thought since of what is said in David's Psalms, "It is good for me that thou hast humbled me." From my young years a hot glowing feeling had inflamed my breast at the mention of suffering for conscience' sake, and the words "to die" had been very familiar ones to my lips; "rather to die," "gladly to die," "proudly to die;" alas, how often had I uttered them! O my God, when the foul smells, the faint light of that dreadful place, struck on my senses, I waxed very weak. The coarse looks of the jailers, the disgusting food set before us, the filthy pallets, awoke in me a loathing I could not repress. And then a fear also, which the sense of my former presumption did awaken. "Let he that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," kept running in mine head. I had said, like St. Peter, that I was ready for to go to prison and to death; and now, peradventure, I should betray my Lord if too great pain overtook me. Muriel saw me wringing mine hands; and, sitting down by my side on the rude mattress, she tried for to comfort me. Then, in that hour of bitter anguish, I learnt that creature's full worth. Who should have thought, who did not then hear her, what stores of superhuman strength, of heavenly knowledge, of divine comfort, should have flowed from her lips? Then I perceived the value of a wholly detached heart, surrendered to God alone. Young as she was, her soul was as calm in this trial as that of the aged resigned woman which shared it with us. Mine was tempest-tossed for a while. I could but lie mine head on Muriel's knee and murmur, "Basil, O Basil!" or else, "If, after all, I should prove an apostate, which hath so despised others for it!"

"'Tis good to fear," she whispered, "but withal to trust. Is it not written, mine own Constance, 'My strength is sufficient for thee?' and who saith this but the Author of all strength—he on whom the whole world doth rest? He permitteth this fear in thee for humility's sake, which lesson thou hast need to learn. When that of courage is needed, be not affrighted; he will give it thee. He bestoweth not graces before they be needed."

Then she minded me of little St.

Digitized by Google

Agnes, and related passages of her life; but mostly spoke of the cross and the passion of Christ, in such piercing and moving tones, as if visibly beholding the scene on Calvary, that the storm seemed to subside in my breast as she went on.

"Pray," she gently said, "that, if it be God's will, the extremity of human suffering should fall on thee, so that thy love for him should increase. Pray that no human joy may visit thee again, so that heaven may open its gates to thee and thy loved ones. Pray for Hubert, for the queen, for Topcliffe, for every human soul which thou hast ever been tempted to hate; and I promise thee that a great peace shall steal over thy soul, and a great strength shall lift thee up."

I did what she desired, and her words were prophetic. Peace came before long, and joy too, of a strange unearthly sort. A brief foretaste of heaven was showed forth in the consolations then poured into mine heart. When since I have desired for to rekindle fervor and awaken devotion, I recall the hours which followed that great anguish in the cell at Newgate.

Late in the evening an order came for to release Muriel and me, but not Mrs. Wells. When this dear friend understood what had occurred, she raised her hands in fervent gratitude to God, and dismissed us with many blessings.

The events which followed I will briefly relate. When we reached home Mr. Congleton was very sick; and then began the illness which ended his life. Kate was almost wild with grief at her husband's danger, and we fetched her and her children to her father's house for to watch over them. On the next day all the prisoners which had been taken at Mr. Wells's house (we only having been released by the dealings of friends with the chief secretary) were examined by Justice Young, and returned to prison to take their trials the next session. Mr. Wells, at his return finding his house ransacked and his wife carried away to prison, had been forthwith to Mr. Justice Young for to expostulate with him, and to demand his wife and the key of his lodgings; but the justice sent him to bear the rest company, with a pair of iron bolts on his legs. The next day he examined him in Newgate; and upon Mr. Wells saying he was not privy to the mass being said that day in his house, but wished he had been present, thinking his name highly honored by having so divine a sacrifice offered in it, the justice told him "that though he was not at the feast, he should taste of the same."

The evening I returned home from the prison a great lassitude overcame me, and for a few days increased so much, joined with pains in the head and in the limbs, that I could scarcely think, or so much as stand. At last it was discerned that I was sickening with the small-pox, caught, methinks, in the prison; and this was no small increase to Muriel's trouble, who had to go to and fro from my chamber to her father's, and was forced to send Kate and her children to the country to Sir Ralph Ingoldsby's house; but methinks in the end this proved for the best, for when Mr. Lacy was, with the other prisoners, found guilty, and condemned to death on the 4th of December, some for having said, and the others for having heard, mass at Mr. Wells's house, Kate came to London but for a few hours, to take leave of him, and Polly's care of her afterward cheered the one sister in her great but not very lasting affliction, and sobered the other's spirits in a beneficial manner, for since she hath been a stayer at home, and very careful of her children and Kate's also, and, albeit very secretly, doth I hear practise her religion. Mr. Congleton never heard of his son-in-law and his friend Mr. Wells's danger, the palsy which affected him having numbed his senses so that he slowly sunk in his grave without suffering of body or mind. From Muriel I heard the course of the trial. How many bitter words and scoffs were used by the

Digitized by Google

judges and others upon the bench, particularly to Edmund Genings, because of his youth, and that he angered them with his arguments! The more to make him a scoff to the people, they vested him in a ridiculous fool's coat which they had found in Mr. Wells's house, and would have it to be a vestment. It was appointed they should all die at Tyburn, except Mr. Genings and Mr. Wells, who were to be executed before Mr. Wells's own door in Gray's Inn Fields, within three doors of our own lodging. The judges, we were told, after pronouncing sentence, began to persuade them to conform to the Protestent religion, assuring them that by so doing they should obtain mercy, but otherwise they must certainly expect to die. But they all answered "that they would live and die in the true Roman and Catholic faith, which they and all antiquity had ever professed, and that they would by no means go to the Protestant churches, or for one moment think that the queen could be head of the Church in pirituals." They dealt most urgently with Edmund Genings in this matter of conformity, giving him hopes not only of his life, but also of a good living, it he would renounce his faith; but he remained, God be praised, constant and resolute; upon which he was thrust into a dark hole within the prison, where he remained in prayer, without food or sustenance, till the hour of his death. Some letters we received from him and Mr. Wells, which have become revered treasures and almost relics in our eyes. One did write (this was Edmund): "The comforts which captivity bringeth are so manifold that I have rather cause to thank God highly for his fatherly dealings with me than to complain of any worldly misery whatsoever. Custom hath caused that it is no grief to me to be debarred from company, desiring nothing more than solitude. When I pray, I talk with God—when I read, he talketh with me; so that I am never alone." And much more in that strain. Mr. Wells ended his letter thus: "I am bound with gyves, yet I am unbound toward God, and far better I account it to have the body bound than the soul to be in bondage. I am threatened hard with danger of death; but if it be no worse, I will not wish it to be better. God send me his grace, and then I weigh not what flesh and blood can do unto me. I have answered to many curious and dangerous questions, but I trust with good advisements, not offending my conscience. What will come of it God only knoweth. Through prison and chains to glory. Thine till death." This letter was addressed to Basil, with a desire expressed we should read it before it was sent to him.

On the day before the one of the execution, Kate came to take leave of her husband. She could not speak for her tears; but he, with his usual composure, bade her be of good comfort, and that death was no more to him than to drink off the caudle which stood there ready on his table. And methinks this indifferency was a joint effect of nature and of grace, for none had ever seen him hurried or agitated in his life with any matter whatsoever. And when he rolled Topcliffe down the stairs and fell with him—for it was he which did this desperate action—his face was as composed when he rose up again, one of the servants who had seen the scuffle said, as if he had never so much as stirred from his study; and in his last speeches before his death it was noticed that his utterance was as slow and deliberate, and his words as carefully picked, as at any other time of his life. Ah me! what days were those when, hardly recovered from my sickness, only enough for to sit up in an armed-chair and be carried from one chamber to another, all the talk ministered about me was of the danger and coming death of these dear friends. I had a trouble of mine own, which I be truly ashamed to speak of; but in this narrative I have resolved above all things to be truthful; and if I have ever had

Digitized by Google

occasion, on the one hand, to relate what should seem to be to mine own credit, on the other also I desire to acknowledge my weaknesses and imperfections, of which what I am about to relate is a notable instance. The small-pox made me at that time the most deformed person that could be seen, even after I was recovered; and the first time I beheld my face in a glass, the horror which it gave me was so great that I resolved Basil should never be the husband of one whom every person which saw her must needs be affrighted to look on; but, forecasting he would never give me up for this reason, howsoever his inclination should rebel against the kindness of his heart and his true affection for me, I hastily sent him a letter, in which I said I could give him no cause for the change which had happened in me, but that I was resolved not to marry him, acting in my old hasty manner, without thought or prudence. No sooner had I done so than I grew very uneasy thereat, too late reflecting on what his suspicions should be of my inconstancy, and what should to him appear faithless breach of promise.

It grieved me, in the midst of such grave events and noble sufferings, to be so concerned for mine own trouble; and on the day before the execution I was sitting musing painfully on the tragedy which was to be enacted at our own doors as it were, weeping for the dear friends which were to suffer, and ever and anon chewing the cud of my wilful undoing of mine own, and it might prove of Basil's, future peace by my rash letter to him, and yet more rash concealment of my motives. Whilst I was thus plunged in grief and uneasiness, the door of my chamber of a sudden opened, and the servant announced Mr. Hubert Rookwood. I hid my face hastily with a veil, which I now did generally use, except when alone with Muriel. He came in, and methought a change had happened in his appearance. He looked somewhat wild and disordered, and his face flushed as one used to drinking.

"Constance," he said abruptly, "tidings have reached me which would not suffer me to put off this visit. A man coming from France hath brought me a letter from Basil, and one directed to you, which he charged me to deliver into your hands. If it tallies with that which he doth write to me—and I doubt not it must be so, for his dealings are always open and honorable, albeit often rash—I must needs hope for so much happiness from it as I can scarce credit to be possible after so much suffering.

I stretched out mine hand for Basil's letter. Oh, how the tears gushed from mine eyes on the reading of it! He had received mine, and having heard some time before from a friend he did not name of his brother's passion for me, he never misdoubted but that I had at last yielded to his solicitations, and given him the love which I withdrew from him.

Never was the nobleness of his nature more evinced than in this letter; never grief more heartfelt, combined with a more patient endurance of the overthrow of his sole earthly happiness; never a greater or more forgiving kindness toward a faithless creature, as he deemed her, with a lingering care for her weal, whom he must needs have thought so ill deserving of his love. So much sorrow without repining, such strict charges not to marry Hubert if he was not a good Catholic and truly reconciled to the Church. But if he was indeed changed in this respect, an assent given to this marriage which had cost him, he said, many tears and many prayers for to write, more than if with his own heart's blood he had traced the words; but which, nevertheless, he freely gave, and prayed God to bless us both, if with a good conscience we could be wedded; and God forbid he should hinder it, if I had ceased for to love him, and had given to Hubert—who had already got his birthright—

Digitized by Google

also a more precious treasure, the heart once his own.

"What doth your brother write to you?" I coldly said; and then Hubert gave me his letter to read.

Methinks he imagined I concealed my face from some sort of shame; and God knoweth, had I acted the part he supposed, I might well have blushed deeper than can be thought of.

This letter was like unto the other—the most touching proof of love a man could give for a woman. Forgetting himself, my dearest Basil's only care was my happiness; and firm remonstrances were blended with touching injunctions to his brother to treasure every hair of the head of one who was dearer to him than all the world beside, and to do his duty to God and to her, which if he observed, he should, mindless of all else, for ever bless him.

When I returned the missive to him, Hubert said, in a faltering voice, "Now you are free—free to be mine—free before God and man."

"Yea," I answered; "free as the dead, for I am henceforward dead to all earthly things."

"What!" he cried, startled; "your thinking is not, God shield it, to be a nun abroad?"

"Nay," I answered; and then, laying my hand on Basil's letter, I said, "If I had thought to marry you, Hubert; if at this hour I should say I could love you, I ween you would leave the house affrighted, and never return to it again."

"Is your brain turned?" he impatiently cried.

"No," I answered quietly, lifting my veil, "my face only is changed."

I had a sort of bitter pleasure in the sight of his surprise. He turned as pale as any smock.

"Oh, fear not," I said, "my heart hath not changed with my face. I am not in so merry a mood, God knoweth, as to torment you with any such apprehensions. My love for Basil is the same; yea, rather at this hour, after these noble proofs of his love, more great than ever. Now you can discern why I should write to him I would never marry him."

Hiding his face in his hands, Hubert said, "Would I had not come here to embitter your pain?"

"You have not added to my sorrow," I answered; "the chalice is indeed full, but these letters have rather lightened than increased my sufferings."

Then concealing again my face, I went on, "O Hubert, will you come here to-morrow morning? Know you the sight which from that window shall be seen? Hark to that noise! Look out, I pray you, and tell me what it is."

He did as I bade him, and I marked the shudder he gave. His face, pale before, had now turned of an ashy hue.

"Is it possible?" he said; "a scaffold in front of that house where we were wont to meet those old friends! O Constance, are they there to die?—that brave joyous old man, that kind pious soul his wife?"

"Yea," I answered; "and likewise the friend of my young years, good holy Edmund Genings, who never did hurt a fly, much less a human creature. And at Tyburn, Bryan Lacy, my cousin, once your friend, and Sydney Hodgson, and good Mr. Mason, are to suffer."

Hubert clenched his hands, ground his teeth, and a terrible look shot through his eyes. I felt affrighted at the passion my words had awakened.

"Cursed," he cried, in a hoarse voice,—"cursed be the bloody queen which reigneth in this land! Thrice accursed be the tyrants which hunt us to death! Tenfold accursed such as lure us to damnation by the foul baits they do offer to tempt a man to lie to God and to others, to ruin those he loves, to become loathsome to himself by his mean crimes! But if one hath been cheated of his soul, robbed of the hope of heaven, debarred from his religion, thrust into the company of devils, let them fear him, yea, let them fear him, I say. Revenge is not impossible. What shall stay the

Digitized by Google

hand of such a man? What shall guard those impious tempters if many such should one day league for to sweep them from earth's face? If one be desperate of this world's life, he becomes terrible. How should he be to be dreaded who doth despair of heaven!"

With these wild words, he left me. He was gone ere I could speak.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From Chambers's Journal.

RESIGNED.

When my weary spinning's done,
And the shades of eve grow deep,
And by the bright hearthstone
The old folk sit asleep;
My heart and I in secret talk, when none can see me weep.

Ofttimes the driving rain,
And sometimes the silent snow,
Beat on the window-pane,
And mingle sad and low
With the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears, of a time long, long ago;

Till they act the tales they tell,
And a step is on the floor,
And a voice I once loved well
Says: "Open me the door."
Then I turn with a chill from the mocking wind, which whispers "Nevermore!"—

To the little whitewashed room
In which my days are spent;
And, journeying toward the tomb,
My companions gray and bent,
Who haply deem their grandchild's life not joyous, but content.

Ah me! for the suns not set,
For the years not yet begun,
For the days not numbered yet,
And the work that must be done,
Before the desert path is crossed, and the weary web is spun!

Like a beacon in the night,
I see my first grey hair;
And I scarce can tell aright
If it is from age or care,
For time glides silent o'er my life, and leaves no landmark there.

But perchance 'tis for the best,
And I must harder strive,
If life is little blest,
Then not for life to live,
For though a heart has nought to take, it may have much to give.

Digitized by Google

And they are old and poor,
And bread is hard to win,
And a guest is at the door
Who soon must enter in,
And to keep his shadow from their hearth, I daily toil and spin.

My sorrow is their gain,
And I show not by a tear
How my solitude and pain
Have bought their comfort dear,
For the storm which wrecked my life's best hope has left me stranded here.

But I hear the neighbors say,
That the hour-glass runs too fast,
And I know that in that glad day,
When toil and sorrow are past,
The false and true shall receive their due, and hearts cease aching at last.

From The Month.

SAINTS OF THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

1. A sportsman fell in with Abbot Antony, when pleasantly conversing with his brethren, and was scandalized.

The old man said: "Put an arrow on the string, and bend your bow." He did so.

Then Antony said: "Bend it more;" and he bent it more.

Antony said: "More still." He answered: "I shall break it."

Then said Antony: "This will befal the brethren, if their minds are always on the stretch.

2. It is told of Abbot Arsenius, how he was used to remain all night without sleep.

Then, when morning broke, and he needed rest, he used to say to sleep: Come, you good-for-nothing.

Then he took a nap, as he sat; and soon woke up again.

3. A brother said to Abbot Theodore, "Say some good word to me, for I am perishing."

He answered: I am in jeopardy myself, and what can I say to *thee?*

4. A brother said to Abbot Pastor: "I have done a great sin; give me a three years' penance." The abbot answered; "It is too much."

The brother said, "Give me a year." The old man said again, "It is too much."

The brothers round him asked, "Should it be forty days?" Still he answered, "It is too much."

For, said he, whoso doth penance with his whole heart, and never does the sin again, is received by God even on the penance of three days.

5. A brother had sinned, and the priest bade him leave the church.

Bessarion rose, and went out with him, saying: And I too am a sinner.

6. Abbott Macarius said: Never chide an erring brother angrily; for you are not bid save another's soul at the loss of your own.

7. Abbot Nilus said: If you would pray as you ought, beware of sadness; else you will run in vain.

Digitized by Google

From All The Year Round.

UP AND DOWN CANTON.

CANTON is a genuine Chinese city, and one of the most extraordinary places in the world. There are four American steamers which ply between Hong-Kong and Canton. They are fast commodious vessels, in fact floating hotels, such as ply on the large American rivers. The voyage occupies about eight or nine hours. Of these, five or six are on the open sea, sheltered mostly under the lee of precipitous bluffs and lofty rocky islets; and the rest, from the "Bocca Tigris," up the Canton river. The fog in the winter season lies so dense over the flats and extensive swamps bordering the river that steamers have to proceed with great caution, going "dead slow," and sounding the steam-whistle, while the little fishing-junks, which are sure to be scattered by dozens in the way, eagerly beat their gongs, to make known their whereabout. As the steamer ascends the river, a noble stream, some five or six miles broad near the mouth, she gets gradually clear of the fog. The wide marshy flats, and the bold rocks on the left bank, crowned with odd-looking Chinese stone batteries, come into view, to be succeeded by paddy-fields, sugar-cane cultivation, orchards, gardens, roads, and villages, that become, on both banks, more and more numerous, until they blend with the vast suburbs of Canton. Charming little pagodas, and fanciful buildings, painted and carved, the residences of mandarins, peep from the shade of groves, and every village is surmounted by two or more lofty square towers, the nature of which puzzles a stranger, until he is told they are pawnbrokers' shops. These shops are so fashioned for the greater security of the articles pledged, because the broker is made heavily responsible for their safe-keeping. The security is meant to be not only against thieves, but also against fire. Half-way to Canton, on the right, or west bank, is a little English settlement at the town of Whampo. It consists of some ship-chandlers' stores, warehouses, and a dock for repairing vessels which discharge their cargoes here, being unable to proceed higher up the stream. Whampo is, in fact, the seaport of Canton, and was a flourishing place as such till Hong-Kong diverted the trade. From Whampo upward, the river becomes more and more crowded with junks and Chinese boats. Some of the junks, men-of-war, differ from the rest only in being larger, and in having several unwieldy guns on their decks, mounted on uncouth carriages: in many instances with their muzzles not pointed through portholes, but grinning over the bulwarks at an angle of forty-five degrees, like huge empty bottles.

When the steamer has slowly and cautiously threaded her way among these numerous vessels, and dropped anchor, the rush of "tanka-boats" round her is astonishing. These are broad bluff crafts, something of the size and shape of the sampans, but impelled chiefly by women: one sweeping, the other sculling with a large steering oar. They close round the ship in hundreds, yelling, screaming, struggling, and fighting for the gangways, till every passenger or article of light freight has left. The women are warmly and comfortably dressed in dark-blue linen shirts and wide drawers: with red and yellow bandanas round their heads and faces. They are often young and good-looking, with bright laughing eyes, white

Digitized by Google

teeth, and jolly red cheeks. They are, unlike the "flower-boat" girls, honest and well conducted. Their boats are roofed over, with snug neat cabins nicely painted, and bedizened with flowers, old-fashioned pictures, and looking-glasses. A low cushioned bench runs round three sides, and the passenger sits down pleasantly enough, looking through the entrance, and face to face with the sturdy nymph, who, with a "stamp and go," is rowing him along, while at the stern, behind his back, another lusty Naiad steers him on his way.

The river divides the great city into two parts; that on the left bank, which is by far the larger, being Canton, and the opposite smaller town "Honan." On the Honan side, a few European gentlemen still live and carry on business, as branches of several firms in Hong-Kong; but the principal European quarter is a fine level plain on the Canton side, presenting to the river a revetted wall. A pretty church and some handsome houses, including the British consulate, have been already completed within the land, which is called the "Shámeen." It adjoins the portion formerly allotted for the Hongs, or warehouses and offices of foreign (European) merchants, which were burnt down by the Chinese mob before the last war.

At ten in the morning, one day in the month of February, I started from the Honan side, under the guidance of a Chinese cicerone, who spoke a language somewhat better than the gibberish known by the name of "pigeon" (business) English, to explore the city of Canton. We crossed the river in a tanka-boat, and after threading, jostling, and pushing our way through swarms of small craft in every variety, landed at the custom-house stairs, close to a small office in which presides an English functionary, in the pay of the Chinese government. The strand is crowded with mean dirty hovels, in which, and about the muddy road, and on board innumerable boats, packed closely along the bank, men, women, and children, filthy and ragged, were crowding in swarms. We passed a short way up the strand, by some large shops, crammed with clothing and ship chandlery, and, striking inland, traversed an open space, scattered with the relics of the European Hongs burnt before the last war (a space, by-the-by, which Europeans have altogether deserted, preferring the "Shámeen" land, and which the Chinese government appear unwilling to resume, so that it remains altogether untenanted). We then entered the bazaar, or strictly commercial portions of the town.

The day was unusually sultry for the time of year; the streets (so to call passages of six or seven feet width), entirely paved with flag-stones, were muddy and greasy from rain that had fallen the day before. The air was stagnant from the confinement of closely packed and overhanging houses, and heated by swarms of people hurrying to and fro, while an insupportable stench from sewers, neglected drains, and putrid fish and flesh, with a horrible odor of stale cabbage water, pervaded the suffocating atmosphere. I became faint at times, fatigued and heated beyond endurance, so that my estimate of the extent of this enormous labyrinth through which I plodded for four hours before I could get a sedan-chair, is one rather of the feelings than of the judgment. I walked—stepping now and then into shops, to examine them more closely—and rode in a sedan-chair up one street and down another, from about half-past ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, and had to leave unvisited about half the bazaar, to get a hasty glimpse of a few temples, gardens, and mandarin-houses before dusk.

The streets are flagged, and about six or seven feet broad. They appear to be innumerable, crossing each other at right angles at every two or three hundred yards. The houses

Digitized by Google

on each side are narrow-fronted, but extending considerably to the rear. There are no windows, for the centre of each front is open, merely consisting of carved and painted framework, like the proscenium of a theatre, and displaying the contents of the shop on each hand, like side scenes. The back is closed by a large panelling, in which figures of gods, men, animals, and flowers are painted, with a vast deal of gilding and finery. In short, each shop looks like a little theatre. A few houses have upper stories, reached by pretty carved and balustraded stairs. And as every article for which space can be found is hung up for display, both inside the shop and around its front, the spectator, as he enters the bazaar, feels as if he were diving into an ocean of cloths, silks, flags, and flutters.

My guide was a sharp fellow, who thoroughly knew all the sights of Canton. As he had been often employed as cicerone by the ship captains, he immediately put me down as one of that jolly fraternity, frequent intercourse with whom had given a slightly nautical twang to his discourse. We had not gone far before he addressed me, "I say, cappen: you come along o' me and see jewelers' shops. Here's first-rate shop—number one jeweler this chap—cappen want to buy anything? Heave along!" The jewelers' shops were numerous, and I saw many very beautiful specimens of carving and filigree-work. Some of the shops sold articles of European design, others ministered only to the native beauty and fashion of Canton. These contained many articles of considerable beauty and real taste. The most notable were the "bird's feather ornaments," which consist of gold or gilt head combs, brooches, ear-rings, and the like, on which are firmly fixed, with glue, strips of the bright blue feathers of the kingfisher (Halcyon Smyrnensis), cut into small patterns, through which the gold ground appears: the whole effect being exactly like that of enamel work. The kingfisher is not, I think, found in China, but is imported in great numbers from Burmah and India. I asked the price of one skin lying on the counter, and was told half a dollar (two shillings and threepence). The bird was probably procured in India for three-halfpence. Ivory shops are in great number, but the Chinese ivory yields, in my opinion, to that of the Japanese. I went into several porcelain shops, and saw in each ten or a dozen languid-looking youths painting away, slowly and laboriously, at leaves, flowers, insects, and so forth, on plates. Each lad had a small bowl of one color, and when he had painted in all the parts of the design intended to be of that color, he passed the plate on to his neighbor, who added his color, and so on all round the room till the pattern was completely colored. The result is stiff and mechanical. There is no attempt at artistic effect, nothing like the beautiful pictures painted in the factories at Worcester or Dresden. Dyers and weavers are numerous. The silk shops are the finest in the bazaar, but their contents are excessively dear, and are not very good. Indeed, the Canton silks are considered by the Chinese themselves to be inferior to those made in the northern provinces of the empire. I have seen silk dresses and pieces from Pekin brought into India via Nepaul, of a quality which I was assured by a competent judge could not be procured at Canton. This was five-and-twenty years ago, and it is possible that our present widely different connection with China may have introduced a better article into Shanghae, which is so near Pekin. But the Chinese were very jealous formerly about exporting their finest silks, and those I allude to were brought by the members of a mission, sent every three years with a tribute from Kathmandoo to the Emperor of China, as a friendly return present from the emperor to the Rajah of Nepaul.

Digitized by Google

The Chinese shopkeepers are fat comfortable-looking fellows, with pleasant, good-humored faces. They showed me their curiosities very willingly, and none the less courteously exchanged a smiling "chin-chin" with me if I left the shop without purchasing anything.

Tea-shops are numberless. They are piled up with chests such as we see in England, and with open baskets of coarse and inferior tea for the poor. The cheapest kind is made in thin round cakes or large wafers, strung upon slips of bamboo. It partially dissolves in hot water, and is flavored with salt by those who drink it. Of this form of brick tea I have never seen any mention in the books published by travellers.

There are poulterers' shops, with fowls roasted and raw; and there are vegetable sellers' stalls, and fish in baskets, dead and not over-fresh, or alive in large tubs of water. They were all of the carp family, including réhos, mirgals, and kutlas, so familiarly known in India, also several species of the siluroids, called vulgarly "cat-fish." The fish brought from the sea are salted and sun-dried, and, with strong aid from immense festoons of sharks' fins, set up a stench that it is not easy to walk through.

After inspecting shops and elbowing and being elbowed in the crowd till afternoon, when I was ready to drop with heat and fatigue, my pilot steered me to a small square, flagged with stone, on which the sun shone fiercely. He called it "Beggars' square," and told me that all the destitute and abandoned sick in the city crawled, if they could, to this spot, because those who died there received burial at the expense of government. While he spoke, my eyes were fixed upon some heaps of dirty tattered clothes on the ground, which presently began to move, and I discovered to my horror three miserable creatures, lean and covered with odious filth, lying in different stages of their last agony on the bare stones, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. They came here to die, and no one heeded them, or gave them a drop of water, or a morsel of food, or even a little shelter from the noontide glare. I had seen shocking things of this sort in India, but nothing so horrible. To insure a climax of disgusts, my guide led me straight to a dog butcher's shop, where several of the nasty fat oily carcases of those animals were hanging for sale. They had not been flayed, but dangled there with their smooth shining skins, which had been scalded and scraped clean of hair, so that at first I took them for sucking-pigs. There were joints of dog, ready roasted, on the counter, and in the back of the shop were several cages in which live dogs were quietly sitting, lolling their tongues out, and appearing very unconcerned. I saw several cats also, in cages, looking very demure; and moreover I saw customers, decorous and substantial-looking householders, inspect and feel the dogs and cats, and buy those which they deemed fittest for the table. The cats did not like being handled, and mewed loudly. "What cappen think o' that?" said my guide. "Cappen s'pose never eat dog?—dog very good, very fat, very soft. Oh, number one dinner is dog!" "And are cats as good?" I asked. "Oh, Chinaman chowchow everything. Chowchow plenty cat. Chinaman nasty beast, I think, cappen, eh?" My cicerone had been so long mixed up with European and American ship captains and missionaries, that he had learnt to suit his ideas to his company, if his ideas had not actually undergone great modification, as is the case in India with those educated natives of the present day known to us as specimens of "Young Bengal."

Before quitting the bazaar, I was ushered into two gambling-shops. These are licensed by the Chinese government, the owners paying a considerable tax. Both were tolerably full of players, and in both the same kind of game was being played—a simple one enough, if I understood it.

Digitized by Google

A player staked a pile of cash or dollars; the croupier staked a similar one; and then another member of the establishment dipped his hand into a bag and drew out a handful of counters; if they were in even fours, the bank won; if they were uneven, the player won, and the croupier's stake was duly handed over to him—rather ruefully, it struck me, by the banker, who sat on the counter raised above the rest. This game appears about as intrinsically entertaining as pulling straws; but I may have overlooked or misunderstood parts of it of a more intellectual nature. In the first house I visited, the players were of the lower class, and the stakes were copper cash. One man, quite a youth, left the room evidently cleaned out; his look revealed it, and I suppose he went away to the opium shop, the usual consolation of a Chinaman under the circumstances. As we entered the second gambling-house, my guide informed me, "This rich house. Number one fellow play here—mandarin chap." And truly I saw in the room goodly piles of dollars heaped up before a better-dressed assembly. The game appeared to be the same, and money changed hands rapidly. I "chin-chinned" to the banker and to the company, and was civilly allowed to look on. The room led through a filigreed doorway to another apartment, where cakes, loaves, tea, and pipes were spread out, and where long-tailed gentlemen were lounging and discussing the news of the day.

Being in want of cash, and having only dollar notes with me, I asked my guide what I should do? He straightway led me to a money-changer's, where I was at once furnished with change for my notes at par. As this was an unusual accommodation, I asked the reason of such generosity, and was informed that the dollars given me were all light, and that the changer would obtain full-weight dollars for the notes by-and-by. I was assured, however, that in all the shops the dollars I had received would be received at the full value; and this I found to be the case. All the time I was in the money-changer's, I saw three or four people telling, examining, and stamping dollars. So defaced and mutilated does the coin become by bearing the "chop" or mark of every banker or dealer into whose possession it passes, that it as nearly as possible returns to that state of bullion which the Chinaman prefers to minted coin. As it was, the only small change I could procure for a dollar was in fragments of silver; in the weighing out of which I was of course at the mercy of the shopman.

A chair having been with great difficulty procured for me, and another for my guide, we were about emerging from the bazaar when I had the honor of meeting a mandarin and suite. My bearers had just time to squeeze into the entrance of a side-alley, when the cavalcade was down upon us. Funny-looking soldiers with spears and muskets indiscriminately, musicians and drummers or tom-tom beaters, and an amazing figure in red and gold apparel of a loose flapping cut, with a sword in his hand, mounted upon an inexcusable pony—a Chinese Rosinante. In the centre of this cortège the mandarin was borne along, a placid fat dignitary, in a richly embroidered purple velvet and golden dress, seated in a gaudy sedan.

It was a great relief to emerge from the crowded bazaar, pass through the gateway in the massive city wall, and proceed through comparatively airy lanes to one or two Chinese gentlemen's houses and gardens, which my guide most unceremoniously entered, marshalling me in without a word of introduction or apology, and making me feel rather ashamed of myself. These dwellings, as well as the joss-houses or temples, have been so often described, that I will not inflict them again on the reader. Not the slightest objection was raised by the priests to my exploring every part of the temples, the vergers showing the altars, the various images, the cloisters

Digitized by Google

and refectories, with great alacrity, and extending their hands afterward for a fee. The only undescribed fact connected with these worthies which I was informed of is, that they sell their finger-nails to any foreigner desirous of purchasing such curiosities. These nails are suffered to grow uncut, and attain a length of three or four inches, looking remarkably unlike finger-nails, and forming curiosities much coveted, said my guide, by foreign gentlemen and "cappens." Among other religious edifices I visited a Mohammedan temple, a singular jumble of Islamism and Buddhism. Extracts from the Koran wore an odd appearance emblazoned on Chinese architecture. There were no priests visible here; only children and begging old women.

Want of time prevented my visiting the camp or barracks of the Chinese soldiers, on the heights outside the eastern suburbs of the town. A large garden, attached to a temple on the Honan side, was the only other object I had time that day to inspect. The garden was principally stocked with orange-trees, also loquats and lychees, hundreds of which were on sale for the benefit of the good fathers, who are supported by the produce of the garden and the contributions of the piously disposed. On each side of the centre walk, beyond a little dirty pond, was a shed, with shelves, on which were ranged pots containing the ashes of the priests ("priests' bones," my guide irreverently called them); their bodies, after decease, undergoing incremation in an adjoining pit. Names, ages, and dates of decease are duly preserved, cut into slabs of stone on the concave face of a semicircular screen of masonry in the garden. Before leaving the garden I was not a little surprised by the appearance of a veritable magpie, identical, as it seemed to me, with our British bird, that I had not seen for many years.

After guiding me safely to my quarters—for so labyrinthine is every part of Canton and Honan that it would be hopeless to attempt to find one's way alone—my pilot left me and departed to his own home, which was, he told me, on the Canton side. The language he spoke is, as may be gathered from the specimens here given, not the ordinary "pigeon English" of Chinese servants; a style of gibberish which it is lamentable to think has become the ordinary channel of communication with all Chinamen. These sharp and intelligent people would soon learn to speak and understand better English than such sentences as "You go top-side and catchee one piecee book"—"You tell those two piecee cooly go chow-chow, and come back chop-chop." (Go up-stairs and fetch a book—Tell those two coolies to go to their dinner, and return quickly.) The good effects of the tuition afforded by schoolmasters and missionaries in China are much marred by the jargon used conventionally, with irrational adherence to defect, in all ordinary transactions of business, by masters and mistresses in intercourse with their servants, and by commercial men with their native assistants.

About seven hours' run, in one of the American steamers before mentioned, carries the passenger from Canton to Macao. The mouth of the river is cleared in four hours, and the rest of the voyage is over an open sea, which, with a fresh southerly breeze, is rather rough for a flat-bottomed steamer: the islands to eastward, though numerous, being too remote to check the swell of the Chinese ocean. After running for about an hour along the bold rocky peninsula at the point of which Macao is built, the steamer rounds in, and, entering a partially land-locked harbor between the town and some rocky islets to its south, anchors in smooth water. The town has a quaint picturesque look. Its old-fashioned houses extend to the water's edge. They are all of stone or brick, covering the face of the bold coast: the heights of which are crowned by castles, forts, batteries, and convents, and from whose ancient walls the last rays of a setting sun were fading as we entered the harbor. The

Digitized by Google

inhabitants are entirely Portuguese, Chinese, and a breed between the two. The jealousy of the Portuguese government effectually excludes foreigners from settling; a miserable policy, by which trade is almost extinct, the revenue being derived chiefly from licensing of gambling-houses. In front of the house of the governor I saw a guard of soldiers. They were able-bodied, smart-looking young fellows in neat blue uniforms, detailed from a regiment in the fort. These soldiers, and a few half-castes, looking like our office keranies in India, together with some strangely dressed females, in appearance half aya, half sister of charity, were all that I saw of the Portuguese community. The non-military Portuguese looked jaded and lazy, almost every man with a cheroot in his mouth. The town, indeed, struck me as a very "Castle of Indolence."

Abridged from The Dublin University Magazine.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY, PAST AND PRESENT.

One of the most subtle operations of time is the tendency it has to transform the facts of one age into the phantasies of another, and to cause the dreams of the past to become the realities of the present. Far away in the remote distance of history, when a lonely monk in his cell mused of vessels going without sails and carriages without horses, it was a dream—a mere dream, produced probably by a brain disordered by over study, long vigils, and frequent fasts, but that dream of the thirteenth century has become the most incontrovertible fact of the nineteenth, a fact to whose influence all other hitherto immovable facts are giving way, even the great one, the impregnability of the Englishman's castle; for we find that before the obstinate march of one of these railway facts a thousand Englishmen's castles fall prostrate, and a thousand Englishmen are evicted, their avocations broken up, and themselves turned out upon the world as a new order of beings—outcasts with compensation.

The monastic life, so commonly regarded in these later times as a phantasy, was once a fact, a great universal fact; it was a fact for twelve or thirteen centuries; and when we remember that it extended its influence from the sunny heights of Palestine, across Europe, to the wild, bleak shores of western Ireland; that it did more in the world for the formation and embellishment of modern civilization than all the governments and systems of life that accompanied it in its course; that the best portions of ancient literature, the materials of history, the secrets of art, are the pearls torn from its treasure-house, we may form some idea of what a fact the monastic life must have been at one time, and may venture to assert that the history of that phase of existence, as in frock and cowl it prayed, and watched, and fasted; as in its quiet cloisters it studied, and copied, and labored; as outside its walls it mingled its influence with the web of human destiny, and as in process of time, becoming wealthy and powerful, it degenerated, and went the way of all human things—we say that the history of the development of this extinct world, however defective the execution of that history may be, will include in its review some of the most interesting portions of our national career, will furnish a clue to many of the mazes of historical speculation, or at least may be suggestive

Digitized by Google

to some more able intellect of a course of investigation which has been very little followed, and a mine of truth which to a great extent still remains intact.

At a time when laws were badly administered, and the country often torn by internal contentions, and always subject to the violence of marauders, it was absolutely necessary that there should be some asylum for those thoughtful, retiring spirits who, unable or unwilling to take part in the turmoil of the times, were exposed to all its dangerous vicissitudes. In an age, too, when the country possessed no literature, the contemplative and the learned had no other means of existence than by retiring to the cloister, safe out of the reach of the jealous superstition of ignorance and the wanton barbarity of uncouth violence. The monastery then was the natural home of these beings—the deserted, the oppressed, the meek spirit who had been beaten in the world's conflict, the untimely born son of genius, the scholar, the devotee, all found a safe shelter and a genial abode behind the friendly walls of these cities of refuge. There, too, lay garnered up, as a priceless hoarding for future ages, the sacred oracles of Christianity, and the rescued treasures of ancient lore; there science labored at her mystic problems; and there poetry, painting, and music were developed and perpetuated; in fine, all that the world holds as most excellent, all that goes toward the foundation and adornment of modern society, treasured up in the monastery as in an ark, rode in safety over the dark flood of that mediæval deluge until the waters subsided, and a new world appearing from its depths, violent hands were laid upon those costly treasures, which were torn from their hiding-places and freely scattered abroad, whilst the representatives of those men who, in silence and with prayer, had amassed and cherished them, were branded as useless idlers, their homes broken up, and themselves dispersed, with no mercy for their errors and no gratitude for their labors, to seek the scanty charities of a hostile world. Beside being the cradle of art and science, the monastery was a great and most efficient engine for the dispensation of public charity. At its refectory kitchen the poor were always cheerfully welcomed, generously treated, and periodically relieved; in fine, the care of the poor was not only regarded as a solemn duty, but was undertaken with the most cheerful devotion and the most unremitting zeal. They were not treated like an unsightly social disease, which was to be cured if possible, but at any rate kept out of sight; they were not handed over to the tender sympathies of paid relieving officers, nor dealt with by the merciless laws of statistics, but they were treated gently and kindly in the spirit of the Great Master, who when on earth bestowed upon them the larger share of his sympathy, who, in the tenderness of his pity, dignified poverty and sanctified charity when he declared that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Whatever may have been the vices of the monastic system or the errors of its ritual, its untiring charity was its great redeeming virtue.

It will not perhaps be an unfitting introduction to our investigation into the rise and influence of this system upon our national life if we resuscitate from the grave of the past one of these great monasteries, the oldest and most powerful which sprang up in our country, and which, compared with others at the time when they fell before the great religious convulsion of the sixteenth century, had, in the midst of general corruption, maintained its purity, and suffered less from its own vices than from the degeneracy of the system to which it belonged, and of which it was the most distinguished ornament. We shall endeavor to portray the monastery as it was in all its glory, to pass through its portals, to enter reverently

Digitized by Google

into its magnificent church, to listen to its gorgeous music, to watch its processions, to wander through its cloisters, to visit its domestic domains, to penetrate into the mysteries of its refectory, the ascetic simplicity of its dormitory, the industry of its schoolhouse and fratery, the stores of its treasury, the still richer stores of its library, the immortal labors of its Scriptorium, where they worked for so many centuries, uncheered and unrewarded, for a thankless posterity, who shrink even now from doing them justice; we shall visit the gloomy splendors of its crypt, wander through its grounds, and marvel at its strange magnificence. After having thus gazed, as it were, upon the machine itself in motion, we shall perhaps be the better enabled subsequently to comprehend the nature and value of its work.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the ancient abbey of Glastonbury was in the plenitude of its magnificence and power. It had been the cynosure for the devotees of all nations, who, for nearly eleven centuries, flocked in crowds to its fane—to worship at its altars, to venerate its relics, to drink in health at its sacred well, and to gaze in rapt wonder at its holy thorn. And even now, in these later days, though time has wasted it, though fierce fanaticism has played its cannon upon it, though ruthless vandalism in blind ignorance has despoiled many of its beauties, it still stands proud in its ruined grandeur, defiant alike of the ravages of decay, the devastation of the iconoclast, and the wantonness of the ignorant. Although not a single picture, but only an inventorial description, is extart of this largest abbey in the kingdom, yet, standing amidst its silent ruins, the imagination can form some faint idea of what it must have been when its aisles were vocal with the chant of its many-voiced choir, when gorgeous processions moved grandly through its cloisters, and when its altars, its chapels, its windows, its pillars, were all decorated with the myriad splendors of monastic art. Passing in at the great western entrance, through a lodge kept by a grave lay-brother, we find ourselves in a little world, shut up by a high wall which swept round its domains, inclosing an area of more than sixty acres. The eye is arrested at once by a majestic pile of building, stretching itself out in the shape of an immense cross, from the centre of whose transept there rises a high tower. The exterior of this building is profusely decorated with all the weird embellishments of mediæval art. There, in sculptured niche, stands the devout monarch, sceptred and crowned; the templar knight, who had fallen under an oriental sun fighting for the cross; the mitred abbot, with his crosier; the saint with his emblem; the martyr with his palm; scenes from Sacred Writ; the apostles, the evangelists; petrified allegories and sculptured story; and then, clustering around and intertwining itself with all these scenes and representations of the world of man, were ornamental devices culled from the world of nature. A splendid monument of the genius of those mediæval times whose mighty cathedrals stand before us now like massive poems or graven history, where men may read, as it were from a sculptured page, the chivalrous doings of departed heroes, the long tale of the history of the Church—of her woes, her triumphs, her martyrs, and her saints—a deathless picture of actual existence, as though some heaven-sent spirit had come upon the earth, and with a magic stroke petrified into the graphic stillness of stone a whole world of life and living things. The length of the nave of this church, beginning from St. Joseph's chapel (which we shall presently notice, and which was an additional building) up to the cross, was 220 feet, the great tower was 40 feet in breadth, and the transepts on either side of it each 45 feet in length, the choir was 150 feet; its entire length from east to west was

Digitized by Google

420 feet; and if we add the appended St. Joseph's chapel, we have a range of building 530 feet in length.

Turning from the contemplation of this external grandeur, we come to a structure which forms the extreme west of the abbey—a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph of Arimathea. The entrance on the north side is a masterpiece of art, being a portal consisting of four semicircular arches, receding and diminishing as they recede into the body of the wall, the four fasciæ profusely decorated with sculptured representations of personages and scenes, varied by running patterns of tendrils, leaves, and other natural objects. The first thing that strikes the attention upon entering is the beautiful triarial-mullioned window at the western extremity, with its semicircular head; opposite, at the eastern end, another, corresponding in size and decoration, throws its light upon the altar. On both the north and south sides of the church are four uniform windows, rising loftily till their summits nearly touch the vaulting; underneath these are four sculptured arches, the panelling between them adorned with painted representations of the sun, moon, stars, and all the host of heaven; the flooring was a tesselated pavement of encaustic tiles, each bearing an heraldic device, or some allegorical or historical subject. Beneath this tesselated pavement is a spacious crypt, eighty-nine feet in length, twenty feet in width, and ten feet high, provided with an altar, and when used for service illuminated by lamps suspended from the ceiling. St. Joseph's chapel, however, with its softly-colored light, its glittering panels, its resplendent altars, and its elegant proportions, is a beautiful creation; but only a foretaste or a prelude of that full glare of splendor which bursts upon the view on ascending the flight of steps leading from its lower level up to the nave of the great abbey church itself, which was dedicated to St. Mary. Arrived at that point, the spectator gazes upon a long vista of some four hundred feet, including the nave and choir; passing up through the nave, which has a double line of arches, whose pillars are profusely sculptured, we come to the central point in the transept, where there are four magnificent Gothic arches, which for imposing grandeur could scarcely be equalled in the world, mounting up to the height of one hundred feet, upon which rested the great tower of the church. A portion of one of these arches still exists, and though broken retains its original grandeur. In the transept running north and south from this point are four beautifully decorated chapels, St. Mary's, in the north aisle; St. Andrew's, in the south; Our Lady of Loretto's, on the north side of the nave; and at the south angle that of the Holy Sepulchre; another stood just behind the tower, dedicated to St. Edgar: in each of these are altars richly adorned with glittering appointments, and beautiful glass windows, stained with the figures of their patron saints, the apostles, scriptural scenes or episodes from the hagiology of the Church; then, running in a straight line with the nave, completing the gigantic parallelogram, is the choir, where the divine office is daily performed. The body is divided into stalls and seats for the abbot, the officers, and monks. At the eastern extremity stands the high altar, with its profusion of decorative splendor, whilst over it is an immense stained-glass window, with semicircular top, which pours down upon the altar, and in fact bathes the whole choir, when viewed from a distance, in a sea of softened many-colored light. The flooring of the great church, like that of St. Joseph's, is composed of encaustic Norman tiles, inscribed with Scripture sentences, heraldic devices, and names of kings and benefactors. Underneath the great church is the crypt—a dark vault divided into three compartments by two rows of strong massive pillars, into which, having descended from the church, the spectater

FREE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Digitized by Google

enters; the light of his torch is thrown back from a hundred different points, like the eyes of serpents glittering through the darkness, reflected from the bright gold and silver nails and decorations of the coffins that lie piled on all sides, and whose ominous shapes can be just faintly distinguished. This is the weird world, which exerts a mysterious influence over the hearts of the most thoughtless—the silent world of death in life; and piled up around are the remains of whole generations long extinct of races of canonized saints, pious kings, devout queens, mitred abbots, bishops, nobles who gave all their wealth to lie here, knights who braved the dangers of foreign climes, the power of the stealthy pestilence, and the scimitar of the wild Saracen, that they might one day come back and lay their bones in this holy spot. There were the gilded coffins of renowned abbots, whose names were a mighty power in the world when they lived, and whose thoughts are still read with delight by the votaries of another creed—the silver crosiers of bishops, the purple cloth of royalty, and the crimson of the noble—all slumbering and smoldering in the dense obscurity of the tomb, but flashing up to the light once more in a temporary brilliancy, like the last ball-room effort of some aged beauty—the aristocracy of death, the coquetry of human vanity, strong even in human corruption. Amongst the denizens of this dark region are—King Arthur and his queen Guinever, Coel II., grandfather of Constantine the Great, Kentwyn, king of the West Saxons, Edmund I., Edgar and Ironsides, St. David of Wales, and St. Gildas, beside nine bishops, fifteen abbots, and many others of note. Reascending from this gloomy cavern to the glories of the great church, we wander amongst its aisles, and as we gaze upon the splendors of its choir, we reflect that in this gorgeous temple, embellished by everything that art and science could contribute, and sanctified by the presence of its holy altar, with its consecrated host, its cherished receptable of saintly relics, and its sublime mysteries, did these devout men, seven times a day, for centuries, assemble for prayer and worship. As soon as the clock had tolled out the hour of midnight, when all the rest of the world was rocked in slumber, they arose, and flocked in silence to the church, where they remained in prayer and praise until the first faint streaks of dawn began to chase away the constellations of the night, and then, at stated intervals through the rest of the day, the appointed services were carried on, so that the greater portion of their lives was spent in this choir, whose very walls were vocal with psalmody and prayer. It was a grand offering to the Almighty of human work and human life. In that temple was gathered as a rich oblation everything that the united labor of ages could create and collect; strong hands had dug out its foundations in the bowels of the earth, had hewn stubborn rocks into huge blocks, and piled them up high in the heavens, had fashioned them into pillars and arches, myriads of busy fingers had labored for ages at its decoration until every column, every cornice, and every angle bore traces of patient toil; the painter, the sculptor, the poet, had all contributed to its embellishment, strength created it, genius beautified it, and the ever-ascending incense of human contrition, human adoration, and human prayer completed the gorgeous sacrifice which those devotees of mediæval times offered up in honor of him whose mysterious presence they venerated as the actual and real inhabitant of their holy of holies.

Retracing our steps once more to the nave, we turn to take one lingering glance at the scene: and here the full beauty and magnificence of the edifice bursts upon the view, the eye wanders through a perfect stony forest whose stately trees, taken at some moment when their tops, bending toward each other and interlacing them-

Digitized by Google

selves, had been petrified into the natural beauty of the Gothic arch; here and there were secluded spots where the prismatic light from painted windows danced about the pillars like straggling sunbeams through the thick foliage of a forest glade. The clusters of pillars resembled the gnarled bark of old forest trees, and the grouped ornaments of their capitols were the points where the trunk itself spread off into limbs and branches; there were groves and labyrinths running far away into the interior of this sculptured wood, and towering high in the centre were those four kings of the forest, whose tops met far up in the heavens—the true heart of the scene, from which everything diverged, and with which everything was in keeping. Then, as the spectator stands, lost in the grandeur of the spectacle, gazing in rapt wonder at the sky-painted ceiling, or at some fantastic gnarled head grinning at him from a shady nook, the passing whim of some mediæval brain—a faint sigh, as of a distant wind, steals along those stony glades, gradually increasing in volume, until presently the full, rich tones of the choir burst forth, the organ peals out its melodious thunder, and every arch and every pillar vibrates with undulations of harmonious sound, just as in the storm-shaken forest every mighty denizen bends his massive branches to the fierce tempest-wind, and intones his deep response to the wild music of the storm. Before the power of that music-tempest everything bowed, and as the strains of some Gregorian chant or the dirge-like melody of some penitential psalm filled the whole building with its pathos, every figure seemed to be invested with life, the mysterious harmony between the building and its uses was manifested, the painted figures on the windows appeared to join in the strain, a celestial chorus of apostles, martyrs, and saints; the statues in their niches threw back the melody; the figures reclining on the tombs seemed to raise their clasped hands in silent responce to its power, as though moved in their stony slumber by a dream of solemn sounds; the grotesque figures on the pillars and in nooks and corners chanted the dissonant chords, which brought out more boldly the general harmony; every arch, with its entwined branches and sculptured foliage, shook with the stormy melody: all was instinct with sympathetic life, until, the fury of the tempest dying away in fitful gusts, the last breeze was wafted, the painted forms became dumb, the statues and images grew rigid, the foliage was still, all the sympathetic vitality faded away, and the sacred grove fell into its silent magnificence.

Attached to the great church were two offices—the sacristy and church treasury. In the former were kept the sacred vestments, chalices, etc., in use daily; and in the latter were kept all the valuables, such as sacred relics, jewels and plate not in use, with mitres, crosiers, cruces, and pectorals; there was also a confessional for those who wished to use it before going to the altar. The care of these two offices was committed to a monk elected by the abbot, who was called the sacrist. Coming out of the church we arrive at the cloisters, a square place, surrounded by a corridor of pillars, and in the centre of the enclosure was a flower-garden—this was the place where the monks were accustomed to assemble at certain hours to walk up and down. In one of the alleys of the cloister stood the chapter-house, which, as it was the scene of the most important events in their monotonous lives, deserves a description. In this spot the abbots and officers of the monastery were elected, all the business of the house as a body was discussed, faults were openly confessed, openly reproved, and in some cases corporal punishment was awarded in the presence of the abbot and whole convent upon some incorrigible offender, so that, beside being an assembling room, it was a court of complaint and correction. One

Digitized by Google

brother could accuse another openly, when the matter was gone into, and justice done. In all conventual institutions it was a weekly custom, and in some a daily one, to assemble in the chapter-house after one of the morning services (generally after primes), when a sentence from the rule was read, a psalm sung, and business attended to. It was also an envied burying-place; and the reader, as he stood at his desk in the chapter-house of Glastonbury Abbey, stood over the body of Abbot Chinnock, who himself perfected its building, which was commenced in 1303 by Abbot Fromont. In the interior, which was lit up by a magnificent stained-glass window, there were three rows of stone benches one above another. On the floor there was a reading-desk and bench apart; in a platform raised above the other seats was the abbot's renowned elbow-chair, which extraordinary piece of monastic workmanship excited so much curiosity at the great Exhibition of 1851. In the middle of the hall was a platform called the Judgment, being the spot where corporal punishment, when necessary, was inflicted; and towering above all was a crucifix, to remind the brethren of the sufferings of Christ. In another alley of the cloisters stood the fratery, or apartment for the novices, which had its own refectory, common room, lavatory, and dormitory, and was governed by one of the priors. Ascending the staircase, we come to a gallery in which are the library, the wardrobe, the common house, and the common treasury. The library was the first in England, filled with choice and valuable books, which had been given to the monastery from time to time in its history by kings, scholars, and devotees of all classes; many also were transcribed by the monks. During the twelfth century, although even then of great renown in the world, it was considerably augmented by Henricus Blessensis. or Henry of Blois (nephew of Henry I. and brother of Stephen), who was abbot. This royal scholar had more books transcribed during his abbacy than any of his predecessors. A list is still extant—"*De libris quos Henricus fecit transcribere,*" in which are to be found such works as Pliny "*De Naturali Historia,*" a book in great favor at that time; "*Originem super Epistolas Pauli ad Romanos,*" "*Vitas Cæsarum,*" "*Augustinum de Trinitate,*" etc.

Here, too, as in every monastic library in the kingdom, was that old favorite of conventual life, and still favorite with many a lonely student, "*Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ,*" and many a great work from the grim solitude of a prison cell, cherished, too, as the link which connected the modern Latinists with those of the classic age. Housed up in that lonely corner of the island, the Glastonbury library was the storehouse of all the learning of the times; and as devotees bent their steps from all climes toward the Glastonbury relics and the Glastonbury shrine, so did the devotees of genius lovingly wander to the Glastonbury library. Leland, the old gossipping antiquarian, has testified to its glory, and given us an amusing account of the reverential awe with which he visited it not long before the fatal dissolution of the monastery. In the preliminary observations to his "*Collectanea de Rebus Britannicis,*"* he has put the following upon record:—"Eram aliquot ab hinc annis Glessoburgi Somurotrigum ubi antiquissimum simul et famosissimum est totius insulæ nostræ cœnobium, animumque longo studiorum labore fessum, favente Ricardo Whitingo,† ejusdem loci abbate, recreabam donec novus quidam cum legendi tum discendi ardor me inflammaret. Supervenit autem ardor ille citius opinione; itaque statim me contuli ad bibliothecam non omnibus perviam ut sacras sanctæ vetustatis reliquias quarum tantus ibi numerus quantus nullo

* "Collect. Reb. Brit." vi., page 87, Hearne's edition.

† Richard Whiting, the last abbot.

Digitized by Google

alio facile Britanniæ loco diligentissime evolverem. Vix certo limen intraveram cum antiquissimorum librorum vel solus conspectus, religionem nescio an stuporem, animo incuteret meo, eaque de causa pedem paululum sistebam. Deinde salutato loci numine per dies aliquot omnes forulos curiosissime excussi."

But attached to the library was a department common to all the Benedictine monasteries, where, during long centuries of ignorance, the materials of modern education were preserved and perpetuated; this office was called the scriptorium, or *domus antiquariorum*. Here were assembled for daily labor a class of monks selected for their superior scholarship and writing ability; they were divided into two classes, the *antiquarii* and the *librarii*: the former were occupied in making copies of valuable old books, and the latter were engaged in transcribing new ones, and works of an inferior order. The books they copied were the Scriptures, always in process of copying; missals, books for the service of the Church, works on theology, and any of the classics that fell into their hands. St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is said to have devoted much time to this work, and at the period of his death had begun to transcribe the gospel of St. John in letters of gold with his own hand.* The instruments used in the work of the scriptorium were pens, chalk, pumice-stone for rubbing the parchment smooth; penknives, and knives for making erasures, an awl to make dots, a ruler and inkstand. The greatest care was taken by the transcriber, the writing was always beautifully clear, omissions were most scrupulously noted in the margins, and all interlineations were mentioned and acknowledged. In an old manuscript belonging to the Carmelites, the scribe adds, "I have signed it with the sign following, and made a certain interlineation which says '*redis*,' and another which says '*ordinis*,' and another which says '*ordini*,' and another which says '*circa*.'" So great was the care they took to preserve the text accurately, and free from interpolations. In these secluded studies sprang up that art, the most charming which the middle ages have handed down to us, the art of illumination, so vainly imitated by the artists of the present day, not from want of genius, but from want of something almost indescribable in the conception and execution, a tone and preservation of color, and especially of the gilding, which was essentially peculiar to the old monks, who must have possessed some secret both of combination and fixing of colors which has been lost with them. This elaborate illumination was devoted to religious books, psalms, missals, and prayer-books; in other works the first letters of chapters were beautifully illuminated, and other leading letters in a lesser degree. The scribe generally left spaces for these, as that was the duty of another; in the spaces were what were called "leading letters," written small to guide the illuminator; these guide-letters may still be detected in some books. So great was the love of this art, that when printing displaced the labors of the scribe, it was customary for a long time to have the leading letters left blank for illumination. Such were the peculiar labors of the scriptorium, and to encourage those who dedicated their time to it, a special benediction was attached to the office, and posterity, when satirizing the monastic life, would do well to remember that the elegance of the satire may be traced back again to these labors, which are the materials for the education and refinement of modern thought; we got our Bible from them, we got our classics from them, and had not such ruthless vandalism been exercised by those over-zealous men who effected their dispersion, it is more than probable that the learned world would not have had to lament over the lost Decades of Livy. It is the peculiarity of ignorance to be barbarous. There

* *Giraldus Cambren. in vitâ Davidis Angl. Sac. ii.*, 635.

Digitized by Google

is very little difference between the feeling which prompted a Caliph Omar to burn the Alexandrian Library or a Totila to destroy the achievements of Roman art; and the feeling had only degenerated into the barbarity, without the bravery, when it revived again in the person of our arch-iconoclast, Cromwell, of church-devastating memory, who, however great his love of piety many have been, must have had a thorough hatred of architecture. The care of the library and the scriptorium was intrusted to the librarian. The next department in the gallery was the lavatory, fitted up with all the appliances for washing; and adjoining this room was one arranged for shaving, a duty to which the monks paid strict attention, more especially to preserve the tonsure. The next room was the wardrobe, where their articles of clothing and bedding were stored, and in an inner chamber was the tailory, where a number of lay brethren, with a vocation for that useful craft, were continually at work, making and repairing the clothes of the community. These two rooms and the lavatory were in charge of the camerarius, or chamberlain. The last abbot who sat in the chair of Glastonbury was, as we shall see, elevated from this humble position to that princely dignity. The common room was the next office, and this was fitted up with benches and tables for the general use of the monks; a fire was also kept burning in the winter, the only one allowed for general purposes. The last chamber in the corridor was the common treasury, a strong receptacle for ready money belonging to the monastery, charters, registers, books, and accounts of the abbey, all stored up in iron chests. In addition to being the strong room of the abbey, it had another important use. In those uncertain times it was the custom for both nobles and gentry to send their deeds, family papers, and sometimes their plate and money, to the nearest monastery, where, by permission of the abbot, they were intrusted to the care of the treasurer for greater security; in the wildest hour, when the castle was given up to fire and sword, the abbey was always held in reverence; for, independently of its sacred character, it was endeared to the people by the free-handed charity of its almonry and refectory kitchen. Retracing our steps along the corridor, and ascending another flight of stairs, we come to the dormitory, or dortoir, a large passage with cells on either side; each monk had a separate chamber, very small, in which there was a window, but no chimney, a narrow bedstead, furnished with a straw bed, a mattress, a bolster of straw, a coarse blanket, and a rug; by the bedstead was a prie-Dieu, or desk, with a crucifix upon it, to kneel at for the last and private devotions; another desk and table, with shelves and drawers for books and papers; in the middle was a cresset, or stone-lantern, with a lamp in it to give them light when they arose in the middle of the night to go to matins; this department also was under the care of the chamberlain. One more chamber was called the infirmary, where the sick were immediately removed, and treated with the greatest attention; this was in the charge of an officer called the infirmarius. We now descend these two flights of stairs, issue from the cloisters, and, bending our steps to the south-west, we come to the great hall, or refectory, where the whole convent assembled at meals. At Glastonbury there were seven long tables, around which, and adjoining the walls, were benches for the monks. The table at the upper end was for the abbot, the priors, and other heads, the two next for the priests, the two next for such as were in orders, but not priests, and such as intended to enter into orders; the lower table on the right hand of the abbot was for such as were to take orders whom the other two middle tables could not hold, and the lower table on the left of the abbot was reserved for the lay brethren. In a convenient place was a pulpit, where one of the monks, at the

Digitized by Google

appointment of the abbot, read portions of the Old and New Testament in Latin every day during dinner and supper. The routine of dinner, as indeed the routine of all their meals, was ordered by a system of etiquette as stringent as that which prevails in the poorest and smallest German court of the present day. The sub-prior, who generally presided at the table, or some one appointed by him, rang the bell; the monks, having previously performed their ablutions in the lavatory, then came into the great hall, and bowing to the high table, stood in their places till the sub-prior came, when they resumed their seats; a psalm was sung, and a short service followed by way of grace. The sub-prior then gave the benediction, and at the end they uncovered the food, the sub-prior beginning; the soup was then handed round, and the dinner proceeded; if anything was wanted it was brought by the cellarer, or one of his assistants, who attended, when both the bringer and receiver bowed. As soon as the meal was finished the cellarer collected the spoons; and so stringent was the etiquette, that if the abbot dined with the household (which he did occasionally) he was compelled to carry the abbot's spoon in his right hand and the others in his left; when all was removed the sub-prior ordered the reading to conclude by a "Tu autem," and the reply of "Dei gratias;" the reader then bowed, the remaining food was covered, the bell was rung, the monks arose, a verse of a psalm was sung, when they bowed and retired two by two, singing the "Miserere."

A little further toward the south stood the guest-house, where all visitors, from prince to peasant, were received by the hospitaller with a kiss of peace, and entertained. They were allowed to stay two days and two nights; on the third day after dinner they were expected to depart, but if not convenient they could procure an extension of their stay by application to the abbot. This hospitality, so generously accorded, was often abused by sons of donors and descendants of benefactors, who saddled themselves and their retinues upon the monasteries frequently, and for a period commensurate with the patience of the abbot; and to so great an extent did this evil grow that statutes were enacted to relieve the abbeys so oppressed. Not far from the refectory, toward the west, stood the abbot's private apartments, and still further to the west the great kitchen, which was one of the wonders of the day; its capacity may be imagined when we reflect that it had frequently to provide dinner for four or five hundred guests; but the arrangements and service of the kitchen deserve notice. Every monk had to serve as hebdomadary, or dispenser, whose duty it was to appoint what food was to be dressed and to keep the accounts for the week. Upon taking office he was compelled to wash the feet of the brethren, and upon yielding it up to the new hebdomadary he was obliged to see that all the utensils were clean. St. Benedict strictly enjoined this rule upon them, in order that, as Christ their Lord washed the feet of his disciples, they might wash each others' feet, and wait upon each others' wants. The Glastonbury kitchen is the only building which still remains entire; it was built wholly of stone, for the better security from fire; on the outside it is a four-square, and on the inside an eight-square figure; it had four hearths, was twenty feet in height to the roof, which ran up in a figure of eight triangles; from the top hung suspended a huge lantern.* Attached to the kitchen was the almonry, or eleemosynarium, where on Wednesdays and Fridays the poor people of Glastonbury and its neighborhood were liberally relieved. This duty was committed to a grave monk, who

* Strange vicissitudes of kitchens—In 1667 this Glastonbury Abbey kitchen was hired by the Quakers as a meeting-house; in the fulness of time, where monasticism cooked its mutton Quakerdom sat in triumph.

Digitized by Google

was called the almoner, or eleemosynarius, and who had to inquire after the poor and sick. No abbots in the kingdom were more liberal in the discharge of these two duties of their office, hospitality and almsgiving, than the abbots of Glastonbury. It was not an unusual thing for them to entertain 500 guests at a sitting, some of whom were of the first rank in the country, and the loose charge of riotous feasting which has been thoughtlessly made against the monastic life by hostile historians becomes modified when we recollect that in that age there were scarcely any wayside inns in the country, and all men, when travelling, halted at the monastery and looked for refreshment and shelter as a matter of right; neither had that *glorious* system of union workhouses been thought of, and therefore the sick and the poor fell at once to the care of the monastery, where they were cheerfully relieved and tenderly treated. Last, but not least, was the department for boys—another little detached community, with its own school-room, dormitory, refectory, hall, etc. One of the monks presided over them. They were taught Christian doctrine, music, grammar, and, if any showed capacity, the subjects necessary for the university. They were maintained free, and had to officiate in the church as choristers; a system maintained almost to the letter up to the very present moment. William of Malmesbury records that in the churchyard of Glastonbury Abbey stood some very ancient pyramids close to the sarcophagus of King Arthur. The tallest was nearest the church, twenty-six feet in height, consisting of five stories, or courses; in the upper course was the figure of a bishop, in the second of a king, with this inscription—HER. SEXI. and BLISVVERH. In the third the names WEMCRESTE, BANTOMP, WENETHEGN. In the fourth—HATE, WVLFREDE, and EANFLEDE. In the fifth, and last, the figure of an abbot, with the following inscription—LOGVVOR, WESLIELAS and BREGDENE, SVVELVVES HVVINGENDES, and BERNE. The other pyramid was eighteen feet in height, and consisted of four stories, whereon were inscribed in large letters HEDDE Episcopus BREGORRED and BEORVALDE. William of Malmesbury could give no satisfactory solution to the meaning of these inscriptions beyond the suggestion that the word BREGDENE must have meant a place then called "Brentacnolle," which now exists under the name of Brent Knowle, and that BEORWALDE was Beorwald, the abbot after Hemigselus. He concludes his speculation, however, with the sentence—"Quid hæc significent non temere diffinio sed ex suspicione colligo eorum interius in cavatis lapidibus contineri ossa quorum exterius leguntur nomina."*

The man who ruled over this miniature world, with a state little short of royalty, was endowed with proportionate dignities; being a member of the upper house of convocation and a parliamentary baron, he sat robed and mitred amongst the peers of the country; in addition to his residence at the abbey he had four or five rural retreats at easy distances from it, with parks, gardens, fisheries, and every luxury; his household was a sort of court, where the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent to be trained and educated. When at home he royally entertained his 300 guests, and when he went abroad he was attended by a guard of 100 men. The rent-roll of the monastery has been computed to amount to more than £300,000 per annum, which in these days would be equal to nearly half a million. Up to the year 1154 he ranked also as First Abbot of England, and took precedence of all others; but Adrian the Fourth, the only Englishman who ever ascended the papal chair, bestowed that honor upon the Abbot of St. Albans, where he had received his education. The church, and different offices which clustered round it, formed a kingdom,

* Guliel. Malms. Hist. Glaston.

Digitized by Google

over which he ruled with absolute power. This description of the buildings and adjuncts of the abbey may not be inaptly closed by giving a sketch of the outline of a monastic day, which will assist the reader to form a clearer idea of the monastic life. At two in the morning the bell tolled for matins, when every monk arose, and after performing his private devotions hastened to the church, and took his seat. When all were assembled fifteen psalms were sung, then came the nocturn, and more psalms; a short interval ensued, during which the chanter choir and those who needed it had permission to retire for a short time if they wished; then followed lauds, which were generally finished by six A.M., when the bell rang for prime; when this was finished the monks continued reading till seven o'clock, when the bell was rung and they returned to put on their day clothes. Afterward, the whole convent having performed their ablutions and broken their fast, proceeded again to the church, and the bell was rung for tierce at nine o'clock. After tierce came the morning mass, and as soon as that was over they marched in procession to the chapter-house for business and correction of faults. This ceremony over, the monks worked or read till sext, twelve A.M., which service concluded, they dined; then followed the hour's sleep in their clothes in the dormitory, unless any of them preferred reading. Nones commenced at three P.M., first vespers at four, then work or reading till second vespers at seven, afterward reading till collation; then came the service of complin, confession of sins, evening prayers, and retirement to rest about nine P.M.

That was the life pursued at Glastonbury Abbey, according to the Benedictine rule, from the time of its establishment there until the dissolution of the monastery, nearly ten centuries. With our modern training and predilections, it is a marvel to us that men could be found willing to submit to such a monotonous career—ten hours a day spent in the church, beginning in the middle of the night, winter and summer. And yet the monastery was always full. We read of no breaking up of institutions for want of devotees, and we are driven to the conclusion that in the age when the monastic life was in its power and purity these men could have been actuated by none other than the motive of strong religious fervor—a fervor of which we in modern times have neither conception nor example. The operation of the influence of that life upon the history of these islands can only be contemplated by watching it in the various phases of its action upon the politics, literature, and art by which it was surrounded, and for that purpose we have selected this oldest and grandest specimen of English monasticism, so faintly described, the mother Church of our country, in whose career so brilliant, so varied, and so tragically ended, we hope to be able to show wherein was the glory, the weakness, and the ruin of the system, as it rose, flourished, and fell in England.

We have endeavored to conjure up from the shadowy realms of the past some faint representation of what Glastonbury Abbey was in the days of its glory; let us now transfer ourselves from the age of towered abbeys, wandering pilgrims, monks, cloisters, and convent bells to this noisy, riotous, busy time in the year of grace 1865—from the Glastonbury Abbey of the sixteenth century to the Glastonbury Abbey of to-day.

It is only within the last ten years that the deep slumber of that quiet neighborhood has been disturbed by the noise and bustle of this busy life—that a railroad has gone out of its way to upset the sedate propriety of ecclesiastical Wells, or the peaceful repose of monasterial Glastonbury; hitherto the stillness and quiet of that lovely country was the same as when mass was sung in the superb cathedral of the one place, and the palmer or the

Digitized by Google

penitent bent his steps to the holy well of the other. But alas! the life of the nineteenth century has broken in upon it; the railway has dashed through that beautiful valley with its sacrilegous march; and at Wells, the cathedral of Ina, with its matchless front, studded with apostles and martyrs, kings, bishops, knights, and mystic emblems, vocal as it were with history, now frowns upon the contentions of two rival companies; whilst at Glastonbury there is a railway station erected almost over the very bones of the saints. Alighting from this, we make our way to the ruins; but as we go, will just view their past history. After the dissolution of the abbey there was an effort made to restore it in the time of Mary, but unavailingly; from that period it was allowed to fall into decay. It is difficult to estimate whether the hand of man or the hand of time has been busier about its spoliation. At the period of Cromwell, who loved to worship God in the "ugliness of holiness," it must have been nearly entire, but that *hero* could not pass the town without putting a shot through those unoffending ruins in the name of the Lord, which act, however appropriate as an expression of Puritan feeling, was sadly detrimental to the architecture of Glastonbury Abbey. Then in 1667, as we have already alluded to, the Quakers got possession of the kitchen, hired at a nominal rent, paid in hard Quaker money —that glorious kitchen, sanctified by so much saintly cookery—for their grim assemblies. There is a great deal of what is aptly called the "romance" of history in this fact if we only had time to think about it—that it should come to this, monasticism with its princely head, its grand religious life and ceremonies, its painting and staining, its chanting and intoning, itself in all its glory, driven from the face of the country, and modern Quakerdom sitting silent in its ruined kitchen waiting to be "moved." It has suffered much, also, from the gross vandalism of the people themselves. Naturally a simple people, they of course knew nothing of antiquarianism, although that science is irreverently said to muster many simples among its votaries. For years then it was their practice to use the materials of the abbey for building purposes, and it is not difficult to find scattered for miles around the country, in farmhouses and even in hovels, portions of sculpture over doorways and fireplaces which speak of mediæval workmanship. But a worse degradation still befel the place, and the walls which at one time would have been regarded as invested with the odor of sanctity, and even now are sacred to us as a priceless historical monument, were actually sold as materials for mending the roads, to the lasting shame of overseerdom and the powers that were at Glastonbury. But the day for building huts or mending roads with ecclesiastical sculpture is gone, and the little that remains of Glastonbury Abbey has found its way into the hands of those who appear to know how to preserve it, and have the intention to do so. After all this decay and vandalism very little is left of the old abbey—some portions of St. Joseph's church with the crypt—some walls of the choir of the great church; the two east pillars of the tower, forming a grand broken arch, a lasting memento of the original splendor; there are portions, also, of some of the chapels and the abbot's kitchen, the most complete of all. The eye is at once arrested by the portals of St. Joseph's church, which still remain in a tolerable state of preservation, sufficient to enable one to form an idea of what a triumph of decorative art they were. Nothing could be more profusely ornamented than the northern portal; it was composed of semi-circular arches, receding in succession and diminishing in size as they recede into the body of the building; the exterior arch being about twelve feet by eleven, and the interior nine feet by six. The four fasciæ are covered with sculptured representations supposed to be com-

Digitized by Google

memorations of royal and noble people connected with the monastery—saints, pilgrims, and knights. The forms graven on these fasciæ are interpreted in Warner's History of Glastonbury to represent the following subjects. The uppermost fascia is almost obliterated, though still showing a running pattern of tendrils and leaves interspersed with figures of men and animals; toward the centre the sculpture is much mutilated, though something can be traced like the effigy of a person in long robes seized on the shoulder by a furious animal. Beyond him are indistinct remains of three or four upright figures, and the rest is filled up by foliage. The second fascia is made up of eighteen separate ovals, each of which contained a distinct subject; the two first are defaced; the third contains a person apparently kneeling; the fourth, a female with a head-dress sitting on a couch; the fifth, a female on horseback; the sixth, a man on horseback; the seventh, a crowned personage on horseback; the eighth, the body of a deceased person stretched on a couch, with a canopy over it, the corpse covered, and the head resting on a pillow; nine and ten the same; eleven, a knight in a coat of chain armor, with a pointed shield charged with the cross, indicative of a crusader; twelve, a regal personage with a flowing beard and in long robes, crowned, and sitting on a throne; thirteen, a knight in chain armor falling from his horse as if wounded; fourteen, a figure like the former, the right arm stretched out and holding a sword which impales an infant; fifteen, the upright figure of a female with a veil, apparently in male costume; sixteenth, another body stretched out on a couch; seventeen, unintelligible; eighteen, a figure of a pilgrim. The intervals between all these ovals are sculptured into foliage. There can be very little doubt that the subjects contained in these ovals were the representations of monarchs, knights, persons, and events connected with the history of the abbey. The fourth fascia is much mutilated; but Warner thinks it referred to some act of munificence, from the canopied couch it displays, with a figure recumbent upon it and representations of angels guarding it. The portal toward the south was on a similar plan to the northern, but with five instead of four fasciæ. One, two, and five are covered with finely chiseled foliage; the third is plain; the fourth only partially worked. According to the authority already mentioned, the only two ovals which are complete represent in the first the creation of man, and in the second the eating of the fruit. In the former is to be seen an upright figure with a nimbus or glory round its head, designating the Almighty in the act of calling man into being, and at his feet is man himself. In the latter there is the tree with Satan behind it, and Adam and Eve sitting with the apples. The appearance of these two portals, independent of the interest lent them by Warner's speculations as to their import, is very striking. In their perfection they must have been masterpieces of that exquisite taste and minute labor which the men of that age devoted to the embellishment of the church. Taking the ruins in a mass, it would be difficult to find anywhere such a specimen of broken grandeur. Standing upon the spot at the extreme east, where was the high altar of the church, the eye wanders down a grand vista of some five hundred feet, relieved in the midst by that solitary, magnificent, broken arch towering up high in the air, with rich festoons of ivy hanging about it in lavish luxuriance like the tresses of some gigantic beauty, and far down in the distance are the crumbling remains of St. Joseph's chapel, the gem of the whole, with its arched windows and profuse decoration, the tops of its walls covered over with straggling parasites, which curl over its brow like the scanty locks of sere old age. And as we reflect that this sacred spot was the cradle of our

Digitized by Google

Christianity; that this building was the mother of our Church; that far back in the bygone ages of barbarism vagrant missionaries wandered foot-sore and worn to this very spot; planted with their own hands the cross of Christ; built up with those hands the rude rush-covered shed which served as the first temple raised to God in these islands; spent their lives here in preaching that good tidings to a benighted pagan people, laid their bones down by the side of the work of their hands, and left their mission to their successors; that in process of time this little community became a mighty power, and that rush-covered shed a splendid temple, whose history is collateral with that of the country for nearly twelve centuries, and now it lies all battered and broken, crumbling away and wasting like human life itself—the mind shrinks appalled at the thought of the vicissitude which brought about so complete a ruin.

"O who thy ruine sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pompe, devotion, and their skill?
Thou more than mortall power (this judgment rightly waid)
Then present to assist at that foundation laid;
On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate? or doth it yield to time?
Or was this error such that thou could'st not protect
Those buildings which thy hands did with their zeal erect?
To whom did'st thou commit that monument to keepe?
That suffereth with the dead their memory to sleepe,
When not great Arthur's tombe, nor Holy Joseph's grave,
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to save;
He who that God-in-Man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought;
What? did so many kings do honour to that place
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?" *

In the neighborhood of the town is a hill known all over the world by the name of Wearyall Hill, so called (according to the chronicles) because St. Joseph and his companions sat down here to rest themselves, weary with their journey. As the legend goes, St. Joseph is said to have stuck his staff in the earth and left it there, when lo! it took root, grew, and constantly budded on Christmas Day! This was the legendary origin of the far-famed holy thorn. Up to the time of Queen Elizabeth it had two trunks or bodies, and so continued until some nasal psalm-spoiler of Cromwell's "crew" exterminated one, leaving the other to become the wonder of all strangers, who even then began to flock to the place. The blossoms of this remaining branch of the holy thorn became such a curiosity that there was a general demand for them from all parts of the world, and the Bristol merchants, then very great people in their "line," turned this relic of the saint into a matter of commercial speculation, and made goodly sums of money by exporting the blossoms to foreign countries. There are trees from the branches of this thorn growing at the present moment in many of the gardens and nurseries round about Glastonbury, nay, all over England, and in various parts of the Continent. The probability is, as suggested by Collinson in his "History of Somerset," that the monks procured the tree from Palestine, where many of the same sort flourish.

In the abbey church-yard, on the north side of St. Joseph's chapel, there was also a walnut tree which, it was said, never blossomed before the feast of St. Barnabas (the 11th June). This is gone. These two trees, the holy thorn and the sacred walnut, were held in high estimation even long after the monasteries had disappeared from the land. Queen Anne, King James, and many of the nobility of the realm are said to have given large sums of money for cuttings from them; so that the "odor of sanctity" clung about the old walls of Glastonbury long after its glory had departed; nay, even the belief in its miraculous waters lingered in the popular mind, and was even revived by a singular

* Drayton's Polyolbion

Digitized by Google

incident so late as the year 1751. The circumstances are somewhat as follows:—One Matthew Chancellor, of North Wootton, had been suffering from an asthma of thirty years' standing, and on a certain night in the autumn of 1750, having had an unusually violent fit of coughing, he fell asleep, and, according to the depositions taken upon his oath, dreamed that he was at Glastonbury, somewhere above the chain gate, in a horse track, and there found some of the clearest water he ever saw in his life; that he knelt down and drank of it, and upon getting up, fancied he saw some one standing before him, who, pointing with his finger to the stream, thus addressed him: "If you will go to the freestone shoot, and take a clean glass, and drink a glassful fasting seven Sunday mornings following, and let no person see you, you will find a perfect cure of your disorder, and then make it public to the world." He asked him why he should drink it only on Sunday mornings, and the person replied that "the world was made in six days, and on the seventh day God rested from his labor, and blessed it: beside, this water comes out of the holy ground where a great many saints and martyrs have been buried." The person also told him something about Christ himself being baptized, but this he could not distinctly remember when he awoke. Impelled by this dream, the man kept the secret to himself, and went on the Sunday morning following to Glastonbury, which was three miles from the place where he lived, and found it exactly according to his dream; but being a dry time of the year, the water did not run very plentifully; however, dripping his glass three times in the pool beneath the shoot, he managed to drink a quantity equal to a glassful, giving God thanks at the same time. This he continued to do for seven times, according to the injunction of the dream, at the end of which period he had entirely lost his complaint. The effect of this story is remarkable. As soon as it was noised abroad, thousands of people of all sects came flocking to Glastonbury from every quarter of the kingdom to partake of the waters of this stream. Every inn and house in the town, and for some distance round, was filled with lodgers and guests; and it is stated upon reliable authority that during the month of May, 1751, the town contained upward of ten thousand strangers. Even to this day, there is a notion amongst the peasantry, more especially the *old women of both sexes*, that the water is good for the "rheumatiz."

After the scenes of violence, the ruthless vandalism, which this old abbey has gone through, it cannot be a matter of surprise that so little remains of all its grandeur; but it is a fact much to be lamented, because, as it was in its time one of the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the country, so, if it had been preserved intact like its old rival, the cathedral at Wells, it would have been one of the most important and valuable items in the monumental history of England; that broad page where every nation writes its own autobiography; how valuable we find it in our researches as to the life of bygone times; and yet how little do we appear to do in this way as regards our own fame; how little do we cultivate our monumental history. One of the most lasting evidences of greatness which a country can leave behind it for the admiration and instruction of posterity, is the evidence of its national architecture—its architecture in the fullest sense of the term, not its mere roofs and walls, but the acts which it writes upon those walls, its statues and monuments. There are only two agencies by which national fame can be perpetuated—literature and art. The pen of the historian or the poet may give the outline of national manners and the description of national achievements, but art, as it exists in the extant monuments of the architecture of that nation, gives the

Digitized by Google

representation of the actual life as it was, fills up the outline, and presents us with something like the substance: it does not describe, but illustrate; it is, in fact, the petrified manifestation of the very life itself. We have read much about the splendor of those extinct civilizations of the Pharaohs, and of the marvels of Babylonish grandeur, but what a flood of light was thrown upon our dim conceptions by the resuscitated relics of a buried Nineveh! In Grecian poets and Grecian historians we make the acquaintance of the heroes and the heroism of that heroic existence; but in the Elgin marbles we see the men and the deeds in all their natural grandeur, petrified before us in the graphic sublimity of motionless life. To come a little nearer our own times and to the mother of our civilization, what a confirmation of the historic tradition of the Rome of our studies have we found under that hardened lava which for centuries has formed the tombstone of Herculaneum and Pompeii. What vivid illustrations of Roman life and Roman manners are continually being discovered in those buried cities; and so of every nation and time it is its history which narrates its glory, but it is its architecture alone which must illustrate and confirm it. There is no fear of the present age of our country leaving no evidence of its power behind it. That evidence is written in indelible characters deep even to the very bowels of the earth itself, through the heart of mountains, over broad rivers, across plains, its scroll has been the broad bosom of the country, upon which it has engraven its character truly with a pen of iron; but there is a danger that we shall leave very little monumental history behind us in our architecture. * * * *

Protestantism, too, was an iconoclast as regards Catholicism, but it contented itself with desecrating temples, pulling down altars, tearing away paintings, but it substituted nothing in their place; it would admit of no allurements in the Church but that of genuine piety, and supplied no attractions for the thoughtless, the careless, the unbelieving, but its bare walls and cold ministrations. This feeling is now undergoing a marked change; we are beginning to see that plainness in externals may conceal a considerable amount of pride and worldliness, and thus Quakers are leaving off their curious garb, and Methodists are building temples; it is beginning to dawn upon men's minds, at last, that ugliness is one of the most inappropriate sacrifices man can offer to his God, that as in the olden times the patriarchs used to offer up the first-fruits of the field, so in these later times we should offer up the first-fruits of our achievements; the choicest productions of art, science, and every form of human genius should be presented to him who is the God of all humanity. As we raise up temples to his honor and glory, where we may come with our supplications for his mercy, our adoration of his power, where we may bring our purest thoughts, our noblest hopes, our highest aspirations, and our best emotions; so let us decorate that temple with the best works of our hands as we hallow it with the best feelings of our hearts. The reason given by Solomon for exerting all the power and wealth of his kingdom to decorate the temple was simply, "This house which I build is great, for great is our God above all gods;"* and the approval and acceptance of it by him for whom it was built is recorded in his own words: "Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attent unto the prayer that is made in this place, for now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." And that we may not go to the other extreme, as some churches have done and do in our day, and imagine that if we decorate our temple with all the choicest offerings we can bring it is enough, and God will be satisfied with the mere offering, there is, following im-

* 2 Chron. ii. 5.

Digitized by Google

mediately upon his gracious acceptance and approval of Solomon's temple, the solemn warning in his own words: "But if ye turn away and forsake my statutes and my commandments, which I have set before you, and shall go and serve other gods, and worship them, then will I pluck them up by the roots out of my land which I have given them; and this house which I have sanctified for my name will I cast out of my sight, and will make it to be a proverb and a byword among all nations. And this house which is high shall be an astonishment to every one that passeth by it, so that he shall say, 'Why hath the Lord done this unto this land and unto this house?' And it shall be answered, 'Because they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, and laid hold on other gods, and worshipped them and served them; therefore hath he brought all this evil upon them.'"* That is the canon of church building as ordained by God himself—make the church as grand an offering as you can, but keep the ritual pure—fill the temple with all the emblems of his glory, but remember that it is he only who is to be worshipped. Such is the teaching of revelation; and now we turn to nature, that boundless temple which God has built up to himself with his own hands. Had he been a God of mere utility instead of a God of beauty and glory; had he only considered the bare convenience and accommodation of the human race, a proportionate amount of dry land in one place, and a proportionate amount of water in another, would have sufficed to meet all human wants; there was no practical need for the variegated aspect of natural scenery, of hill and dale, mountain and valley, of rippling stream and sweet-smelling flowers; but the world of nature was built for something higher than the mere dwelling place of man. It was built as a temple in which he should honor his God, and which was therefore filled with a myriad of beauties to excite his admiration, to please his eye, to fill his soul with gratitude and joy, and to raise his heart to that God who has given him such a beautiful home, furnished not only with the means of supplying his necessities, but embellished with the choicest beauties of creative power. What is nature but a gorgeous temple, laid out and decorated by the hand of God himself, with its broad pavement tesselated with endless varieties of verdure, with mountain altars which Christ himself loved to frequent and hallow with his prayers, its long aisles fretted with luxurious foliage pillared with tall trees, which bend their tops together in the matchless symmetry of nature's arch, all vocal with the deep-toned music of rushing waters, and melodies warbled by the unseen songsters of the air, spanned over with the boundless blue ceiling of heaven itself, lit up by day with the sunshine of his majesty, and at night by the stars placed there with his own hands?

Let us, whilst we endeavor to get at the truth of history, appeal also to revelation and nature.

* 2 Chron. vii. 15, *seq.*

Digitized by Google

From The St. James Magazine.

CITY ASPIRATIONS.

Oh, not in the town to die!
With its restless trampling to and fro,
And its traffic-hubbub above, below,
And the whirling wheels that hurry by,
And the chimney forests, blacken'd and high—
Oh, mercy! not in a town to die!

In a town I may live, and strive, and toil,
And grow a part of the living turmoil;
A cog-wheel in a machine of men,
Turning to labor again and again,
Doing my work with the multitude,
With a spirit wean'd, and a heart subdued,
Pausing sometimes, in a moment of ease,
To yearn and sigh for a meadow breeze,
For the whispering rustle of summer trees,
And the dreamy murmur of golden bees,
And the field-path margin'd by many a flower,
And the village church with its grey old tower;
Yet still, for sake of my babes and thee,
Sweet wife, I may work courageously;
May bide in a town, and with iron will
Go laboring on in the hubbub still,
Where the wheels of the man-machine ever spin,
Money, and money, and money, to win.

But to *die* in a town, in turmoil and smoke,
'Mongst houses, and chimneys gaunt and high,
When the silken cord of the soul is broke,
Methinks the vapors so heavy would lie,
It scarce could soar, as it should, to the sky.
Oh, live as I may, to brook it I'll try—
But, mercy! not in a town to die!

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

THE FACULTY OF PARIS IN THE TIME OF MOLIÈRE.

In a former number we gave a slight sketch of the laws and etiquettes of the old French Medical Faculty. The state of things there described was already on the wane when Mohière dealt it a blow, from the effects of which it never recovered. But there is one characteristic of the position of the medical body which is inherent in its very nature, and is likely to be as enduring as the world itself, allowing for the modifications of varying times and changing manners. So long as our poor humanity shall be subject to disease and death, so long will medicine and its scientific administration be esteemed a necessity. Some, indeed, judge both to be wellnigh unmitigated evils; but at any rate, if evils, they are necessary evils; and even the greatest railers at the doctor and his drugs are pretty sure to send for him in the hour of danger, lean on him for hope, and swallow his potions. The medical man thus obtains an exceptional position. He is introduced into the sanctuary of the family, sees us in our unguarded moments, receives our confidence, and often wins our friendship. He never comes as a judge or a censor. We feel at our ease with him. Our esteem for him is personal, and independent of all considerations of rank or fortune. He is a stranger to all the conflicting interests which divide parties from each other, and can visit persons of all shades of opinion and of views the most opposite, whether of religion or politics, without causing the shadow of an offence. From all this it results that the doctor is often admitted to the closest intimacy by men occupying the highest positions. Hence the footing of quasi-equality accorded often to the obscure son of Æsculapius, raised by his profession to a post of dignity and benevolent authority, which, while it obtains for him consideration and respect, clashes in nothing with the social importance of the patient. It was so, in a certain degree, in the seventeenth century, when classes were divided much more widely than at present, and reverence for birth and rank much stronger; and we have numerous instances of the friendship subsisting between doctors and the highest in the land.

It is true that the medical faculty did actually number amongst its members men who had undoubted claims to nobility; and we find from Larroque's *Traité de la Noblesse* that doctors, as distinguished from apothecaries and surgeons, were held not to derogate from their rank by the practice of medicine. But further, the medical profession was held to confer a species of nobility; for of nobility there were reckoned to be three sorts —nobility of race, nobility of royal concession, and personal nobility, such as in peculiar cases we find conferred on the whole *bourgeoisie* of certain towns. This distinction offended no one, as it expired with its recipient, on whom while living it conferred many practical advantages, such as exemption from taxation. In Paris this circumstance was of small moment, because, as members of the university, the doctors enjoyed all manner of immunities. But in the provinces it was different. In the south of France, in particular, these privileges were energetically claimed on the ground of the honor of the profession, and they were traditionally referred to Roman times. Montpellier

Digitized by Google

was full of these reminiscences of the past, and in Dauphiné the nobility of the doctors was even transmitted from father to son. At Lyons it was remembered that Antonius Musa had cured the Emperor Augustus, and had received a gold ring for himself and his successors in the art. "Accipe annulum aureum, in signum nobilitatis ab Augusto et Senatu Romano medicis concessæ," were the words used in the aggregation of a doctor by the college of that city.

The misfortune was that there must of necessity be some contrast between this theoretical nobility and the practical life of the physician. He must, if he would gain his living, go from house to house indiscriminately, and receive his pay from all classes, like the butcher or the baker. The doctors endeavored to smooth over this anomaly by affecting considerable state. They might be seen threading the streets of Paris mounted on mules, in large wigs and with ample beards. The mule gave an almost episcopal air. "The beard is more than half the doctor," says Toinette, in the *Malade Imaginaire*. When the fashionable Guénaut took to a horse, it raised quite a scandal, which Boileau has commemorated:

"Guénaut, sur son cheval, en passant m'éclabousse."

Many, not satisfied with this degree of state, paid their visits in the long magisterial robe, with scarlet hose and band, the famous *rabat*, to which Pascal wittily alludes when he says, "Who could place any confidence in a doctor without a *rabat*?" Not only were the doctors careful to uphold their dignity by these forms, but the Paris Faculty was extremely jealous in maintaining its exclusive position. Its members not merely refused, as was natural, to meet in consultation any of the host of quacks with which the capital swarmed, and who found frequent access to the houses of the great lords and ladies, often as sceptical in regard to orthodox practitioners as they were credulous in the extreme of the pretensions of these heretical interlopers, but they likewise stood aloof from men as respectable as themselves—the honorable doctors of Montpellier, of whom perhaps a few words anon. In the meantime we will take a hasty glance at the members of the Paris Faculty apart from their official life; for they were men after all, and did not always figure in wig and gown. They must have had their private as well as public existence; but it is a more difficult task to obtain a sight of them *en déshabille*.

In history, of course, it were vain to seek anything beyond the record of public events; and even the contemporary memoirs of the age of the Grand Monarque tell us more about the court and its festivities, the *réunions* of the wits of the day, and the current gossip and scandal of the hour, than about the ordinary domestic life of any class, particularly of such as ranged below the aristocratic level. We are too apt to believe, from the revelations that are made in the light literature of the time, that the brilliant surface of the Augustan age of France concealed a general mass of corruption in the higher classes, and of misery in the lower. But this would be a false conclusion. The *bourgeoisie*, as a body, were complete strangers to the ferment of ambition and intrigue so rife in the upper strata of society. They had their own interests, their own pursuits, and were in the main an industrious and worthy class, sufficiently independent to be able often to regard those above them with a secret, and not always undeserved, contempt. To confine ourselves, however, to the doctors. Two courses were open to them. They might shut themselves up within the round of their own immediate occupations and studies, and limit themselves to the social circle of their colleagues and compeers. The faculty, as we have seen, was a little community in itself, with its own traditions, laws, distinctions, glories. Here, satisfied with their moderate gains, the doctors might preserve their independence

Digitized by Google

and live in all security and honor; or, on the other hand, they might try their fortune in the world and seek the favor of the great. The enterprise involved a certain loss of liberty and a corresponding detriment to that nice delicacy of feeling which is the guardian of severe probity. There were doctors of both kinds; those of the first class were by far the most numerous. The others were the richest; but the esteem in which they were held by their brethren was in the inverse ratio to the wealth acquired by this compromise of dignified independence.

The illustrious dean, Guy Patin, who enjoyed an immense reputation in his day, furnishes an example of the life of voluntary isolation and of practical activity systematically confined to professional or scientific subjects. He is now remembered chiefly for that on which he probably least valued himself—his epistolary correspondence, never designed for publication, but which is extremely interesting, not only as a record of events great and small, the memory of which has long passed away, but for the freshness both of ideas and style for which it is remarkable. These letters exhibit Guy Patin as an apparent compendium of contradictions—a believer in medicine, a sceptic in almost all else; obstinately tenacious of the privileges of the faculty, but full of liberal, and even republican, aspirations; confident in the steady advance of science, but always railing at modern times and extolling the past. Yet there is a clue to many of these seeming contradictions; Guy Patin was a dean. Before he was dean, you felt that he would be dean; later, he has been dean. He has studied minutely all the details of the organized institution to which he is indebted for all that he is—he has made its spirit and doctrine his own; for the faculty *has* a doctrine. The experimental method is newer in medicine than in the other sciences. In the seventeenth century we find in its place simple observation guided by theory; which theory was no other than that of the father of medicine, Hippocrates—viz., that nature tends to a cure, and that disease is but an outward manifestation of a salutary effort of the vital organization to counteract the destructive causes at work. The physician's part was to aid this process rather than to interfere with it. This view, we may observe, is finding favor anew in certain quarters in our own day; and we may perhaps be allowed humbly to express an instinctive leaning toward any theory of which the practical result might be a system of comparative non-intervention. But this by the way. Certainly Hippocrates's fundamental principle did not deter medical practitioners of the olden time from much painful interference with the workings of nature under the plea of assistance; a course to which their elaborate doctrine concerning the humors of the body—which, however, they did *not* derive from Hippocrates, but of which the germ exists in the other great authority, Galen—much contributed.

The period we are considering was one of transition. Men felt the need of progress; and this feeling evoked a number of medical adventurers—the revolutionists, as we may call them, of medicine. Placed between two opposite systems—the one resting on tradition and on principles, at any rate, in great measure sound; the other calling itself progress, but having nothing to allege save a number of vague aspirations and anticipations, some genuine discoveries mingled with much baser metal, and half-truths obscured by palpable error—can we wonder that the faculty should be tempted to confound all novelties in one sweeping act of reprobation, and intrench itself in a state of obstinate opposition? Guy Patin shared this feeling, though not to excess. He was no enemy, as we have said, to a wise and safe progress; but he had the shallowness and narrowness which belongs to a certain range of cleverness. He was not the man to accept anything new which it required

Digitized by Google

breadth, elevation, and comprehensiveness of mind to discern. He had also his favorite theory of simplicity; and this made him suspicious of aught which seemed at variance therewith. He looked askance, for instance, at Harvey and the circulation of the blood. We have said that Guy Patin was a sceptic, yet he was not an unbeliever. His language certainly is often extremely irreverent; but just as he sometimes speaks in terms bordering on modern liberalism, while all the time, by his attachment to medical traditions, to the faculty, and to monarchy, he is securely anchored in respect for antiquity and authority, so is it as regards religion, and we must not conclude from his free expressions that he is a decided freethinker. Nevertheless it must be confessed that he betrays a very uncatholic mind and temper; and as we cannot believe that he stood alone in this respect, it may serve as an indication of the spirit of many of his order, and of the prevalence of opinions which were later to bear such bitter fruit.

Guy Patin was content with his sphere; he had no desire to overstep it. His friends and intimates were from amongst his own medical brethren, or they were members of the legal and magisterial body. By marriage he was connected with the latter class; and moreover there was always a close analogy of manners and sentiments betwixt the medical body and the *noblesse de robe*. To his friendship with the President de Thou, brother to Cinq Mars' unfortunate accomplice, we may attribute much of his animosity to the minister Richelieu. Guy Patin is, in short, a systematic grumbler, a regular *frondeur;* but it is chiefly in talk and speculation. He is in reality no revolutionist. Speaking of his frequent social meetings with two lawyer friends, he observes: "Our conversation is always gay. If we talk of religion or of state affairs, it is always historically, without dreaming of either reformation or sedition. We converse chiefly on literary subjects. With a mind thus recreated, I return home, where, after some little converse with my books, or with the record of some past consultation, I retire to rest."

Such was the honorable position of an independent member of the faculty. But what was the condition and social estimate of those who sought the favor of the nobility? Undoubtedly their standing was much inferior to that which they came to occupy a hundred years later—thanks to the spread of the utilitarian spirit, which raised all the positive sciences into high esteem. In the eighteenth century fine ladies had their pet physician, as they had their philosophic or poetic *protégé;* but in the seventeenth a great personage thought he conferred much honor on a doctor by seeking a cure at his hands. The nobles were glad, it is true, to have their familiar physician; though the physcian, if he had any self-respect, must have felt that he paid rather dear for admission to this familiarity, not to speak of the actual large sums by which, in the case at least of princes of the blood-royal, they had to buy their offices. But we are here chiefly speaking of a less aspiring class, who angled for the casual good graces of the aristocratic order. See how Madame de Sevigné speaks of the doctors, whom she is always consulting and always unmercifully quizzing. See her malicious pleasure when she can get four or five together to discuss her bile, her spleen, her humors, when she would ply them with questions and contrive to make them contradict each other. She talks of the profession as a humbug, yet she never passes through a town without consulting what she calls "the chief ignoramuses of the place." She consults them, and then turns them into ridicule. They know this, and take their legitimate revenge in high charges. But strange to say, although so contemptuous toward the privileged doctors, Madame de Sevigné has quite a weakness for all quacks or unlicensed dabblers in the

Digitized by Google

art, and is even credulous in their regard. However, it would seem that science with this lively lady is not the sole requirement. "My dear," she says, speaking of a certain elegant Signor Antonio, an Italian son of Æsculapius, "he is twenty-eight years old, with the most beautiful and charming face I ever saw. He has Madame de Mazarin's eyes, and his teeth are perfection. The rest of his face is what you might conceive Rinaldo's to have been, with large black curls, altogether making the prettiest head in the world. He is dressed like a prince, and is a thorough *bon garçon*." We are a long way off the wigs and *rabats*, it will be seen; but we have got a clue to the secret. It is the *médecin bon garçon* Madame de Sevigné is in search of. She finds him at the baths—*les eaux*. He has none of the pedantry, possibly little of the science, of his Paris brethren of the faculty. He is a man of the world, and can sacrifice to the graces. Medically, his part seems restricted to drenching and dosing his patients with hot water. Tired of court amusements, they fly to the *douche* and the vapor-bath to expel those inward vapors of which Frenchwomen, and indeed our own great-grandmothers, complained so much. Madame de Sevigné goes through this ordeal perseveringly; but she has her alleviations. "My doctor"—this is another pet *bon garçon*—"is very good. Instead of resigning myself to two hours' *ennui*, inseparable from *la suerie* (the sweating process) I make him read to me. He knows what life is; he has no trickery about him; he deals with medicine like a gentleman (*en galant homme*); in short, he amuses me."

At court the doctors had more serious trials. Beside the task of pleasing this or that capricious and exacting patron, they had to beware of displeasing twenty others. The princes of the blood shared with the sovereign the right to choose their own physician from any quarter they pleased, who became forthwith invested *ipso facto* with all the privileges of the Paris faculty. Possibly, to make a little display of authority, they would often decline selecting him from the honored precincts of the Rue de la Bûcherie, and perhaps take a doctor of Montpellier. Hence interminable jealousies. Then the doctors would sometimes be drawn into mixing themselves with party politics, and get into the Bastille; but this was their own fault. To escape the shaft of ridicule was more difficult. It appears certain that in *L'Amour Médecin* Molière ventured upon satirizing four of the court physicians under assumed names; and this in the presence of the king himself, before whom the piece was played. Possibly Louis, whose docility to his physicians stands in remarkable contrast with his lofty distance toward others, might not be sorry to indulge occasionally in a laugh at his masters, or have a brief fling of independence, like a truant schoolboy. Of his habitual bondage to their authority we have the record in a journal of the royal health, magnificently bound in folio and besprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, which has been preserved. It was begun in 1652 at the desire of the boy-sovereign himself—who thus gave early tokens of his methodical tastes—and it was kept up till four years previous to his death, when it suddenly ceases, possibly because even the pen of flattery became unable to disguise the approaches of inevitable death. The whole is in the handwriting of Louis' three successive physicians, Valot, Daquin, and Fagon. No man, it is said, is a hero to his *valet de chambre;* still less, we may imagine, to his apothecary. That the king should have to submit to all those medical appliances which in Molière's pages are recorded in such plain terms was perhaps a necessity—judged at least to be so; but that etiquette should require that the whole court should be regularly apprised of all these details, is a little surprising.

Digitized by Google

The diary is, however, interlarded with no small amount of flattery. Valot inaugurates his office, for instance, by a memoir on the king's temperament, which was that of which "heroes are made;" and all is in the same adulatory and stilted style. But the writer is by no means unsparing of self-laudation. It is with much evident self-complacency that he registers for the benefit of posterity the different remedies with which "heaven inspired him" to prescribe for the preservation of a health so precious. "Plaster for the king," "potion for the king," and so on, figure in large characters. He can also play the prophet, and announce coming measles, dysenteries, etc., *from which the king is to be exempt.* There are temporary interruptions to Valot's absolute rule; these were the seasons when Louis was campaigning; the monarch on these occasions despised the care of his health, and threw physic to the dogs. The doctor groaned and remonstrated, but was fain to await the close of the campaign to resume his authority and make up for lost time. He died in his office. His nephew and successor, Daquin, was a Montpellier doctor and a converted Jew. He was a clever man of moderate science. But he entered on his charge in difficult days. A gouty prince, subject to melancholy, and desirous to abate nothing of his customary attention either to business or amusement, is not an easy patient to manage. Beside, the royal valetudinarian met with sundry accidents while under this physician's care. Daquin was an accomplished courtier, and even improved upon Valot in the art of flattery. From him we learn the remarkable fact that "the king is subject, like other men, to catch cold." With all his tact, Daquin did not escape disgrace. Perhaps he made too undisguised a display of his acquisitive disposition; indeed, he was a notorious beggar. It is related that one day Louis, being informed of the death of an old officer, expressed regret, saying that the man had been to him a faithful servant, with the merit, rare in a courtier, of never having asked for anything. While making this observation, he fixed his eyes pointedly on Daquin. The physician, no way disconcerted, naïvely said, "May one venture to inquire, sire, what your majesty gave him?" The king was silenced, for the bashful courtier in question had never received any royal favor whatsoever. Daquin was dismissed in 1693. He had asked for the archbishopric of Tours for his son. He had so often offended, if offence it were considered, in making bold requests, that it is hardly likely that this application was the real cause of his disgrace. It was probably rather the consequence of the king's rupture with Mme. de Montespen, to whom Daquin owed his elevation. It appears that ever since the king's marriage he had found some difficulty in maintaining his position, from which it is natural to infer that adverse influences were at work; indeed, it was a *protégé*, or rather a friend, of Mme. de Maintenon who was promoted to fill his place—a circumstance corroborative of this supposition. Fagon appears to have been a very estimable man, and the attachment and mutual esteem subsisting between him and his patroness, with whom he had first become acquainted in his capacity of physician to the Duc de Maine, never abated.* He won the confidence also of Louis, and the favor he enjoyed while still in his position of secondary physician was much increased at the period of the king's great illness by a trifling circumstance which made a strong impression on the monarch's mind. One night all the surgeons and doctors,

* Fagon was the nephew of Guy de la Brosse, the founder of the *Jardin du Roi*, now developed into the magnificent Museum of Natural Science, and himself also an eminent botanist. He was named professor of botany at this establishment by Valot, who, as first physician to the king, was its superintendent.

Digitized by Google

Daquin included, had ventured to go to bed. The king had taken a *bouillon*, and the fever seemed to be subdued. But Fagon, unobserved by the rest, slipped back and took his post in an arm-chair in the ante-room. He was thus at hand to comfort and administer a *tisane* to the sick monarch, whose fever shortly returned, and who, albeit with the fear of Daquin greatly before his eyes, ventured to accept the services of the attentive subaltern. The *tisane* sent Louis to sleep, and made Fagon's fortune. Three months afterward he was first in command. He deserved his elevation to an office which was a post of no slight honor and profit.* He bore his honors meekly, and was remarkable for a spirit of disinterestedness as rare as it was creditable to him. Fagon closes the list of the court physicians of the seventeenth century, and indeed carries us on into the eighteenth. All reserve being made in his favor, it must be confessed that the great dramatist's satire was richly deserved by those doctors of royalty, whose ambitious manœuvres, intrigues, and paltry rivalries were enough to excite the indignation of any honest man.

We have seen that the independent physician, who stood aloof from courting the great, could lead an honorable and tranquil life; but it would be a mistake to conclude that profound peace reigned within the medical corporation itself. On the contrary, it was the scene of a bitter internecine war between the men of the new ideas, the men of progress, and the adherents to tradition and the received system. But to excite men's passions ideas must assume a concrete form, which then becomes at once a rallying-point and a watchword. Such in the seventeenth century were the circulation of the blood and antimony. Ever since the days of Galen the liver had been held to be the origin of the veins, and of those organs by which blood is transmitted to the whole body. Harvey's announcement accordingly raised a universal commotion in the medical world: perhaps his doctrine would have met with less opposition but for the discovery of the lacteal veins by an Italian anatomist, Gasparo Aselli, in the year 1622. These veins, as most of our readers probably know, originating in the intestines, receive and convey thence the products of digestion—the chyle. Imbued with the doctrine of Galen, and deceived by appearances, Aselli, it is true, believed the liver to be their ultimate destination. Immediately there was one general outcry against these intrusive vessels: their non-necessity was put forward as a conclusive objection—a very common argument, it may be noted, with the old doctors. Really it was not worth upsetting received notions on their account—the lacteal vessels were superfluous. Even Harvey, who was among Aselli's opponents, joined in insisting on this unsatisfactory reason. "It is not *necessary*," he says, "to seek a fresh channel for the transport of the chyle in the lacteal veins." It was evident, he said, that the chyle was carried from the intestines by the mesenteric veins.

But in 1649 Pecquet, a Frenchman, completed the demonstration, by showing that the lacteal veins do not terminate in the liver, but in a reservoir, to which his name was given. Now indeed the liver, and Galen, and the whole edifice of medicine, were threatened; nothing could be deemed sacred any longer. The liver was not the origin of the veins, if the blood careered in a circle, having neither beginning nor end; and the chyle did not go to the liver. "*Quid*

* The king's physician ranked with the great officers of the crown, and received orders from the sovereign alone, to whom he took an oath of fidelity; and he became a count in virtue of his office, and transmitted his nobility to his children. He was entitled to the same honors and privileges as the high chamberlain. He was a councillor of state, and received the usual emoluments. When he visited the faculty, he was met at the door by the dean, bachelors, and beadles, although he himself might not be a Paris doctor. He had, beside, very extensive authority, enjoying a species of medical jurisdiction throughout the kingdom.

Digitized by Google

de nostra fiet medicina ?" was the sorrowful exclamation of one of the doctors of the Montpellier faculty when Pecquet had triumphantly expounded his discovery before them. Ah, there was the difficulty! *Quid de nostra fiet medicina?* We are condemning our past—an argument which weighs powerfully against all conversions. Nothing can afford stronger evidence of the deep conviction entertained that the whole existing system was at stake, than the opposition of a physician of so much eminence, intellectual and scientific, as Riolan, whom alone of all his adversaries Harvey judged worthy of a rejoinder. It is astonishing, indeed, to see a man of his stamp reduced to throw himself on such arguments as the uselessness and degradation of the liver if the new hypothesis be admitted; to find him urging the impropriety of allowing impure unelaborated chyle to go straight to the heart, which under these circumstances it must do—thus converting that noble seat of vital heat into an ignoble kitchen. And then, once there, how was the chyle to be got rid of? An absurd list of suppositions follows, intended to prove, by an exhaustive process, the sheer impossibility of disposing of the chyle after having arrived at such an *impasso*. *Ergo*, the chyle *must* go to the liver. In fact, it cannot go anywhere else with either reason or propriety. Such are the contemptible arguments to which even superior minds will stoop when they battle against evidence. Harvey, however, found many partisans amongst the Paris faculty. Guy Patin, as we have said, was not of the number: he was not a deep thinker, and trusted his friend Riolan. Harvey's followers were called "circulators." Now "circulator" in Latin means a charlatan—that is enough for Guy Patin. The debate ceased with Riolan's death: the doctrine had been gradually gaining ground. In 1673 its victory had been achieved when Louis instituted at the Jardin des Plantes a special chair of anatomy for propagating the new discoveries.

The battle about antimony raged still more fiercely, inasmuch as the question admitted of less tangible proof. There is a legend that this mineral was first exhibited in a pure state and applied to medical purposes by Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk of Erfurt, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; he gave it to his hogs, who throve marvellously This is to be attributed to the arsenic contained in the drug, which fattens when taken in small quantities—a fact well known to the peasants of Styria and Lower Austria. Basil next gave it to his monks, who fell sick; from which he drew the following conclusion: "This metal suits hogs; it does not suit monks." Hence its name of antimony. Thirty years later Paracelsus took up the study of antimony, and endeavored to introduce its use, with that of other minerals, in medicine. This would have been to break completely with tradition; but Paracelsus was half-cracked, and not very intelligible. The sixteenth century was the age of alchemy, especially in Germany, where it was ardently pursued, in connection with the occult sciences, by men who rivalled Paracelsus in obscurity. In France transcendental chemistry found less favor, and there was early a split between the pseudo-mystics and the chemists. The former cultivated astrology; but astrology, as an aid to medicine, had quite fallen into disrepute in the seventeenth century, being abandoned to low vagabond quacks. Chemistry, however, was making gradual progress and striving to establish its place in medicine. The sympathy manifested for this science at Montpellier was quite enough to indispose toward it the faculty of Paris. The absurd blunders into which its association with alchemy had betrayed it in times past weighed also on its reputation: but, above all, the contempt for antiquity manifested by its adepts was calculated to condemn it in the eyes

Digitized by Google

of the majority of the physicians, brought up as they were in reverence for all that chemistry pretended to reform or destroy.

There were not wanting, however, conciliatory spirits, who strove to effect a compromise between the past and the present, and make room for the new chemical theories in the received system. It has already been observed how Galen's theory of the humors of the body had been elaborated: all medical language was grounded upon it.* Disease was the result of the vitiation of these humors, each humor having its special morbid product. To expel this vitiated humor was the task of the doctor; but why might not minerals be added to his pharmacopœia, without interfering with his principles? This seemed reasonable; and as a matter of theory the faculty were not unwilling to let it pass. The difference arose on the practical question. All were agreed that the peccant humor was to be expelled; but the faithful followers of Hippocrates attached great importance to awaiting what was called the *coction* of the humors. This was the work of nature, which was employed in making an effort which the physician was called only to second,—an effort of which fever was but the symptom. It was esteemed a very nice point to hit off the proper moment, and not prevent or disturb the crisis which was thus preparing: hence the need of mild measures. Whoever will refer to the apothecary's bill in the first scene of Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* will see that lenifying, softening, tempering, and refreshing, were the avowed objects of the drugs administered. Such was Hippocratic medicine; mild, at least, in theory. We must make one exception as respects bleeding: these enemies of violent measures bled with a vengeance; they shed torrents of blood. They bled old men of eighty, and babies two months, nay, even two days old; and this "without inconvenience,"—so they said. We presume some of the sufferers survived,—thanks to a strong constitution. Riolan says that there are twenty-four pounds of blood in the human body, and that twenty can be lost without causing death; *ergo*, it is keeping within very reasonable bounds to deprive a man of only the half of his blood.*

The object of bleeding, of course, was the expulsion of the vitiated humors supposed to be contained in it; but it is hardly reconcilable with the doctrine of waiting for their *coction* to commence operations by attacking a disease at once with a lancet. But this is one of Guy Patin's primary convictions, as well as of numbers of his brethren, and they conscientiously acted on the same. It was otherwise as respected emetics. Antimony administered in the potent quantities then used was a most frightful emetic. No one in those days thought of giving infinitesimal doses, or suspected that what was poisonous in large, might be salutary in fractional, proportions. It was reserved for Rasoni to discover that antimony could be thus beneficially administered. And so the whole question lay between those who held as a principle that the peccant humor was not to be expelled till after *coction*, and those who maintained that the sooner the morbific matter was ejected from the system the better.

It is true that the horrible prostration of strength consequent on this summary process was sufficient to alarm men's minds, and furnish a reasonable topic to the opponents of anti-

* M. Raynaud, to whose amusing work we are again largely indebted, notices that much of this language still survives in the diction of the common people. Many of their ideas and forms of expression still reflect the old doctrine of humorism; just as they have retained many words and idioms now become obsolete in the upper and more shifting strata of society.

* The famous Guy de la Brosse refused to be bled. He called bleeding the remedy of sanguinary pedants, and said he would rather die than submit to the operation. "And he did die," says M. Basalle, a brother doctor; adding, "The devil will bleed him in the next world, as such a rascal and unbeliever deserves." Such are the imprecations hurled at the man who ventured on refusing to die *in proper form*. Could Molière have written anything more sublimely comic?

Digitized by Google

mony. The quarrel occupied a whole century; of course we cannot attempt to go into even its most elementary details. In 1566, the parliament prohibited the use of this drug. The year 1666 saw it rehabilitated by the same body. The motive of the first decree was the report of the faculty that antimony was an incorrigible poison. The idea, as we just now observed, that diminution of quantity might effect what was unattainable by correctives, did not occur to the medical mind of that day. In 1615 there was a fresh unanimous decree against antimony, also indorsed by parliament; but the scientific world was still on the search for a *corrective*, and converts, or perverts, were being secretly made within the very sanctuary of the faculty. In 1638, the dean, Hardoun de Saint-Jacques, suddenly published an incomplete pharmaceutic codex, which had been in course of preparation for twelve years. In this dictionary antimonial wine actually figured in its alphabetical place. How had the enemy contrived to creep into the citadel? No one could say. This incident was the occasion of a deluge of pamphlets, of which the very form and language are, for the most part, like a dead letter to us. Hippocrates, Holy Scripture, history, and the fathers, are all called into court. Even the definition of antimony gives rise to much discussion; and it is gravely argued whether Adam, when conferring names in Paradise, named this drug, and if so, what he called it. Even the troubles of the Fronde did not check this medical civil war. Antimony had quite a literature of its own. Guy Patin, of course, was inimical, but a little cautious while the question of his deanship was impending. Afterward he launches out; he hates chemistry, he hates antimony, he hates Guénaut, who is its warm advocate, and is beside Cardinal Mazarin's physician (Guy Patin is always in political opposition). Guénaut, he says, has poisoned his wife, daughter, and two sons-in-law with this drug; at last he poisons himself, and dies a martyr to his infatuation. And then the faculty have twice condemned antimony. That is more than enough for Guy Patin. However, a great event turned the balance in his favor. During the campaign of 1658, the king, then twenty years of age, was attacked by typhus. Valot had been absent a few days, sent by Louis, as the journal tells us, to settle a quarrel between the physicians and surgeons who were treating the Maréchal de Castelnau for a mortal wound—poor marshal! He hastened back to his master, and fell to work vigorously, sparing neither bleeding nor dosing; but the king got worse, and Guénaut was sent for. The court-physicians—Valot, Esprit, Daquin, Yvelin, beside a local doctor—were all there disputing over the monarch's sinking body. A great consultation is now held, presided over by the cardinal; and he votes for antimony. It was given. The king took an ounce, and marvellous are the recorded effects. However, whether in consequence or in spite of the dose, he recovered. Louis was at that time his people's darling and idol; they adored their young monarch, and he had been saved by Guénaut and antimony! Guy Patin's embarrassment at this crisis is a little ludicrous. The dose, he urges in extenuation, was small; but he concludes that, after all, what saved the king "was his innocence, his youth and strength, nine good bleedings, and the prayers of good people like himself and others." Defections now became numerous, and the faculty was in a false position. In fact, most of the doctors gave antimony in spite of the two decrees, the last of which interdicted the mention of it. In 1666 the embargo was finally removed, after a tedious and ponderous process, as were all processes in those days, before the parliament; and the doctors were henceforth permitted "to give the said emetic wine for the cure of maladies, to write and dispute about it," etc., but it was not lawful for persons to take it

Digitized by Google

without their advice. The question had been decided in the faculty by ninety-two doctors against ten. The decree came to sadden the last days of Guy Patin, and of a few more respectable old stagers, who were unable to advance with their age.

But this internal conflict was not the only one which the faculty had to sustain. There was the perennial dispute with the surgeons. Surgery and medicine are twin sciences, if they be not rather branches of one and the same. Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, made no practical distinction between them; nevertheless, they came to be entirely separated in mediæval practice. Two causes may be assigned for this: the first was the quasi-ecclesiastical character of the medical profession in early days, which rendered the shedding of blood and other operations incompatible with the position of men who were either clerics or bound by clerical rules. Still, though they could not themselves draw blood, they could prescribe blood-letting and other sanguinary operations; and this led, of course, to the existence of another class, paid to carry out their orders. But a second and far more enduring cause was the strong prejudice existing in feudal times against manual labor as degrading. In vain might the surgeons urge that it was absurd to regard as merely mechanical an occupation which necessitated much scientific knowledge. The university shared the feelings of the faculty on this point; and while admitting the doctors into its fellowship, rejected the surgeons. Excluded from this fraternity of liberal science, the surgeons gave themselves diligently to professional study. As early as the fourteenth century we meet with their celebrated confraternity, placed under the patronage of Sts. Cosmas and Damian, which boasted of its foundation by St. Louis, and which maintained its existence for five centuries. The quarrel with the doctors began in the middle of the fifteenth century, and terminated only on the eve of the Revolution, when St. Cosmas's College and the faculty were both alike to share the universal shipwreck of all the ancient institutions.

The surgeons had long been in the habit of availing themselves of the aid of the barbers in certain ordinary operations, and bleeding was at last entirely abandoned to their hands. Just, however, as the faculty wished to depress the surgeons, and the latter were desirous to raise themselves to an equality with the faculty, so also the surgeons were resolved to keep down their servants the barbers, who, on their part, aspired to rise in the professional scale. The policy of the faculty was to foster their rivalry, and thus keep a check upon both; but as the nearest enemy is always the most dreaded, the time came when it was judged prudent to elevate the barbers, whose very inferiority rendered them less obnoxious, in order the better to make head against the surgeons; and so the faculty adopted the barbers, in whom it hoped to find docile clients, in order to mortify its unsubmissive children. It magnificently compared this measure to the call of the Gentiles and rejection of ungrateful Israel. But the barbers held their heads up now, and requested to study anatomy. Here was a difficulty. University regulations strictly enjoined that all public lessons should be in Latin; but what was the use of talking Latin to barbers? So the lecture was to be in Latin, and the explanation in French. Apparently to facilitate the comprehension of the classic tongue by the unlearned, the use of that whimsical Latin which Molière has so happily caricatured then first began. A clever compromise was now supposed to have been effected. A doctor was to teach in the amphitheatre of the faculty without touching the body; a surgeon was to dissect; the barbers were to be present, and try to understand. This was in 1498.

Further concessions followed; and in 1505 the faculty allowed the barbers to be inscribed on the dean's

Digitized by Google

register, and, after passing through an examination, to be formally received as scholars. They paid, however, for their lessons, and took an oath never to prescribe an internal remedy, but to have recourse to the doctors for the medical treatment of their patients. On these conditions the proudest of scientific corporations extended its protection to, and even took into a certain fellowship, a profession not only humble, but so much despised, that in Germany at that period barbers were not admitted into any trade corporation. The credit of the king's barber—an important personage, who enjoyed familiar opportunities for asking favors—had something perhaps to say to the prosperity of this trade in France. And the barbers continued to prosper; it was their interest, indeed, to keep well with the faculty, whose protecting hand once withdrawn, they would helplessly fall back under the cruel bondage of their old masters. But as time went on, they grew confident. The troubles of the League unhinged society, and for some years we find them neglecting to take the oath of fidelity. Meanwhile surgery had attained a proud position, and at the end of the sixteenth century was much in advance of the other sciences, both in its spirit of independent inquiry and in experimental practice.

Many eminent names illustrate its annals at this period. At the head of the corporation was Ambroise Paré, the restorer—we might almost say the creator—of modern surgery. He had been a barber's boy in his youth, and still treated his old associates with much consideration. Perhaps this honorable notice helped to turn their heads a little, for they actually began to set up school for themselves, and to maintain theses. This got them a snub from the faculty, and a prohibition from parliament, which recalled to their recollection the ancient statute which permitted their intervention only "*pro furunculis, bocchiis, et apostumatibus.*" But the time was past for enforcing such laws; every day the barbers more and more emancipated themselves from thraldom; and in 1629 they obtained the right of having their receptions presided over by the king's barber or by his lieutenant.

The surgeons meanwhile had left no stone unturned to get admission into the university, to have a recognized right to lecture publicly, and to receive the chancellor's benediction. They were several times granted the king's license to this effect; but the university disregarded the royal injunction, and even set at naught a Papal bull which, in 1579, recognized the surgeon's title to the chancellor's benediction. There was a consequent *appel comme d'abus* from that Gallican body to the parliament. Nevertheless, more than one chancellor was found to comply with the Pope's rescript.

Such, then, was the situation of parties in the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign. Three rival corporations existed; in principle united, but mutually independent. There was the faculty, petrified as it were, in its immobility, demanding from the others a submission it could not obtain; there was the corporation of surgeons, intermediary between the learned bodies and the trading *bourgeoisie*, wearing the gown on days of ceremony, holding examinations, conferring degrees, but keeping shop;* and there were the barbers, with neither gown nor school, but living at the expense of the two former classes, and, by long prescription, freely practising surgery, and even medicine to a certain extent. The reasons for old distinctions had passed away—nothing remained but inveterate rivalries. Anatomy was the perpetual theatre for dissension. The surgeons never had resigned themselves to the secondary part allotted to them. They claimed

* They hung up at their windows as a sign three emblematic boxes, surmounted with a banner bearing the figures of Sts. Cosmas and Damian.

Digitized by Google

to teach what they understood at least as well as their superiors. But how to get bodies? The dean of the faculty had an exclusive claim to those of all executed criminals, and none other were procurable. Accordingly, whenever an execution occurred there was a regular scramble for the poor wretch's body. The students of surgery and the barber-apprentices assembled on the Place de Grève, where they had no difficulty in finding recruits amongst the rabble. Scarcely had the executioner done his work, when these bands, armed with swords and sticks, rushed on the yet warm corpse, which was carried off by the victors to some shop, in which they barricaded themselves against the *maréchaussée*. Many of these disgraceful acts went unpunished. Sometimes the faculty would despatch an official to claim the body; he was always sent about his business; and then recourse was had to law. The report of an unfortunate *huissier*, who was actor and victim in one of these scenes, may be seen in a *procès-verbal* of the time. He was sent to seize a body which had been taken to St. Cosmas's. There he found three professors (in cap and gown!) giving an anatomical demonstration to a large audience. He was received with yells, and cruelly beaten. A force coming to his rescue, the students cut up the corpse into bits rather than let the faculty get it.

A common interest and a common hatred of their domineering antagonist ended by drawing together the two inferior orders, and finally led to their reunion. The increasing number of the barbers, unrestrained by any rule, and unrestrainable by any law, threatened to swamp surgery altogether; and so the men of letters made up their minds to extend the hand of fellowship to the artisans, and receive them back, not as slaves any longer, but as brethren. In 1655 the surgeons swallowed this bitter pill; they took upon themselves the shame of uniting with the barbers, and the barbers entered on the privileges of the surgeons. Parliament ratified the contract, and the faculty was scarcely named in the affair. It was left stranded. Its servants, whom it had raised from the dust to do its work and fight its battles, had betrayed it and gone off with arms and baggage to the enemy's camp. But it was not long without perceiving that it might draw profit from what seemed a discomfiture. The surgeons had conferred their privileges on the barbers; in return they had, of course, accepted the liabilities of their new associates. Now the barbers were bound by contract to an oath of fidelity, and other obligations of a pecuniary nature, to the faculty. This body accordingly claimed either that the union effected should be dissolved, or that both companies should be subject to the engagements by which the barbers had bound themselves. It renewed at the same time all its former claims of supremacy, and its old prohibitions against teaching and conferring degrees, but, above all, against the assumption of the *cap and gown*.

Three years did this process last, which occupies a voluminous place in the parliamentary registers. The surgeons eventually lost their cause; and that which did not a little contribute thereto was the manifestation of their own miserable internal dissensions. "St. Luke has been stronger than St. Cosmas!" exclaimed the triumphant Gny Patin at the news of this great victory. Seventy-two doctors went in procession, in grand costume, to thank the president, Lamoignon, and the avocat-général, Talon; and in order to testify their special gratitude to the latter, it was decreed that, having well merited of the faculty, he and his family should be attended gratis in perpetuity. A magnificent edition of Hippocrates in five folio volumes was presented along with this decree, inclosed in a silver box. For several days not one of the crest-fallen sur-

Digitized by Google

geons was to be seen in the streets, and six of their number, it is said, fell sick. Gladly would they now have dissolved the unhappy *mésalliance* they had contracted, but it was too late. Both barbers and surgeons, indeed, alike felt that the defeat was final; but on the latter it must have fallen with the most crushing severity. Before the close of the year the chair in which Ambroise Paré had sat—the symbol of departed greatness—was removed. They had to pay the impost, take the oath of fidelity—no humiliation was spared them. Thus forced into a preposterous alliance, which was made the pretext for its degradation, the surgical profession languished for many years. The faculty on this occasion certainly committed its worst fault. For paltry questions of precedence it retarded for a century the progress of surgery, which did not emerge from the inferior position to which the decree of 1660 had reduced it until time and necessity led to a reconstitution of surgery and shaving as two distinct professions. It was then that Louis XV., at the instance of La Peyronie, created the Royal Academy of Surgery, which furnished so many illustrious names to science in the eighteenth century, and which would doubtless have extinguished the old faculty if the Revolution had not saved it the trouble by destroying them both.

Our space forbids us to notice the other great battle of the faculty during the period which has immediately fallen under our consideration—that which it waged and won against the Montpellier doctors. But the Montpellier school would deserve a notice by itself; and the interest which gathers round it has been heightened by the important questions, physiological and philosophical, connected with its name in the present day.

A word or two more, and we have done. When Molière was about to deal the faculty its most grievous wound, it was triumphant on all sides. Yet, as a system, it was already doomed to that destruction which had fallen on the whole scholastic method in science prevailing in the middle ages. Hippocrates, it is true, furnished the text-book of medicine; but it was Hippocrates virtually commented by Aristotle, as all the old medical phraseology and medical argumentations abundantly prove. Much of the ridicule attached to that venerable body against which Molière has raised an inextinguishable laugh had its origin in the retention of this language, with all the quiddities of the schools, and of those curious dialectic exercises which formed the approved method of mental gymnastics in the middle ages long after they had been discarded everywhere else. The rest of the ridicule which falls to the due share of the faculty must be laid to the account of the selfishness, pride, and egotism inherent in human nature, but which always strike us more forcibly when exhibited in a state of things foreign to current ideas and manners.

In conclusion, we would point out what we conceive may be esteemed as a sound point in the system of that day—its treatment of man as a whole. There is no divorce with these old doctors between body and soul. Modern medical science has affected to treat the body apart from any regard to the spiritual portion of man's nature. While allowing the immense progress made in medicine and surgery in modern times, we cannot but feel that a serious error was committed in dividing what our fathers deemed inseparable. The materialistic errors of the eighteenth century, and, in particular, the materialism so prevalent in the learned medical body, are a standing comment on the systems which made clear decks of those fundamental principles which had come down to us from the earliest antiquity, and which had received the sanction of the Christian schools, in whose teaching physiology and psychology were always closely united; the study of the soul crowning

Digitized by Google

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE long-wished-for day appointed for this great match had now arrived, and there was not a man of a hundred in each parish beside the two leading men who had not on that morning taken his hurl from the rack before he went to prayers, inspected it, weighed it in his hand, to ascertain if the *set* lay fair to the *swipe*, as he placed it on the ground.

Two o'clock in the afternoon had been appointed for the men to be on the ground, and punctual to the moment they were seen in two compact masses beyond opposite ends of the common. They had assembled outside, and were not permitted to straggle in, in order that their approach toward each other, in two distinct bodies, amidst the inspiring cheers of their respective parties, might have the better effect. This great occasion had been talked of for weeks, and was looked upon, not only by the players themselves, and the two great men at their heads, but it might be said by the "public at large," as the most important hurling-match which had been projected for years in that or perhaps any other district. The friends of each party, beside hundreds of neutral spectators, had already occupied the hills round what might be called the arena.

Conspicuous at the head of the Rathcash men as they advanced with their green sleeves amidst the cheers of their friends, Tom Murdock could be seen walking with his head erect, and his hurl sloping over his shoulder. He kept his right hand disengaged that he might fulfil the usual custom of giving it to his opponent, in token of goodwill, ere the game began.

He was undoubtedly a splendid handsome-looking fellow "that day." Upwards of six feet high, made in full proportion. His shirt tied at the throat with a broad green ribbon, having the collar turned down nearly to the shoulders, showed a neck of unsullied whiteness, which contrasted remarkably with the dark curled whiskers above it. His men, too, were a splendid set of fellows. Most of them were as tall and as well made as himself, and none were under five feet ten; there was not a small man among them—the picked unmarried men of the parish. Their green sleeves and bare necks, with their hurls across their left shoulders, as in the case of their leader, elicited thunders of applause from the whole population of Rathcash upon the hill to their right.

A deep ditch with a high grass bank lay between the common and the spot where Emon-a-knock and his men had assembled.

Phil M'Dermott was silent. He was not yet reconciled to the color which their leader had chosen. Of course he could not account for it, but he did not half like it. To him it looked sombre, melancholy, and prophetic. But Phil had sense enough to assume a cheerfulness, if he did not feel it.

Emon himself, though five feet ten and a half inches high, was about the smallest man of his party. In every respect they equalled, if they did not exceed, the Rathcash men.

"Come, boys," said Emon; "Tom Murdock is bringing on his men; we'll

Digitized by Google

have to jump the bank. Shall I lead the way?"

"Of course, Emon; an' bad luck to the man of the hundred will lave a toe on it."

"No, nor a heel, Phil," said the wit.

"Stand back, boys, about fifteen yards," said Emon. "Let me at it first; and when I am clean over, go at it as much in a line as you can. Give yourselves plenty of room and don't crowd."

"Take your time, boys," whispered the prophet, "an' let none of us trip or fall."

"Never fear, Phil," ran through them all in reply.

Emon then drew back a few yards; and with a light quick run he cleared the bank, giving a slight little steadying-jump on the other side, like a man who had made a somersault from a spring-board.

The Shanvilla population—the whole of which, I may say, was on the surrounding hills—rent the air with their cheers, amidst which the red sleeves were seen clearing the bank like so many young deer. Not a mistake was made; not a man jumped low or short; not a toe was left upon it, as the prophet had said—nor a heel, as the wit had added. It was an enlivening sight to see the red sleeves rising by turns about eight feet into the air, and landing steadily on the level sward beyond the bank.

The cheers from Shanvilla were redoubled, and even some of the Rathcash men joined.

The two parties were now closing each other in friendly approach toward the centre of the field, where they halted within about six yards of each other; Tom Murdock and Emon-a-knock a little in advance. They stepped forward, with their right hands a little extended.

"Hallo, Lennon!" said Murdock; "why, you are dressed in silk, man, and have a cap to match; I heard nothing of that. I could not afford silk, and our sleeves are plain calico."

"So are ours, and I could afford silk still less than you could; but my men presented me with these sleeves and this cap, and I shall wear them."

"Of course, of course, Lennon. But I cannot say much for the color; blue would have looked much better; and, perhaps, have been more appropriate."

"I left that for the girls to wear in their bonnets," replied Lennon, sarcastically. He knew that Winny Cavana's holiday bonnet was trimmed with blue, and thought it not unlikely that Murdock knew it also.

They then shook hands, but it was more formal than cordial; and Murdock took a half-crown from his pocket. He was determined to be down on Emon-a-knock's poverty, for a penny would have done as well; and he said, "Shall I call, or will you?"

"The challenger generally 'skies,' and the other calls," he replied.

"Here then!" said Murdock, standing out into a clear spot, and curling the half-crown into the air, eighteen or twenty feet above their heads.

"Head," cried Lennon; and head it was.

It was the usual method on such occasions for the leader who won the toss to throw the ball with all his force as high into the air as possible, and, as a matter of course, as far toward his opponent's goal as he could. The height into the air was as a token to his friends to cheer, and the direction toward his opponent's goal was considered the great advantage of having won the toss.

This was, however, the first occasion in the annals of hurling where this latter point had been questioned. Emon-a-knock and Phil M'Dermott were both experienced hurlers; and previous to their having taken the high bank in such style, from the field outside the common, they had stepped aside from their men, and discussed the matter thus:

"Phil, I hope we'll win the toss," said Emon.

"That we may, I pray. You'll put the ball a trifle on its way if we do, Emon."

Digitized by Google

"No, Phil, that is the very point I want to settle with you. I have always remarked that when the winner of the toss throws the ball toward the other goal, it is always met by some good man who is on the watch for it; and as none of the opposite party are allowed into their ground until 'the game is on,' he has it all to himself, and generally deals it such a swipe as puts it half-way back over the others' heads. Now my plan is this. If I win 'the toss,' I'll throw the ball more toward our own goal than toward theirs. Let you be there, Phil, to meet it; and I have little fear that the first puck you give it will send it double as far into our opponent's ground as I could throw it with my hand. Beside, the moment the ball is up, our men can advance all over the ground, and another good man of ours may help it on. What say you, Phil?"

"Well, Emon, there 's a grate deal of raison in what you say, now that I think of it; but I never seen it done that way afore."

It had been thus settled between these two best men of Shanvilla; and Emon, having won the toss, cast his eye over his shoulder and caught a side glance of Phil M'Dermott in position, with his hurl poised for action.

Contrary to all experience and all expectation, Emon-a-knock, instead of casting the ball from him, toward the other goal, threw it as high as possible, but unmistakably inclining toward his own. Here there was a murmur of disappointed surprise from Shanvilla on the hill. But it was soon explained. Phil M'Dermott had it all his own way for the first puck, which was considered a great object. Never had such an expedient (*nunc* dodge) to secure it been thought of before. M'Dermott had full room to deal with it. There was no one near him but his own men, who stood exulting at what they knew was about to come. M'Dermott with the under side of his hurl rolled the ball toward him, and curling it up into the air about a foot above his head, met it as it came down with a puck that was heard all over the hills, and drove it three distances beyond where Emon could have thrown it from his hand. The object of the backward cast by the leader had now been explained to the satisfaction of Shanvilla, whose cheers of approbation loudly succeeded to their previous murmurs of surprise.

"Be gorra, they 're a knowing pair," said one of the spectators on the hill.

But I cannot attend to the game, which is now well "on," and tell you what each party said during the struggle.

Of course the ball was met by Rathcash, and put back; but every man was now at work as best he might, where and when he could, but not altogether from under a certain sort of discipline and eye to their leaders. Now some fortunate young fellow got an open at the ball, and gave it a puck which sent it spinning through the crowd until stopped by the other party. Then a close struggle and clashing of hurls, as if life and death depended on the result. Now, again, some fellow gets an open swipe at it, and puck it goes over their heads, while a rush of both parties takes place toward the probable spot it must arrive at; then another crowded struggle, and ultimately another puck, and it is seen like a cannon-ball on the strand at Sandymount. Another rush, another close struggle and clashing of hurls, and puck, puck; now at the jaws of this goal, now at the jaws of that, while the cheers and counter-cheers re-echo through the surrounding hills.

It is needless to say that Tom Murdock and Emon-a-knock were conspicuous in all these vicissitudes of the game. No man took the ball from either of them if he was likely to get a puck at it *in time;* but no risk of a counter-puck would be run if an opponent was at hand to give it. This was the use of the distinguishing colors, and right curious it was to see the green and red sleeves twisting through each other and rushing in groups to one spot.

After all, Emon's color "did not

Digitized by Google

look so bad;" and Shanvilla held their own so gallantly as the game went on, that betting—for it was a sort of Derby-day with the parish gamblers—which was six, and even seven, to four on Rathcash at the commencement, was now even for choice. Ay, there is one red-haired fellow, with a small eye and a big one, who shoves three thimbles upon a board at races, has offered five fippenny-bits to four upon Shanvilla; and well he may, for Emon and his men had got the ball amongst them, and Emon's orders were to keep it close—not to puck it at all, now that they had it, but to tip it along and keep round it in a body. This was quite fair, and would have been adopted by the other party had they got the chance.

They were thus advancing steadily but slowly. The Rathcash men were on the outside, but found it difficult, if not impossible, to enter the solid body of Shanvilla men, who were advancing with the ball in the middle of them toward Rathcash goal.

"To the front, to the front, boys, or the game is lost!" roared Tom Murdock, who was himself then watching for an open to get in at the ball.

Forthwith there was a body of the green-sleeves right before Shanvilla, who came on with their ball, tip by tip, undaunted.

Still Rathcash was on the outside, and could not put a hurl on the ball. It was a piece of generalship upon the part of the Shanvilla leader not often before thought of, and likely to be crowned with success. The cheers from Shanvilla on the hills were now deafening—the final struggle was evidently at hand. Rathcash on the hills was silent, except a few murmurs of apprehension.

"This will never do, boys!" said Tom Murdock, rushing into the center of Shanvilla and endeavoring to hook the ball from amongst them; but they were too solid for that, although he had now made his way within a hurl's length of Emon.

Emon called to his men to stoop in front that he might see the goal and judge his distance.

"A few yards further, boys," he cried, "and then open out for me to swipe: I will not miss either the ball or the goal."

"Steady, Emon, steady a bit!" said Phil M'Dermott; "don't you see who is, I may say, alongside of you? Keep it close another bit."

"In with you, men! what are you about?" roared Tom Murdock; and half a score of the green-sleeves rushed in amongst the red. Here the clashing of hurls was at its height, and the shouts from both sides on the hill were tremendous. Shanvilla kept and defended their ball in spite of every attempt of Rathcash to pick it from amongst them; but nothing like violence was thought of by either side.

Shanvilla seemed assured of victory, and such of them as were on the outside, and could not get a tip at the ball, kept brandishing their hurls in the air, roaring at the top of their voices, "Good boys, Shanvilla, good boys!" "Through with it—through with it!" "Good boys!"

Emon looked out. Though he did not see the stones, he saw the goal-masters—one red, the other green—ready expecting the final puck, and he knew the spot.

"Give me room now, Phil," he whispered, and his men drew back.

Emon curled the ball into the air about the height of his head, and struck it sure and home. As if from a cannon's mouth it went over the heads of Rathcash, Shanvilla, and all, and sped right through the center of the stones—hop—hop—hop—until it was finally lost sight of in some rushes. But another blow had been struck at the same moment, and Emon-a-knock lay senseless on the ground, his face and neck, shirt and sleeves, all the same color, and that color was—blood.

Tom Murdock's hurl had been poised ready to strike the ball the moment Lennon had curled it into the air. Upon this one blow the whole

Digitized by Google

game depended. Emon was rather sideways to Tom, who was on his left. Both their blows were aimed almost simultaneously at the ball, but Tom's being a second or two late, had no ball to hit; and not being able to restrain the impetus of the blow, his hurl passed on and took Emon's head above the top of the left ear, raising a scalp of flesh to the skull-bone, about three inches in length, and more than half that breadth.

The cheers of Shanvilla were speedily quashed, and there was a rush of the red-sleeves round their leader. Phil M'Dermott had taken him in his arms, and replaced the loose piece of flesh upon Emon's skull in the most artistic manner, and bound it down with a handkerchief tied under the chin. He could see that no injury had been done to the bone. It was a mere sloping stroke, which had lifted the piece of flesh clean from the skull. But poor Emon still lay insensible, his whole face, neck, and breast covered with blood.

There was some growling amongst the Shanvilla boys, and those from the hill ran down with their sticks to join their comrades with their hurls; while the Rathcash men closed into a compact body, beckoning to their friends on the hill, who also ran down to defend them in case of need.

This was indeed a critical moment, and one that, if not properly managed, might have led to bloodshed of a more extended kind. But Tom Murdock was equal to the occasion. He gave his hurl to one of his men the moment he had struck the blow, and went forward.

"Good heaven, boys, I hope he is not much hurt!" he exclaimed. "Rathcash should lose a hundred games before Shanvilla should be hurt."

As he spoke he perceived a scowl of doubt and rising anger in the faces of many of the Shanvilla men, some of whom ground their teeth, and grasped their hurls tighter in their hands. Tom did not lose his presence of mind at even this, although he almost feared the result. He took Emon by the hand and bid him speak to him. Phil M'Dermott had ordered his men to keep back the crowd to give the sufferer air. Poor Emon's own remedy in another cause had been resorted to. Phil had rubbed his lips and gums with whiskey—on this occasion it was near at hand—and poured a few thimblefuls down his throat. He soon opened his eyes, and looked round him.

"Thank God!" cried Tom Murdock. "Are you much hurt, Lennon?"

The very return to life had already quashed any cordiality toward Emon in Tom's heart.

"Not much, I hope, Tom. I was stunned; that was all. But what about the game? I thought my ear caught the cheers of victory as I fell."

"So they did, Emon," said M'Dermott; "but stop talking, I tell you. The game is ours, and it was you who won it with that last puck."

"Ay, and it was that last puck that nearly lost him his life," continued Tom, knowingly enough. "We both struck at the ball nearly at the same moment; he took it first, and my hurl had nothing to hit until it met the top of his head. I protest before heaven, Lennon, it was entirely accidental."

"I have not accused you of it's being anything else, Murdock; don't seem to doubt yourself," said Emon in a very low weak voice. But it was evident he was "coming-to."

Still the Shanvilla men were grumbling and whispering. One of them, a big black-haired fellow named Ned Murrican, burst out at last, and brandishing his hurl over his head. cried out:

"Arrah, now, what are we about; boys? Are we going to see our best man murdered before our eyes, an' be satisfied wid a piper an' a dance? I say we must have blood for blood!"

"An' why not?" said another. "It was no accident; I'm sure of that."

"What baldherdash!" cried a

Digitized by Google

third; "didn't I see him aim the blow?" And the whole of Shanvilla flourished their hurls and their sticks in the air, clashing them together with a terrific noise of an onslaught.

Tom Murdock's cheeks blanched. He feared that he had opened a floodgate which he could not stop, and that if there had not been, there would soon be, murder. His men stood firm in a close body, and not a word was heard to pass amongst them.

"Don't strike a blow, for the life of you, boys!" he cried, at the same time he took back his hurl from the man to whom he had given it to hold, who handed it to him, saying, "Here, Tom, you'll be apt to want this."

The Shanvilla men saw him take the hurl, and thought it an acceptance of a challenge to fight. They now began to jump off the ground, crying, "Whoop, whoop!" a sure sign of prompt action in an Irish row.

At this still more critical moment, Father Farrell, the parish priest of Shanvilla, who had been sent for in all haste "for the man who was killed," was seen cantering across the common toward the crowd; and more fortunately still he was accompanied by Father Roche, the parish-priest of Rathcash. They were both known at a glance; Shanvilla on his "strawberry cob," and Rathcash on his "tight little black mare."

It is needless to say that the approach of these two good men calmed to all appearance, if not in reality, the exhibition of angry feeling amongst the two parties.

"Here, your reverence," said one of the Shanvilla men to Father Farrell,—"here's where the man that was hurt is lying; poor Emon-a-knock, your reverence."

Father Farrell turned for a moment and whispered to his companion, "I'll see about the hurt man, and do you try and keep the boys quiet. I can see that Shanvilla is ready for a fight. Tell them that I'll be with them in a very few minutes, if the man is not badly hurt. If he is, my friend, I'm afraid we shall have a hard task to keep Shanvilla quiet. Could you not send your men home at once?"

"I'll do what I can; but you can do more with your own men than I can. Rathcash will not strike a blow, I know, until the very last moment."

They then separated, Father Farrell dismounting and going over to where Emon-a-knock still lay in M'Dermott's arms; and Father Roche up toward the Rathcash men.

"Boys," said he, addressing them, "this is a sad ending to the day's sport; but, thank God, from what I hear, the man is not much hurt. Be steady, at all events. Indeed, you had better go home at once, every man of you. Won't you take your priest's advice?"

"An' why not, your reverence? to be sure we will, if it comes to that; but, plaise God, it won't. At worst it was only an accident, an' we're tould it won't signify. We'll stan' our ground another while, your reverence, until we hear how the boy is. Sure, there's two barrels of beer an' a dance to the fore, by-an'-by."

"Well, lads, be very steady, and keep yourselves quiet. I'll visit the first man of you that strikes a blow with condign—"

"We'll strike no blow, your reverence, if we bant struck first. Let Father Farrell look to that."

"And so he will, you may depend upon it," said Father Roche.

The Shanvilla men had great confidence in Father Farrell in every respect, and there was not a man in the parish who would not almost die at his bidding from pure love of the man, apart from his religious influence. They knew him to be a good physician in a literal, as well as a moral, point of view; and he had been proving himself the good Samaritan for the last seventeen years to every one in the parish, whether they fell among thieves or not. He had commenced life as a medical student, but had (prudently, perhaps) preferred the Church.

Digitized by Google

In memory, however, of his early predilections, he kept a sort of little private dispensary behind his kitchen; and so numerous were the cures which nature had effected under his mild advice and harmless prescriptions, that he had established a reputation for infallibility almost equal to that subsequently attained by Holloway or Morrison. Never, however, was his medical knowledge of more use as well as value than on the present occasion.

Shanvilla grounded their weapons at his approach, and waited for his report. Father Farrell of course first felt the young man's pulse. He was not pedantic or affected enough to hold his watch in his other hand while he did so; but, like all good physicians, he held his tongue. He then untied the handkerchief, and gently examined the wound so far as possible without disturbing the work which Phil M'Dermott had so promptly and judiciously performed. His last test of the state of his patient was his voice; and upon this, in his own mind, he laid no inconsiderable stress. In reply to his questions as to whether he felt sick or giddy, Emon replied, much more stoutly than was expected, that he felt neither the one nor the other. Father Farrell was now fully satisfied that there was nothing seriously wrong with him, and that giving him the rites of the Church, or even remaining longer with him then, might have an unfavorable effect upon the already excited minds of the Shanvilla men. He therefore said, smiling, "Thank God, Emon, you want no further doctoring just now; and I'll leave you for a few minutes while I tell Shanvilla that nothing serious has befallen you."

He then left him, and hastened over toward his parishoners, who eagerly met him half-way as he approached.

"Well, your reverence?" "Well, your reverence?" ran through the foremost of them.

"It is well, and very well, boys," he replied; "I bless God it is nothing but a scalp wound, which will not signify. Put by your hurls, and go and ask the Rathcash girls to dance."

"Three cheers for Father Farrell!" shouted Ned Murrican of the black curly head. They were given heartily, and peace was restored.

Father Farrell then remounted his strawberry cob, and rode over toward where Father Roche was with the Rathcash men. They were, "in a manner," as anxious to hear his opinion of Emon-a-knock as his own men had been. They knew nothing, or, if they did, they cared nothing, for any private cause of ill-will on their leader's part toward Emon-a-knock. They were not about to espouse his quarrel, if he had one; and, as they had said, they would not have struck a blow unless in self-defence.

Father Farrell now assured them there was nothing of any consequence "upon" Emon; it was a mere tip of the flesh, and would be quite well in a few days. "But, Tom *a-wochal*," he added, laughing, "you don't often aim at a crow and hit a pigeon."

"I was awkward and unfortunate enough to do so this time, Father Farrell," he replied. And he then entered into a full, and apparently a candid, detail of how it had happened.

Father Farrell listened with much attention, bowing at him now and then, like the foreman of a jury to a judge's charge, to show that he understood him. When he had ended, Father Farrell placed his hand upon his shoulder, and, bending down toward him, whispered in his ear, "Oh, Tom Murdock, but you are the fortunate man this day! for if the blow had been one inch and a half lower, all the priests and doctors in Connaught would not save you from being tried for manslaughter."

"Or murder," whispered Tom's heart to himself.

By this time Emon-a-knock, with M'Dermott's help, had risen to his feet; and leaning on him and big Ned Murrican, crept feebly along toward the boreen which formed the entrance to the common.

Digitized by Google

Father Farrell, perceiving the move, rode after him, and said, as he passed, that he would trot on and send for a horse and cart to fetch him home, as he would not allow him to walk any further than the end of the lane. Indeed, it was not his intention to do so; for he was still scarcely able to stand, and that not without help.

Before he and his assistants, however, had reached the end of the lane, Father Farrell came cantering back, saying, "All right, my good lads; there is a jennet and cart coming up the lane for him."

Emon cocked his ear at the word jennet; he knew who owned the only one for miles around. And there indeed it was; and the sight of it went well-nigh to cure Emon, better than any doctoring he could get.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From The Month.

INQUIETUS.

We put him in a golden cage
With crystal troughs; but still he pined
For tracts of royal foliage,
And broad blue skies and merry wind.

We gave him water cool and clear;
All round his golden wires we twined
Fresh leaves and blossoms bright, to cheer
His restless heart: but still he pined.

We whistled and we chirped; but he
Trilled never more his liquid falls,
But ever yearned for liberty,
And dashed against his golden walls.

Again, again, in wild despair,
He strove to burst his bars aside;
At last, beneath his pinion fair,
He hid his drooping head and died!

And so against the golden bars—
Life's golden bars—our poor souls smite,
Pining for tracts beyond the stars,
Freedom and beauty, truth and light.

Those bars a Father's hands adorn
With leaves and flowers—earth's loveliest things—
With crystal draughts; but still we mourn
With thirsting for the "living springs."

Nor crystal draughts, nor leaves and flowers,
The exiled heart can satisfy:
We shake the bars; and some few hours
We droop and pine, and then we die,

We die! But, oh, the prison-bars
Are shatter'd then: then far away,
We pass beyond the sky, the stars—
Beyond the change of night and day.

Digitized by Google

From Chambers's Journal.

A KINGDOM WITHOUT A KING.

LICHTENSTEIN is the name of the smallest principality in the great German "Vaterland," and this has hitherto been the most remarkable thing that could be said about it, for in the great political world it has as yet played no part. It appears, however, that its time has now arrived; and for the benefit of those who might receive this bit of intelligence with a sceptical smile, I subjoin a few words of explanation.

In order fully to appreciate this important question, it will be necessary to commence by going back into the past—if not so far as to the Flood, at least to some part of the twelfth century.

It will not do to believe that the Lichtensteiners are people of vulgar extraction. True, their ancestors hardly anticipated that the house of Lichtenstein would ever be reckoned among the reigning families of Europe; but this did not affect the nobleness of their quarterings. The founder of the house was a lively and enterprising Lombard, and related to the Este family. He went to Germany with the object of making his fortune, and there he married, 1145 A.D., a little princess of the house of Schwaben. They had not the slightest fraction of a principality, but they had plenty of children to educate and provide for. Their fortune was not very large, but, in his quality of Lombard, the father exercised the lucrative business of an usurer, whenever the occasion presented itself. The sovereigns of those times were often in want of money, and our Lombard supplied them with this article, proper security being forthcoming. When the time of restitution arrived, it was not always convenient to the debtors to pay in cash, and the affair was therefore generally settled by means of small pieces of land, titles, or privileges. The Lichtensteiners soon became allied to the greatest German families. In the year 1614, the Emperor Matthias ceded to them, in settlement of their pecuniary claims, the principality of Troppau, in Schlesien. Ten years later, the Emperor Ferdinand II. added to their possessions the principality of Jagendorff. Then they obtained the title of "Prince of the Holy Roman Empire;" and by this time they had purchased the districts of Vadutz and Schnellenberg, on the borders of the Rhine, and close to the Swiss frontier. These possessions form the actual principality of Lichtenstein, which has the small town of Vadutz for its capital.

The Congress of Vienna—contrary to its principles of mediatization—resolved, for reasons which we abstain from investigating, to maintain Lichtenstein as a sovereign and independent state, and gave it an entire vote in the German Confederation.

In return for these advantages, Lichtenstein had to provide a contingent of ninety men and one drummer to the federal army. It is important not to lose sight of these ninety men and one drummer, for they play a principal part in the impending question. The subjects of the principality of Lichtenstein, according to the last census, numbered 7,150; they are clever people, of a peaceable disposition, but impressed with no particular awe for authorities. They even have a slight taint of independence, undoubtedly owing to the close vicinity of Switzerland.

A year had scarcely elapsed after

Digitized by Google

the remodelling of the map of Europe by the Congress of Vienna, when the inhabitants of Lichtenstein addressed themselves to their sovereign, John I., and declared with rustic frankness that they had no objection to being ruled by him, since the Congress had decided it so; but that they found it entirely superfluous to pay any civil list; beside, they were too few in number to contribute every year ninety men and one drummer to the federal army. Prince John was an excellent man, and, moreover, he was immensely rich. He informed his subjects that he could do very well without any civil list; and as for the federal contingent, he concluded a convention with the Austrian government, by which the latter undertook to furnish it together with its own. With this the loyal subjects declared themselves satisfied; and everything went on well until the year 1836, when Prince Aloysius I. ascended the throne. In the meantime, the natives of Lichtenstein had made various reflections. The conclusions arrived at were: that a prince, even if paid nothing, entails sundry expenses on the country where he is reigning; festivals have to be given, as well as solemn audiences, illuminations, fire-works, etc.

Accordingly, they sent a deputation to their new lord and master, and made it obvious to him that he must indemnify the country for all expenses of the description alluded to. Aloysius I. was as excellent a monarch as his predecessor; he admitted the claims of his subjects, and made an agreement with them concerning an annual indemnity, which he paid with exemplary regularity.

The Lichtensteiners had now attained the object of their wishes; they led an existence entirely ideal. They occupied a position unique in Europe, nay, in the whole world; for, instead of paying for government, they actually were paid for submission to it. It would now be supposed that nothing in future could disturb the good understanding existing between prince and people. But alas! that the old saying should here find its application—namely, that he who has got yellow hair, wants it also to be curled.

John II. became Prince of Lichtenstein. One fine morning he said to himself: "Since I have no civil list, nay, since I—contrary to all established usages—pay a tribute to my subjects, I ought at least to have full liberty to live according to my tastes. This small capital is a bore. I have plenty of money; I will set out for Vienna!" No sooner said than done. John II. built a magnificent palace in the capital of Austria, and there he lived in a luxurious style. The government of the principality he intrusted to a minister, with whom he corresponded. But when were those stupid Lichtensteiners to be satisfied? They put their heads together and resolved to send a deputation to their supreme master in Vienna; and one particular morning, just as the prince had got out of bed, a dozen of the most distinguished among his subjects made their appearance. After the customary reverences and ceremonies, the deputation put forth its request with becoming solemnity, expressing itself somewhat to the following effect: "We don't pay your serene highness any civil list; on the contrary, your serene highness pays an annual indemnity to us. But your serene highness is in possession of a large fortune, and spends it in a royal manner, by the which formerly your principality benefited. If, now, your serene highness continues to reside in Vienna, you inflict a serious loss upon your subjects; and it appears therefore to us but just that you should in future inhabit at least six months of the year your own capital." Several demands of a political nature were appended to this petition. John II. granted their request, and issued, moreover, a brand-new constitution, with a parliament of fifteen members, whom he promised to pay out of his own pocket.

But what about the ninety men and

Digitized by Google

the drummer? Well, now the difficulty arises, for they are exactly the cause of the present dispute.

Austria having long furnished this contingent, sent, some time ago, a bill of the resulting expenses to the prince. But the prince thought that, as he had renounced his claims to a civil list, and even paid his subjects a round sum every year, it could be no very heavy burden for the said subjects to pay their own federal contingent. This the Lichtensteiners obstinately refuse to do; the prince, on the other side, tired of so much trouble, has expressed his intention to abdicate, and to cede his dominions to Austria. But against this scheme his people protest most energetically—they would rather belong to Switzerland. Beside, if Austria annexes Lichtenstein, then Prussia will regard the transaction with an envious eye. The prince will neither pay nor govern. Such is the present state of things, of which nobody can predict the end.

From The St. James Magazine.

A NOVEL TICKET-OF-LEAVE; OR, MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"No two things are alike." Such is the dictum of science. "Nature," say the wise men, "resembles the charms of Cleopatra, which custom cannot stale, so infinite is their variety." Even in so humble a thing as a flock of sheep there is a personal identity, and the shepherd of Salisbury Plain will vow to you that he can discriminate between the countenances of each member of his woolly family, and particularize their features. So with the herdsman and his drove, the trainer and his stud. But why pursue the theme? Why dwell upon these flocks *qui passent et ne se ressemblent pas?* Is it to prove that these resemblances are mere fallacies, and have no real existence; that they ought to be classed with Sir Thomas Browne's "vulgar errors?" No; but to lament that whereas each member of a flock of sheep, of a herd of oxen, or a stud of horses, carries his individuality so markedly, the privilege is not more extended in the genus *homo*. I solemnly aver that the number of cases of mistaken identity which have lately come to my knowledge is not only astounding, but exceedingly embarrassing; I may add, too, *quorum magna pars fui;* which, being translated, means, in which I have formed a no inconsiderable portion of the quorum. It is no pleasant sensation to know that your "counterfeit presentment" is walking the earth; in fact, it is monstrously unpleasant. The other day I felt a heavy hand placed rapidly upon my shoulder, in the most unceremonious and familiar of ways, accompanied with an equally unceremonious and familiar exclamation: "Why, Perkins, old boy, *how* are ye? Haven't seen ye for an age! Glad to see you again in London! How are all the folks at Nottingham?"

How far this familiar stranger would have gone on in this fluent strain of amity I know not. It was time to stop his exuberance of friendship, and acquaint him with the fact that my name was not Perkins; that I had not come from Nottingham; and, I fear, added, in the bitterness and irritation of the moment, that I had never been to Nottingham, and never wished to go there. "Oh, nonsense, Perkins! I'm not going to be knocked off in that style. How are Mrs. Perkins and the chicks?" "I tell you again, sir, you are mistaken in your man; my name

Digitized by Google

is not Perkins." "It may not be Perkins now, but it was three months ago; and whatever your new name may be, I am not going to be turned off in this way. Not Perkins! Why, you can't get rid of that mole on your cheek with your new name; and as to your wig, old fellow, there never was but that shade of red I ever saw. Come, where shall we dine?" "I must plainly tell you, sir," I replied to my would-be friend, "you are carrying your pleasantry too far; and if you do not leave me at once, I will give you in charge of the police." The fellow, evidently chagrined, left me to chew the cud of bitter reflection. "Well, well," were his parting words, "it can't be Perkins after all; Perkins was a jolly good fellow, and this chap is———" He had by this time got out of hearing. What an unpleasant rencontre this! I thought to myself. Then again the subject took another aspect. What if the real, the true Perkins, should ever be persecuted by *my* friends as I have been by one of his?

And this leads me on to another incident in the same category, which occurred still more recently, and might have led to very deplorable results. In fact, I am not sure that the end is yet. I had business out of town for a day or two, and returned punctually at the appointed hour. Whom should I meet on the platform of the terminus but Tom Cridlins! Now Tom is a great gossip, and an immense favorite with the ladies. He frequents the theatres and the operas, conversaziones and balls, and retails all the news and scandal of the day to his fair friends. Well, I met him accidentally at the terminus; in an instant he was full of apologies and excuses. "Hope, Sam, done no mischief; didn't mean it, didn't mean it, 'pon honor; deuced sorry, hope it's all over." "Why, what's the matter?" "Didn't know you'd gone out of town, you sly dog. I understand it all. Called at Mrs. Sam's yesterday; told her—didn't do it intentionally—saw you at the opera Monday night with Countess Tarascona; magnificent woman; saw at once made mistake. Why didn't she tell me you'd gone out of town? wouldn't have breathed a word. 'Pon honor, accidental." "Opera, Tom! I wasn't at the opera; I have been out of town since Monday morning; you're mistaken." "Capital joke, that. Why, Sam, think I'm 'flicted with color-blindness? No, my boy, nothing blinds me but friendship; wouldn't have said a word had known you didn't want it." Need I say what a miserable vista was opened up before me? A jealous wife's jealousy accidentally inflamed in this innocent manner, and even Tom Cridlins incredulous. These men of the world won't believe in—in anything.

"Tom," I said, seriously, "this is very unfortunate; but you were never more mistaken in your life. I have not been at the opera for weeks." Oh that wicked twinkle of his eye! "Well, my boy, *I* don't want to believe you were there; disbelieve anything you like; only——" "Tom, I can stand this no longer; I must not be played with; you *must* admit that I was not at the opera. I can bring the whole village of Cudgleton to prove an *alibi*." "Glad to hear it, for peace of home's sake. Mrs. Sam took it very ill, can assure you; sorry, 'ceedingly sorry; but really the countess *is* a magnificent woman." "Who the devil cares *now* about the countess? I affirm that I have been at Cudgleton from Monday 4 P.M. till this morning 10 A.M. Left by express, and just arrived." "There's the bell, Sam; must say good-bye; remember me to your wife; purely accidental; 'ceedingly regret it; believe every word you say—will back it 'gainst all odds; remember me to your wife, and tell her *I believe you, my boy.*"

"Believe me, my boy!" and that's how Tom Cridlins left me,—light-hearted and gay-spirited, after having kindled a torch which Acheron itself could not quench.

I returned home. Of course Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Sam was *prepared* to receive me. In vain I protested; in vain I insisted that Tom Cridlins was laboring under an illusion; I had brought him to confess as much. "Oh, then, you have seen him to-day; planning and scheming, I suppose, to get up a pack of contradictions. I understand; but you are not going to deceive me. Natural evidence is better than got-up evidence, and I shall prefer to take Mr. Thomas Cridlins's first statement to his second. There are some things better fresh, and testimony I take to be one of those things. Whatever you and Mr. Cridlins may choose to concoct, for the future I shall believe what I please to believe."

And so on till bedtime. Would that I could say we had had it out even then! At midnight we were only in the thick of it; and to acquire renewed vigor for future assaults, Mrs. Sam prudently fell asleep.

But what a time for me! Oh that I could reverse the hand of the clock eight-and-forty hours, or push it on until this trouble had blown over! Plague on that man, whoever he is, that looked so like me! Why was he at the opera? why was he there with a fine woman? Cridlins saw nothing of the Countess Tarascona—only seen her once—and his foolish head jumps to the conclusion it must be the countess. Ass that he is! Why isn't he honestly employed, like other people, instead of idling about on his five thousand a year, philandering and making mischief? He can scarcely count the fingers on his hand, yet he can create a devil of a row between man and wife!

Two o'clock struck. I had fallen into a distempered doze; still it was somewhat soothing. With the waking reflection came back, not quite so excited. After all it might have been worse. I remember reading of a Bishop of Siena who had a sovereign antidote against every attack of despondency.

"When I am disappointed or vexed, or embarrassed or dissatisfied," he said, "I look round upon the world and notice how many hundreds and thousands are worse off than myself, and the result invariably is, that grumbling and vexation take wings and fly away, and contentment and cheerfulness return and nestle in my bosom."

What, thought I, as I lay awake,—what if, instead of this conjugal *contretemps*, I had been wrongly seized for theft and murder, and unable to prove an *alibi?* Such cases have been. Such cases *have* been! Why, they have taken place by scores—are taking place, and will to the end of the chapter. And my imagination vividly portrayed the mental agonies of the innocent convict. Memory ransacked the dusty tomes of history to supply fresh food for meditation, fresh fuel to feed my horror. Does not Pliny cite innumerable instances? Had not the twin brothers of Ephesus just cause to exclaim, each to his unknown counterpart, in the anguish and bitterness of his spirit, "Oh, Dromio, Dromio, wherefore art thou, Dromio?" Does not the "Newgate Calendar" teem with cases of men's lives perjured by false witnesses, or sacrificed to a false tissue of circumstances? Did not Richard Coleman and Clinch and Mackley suffer death for crimes of which they were subsequently proved to be guiltless, simply because each was mistaken for the "right man," who was not, and never is, in the "right place." Was not Hong tried at New York, in 1804, for bigamy, through a similar misconception? And did not Redman in 1822, and Robinson in 1824, just escape the gallows by a hair's-breadth? And were not these instances enough to scarify any man's imagination, and shiver his every nerve? My "counterfeit presentment" was evidently wandering about somewhere. What sort of a character was he? Did he belong to the dangerous classes? was he a respectable member of society or an impostor? was he cunning and clever, and capable of swindling? was he cold-blooded and resolute, capable

Digitized by Google

of murder? was he passionate and revengeful? was he anything and everything that could lead a man into a violent scrape?

No wonder the perspiration ran off my brow as my brain scudded through the chapter of probabilities and revealed a long gloomy vista of perils. I bethought me of the police. Should I make known that my "counterfeit" was abroad "stalking the world around?" Should I seek the protection of Scotland Yard, and warn them if they heard of a robbery or a murder, or some other villany or felony committed by a man answering to my description, that *I* was not the culprit? To be forewarned is to be forearmed; to tell them this might save loss of time, and spare a world of trouble, inconvenience, and annoyance. Beside, was it not exactly what my late friend Richter had done? Ah! by-the-bye, you didn't know Richter—thereby hangs a tale. Richter, poor fellow, is dead now; but there is a moral attached to his life, and we, whose eidola are walking the earth, may as well extract it.

Richter was a wealthy *rentier*, living in Vienna; and a thorough Austrian by birth, education, and nature. Quiet, inoffensive, kindly; there was nothing striking about him in person or position. He never meddled with that firebrand—politics; he had never troubled the most immaculate government of the imperial and royal apostolic Kaiser with unseasonable and unreasonable comments on its virtues or defects; he had never violated that most sacred thing, the concordat; had never offended lord or prince; had hated Hungary, and had always wished Venice at the bottom instead of on the surface of the sea. He was a peaceable citizen, obedient to the decrees of his sovereign, and pursued the even tenor of his life with well-balanced footstep, inclining to nothing that was likely to lead him or his neighbor into the dark and dreary desert of trouble and vexation. Nevertheless the Nemesis of envy marked him for her own; and he was pointed at during the latter part of his life as one who could set the vast army of spies and detectives formed and disciplined by that arch-policeman, Metternich, at absolute defiance.

It was the custom of Herr Richter of an afternoon or morning—as any one might who had nothing better to do—to stroll up and down the principal thoroughfares of Vienna, gaze into its splendid shops, and admire the beauty and the becrinolined silks and satins, muslins and grenadines, of the stately dames of that ancient and quaint city. One day—it was in the summer of 1849—Herr Richter was *flâning* along the Kätner Strasse, and, impelled neither by curiosity nor covetousness, but that indefinable something which often directs our course and shapes our conduct without our consciousness, stopped before the "Storr and Mortimer" of the Hapsburg capital. Why did he thrust himself in amongst that band of ragged *gamins*, who, with gaping mouth and burning eyes, were devouring the splendors of the plate-glass window, and wistfully wishing that that glittering heap of rings and chains, brooches and necklaces, cassolettes and lockets, bracelets and eardrops, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, rubies, turquoises, etc., were theirs? Why did he mingle with them? He could not have told you, nor can I. Only he was there, and it was evident his heart, too, was overflowing, like Mr. Pickwick's, with the milk of human kindness. "Poor fellows!" such was his train of thought, "you can never get any of these treasures, though you should toil for a century;" and then turning away, he muttered aloud, still continuing his train of thought, "Any of them might be mine in a moment if I chose." Was he speculating on the iniquitous force of the Austrian guild laws, or the false system of political economy in vogue in Austria? was he pondering over the mysteries of *meum et tuum*, or endeavoring to solve that profound problem, "*La proprieté c'est le vol?*"

Digitized by Google

Possibly yes, possibly no; but just at that moment a strong hand was laid on his shoulder. "One word with you, if you please," said a low musical voice, imperative yet polite.

The invitation was irresistible. With the utmost complacency Herr Richter retired with the gentleman who accosted him underneath one of those huge gateways, *porte-cochères*, which form the entrance of the old Vienna houses. The stranger then took a paper from his pocket, and looking intently, now at its contents, now at the features of Herr Richter, opened the conversation in a curt and peremptory manner:

"Sir, I am under the painful necessity of requesting you to follow me."

Herr Richter, incensed, grows restiff.

"Pray, sir, who are you that dare —" and without finishing the sentence he threw himself into an attitude of defence, if not defiance.

"Had you not better give less trouble?" coolly asked the stranger. "Am I to call assistance?"

Rapidly the truth dawned upon the Herr. The stranger, though clad in the ordinary attire of a *bourgeois*, belonged to that mysterious body, dreaded by every section of the community, since it received its orders, so it was universally believed, directly from the cabinet, or a joint committee of the holy alliance itself. Yes, he must be an agent of the secret police.

Herr Richter, however, is not hurried off to the star chamber where political offenders are dealt with, but is conducted to the Scotland Yard of Vienna—the headquarters of the *gendarmerie*—the central station for criminal suspects. In Austria it is safer to be classed with common thieves and felons than to be suspected of meddling with politics. So the Herr's mind was materially relieved; though ignominious his fate, on perceiving his destination he scarcely felt enraged at the indignity offered him.

When they had arrived within the gloomy precincts of the gaol barracks, things began to explain themselves. There was evident satisfaction, not to say exultation, on the faces of the officials. The captor was specially gratified; and waving his warrant, as though it were an honorable trophy, over the head of his unfortunate prize, he exclaimed—

"I've captured him at last; I've found him and caught him, this prince of pickpockets!" and he enacted the passion of triumph so perfectly that he jeered at and derided in true Teutonic fashion his safe and sound victim in the most cold-blooded and insolent manner.

"As I was passing down the Kätner Strasse," continued this self-gratulatory detective, "I saw him looking into a goldsmith's shop, noting every article in the window, and heard him muttering to himself, with a most complacent air, 'Any one of them could be mine in a moment if I chose.'"

A superior officer was then called, and the description in the warrant being read over, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the prisoner with the most active and desperate thief in Vienna. The personal appearance of Herr Richter tallied exactly with the written portrait in the possession of the Polizer-Haus; type and antitype could not be more exact.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the alarmed captive, "I the greatest thief in Vienna! I am Herr Richter, a gentleman, a man of property, rich enough to purchase twenty jewellers' shops. I beg you to be careful how you proceed further."

"Don't excite yourself," retorted the commissioner, "we *shall* be careful enough. You won't catch us giving you an opportunity of escape."

"*Donnerwetter!*" ejaculated the now infuriated *rentier;* "this is too much of a good thing. Just send round for my banker and he will tell you who and what I am. I'll sue you, sir—I'll sue you, sir, as sure as you are born," repeated the Herr,

Digitized by Google

growing more exasperated every moment.

The superintendent, like most men of his profession, was well versed in physiognomy, and could read the features of the human face and interpret their varied expressions. "This is not feigned anger," he said to himself.

The banker was sent for, and identified the prisoner as his friend Herr Richter. As a matter of course the wealthy gentleman escaped the grasp of the Philistines.

On leaving the beetle-browed gateway of the police barracks the Herr breathed freely again, rejoicing that matters had turned out no worse in that empire of suspicion and caprice. He moved along through the principal thoroughfare of the Austrian capital, pondering over his recent unpleasant adventure. At length he called a cab to take him to his club, where he might drown the indignity of the morning in a bumper of Tokay or Johannisberg, and invite oblivion by devouring a good dinner. Hardly, however, had he placed his foot on the step than he was forced deep down into the vehicle by a mysterious personage at his back, who, whispering to the driver, "To the police station!" enters the cab also. Speechless and aghast as though a spectre were the intruder, the unfortunate Herr Richter looked wildly at his compulsory companion.

"Sir," said the spectre—

"I know all you are going to say," feebly remarked the desperate Richter, cursing his fate.

"*Of course* you know," sneered the spectre at his side, who, however, is no spectre, but a jolly-looking individual in the prime of manhood. "*Of course* you know." And with this he dives his hand into his pocket, and drags forth the fatal warrant.

"All right!" groans out the inevitable captive, with whom despair was fast degenerating into recklessness. "All right, you need not take the trouble to read every trait. I have read the account myself. It is very correct, wonderfully correct, terribly correct."

"For a gentleman of your profession," observed the portly detective, "you are really very civil. Half a dozen such as you would marvellously improve the manners of our modern *chevaliers d'industrie*. I say, old boy," continued the pleasant thief-catcher, poking the unresisting Herr in the ribs, "you ought to think it over, and exert yourself to instil a little politeness into your tribe. It's a large section of the community, you know. If you get out again, think over my advice."

The only reply of Herr Richter was a faint, helpless smile.

Arrived at the station, a general shout of laughter greeted the captor and the captured.

The latter seated himself in a chair, and, composing his thoughts for a desperate harangue, thus addressed the commissioners present:

"Gentlemen, here I am again, and here I am resolved to remain. As it is, I should not be safe anywhere else a quarter of an hour until arrested and taken to the station by *all* your detectives one after the other. Calculating from to-day's experience, and forming a moderate estimate of the rate of locomotion at which I could proceed under the circumstances, it would take me a fortnight to get home and bury myself from the now hated gaze of mankind. You will therefore have the kindness to let me keep you company and make the personal acquaintance of each member of your force, who will then, I hope, be able to recognize me when he sees me in the streets."

The commissioner-in-chief regretted that he could not assent to the Herr's proposition. "Impossible! it would never do, my dear sir," he informed the astounded Richter, "for a civilian, even a man of your respectability and appearance, to know all the detectives; the state itself would be endangered. However," he added very graciously, "I will give you a certificate, under

Digitized by Google

my hand and seal, that you are not the man you have been taken for; and this will make, I hope, as far as lies in my power, the *amende honorable.*"

"A ticket-of-leave?"

"*Comme vous voulez.*"

Poor Richter surrendered unconditionally, glad, like the Bishop of Hereford, "that he could so get away." Never from that hour did he lose sight of that precious "ticket-of-leave," the prison release of the Austrian Scotland Yard. He always carried it about with him as a kind of amulet to charm away the too active *agens de police.* In his last will and testament he inserted a special clause, ordering that the old leather sheath, containing the official permit, should be placed in his coffin.

"Who knows how many a fix it may yet help me out of?" was written in the margin with his own hand,

Why should not I, then, do like Herr Richter? thought your humble servant, as he still lay awake. If ever the dastardly hand of a peeler be laid on my shoulder, such shall be my first step. Pshaw! why should I not take time by the forelock? why should I not go that very morning to Scotland Yard and acquaint the commissioners that my counterfeit was at large, and might commit some fearful atrocity, some terrible crime, and so beg for a ticket of recognition—a ticket-of-leave?

Alas! whilst I was putting on the breastplate and buckling on my armor against imaginary foes, I had forgotten the real danger that encompassed me. Whilst I was congratulating myself on the ingenious dispensation I was to obtain from the police, I forgot that I had not yet obtained a dispensation from the partner of my joys and sorrows who was calmly reposing by my side. Calmly reposing, I say, for nothing seemed to disturb her. There are natures, it appears to me, whose repose nothing *can* break, and it is exactly that class of natures which can most easily and effectually disturb the peace of others. It is a mighty faculty, and was possessed, *à merveille,* by Mrs. Sam.

When she woke I meekly broached my idea of police protection, thereby intending by a side-wind to establish my spotless innocence before her. Granted the necessity of police protection, the corollary would be that the story of the opera and the countess was all a myth. Mrs. Sam let me run the whole tether of suggestion with surprising complacency. I almost felt I was triumphant.

"Mr. Samuel ——, you may be guilty of whatever folly you please; it is nothing strange to you," she began in her most stately and cutting manner; "but if you think of bamboozling me and throwing me off the scent, you have mistaken your woman. The herring to trail across my path must be stronger flavored than the one you have in hand if you would turn me from the pursuit. Justice I am resolved to have, and will sift the matter to the bottom. It is not yet time to get up, and I wish to finish my sleep. After breakfast, with your kind *permission* (oh the agony of that irony!) we will together call on the countess. She, perhaps, may be able to explain."

I knew the countess had left town; but I did not dare to say so, and hypocritically assented to Mrs. Sam's proposal. She was furious when she learnt that the countess was from home. "How long had she been from home?" "A fortnight," was the testimony of the butler. "Has she not been in town since?" "No." "Was she not in town on Monday?" "Certainly not." How freely I breathed as this witness gave his involuntary and corroborative evidence in my favor. Mrs. Sam turned round upon me with an incredulous smile. "I condone it this time," she graciously observed as we descended the steps, which reminded me very forcibly of the verdict of the Cornish jury—"We find the prisoner *not* guilty, only we advise him not to do it again."

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANY.

An Intermittent Fountain.—M. l'Abbe Laborde, writing to *Les Mondes*, describes a simple apparatus for producing an intermittent fountain. It consists of an inverted flask fitted with a cork, through which pass two tubes of unequal length. The longer reaches nearly to the bottom of the flask, and outside has a length of some twenty inches. The shorter tube merely pierces the cork, and does not extend to any length inside, and outside it ends immediately in a jet, which can be curved round. The flask is filled with water, fitted with the two tubes, and then, with the finger on the shorter tube, is inverted, plunging the end of the longer tube in a vessel of water. The instrument may now be fixed in this position, as an intermittent jet of water begins to flow at once, continuing until the flask is empty. The column of water in the longer tube will be seen to be alternately rising and falling, from which phenomena an explanation has been given of the cause of the intermittent flow.

On Phosphatic Deposits Recently Discovered in North Wales, by Dr. Aug. Voelcker.—An extensive mine, containing several phosphatic minerals, was accidentally discovered early last year by Mr. Hope Jones, of Hooton, Cheshire, whilst he was searching for other minerals in the neighborhood of Cwmgynen, about sixteen miles from Oswestry. Mr. Hope Jones found the phosphatic mine to be continuous for more than a mile, and to come within twelve feet of the surface. It is not far from the clay slate and lead bearing district of Llangrynag. The strata (slaty shale) contain several beds of contemporaneous felspathic ash and scoriæ, and the usual fossils of the Llandillo series are found, but not in great numbers. The strata are vertical, and run east to west, or, more correctly speaking, fifteen degrees north of west (magnetic). A true vein, or fissure containing vein deposit, partially metallic, divides two phosphatic deposits. One of them is nearly three yards in thickness, and embodies phosphatic limestone beds, containing from ten to upwards of thirty-five per cent. of phosphate of lime. The other, and more valuable deposit, is a yard and a half thick, and consists of a black, graphitic shale, largely impregnated with phosphate of lime. This deposit is free from carbonate of lime, and much richer in phosphate of lime than the first-mentioned deposit. In specimens taken at a depth of about twelve feet from the surface, Dr. Voelcker found from 54 to 56 per cent. of phosphate of lime in this phosphatic shale. At a greater depth the shale becomes richer in phosphates, and, consequently, more valuable. In the deeper specimens the proportions of phosphate of lime amounted to 64¼ per cent. This phosphatic mine is readily accessible, and naturally drainable to a depth of about 500 miles, and contains many hundred thousand, if not millions, of tons of valuable phosphatic minerals. The discovery of this extensive mine in England appears to be of great importance to the English agriculturist, who at the present time consumes annually many tons of phosphatic minerals in the shape of superphosphate and similar artificial manures.

Belgian Records.—The Royal Historical Commission of Belgium, which for some years past has been doing good service by publishing records and indexes of the documents relating to the domestic history of Belgium, held its usual quarterly meeting a few weeks back. M. Galeshoot presented a copy of the "*Livre des Feudataires*" of John III., Duke of Brabant, copies of which were ordered to be distributed to the scientific and other bodies entitled to receive the publications of the commission. At the same time, M. Piot, chief keeper of the archives, submitted a proposal to publish the chartulary of the abbey of St. Trond, which was founded in the year 660. The documents of which the chartulary is composed are of high interest, and commence in the eighth century. They

Digitized by Google

throw much light on the civil and religious history, manners and customs, and institutions of the middle ages.

Sun-spot Period. — Professor Wolf, of Zurich, has undertaken the laborious work of determining the number of sun spots at the different periods when the planets, more especially Jupiter, are in perihelion and aphelion. In the year 1859 he expressed his opinion that Jupiter determines the leading character of the sun-spot curve, that Saturn causes small alterations in the height and length of the undulations, and that the earth and Venus determine the indentations of the curve. More recently. Mr. Carrington and Mr. De la Rue have returned to the same subject, and the latter, in conjunction with Mr. Stewart, has found that when "the sun or a part of the solar surface approaches a planet, the spots disappear, or the brightness increases." It is the intention of Professor Wolf to calculate for every five days a mean relative number of sun-spots during the period 1811-1865. He gives the results of a portion of his labors in showing the connection of the sun-spot period of 11.11 years with the revolution of Jupiter between the years 1805 and 1816. The numbers given are certainly very remarkable, for whilst only 21 spots were visible soon after the perihelion of Jupiter in 1809, 64 were seen in 1815 at the time of the aphelion. The progression of the numbers is otherwise very remarkable.

Plastic Wood.—Among new inventions we hear of plastic wood, or rather of a method by which wood can be rendered plastic, and so applied to various novel purposes. The method consists in forcing dilute hydrochloric acid, under pressure, into the cells of the wood, and continuing it a sufficient time, according to the quality of the wood operated on. When completely saturated with the acid, the wood is washed in water, and subjected to pressure, which presses the fibres close together without breaking them, and reduces it to about a tenth of its original bulk, and the size and form thus impressed on it remain unaltered. Thus, if pressed in dies, the details retain all the sharpness ever afterwards, unless the wood should get soaked with water. Wood treated in this way is particularly well suited for carvings, as it cuts under the tool almost as easily as cheese; and it may be made ornamental, for various dyes can be forced in to color it at the same time with the acid. But it can also be made hard as flint and incombustible, by forcing in a preparation of water-glass or soluble flint. From all this, it seems likely that wood may be employed in new ways for ornamental and useful purposes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 8vo., pp. 435. New York: P. O'Shea. 1866.

This book, which was merely announced in our January number, is the fruit of Dr. Brownson's mature age, ripe experience, great learning, and extraordinary intellectual and literary culture and discipline. It would seem that his life-long labors as a philosophical and critical writer had been simply a course of preparation for this crowning achievement, and that nothing less severe could have trained his mind to grasp and handle the great principles involved with such masterly power, ease, perspicuity, and completeness.

The questions discussed are: Government; the Origin of Government; Constitution of Government; the United States; Constitution of the United States; Secession; Reconstruction; Political Tendencies; Destiny—Political and Religious. The argument throughout is sustained and connected in such a perfect manner, and the connection between the divisions of the subject so thoroughly welded, that it is impossible to make extracts at all within the compass of this notice which would give a correct idea of the work. It must be read and studied to appreciate its beauty, scope, and cogency.

Government and the origin of government are analyzed and placed on their historical and metaphysical basis.

Digitized by Google

The constitution of the United States is explained in a manner never before attempted or approached. The relations of the United States to the states in the Union, and their relations to her as a unit, are for the first time made clear and intelligible, and secession, while dealt with charitably as respects individuals and the erroneous premises honestly entertained by multitudes both South and North, is logically proved to be the highest of political crimes—"*state suicide.*" The constitutional and Christian method of restoration is pointed out, and the glorious destiny of the country painted on the sky of the future with artistic beauty and prophetic grandeur.

The style is remarkable for its strength, density, clearness, and purity. It supports and carries forward the immense weight and volume of thought, argument, and historical and philosophical illustration without apparent effort, and transmits the author's meaning directly to the intellect, like a ray of light passing through a Brazilian pebble to the retina. If Dr. Brownson had done nothing else, his philoiogical labors would entitle him to the lasting admiration of every lover of pure English.

We do not expect the work to be popular in the common sense of the term, or that it will escape the vituperation of narrow-minded men and those who have used all their feeble power in vain to pull down the structure of constitutional unity. But we do believe that it will be read and appreciated by a very large class of right-minded, thinking men South and North, and exert an immense influence in the direction of complete reconciliation and reconstruction by demonstrating the absolutely illogical character of secession, while it does justice to the honesty, manhood, courage, military skill, and fortitude displayed by the Southern people. It is the logical defeat of the rebellion. It places Dr. Brownson in the first rank as a Catholic statesman, doctor of laws, and fervent, consistent patriot. He is the citizen who never despaired of the republic. Every man who wishes to understand the history and politics of the country must study this book, and if we are to realize the destiny distinctly indicated by the finger of Providence, the principles which it has established must become the ruling principles of the statesmen of the country. The glove is fairly thrown to the champions of the various specious and popular forms of error, falsehood, and fanaticism, both civil and religious, and they will be compelled to take it up and defend themselves successfully or be condemned by default in the final verdict of mankind. The typography, binding, and general execution are equal to the best London books.

JOURNAL OF EUGENIE DE GUÉRIN. Edited by G. S. Trebutien. 12mo., pp. 460. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

This very remarkable and most attractive book has already received a lengthened notice in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and we have only to add that never was there penned a book so full of the highest and most refined sentiment, touching pathos, combined with so much deep philosophic and poetic thought. What a pure and innocent soul is here revealed! Not to the world. She did not write for it, but for her own soul, and the soul of her idolized Maurice. He has found renown through these tear-bedewed pages of a devoted sister. We read it, yet can hardly believe it to be, as it is, a real journal.

Her descriptions are full of the intensest interest and charming naïveté. Here is one on a first communion:

"29th. What a sweet, simple, pious, and touching ceremony! I have only time to say this, and to declare that of all the festivals the one I delight in most is a first communion in a country district: God bestowing himself simply on children! Miou, the little Françouil de Gaillard, and Augustine were exquisite, both in innocence and beauty. How pretty they looked under their little white veils, when they returned weeping from the holy table! Divine tears! Children united to God; who can tell what was passing that moment in their souls? M. le Curé was admirable in his unction and gentleness; it was the Saviour saying to children, 'Come unto me.' Oh! how lovingly he addressed them, and then how he charged them to have a care of that white robe, that innocence with which they were clothed! Poor children,

Digitized by Google

what risks before them! I kept saying to myself, 'Which of you will tarnish it first?' They are not going to Paris, indeed; but earth is everywhere soiled, everywhere evil is found, seduces, and leads away."

That closing sentence was not thoughtlessly penned. It was for the eye of that brother whom Paris had seduced and led away into error, but who never read that gentle admonition. Maurice de Guérin died soon after, reconciled to the Church, in his last agony embracing the crucifix; but Eugénie continues her journal to Maurice in heaven. Here is a passage which will, if we mistake not, induce our readers to procure and read the whole of this delightful volume. They will find it, as we have found it, like a rare and beautiful picture, which, with a strange selfishness, we desire to be universally admired, yet wish it were all our own:

"This woman, this nurse who watched thee, and held thee in illness for a year on her lap, has given me a greater shock than a winding sheet would have done. Heart-rending apparition of the past—cradle and tomb! I could spend the night with thee here in this paper, but the soul needs prayer; the soul will do thee more good than the heart. Each time that my pen rests here, a sword pierces my heart. I do not know whether I shall continue to write or not. Of what use is this Journal? For whom? Alas! and yet I love it as one loves a funereal urn, a reliquary in which is kept a dead heart, all embalmed with sanctity and love. Such seems this paper, where I still preserve thee, my so beloved one: where I keep up a speaking memory of thee, where I shall meet with thee again in my old age—if I live to be old. Oh! yes, the days will come when I shall have no life but in the past; that past shared with thee; spent beside thee, young, intelligent, lovable, raising and refining whatever approached thee; such as I recall thee, such as thou wert on leaving us. At present I do not know what my life is, if, indeed, I do live. Everything is changed within and without. Oh! my God, how heart-rending these letters are! They contain so many tears for my tears! This intimate friend of thine touches me as would a sight of thyself. My dear Maurice, all thou hast loved are dear to me—seem a portion of thee."

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, January, 1866.

This is the first number of the new, or New York, series of this publication, which is to be issued every two months. It explains the reason and object of the change which has been made in the editorship and place of publication. The Convention of Unitarians held in this city a few months ago initiated a new and important movement in that denomination. The radical and destructive element was put down, and that party which is in favor of taking a positive Christian position achieved a victory. The *Examiner* has been made their organ, and is to be used in promoting the end they have in view. The convention solemnly and publicly recognized our Lord Jesus Christ, under that title which is indicative of his character as Supreme Head of the human race, in spite of the violent opposition of a few, which was vented in a very unseemly and vulgar manner, shocking to the Christian sentiment of the community. The declaration of belief is significant of the *animus* of the movement, and shows it to be a return to the principle of positive and constructive Christianity. The impress of this idea is visible in the new phase of the *Examiner*, and has given it at once a position far above that which it formerly occupied. In its scholarly and literary tone it is superior to the old series; but the superiority is more marked and evident in the exhibition of a more fixed and earnest purpose to aim at a definite result, and to make more positive affirmation of religious and philosophical ideas. The writers recognize the wide-spread scepticism in intelligent minds as a lamentable fact, and have turned their face away from the road of scepticism and disintegration as one that conducts only to intellectual, moral, and social death. They do not profess to have surveyed the road which leads away from this "valley of the shadow of death;" but they seem to be convinced that there is one, and to be resolved to look for it and to try to guide others in a search for it. It is difficult to say, in regard to men who allow themselves so much latitude in belief, and so great a liberty of independent theorizing, what are the fixed doctrines in which they agree as the fundamental basis of

Digitized by Google

an anti-sceptical philosophy, and what are merely tentative hypotheses thrown out for discussion. It appears to us, however, that there are several sound principles of Christian philosophy and doctrine dominating in the articles of the number before us, and which we may suppose will hereafter give a certain unity of character and tendency to the work. One of these is the affirmation of the pure theistic doctrine, in contradiction to pantheism, in connection with a manifest tendency to repudiate the sensist philosophy of Hamilton, Mansel, and that class of writers, and to look for a better one. Another is a recognition that there is something in the idea of the supernatural which is real, and above the sphere of mere natural science. A third is a principle of reverence for the Scriptures, and the religious traditions of the human race, connected with a disposition to reject the scepticism of the pseudo-critical school of Germany. A fourth is an assertion of the obligatory force of the Divine Law, and the necessity of cultivating a personal relation to God as the principle of solid virtue and morality. There is also a sort of instinctive apprehension that a more thorough investigation of the difficulties which science appears to throw in the way of revealed religion will eventually produce a more triumphant vindication of the latter than it has ever had. The topics to be discussed in the Review are the most real and living questions of the age in philosophy and theology. They will be discussed by men of no mean pretensions to learning and intellectual ability, and of superior literary cultivation. We are glad that they have undertaken the work, and we hope for good results from it. We have no fear that they will weaken the religious belief of those who have a positive, dogmatic faith in regard to any essential doctrine of Christianity. The public which will be reached by their writings and sermons, are already familiar with all the questions and difficulties they will discuss. They are full of doubt, and drifting into infidelity. All the influence which these gentlemen will gain over them will tend to check this downward progress, and initiate a salutary retrogression toward Christian truth.

Moreover, all discussions of this kind will stimulate the work of investigating and exhibiting the doctrine of the Catholic Church in its relation toward rationalism. The controversy with orthodox Protestantism is finished, and Protestant orthodoxy has gone where Ilium formerly went. The real controversy of the day relates to the very foundation of revelation itself.

SPARE HOURS: A Monthly Miscellany for the Young. Boston: P. Donahoe. January, 1866.

We have received the first number of a new magazine with the above title. It is published by Mr. Donahoe, Boston, is well printed on fine paper, and illustrated with much taste. The matter, of which there are 64 pages, is both original and selected, and displays discrimination and tact on the part of the editor. It would be well to give credit to the source from which the selected matter is taken. This magazine fills a want long felt by the Catholic community in this country. Since the discontinuance of the "Youth's Catholic Magazine" we have had no periodical that gave us any reading for our children. We cordially welcome the advent of "Spare Hours" amongst us, and trust its subscription list may show that Catholics *do* appreciate good reading.

NICHOLAS OF THE FLUE, the Saviour of the Swiss Republic. A dramatic poem in five acts. By John Christian Schaad. 12mo., pp. 144. Washington, D. C.: McGill & Witherow. 1866.

This book purposes to give, in a dramatic form, an account of the rise of a dangerous civil dissension which took place among the brave and religious Swiss during the invasion of their country by Charles the Bold, and the happy reunion of sentiment by the wise interposition and holy prayers of a hermit. How religion, or the counsels of its ministers, can ever supplant the arbitrament of the sword or the stratagems of the politician in the successful adjustment of national difficulties, will not, we think, be so readily comprehended in our present society, and chiefly so because with us there is no unity of religion, and consequently a multiplicity of counsels, the prolific seed itself of discord. But that it is

Digitized by Google

possible, as it is enviable, may be seen by any one who will peruse this poem. Peace which nations enjoy is a blessing of God. "Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain who keepeth it." It is not to be wondered at then that a people thoroughly imbued with the spirit of faith should look to God for help in the day of trial, when the demon of discord sows the seeds of strife and disunion amongst them. The thought which evidently moved the writer to compose this work is the same which has often crossed our own mind during the late deplorable civil war: that if our beloved country had been one in religion, it never would have fallen a prey to such a fearful and almost fatal division, or at least would have rejoiced in a more speedy reconciliation.

MERRY CHRISTMAS. A cantata for Christmas eve. Affectionately inscribed to the children of the parish of St. Paul the Apostle, New York city. P. O'Shea.

This little brochure contains directions, with appropriate recitatives and hymns, for a religious celebration of Christmas by children, who describe, in a sort of infantine opera, the scenes of our Lord's nativity as related in the gospel. It contains, among other hymns, some of the most beautiful Christmas carols in the English language; and when sung by the voices of merry-hearted children must have a most edifying and pleasing effect. We are sure it will be welcomed in all our schools, and at the fireside of many a Christian family. It was performed with great success before an immense and delighted audience last Christmas night in the church of the Paulists, to the children of whose parish it is dedicated.

THE MONTHLY. Edited at the University of St. Mary of the Lake, Chicago, Ill. Published by J. P. Byrne, Chicago.

The December number of "The Monthly" did not reach us until the first of January. This is rather late, and we presume is a mistake, as it has been heretofore promptly on hand. The number before us completes the second volume, and is quite interesting. It contains nine articles, the first being on "Fenianism and Secret Societies." There are two stories, one just commenced and one concluded. The former, "The Huron Chief," is a tale of the Catholic missions in the northwest, and the latter, "From June to October," is by an author not unknown to the literary world. The articles in this magazine are original, and are well written. We find in its literary notices the following hit at a class which we are sorry to say is but too numerous:

"The mission of a Catholic editor is something different from that of the mendicant who stands at a church gate with a 'Help-the-poor-blind-man' label upon his breast. And yet there are those—not a few—who look upon a pitiful subscription of three or four dollars a year to a paper or a magazine in the light of an alms, and actually imagine that they are performing one of the seven corporal works of mercy if they can be induced to subscribe, while, in justice, they are not paying a thousandth part of the interest on their lawful debts. Not long ago we happened to meet with a Catholic gentleman from New York, and among the different topics of conversation the subject of literature was brought in. This gave us the occasion to ask his opinion about 'The Monthly,' to which he replied that he was unaware of its publication, because he had never seen it noticed by a certain romantic sheet of the Quixotic stamp in that city. He is the type of a class for whose conduct there is not the shadow of an excuse. From this we might draw a general conclusion, and apply the same course of reasoning to the case of every Catholic publication in the country, for it is not rare to find Catholic families without a Catholic paper or magazine on their tables. Under these circumstances, then, it is not surprising that not a few of them should be strangers to the existence of the works which they *ought* to possess, while they may be conversant with a class of literature whose spirit is productive either of no good at all or positively injurious, and hence without either intellectual or moral benefit."

We wish "The Monthly" a happy and prosperous year.

HANS BRINKER, ETC. By M. E. Dodge. 12mo., pp. 347. New York: James O'Kane. 1866.

We could cordially recommend this well-written story were it not for one passage relating to *autos da fe* and the Inquisition. Those who have charge of Catholic youth are bound to

Digitized by Google

be extremely careful what books they place in their hands, and this becomes often a cause of perplexity, as there are so few which are entirely unexceptionable. Those who write with the express purpose of inculcating the distinctive principles of Protestantism are not amenable to our criticism. But those who do not write with this intention, and who merely seek to afford entertainment to the youthful mind with a modicum of instructive information, may perhaps consider it worth while to respect the religion of a large and increasing class of the reading public. We are not very exacting. We desire only that books written for the instruction and amusement of the young public at large should contain a sound and wholesome morality and nothing offensive to Catholics. We could not desire a better specimen of this class of books than the work of our gifted authoress, which we have read with pleasure, with the exception of the single passage alluded to; and this might have been left out without any injury to the purpose of the story. Those who are disposed to profit by our hints will find us always ready to assist the circulation of their books by our recommendation, if their literary merit renders them worthy of it.

A General History of the Catholic Church, from the commencement of the Christian Era until the present time. By M. l'Abbe J. E. Darras. First American from the last French Edition. With Introduction and Notes by Archbishop Spalding. Vol. II. 8vo., pp. 627. New York: P. O'Shea.

The second volume of the history of the Catholic Church has just appeared, and it is in every respect in keeping with the first volume; is well printed on good paper, and makes a handsome book.

The Very Rev. Dr. Newman is preparing for the press a reply to Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," lately published in London. We shall give it to the readers of The Catholic World at the earliest date.

The Messrs. Sadlier announce the publication of a new edition of Father Young's "Catholic Hymns and Canticles," together with a complete sodality manual. It will contain 107 hymns, arranged for all the different seasons and festivals of the Church, as well as the processions, ceremonies, etc.

Messrs. Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, have in press a new and enlarged edition of "Archbishop Spalding's Miscellanea." This learned work will be carefully revised by the distinguished author, who will add nearly 100 pages of interesting matter, embracing among many other things his "Essay on Common Schools throughout the World"—his "Analysis of the Controversy into which he was forced by Professor Morse, in relation to an alleged saying of Lafayette"—his "Lecture on the Origin and History of Libraries," and his "Essay on Demonology and the Reformation." This new edition will thus embrace essays, reviews, and lectures on more than forty subjects, most of them historical, and all of more than ordinary interest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Kelly & Piet, Baltimore: "The Spae Wife, or Queen's Secret, a story of the Times of Queen Elizabeth," by Paul Peppergrass, Esq. 12mo., pp 742. "The Little Companion of the Sisters of Mercy." 32mo., pp 192.

From D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York: Parts 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 of "The Complete Works of the Brothers Banim."

From P. O'Shea, New York: "Life of St. Antony of Padua, of the Order of Friars Minor," by Father Servas Dirks, Friar Minor, etc. 12mo., pp 341. "The Life and Miracles of St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr, whose sacred body was lately discovered in the Catacombs of Rome, and from thence transferred to Mugnano, Naples." 12mo., pp 135.

Statuta Diœcesana ab Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo P. D. Joanne Baptista Purcell, Archiepiscopo Cincinnatensi, in variis Synodis, quæ huc usque in Ecclesia sua Cathedrali vel in Sacello Seminarii, celebratæ sunt, lata et promulgata. Una cum Decretis Conciliorum Provincialium et plenarii Baltimorensium, quibus interfuerunt omnes statuum Fœderatorum Episcopi et Decretis Conciliorum Trium Cincinnatensium. Nunc primum in unum collecta et publici juris facta. Cincinnati: Published for the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati by John P. Walsh.

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. II., NO. 12.—MARCH, 1866.

Translated from Le Correspondant.

POSITIVISM.

A. COMTE, LITTRÉ, H. TAINE.

An exposition of the various philosophical systems constructed in our times against Christianity, either as means of combatting it or as substitutes for it, and showing in the false assumption with which they all start the reason of their failure, would be an interesting and instructive work. It would be a new *history of variations*, and of the impotence of the human mind when it assumes to be sufficient for itself, and the natural complement to the first, were there a Bossuet to write it. Now it is a chapter of this history not yet written, but which one day will be, that I propose to prepare in rendering an account here of the positivist philosophy, of which M. Auguste Comte was the inventor, and M. Littré is the learned and fervent defender. To enable my readers to understand, as well as may be, this pretended philosophy, I will first state through what accidents and revolutions it has passed, then set forth its chief formulas, and finally conclude by passing on them such critical judgment as an impartial examination shall suggest.

The founder and chief of the positivist philosophy, Auguste Comte, died at Paris in 1858, in the 59th year of his age. He was born in 1798 at Montpellier, of Christian parents; but, placed early in the lyceum of that city, he soon lost there, under the influence of the reigning spirit of the school, the faith of his childhood. From the lyceum he went to the École Polytechnique, in which the worship of the Convention and revolutionary ideas was at that period held in high honor. We recal these circumstances, because the childhood and youth of a man serve to explain his mature age.

It does not appear that M. Comte, on leaving the Polytechnic School, received, as is ordinarily the case, any appointment in the public service, civil or military—wherefore we know not. Whatever may have been the reason, as he was without fortune he supported himself for several years by giving lessons in mathematics. After a while, however, he was ap-

Digitized by Google

pointed repeater and examiner in the Polytechnic School, which position he held till the revolution of 1848. His profession as well as his aptitudes devoted him to the study of the exact sciences; but he cherished a far higher ambition, and already aspired to be the reformer and prophet of the human race. That this thought was early germinating in his mind, is proved by a pamphlet which he published in 1822, when only twenty-four years of age, entitled "*Système de Politique Positiviste*" (System of Positivist Politics). He subsequently greatly modified and enlarged it, and his pretensions above all greatly expanded as he advanced; but the first idea of his system, not difficult, however, to discover, it must be acknowledged was deposited in that publication.

About this time he became connected with Henri Claude de Saint-Simon, and being much younger than the founder of Saint-Simonism, he naturally yielded to his influence, and became very near being absorbed in the god of the Rue de Taitbout. But Auguste Comte could not consent to that; he would be master not disciple, and therefore, after having written some articles in the Saint-Simonian journal, *Le Producteur*, he abandoned the sect, separated from Saint-Simon, and lamented bitterly the precious time which that *depraved juggler*, as he called him, had made him lose. After this rupture he was restored to himself and freed from all restraint; he could devote himself to the finishing stroke of the great work he meditated.* The solemn moment approached. Hitherto he had only staked out his ground and sown the seeds, but the synthesis, the real *cerebral* unity, to use his language, was wanting. Without further delay he set himself resolutely at work, and a meditation continued for four-score hours brought him to the conception, to the preamble as it were, of the systemization of the whole positive philosophy.* But, alas! the long meditation brought with the system an access of madness. It was slight at first, he assures us, a simple passing enfeeblement of the cerebral organs, resulting from excessive labor; but the physicians took hold of it, and then the evil grew so much worse that it became necessary to shut him up in a madhouse—him who had just discovered the law of the universe! M. Littré complains that one of his collaborators in the *Journal des Débats* threw up this fact against the doctrine of his master, and he cites instances of very superior men who have had similar accidents befal them. This cannot be denied. No one can say that he is secure from such cruel attacks; but we may be permitted to remark that there is here an intimate correlation between the doctrine and the mental malady, since both are produced at the same time and by the same intellectual effort.

Two or three years passed thus, after which M. Comte, having recovered his health, resumed his labors, and in 1829 published the first volume of his "*Cours de Philosophie Positive*," in which for the first time he gives the principal data of his new theory. Five other volumes, of eight or nine hundred pages each, followed at long intervals, and it was only in 1842 that the work could be completed; not that ideas were wanting, but money to pay the printers, as the author himself tells us. During that time he opened a course of lectures, in which, under pretext of teaching astronomy, he essayed to indoctrinate the public in his principles. Thanks to these several methods of propagating his views, he at length succeeded in gaining a

* M. de Chalambert forgets to add that the cause of this rupture was precisely the attempt of Saint-Simon, after having failed to kill himself, to found a new religion, which he called *Nouveau Christianisme*, and of which the positive religion professed afterwards by M. Comte is only a manifest plagiarism.—TRANSLATOR

* A useless labor, for he might have learned it from that *depraved juggler*, Saint-Simon, who had reached it as early as 1804. Auguste Comte never made any advance on his master, but to the last remained rather behind him. With all his pretensions to originality, he was never anything more than the disciple of Saint-Simon.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

few disciples, not numerous, indeed, but enough to encourage the hope of obtaining more.

Among those who from that time adhered to the positivist doctrine we must cite M. Etex, an artist, M. Vieillard, a politician who, then unknown, afterward obtained some note, and, in fine, M. Littré, a philologist, a litterateur, and a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. This last especially was an important recruit, an unhoped-for good fortune for the new school. M. Comte (they who have tried to read him know it but too well!) was essentially deficient in the art of explaining and expressing his ideas. M. Littré knows precisely how to write, if not with brilliancy, at least with method and clearness. Moreover, he had under his influence an important public organ, *The National*, and used it to the profit of the new philosophy. In 1844, M. Littré published in that journal, of which he was an editor, a series of articles in which he extolled the positivist philosophy, declared himself its disciple, and carried his complaisance toward the master so far as to give him the brevet of a man of genius. However, unknown to him perhaps, a great transformation was about to be effected; the *affective* element of the new doctrine, hitherto neglected, was about to make its way to the light and play its part.

Toward that epoch, M. Comte encountered a woman, still young, Madame Clotilde de Vaux, who lived separate from her husband. The misfortunes of this unhappy wife, misunderstood and deserted, touched him deeply; he received her into his house, and forthwith she became his Beatrix, or, rather, his Egeria, for it was from her that he received the revelation of the new dogmas which he hastened to promulgate to the world. All at once, under the inspired influence of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, the positivist philosophy is changed into a religion, in which the *affective* element decidedly predominates. With dogma and morals, worship and the priesthood are promptly organized. The sovereign pontificate belonged as a matter of right to M. Comte, and he would no doubt have willingly shared it with his *holy* companion, but she, alas! had already been removed by a premature death, and he must be resigned to proclaim himself alone, high priest or sovereign pontiff.

This metamorphosis was so much the bolder as hitherto one of the principal theses of the positivist philosophy had been precisely that the time for religion was gone, and gone for ever. It might well startle the adepts; but it failed to frighten M. Littré, the most important among them, for we find him using still *The National* and preaching in its columns, with all the zeal of the neophyte, the dogmas of the new religion—the religion of humanity. This was, it is true, in 1851, when each day saw born and die some new sect, and M. Littré and *The National* no doubt judged that, socialism for socialism, M. Comte's socialism was worth as much as any other, and in fact was more convenient. We are inclined, nevertheless, to believe that M. Littré was really smitten and vanquished (for what is there in the way of new religions of which a free thinker is not capable?), and we are confirmed in our belief because, not content to aid the establishment of the new worship with his pen, he actually contributed to it from his purse. The republic of 1848 was not a good mother for M. Comte, although he hailed it with enthusiastic acclamations and pronounced it immortal; it despoiled him at once of his means of subsistence. M. Comte was little relished by the *savans*, and relished them still less, especially those of the Academy of Sciences, who had obstinately refused to open their doors to him. M. Arago, to whom M. Comte attributed his disgrace, judging, doubtless, that there must be some incompatibility between the dignity of high priest and the functions of a repeater and examiner in the Polytechnic

Digitized by Google

School, deprived him of these two employments, from which he drew his support. M. Littré then came generously to the aid of his spiritual father, and headed an annual subscription by which the adepts must provide for the wants of their pontiff.

While these things were in progress there came the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December. M. Comte bore this trial with a scandalous resignation. The faithful, M. Littré among others, refused henceforward all active concurrence. But, on another side he found in M. Vieillard, become a senator of the new empire, a useful protector, and, thanks to him, he could soon resume his preachments. It was, in fact, all he desired, for he was singularly free from all political ambition.

From this moment M. Comte's religious zeal only augmented, and his pen became more active and prolific than ever. From 1851 to 1854 he published four huge volumes under the title of "*Système de Politique Positiviste;*" then a "*Catéchisme Positiviste,*" a "*Calendrier Positiviste,*" and announced new works for the following years, when death took him by surprise and cut short his labors. It cannot be said that his efforts were crowned with success, and that the numbers of his disciples was increasing; on the contrary, solitude was gathering closer and closer around him; but his faith was not shaken, and he remained to the last full of confidence in the future. If *occidentality* gave little, he hoped much from *orientality,* and, in 1852, he wrote to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, and to the Sultan of Turkey, to induce them to undertake to propagate positivism in their respective dominions, by representing to them that it was the only means of salvation that remained to them.

Such is the succinct history of the positivist philosophy and religion. The religion, indeed, ended with its founder, for he declared a short time before his death that he had found no true believer worthy to succeed him in the pontificate; but the philosophy left disciples who, though they may not accept it in all its parts, yet continue to be inspired by its principles. Not long since they had an organ in the *Revue Philosophique,* in which they showed themselves much divided, and gravely discussed the question whether it must be a philosophy or a religion with which they should gratify the human race. They seem, however, after the advice of M. Littré, to have finally agreed that it is necessary first of all to reproduce the eighteenth century; that is to say, to renew, in the name of the emancipated flesh, the war against the Church and the religion of the spirit. Events have seemed to favor them, and instead of regretting the suspension of public liberty, by the establishment of the new empire, they even greet it as an advantage, since they remind us that it was under a similar *régime* that the encyclopædic work of which they claim to be the legal heirs was born, grew, and prospered. In short, M. Littré published, a short while ago, a new *brochure* under the title of "*Paroles de Philosophie Positive,*" in which he sustains all the principles of his master, and vindicates for himself the honor of having been his most faithful disciple.

We have joined the names of M. H. Taine with the names of Messrs. Comte and Littré, although he has never openly avowed himself an adherent of their school. But, beside the identity of his principles with those of positivism, the lightness of his philosophical luggage does not permit us to devote to him a separate study. We know of him on this subject only by the book entitled "*Les Philosophes Français du dix-neuvième siècle*" (French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century), a superficial work, but agreeable, in which he judges with wit, sometimes with justice, the chief representatives of the eclectic philosophy, and to which he has added a concluding chapter that gives us an exposition of his method. It is to this

Digitized by Google

method which we shall, further on, devote a few words.*

II.

It will readily be perceived that we cannot even attempt to set forth within our limits the positivist religion and philosophy in all their details and developments, and that we must confine ourselves to their chief points or leading principles. We shall take our analysis from the works of M. Comte himself, and from the series of letters which M. Littré formerly inserted in *The National*, and which he has since republished in a volume entitled *Révolution, Positivism, Conservatism*, Paris, 1851. M. Littré has reproduced the ideas of the master with a fidelity and disinterestedness rare in a disciple, and he has over the master the advantage of style and method.

Positivism assumes as its starting point that modern society is suffering from a deeply rooted evil, that it is like a man in a fever who tosses and turns in his bed, seeking a position in which he may rest at ease, and finding none. Do what it will it can find no stable position. In vain has it effected immense progress, for this very progress turns to its disadvantage. Beside, what does progress avail if society cannot enjoy it in order and peace? But whence comes this evil, this trouble, this feverish and sterile agitation? Evidently it comes from intellectual and moral anarchy. Nobody any longer believes in anything; there is no longer any law, any principle, that unites all minds in a common symbol; every one draws from himself; divided egotisms are in mutual conflict, and seek each other's destruction. If such is the nature of the malady, the remedy is obvious. It must be in obtaining a doctrine which accepted by all becomes the doctrine of all, a bond of union for them, and the principle of peace.

But where is this doctrine to be found? Is it a religious doctrine—Catholicity, for instance? The Catholic doctrine, indeed, gave formerly the result desired, and realized in the world an incomparable unity; but it has had its day; science has demonstrated the impossibility of its dogmas, and it, in fact, finds now only here and there a real believer—the great majority have ceased to believe it. Will Protestantism supply the doctrine needed? No; for Protestantism is only a degenerate and illogical Catholicism. Will Islamism give it? Islamism has certainly its grand sides, but its morality is too defective, and its dogma is hardly less repulsive than the Christian. It is, then, manifest that all existing religions are impotent for the future to rally and unite in a common bond the minds of men. But as religion cannot do it, perhaps philosophy, metaphysics, can? Metaphysics is only the abstract form of religion, resting on the same basis and sustained by it, and does nothing but substitute abstract beings that have no reality for the supernatural beings imagined by religion, and which science equally rejects. Metaphysics has, as religion, been indeed useful, has aided science to show the inanity of religious dogmas; but, if useful in the work of destruction, it is impotent in that of rebuilding, and can henceforth serve only to perpetuate intellectual anarchy—that is to say, only aggravate the evil instead of curing it. If, then, the remedy can be found neither in religion nor in metaphysics, where can it be found?

It is to be found in a doctrine which substitutes for the supernatural beings of religion, and the abstract entities of metaphysics, the real beings which science demonstrates, and the existence of which nobody disputes or can dispute. But how find or how construct such a doctrine? The experience of what has been done in the exact sciences gives distinctly enough the answer. There was a time when mathematics, astronomy, physics, did not exist, and when men explained all the phenomena

* M. de Taine has, since this article was written, published a work on English writers and literature, which has in certain quarters been well spoken of, and which really has some merit, though of a lighter sort.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

of nature by chimerical hypotheses. Now, how has man come forth from that ignorance? By observing instead of imagining, as he had hitherto done; and in observing phenomena he discovered their laws, and thus, with time and effort, he succeeded in creating the sciences which are called mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry. Can we doubt, after this, that by applying the same method or following the same process in regard to the science of individual man, or *biology*, and the science of society, or *sociology*, we shall obtain the same result? And let it not be said that these sciences are of another order; the distinction attempted to be established between them and the exact sciences is puerile and unfounded, as science exists only on condition of being exact, and if not exact it is not science. Biology and sociology have, it is true, not yet the character of exact sciences; but why have they not? Simply because they are as yet in their infancy, as was chemistry two centuries ago; because, on the one hand, they have been badly studied, and, on the other, because they are more complex and less easily mastered. The difficulties, it is admitted, are therefore great; but it is necessary to conquer them, since the salvation of the world can be secured on no other condition.

The terms of the problem are now distinctly stated, together with the method of its solution. The malady from which society suffers is intellectual anarchy, and intellectual anarchy will cease only when we have made of the sciences of biology and sociology (it is known what these sciences mean) sciences as exact as are mathematics, astronomy, etc.; and to do this it is only necessary to use the same method in constructing them that is used in constructing the so-called exact sciences.

However, the whole is not yet said. Observation is, indeed, the true method, but observation of what? Of moral phenomena, the operations of the soul? But what is the soul? Who has seen it? Certain metaphysicians have, indeed, pretended to derive all science from the phenomena of the soul; but this is a gross error; psychology is an impossible science. In psychology the subject, or rather the organ which observes, is precisely that which is observed—the eye striving to see itself. To what, then, is observation to be applied? To the body, to the cerebral organs, and, primarily, to the external world; to the inorganic world at first, afterward to the organic world, to minerals, plants, animals. The study of animals is especially serviceable, since man, at most, has over the animal only the advantage of some superior intellectual faculties, and even that advantage appears doubtful, observes M. Comte, if we compare the acts of the mammiferæ, the most elevated, with those of savages, the least developed.

After zoology, the most useful science is phrenology, the science which best teaches us what man really is. Dr. Gall under this relation has rendered an immense service, and created the true science of man. He erred, it is true, by too minute detail, and in wishing to determine at once the organs of theft, luxury, etc., which gave fair scope to criticism;* but it would be difficult to resist the accumulated proofs on which he had established his system. In short, science is now in the position to give a classification of eighteen interior functions of the brain, or a systematic *tableau* of the soul. Thus it is neither from metaphysics nor from religion, but from zoology, and, above all, from phrenology, that we must seek the knowledge of the laws which govern intelligence.

However, *method* alone does not suffice. There is needed also a *criterion*, and here M. Comte confesses that the difficulty is great.

To observe with profit, to be able, by observation, to abstract from the

* Nothing is new under the sun, says Solomon. Any one curious on the subject of phrenology may read, as M. Cousin has well remarked, in Plato's *Timæus*, all that Gall and Spurzheim, and their followers, have really established in their pretended science.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

phenomena their laws, we must have an anterior law, a type-law, to serve as the term of comparison, in like manner as a standard is necessary to determine the value of a coin. Now, what furnishes this type? Observation? But this is only to recommence the difficulty. The embarrassment can be relieved only by reasoning from analogy, and a historical theory. Positivism, after all, then, resorts to reasoning and theorizing! The sciences which are firmly seated on positive realities began in hypotheses, and it has been by the aid of hypotheses, ascertained afterward to be false, that observation has succeeded in discovering the real laws of these sciences! It must be the same with biology and sociology. Humanity began by religion, and religion has passed through three phases, fetichism, polytheism, and monotheism. Religion, truly, is only a fiction, but a useful fiction, and even necessary to the development of humanity. Fetichism, in offering plants to the adoration of man, taught him to cultivate them; polytheism, in creating supernatural beings, gave birth to poetry and the fine arts; monotheism, in elevating minds, has fitted them for the culture of science. After religion came metaphysics, which, by transforming the dogmas into abstractions, destroyed them; and, by destroying them, opened the way for positivism. Now, what has taken place for humanity in general must be reproduced for each man in particular; each one of us must pass through the religious state and the metaphysical state before we can arrive at the positivist state. Thus, then, in like manner as it has been by means of false hypotheses that the real laws of the science have been discovered, so by means of hypotheses equally false, religion and metaphysics, will be discovered the true laws of biology.

We confess that we do not very clearly perceive what relation there is between this theory and the problem to be solved. The problem is how to find a criterion by the aid of which the true may be distinguished from the false; but this criterion escapes us still, and we have for it only a second method superposed on the first, or history coming to the aid of physiology. True, we are not told what bond connects the two methods, or how we are to combine them, and from their combination obtain the type-law; but we must not be too difficult, and we forewarn our readers that they must not look for any real connection, any logical nexus, between the various propositions which we are about to place before them. Beyond the gross materialism which follows necessarily from the positivist premises, all is arbitrary and capricious; the master says it, and he must be believed on his word, without being asked for reasons, good or bad. Our readers will judge for themselves if this be not so, and that they may not accuse us of exaggerating anything, we shall give generally textual citations.

After having presented the formula of its method, or rather of its two methods, the positivist school proceeds to the application and exposition of the consequences which are derived from it or them.

In the very outset they assert that there are no absolute truths, that all truth is relative; the true, the good, the fair, are such only by a provisional title; what was virtue yesterday may be crime to-day, and what is crime to-day may be virtue to-morrow. Thus speaks M. Littré:

"The positivist philosophy is experimental; . . . . it is composed of relative not absolute notions. . . . When man, in the beginning of his scientific career, launched into unrestricted researches after the absolute, he had only this way open to him; now another way has been opened, that of experience and induction. This way cannot conduct the inquirer to absolute notions, and when we demand them of reason we demand of her more than she has. The mind of man is neither absolute nor infinite, and to try to obtain from it absolute

Digitized by Google

solutions is to go out of the *immutable* conditions of human nature."*—*Littré, Conservatism, Revolution, and Positivism, pp.* 5, 38.

If there are no absolute truths, then there is no God:

"This conclusion," says M. Littré, "rests on the decisive results of all scientific exploration during the long course of the ages, namely, that nothing of what is called first cause is accessible to the human mind, and the origin of the world can be explained neither by many gods nor by one god alone, neither by nature, chance, nor atoms. This result, erected into a principle, gradually takes possession of modern intelligence, and bears in its womb the social organization of the future of the race. . . If, for a childish and individual satisfaction, the idea of some theological being, one or manifold, is retained, it is necessary to reduce the conception forthwith to a nullity, and to purely nominal and supererogatory functions; for the result of scientific investigation is, that there is in the course of things no trace of miracle or government from above, and nothing but an unbroken chain of laws modifiable, within certain limits, by the action from age to age of mankind. As Laplace says, such a being is henceforth a useless hypothesis."—*Ib., pp.* 279, 298.

The soul has no existence distinct from that of the body, and therefore dies with it:

"This belief (concerning the survivance of the soul), which might be true, is not found to be so; science (always science!) has not been able to establish a single fact whatever of a life after death; and so, like a pond no longer alimented by inflowing streams, the opinion of an individual perpetuity gradually evaporates."—*Ib., pp.* 123.

There is room for liberty only because the biological phenomena are very complex:

"No science," says M. Littré (*ib.*, p. 114), "if the phenomenon has no law, and no power (liberty) if not complex enough to offer us struggles duly proportioned to the complication."

It follows from this that the effect of the progress of science must be to diminish human liberty, since in proportion as it elucidates questions it diminishes their complexity.

However, human intelligence must have an ideal:

"The ideal is its dream and its worship. Now what will be its ideal? Humanity itself. Humanity has a real existence; it is the great Being, really a great collective body, having a regular growth of its own, and provided, like every individual body, with temporary organs, which lose their activity, wither, and disappear in default of employment and nutrition" (*ib.*, p. 118). "Formerly, and conformably to the medium in which they moved, theology and metaphysics, its slave, gave their demonstration of the divine existence. In like manner science to-day gives the demonstration of the existence of humanity. It is no longer possible to mistake the growth of this ideal—the solidarity of its most remote past with its most distant future, and this powerful life of which each man has been, is, and will be an organ" (*ib.*, p. 283). "Humanity is a real ideal, which it is necessary to know (education), to love (religion), to embellish (the fine arts), to enrich (industry), and which therefore holds our whole existence, individual, domestic, and social, under its supreme direction" (*ib.*, p. 286).

To love and serve humanity is the whole positivist moral law. M. Littré says, pp. 291, 292: "This morality is much superior to the morality of the past, which was founded on selfishness. The 'salvation' of the theologians is as much a selfish calculation as the 'enlightened self-inter-

* M. de Chalambert might here reply, granting man has no infinite or absolute *notions*, which no finite mind can have, it by no means follows that he has no notions or conceptions of that which is infinite and absolute, or intuitions of necessary, eternal, and immutable truth, as are the first principles of all science, religion, and morals.—Translator.

Digitized by Google

est' of the materialists. The materialists say, 'Do good: it is for thy interest in this life;' the theologians say, 'Do good: it is for thy interest in another life.' Never was there a more perfect system of selfishness organized in the world; and if powerful instincts, and, it is but justice to add, sacerdotal wisdom, had not in part counterbalanced the disastrous effects of such an habitual direction, individual asceticism and aspiration to salvation would have dissolved all social bonds."

It is, we see, no longer God whom we are to love and serve, but humanity, and as humanity has few or no rewards to bestow, the worship we render her must needs be disinterested. Selfishness falls in proportion as the hope of reward vanishes. [But suppose one does not love and serve humanity, will he suffer punishment or lose anything in consequence? If so, what becomes of the positivist doctrine of the disinterestedness of the worship of humanity?—TR.]

Such are the solutions offered by the positivist philosophy on the principal points of biology, or the science of the individual; we proceed now to sociology, or the science of society.

Positivism, being at once a philosophy and a religion, must admit and does admit two distinct societies—a temporal society and a spiritual society. We begin with the first.

The aim of the temporal society M. Littré, *ib.*, p. 119, explains in the following manner: "The historic tradition itself, without anything forced, arbitrary, fortuitous, or transitory, conducts us to the reign of industry. Before industry the whole past successively falls and disappears. For the modern man industrial activity is the only temporal occupation, the only practical activity. . . . If the accession of the industrial regimen is inevitable, it is also inevitable that the chiefs of our industry should be our temporal chiefs. We have no need of patricians or of gentlemen to lead us to war and conquest; we have no need of kings or kaisers to concentrate in their own hands the power of the sword. Their functions, formerly preeminent, are now without employment (!). But we have need of directors who can conduct the peaceful labors of industry with firmness and intelligence, labors which certainly want neither complication nor difficulty nor grandeur. It is to this end that all temporal power must aspire."

If so, if industry is the supreme and last end of humanity, evidently nothing is to be changed in the present condition of property, and that the wealth of the rich should be augmented rather than diminished. The constitution of the family must also be maintained. The marriage bond is, therefore, declared indissoluble; the positivist law is in this respect even more severe than the Christian law, for, not contented with prohibiting divorce, it even forbids second nuptials. In the purely political order the republican form must obtain.

"I have thought ever since February, 1848," said M. Littré, in 1850, p. 205, "that the establishment of the republic is definitive in France, having for it the guarantee of manners which have ceased to be monarchical, and after this wholly theoretical point of view, I have constantly lived, and engage to live, in security."

This confidence, wholly positivist, has been but poorly justified by events; yet there are compensations, and, in reality, the imperial *régime*, which has succeeded to the republic, differs not so much as might be supposed from that which the positivists themselves wished to establish. The principal conditions demanded by the positivist republic are: 1. Free discussion; 2. The preponderance of the central power; 3. The rigid restriction of the parliamentary or *local* power to the vote of the budget; 4. In fine, the investment of the growing power in the hands of proletaries or working-men.

M. Comte and M. Littré both agree on all these points; they both have an

Digitized by Google

equal horror of parliamentary government, under which, says M. Littré, power passes into the hands of lawyers, pettifoggers, and sophists. Both desire three directors; but M. Comte judges it most suitable to choose three bankers, because society is industrial, and bankers, who are the lessors of the funds of industry, are in a better position than others to know its wants. M. Littré (he was writing in *The National* in 1850) preferred three eminent proletaries. "What is the proletary," exclaims he, "operative or peasant, who, if he has equal intelligence, that he should not be as capable as M. Thiers or M. Guizot of directing political affairs?" He concedes, however, that as a counterpoise to the central proletarian power, the *Chamber of Deputies* should be composed of rich men, who are the best fitted by habit to vote the budget.

Master and disciple both agree that Paris should elect the executive government; and that the rest of the French people should have the right to obey. Fear you that from such a system despotism must result? M. Littré reassures you, with his strange apothegm, "what is despotism in our days but government in the hands of the retrograde parties?" That is, despotism is simply power in the hands of those whose ideas are different from ours? Could he tell his secret with a more refreshing simplicity? He has another word which might excite some uneasiness. "The philosophical genius of the Convention was not inferior to its political genius, and, indeed, they were each the necessary condition of the other. *Positivism is their direct heir.* The whole positivist political theory, therefore, like all revolutionary theories, ends at last in this: Below, as the very condition of its existence, the sovereignty of the plebs; above, as the crown of the edifice, the dictator.

But we pass to the spiritual society. We have seen under the influence of what sentiments the positive philosophy was suddenly transformed into a religion. Madame Clotilde de Vaux had the initiative, and inspired, in 1845, the religious thought of M. Comte. From that moment it was no longer the intellect but the heart, no longer intelligence but love, that predominated in the positivist school. The disciples were transformed with the master. "I recognize and profess as the positivist philosophy requires," says M. Littré, p. 298, "that this *affective* side of human nature should always preponderate over the intellectual side." As soon as it was decided that religion should take the place of philosophy, M. Comte proclaimed a great Being and then a high priest. The great Being, who was none other than humanity itself, was defined to be "the collection of all beings, past, present, and to come, that freely concur in the completion of universal order," or more briefly, but not more clearly, "the continuous whole of convergent beings."*

The high priest (*le grand prêtre*) was, as we have said, M. Comte himself. After this came dogma and worship. The dogma had already its principal features in philosophy, and there was little to be added; but for worship, *le culte*, all was to be created. The fertile imagination of M. Comte promptly provided for it. He engaged at first in compiling and publishing a positivist catechism, by the side of which M. Littré gravely tells us "the Catholic catechism is only an embryo." He afterward constructed a calendar; he commences the new era with the year 1793, and names it *Cycle of the Great Crisis.* The year is divided into thirteen months of four weeks each; the months take the names of thirteen men of superior genius; instead of saying January, February, we must say Moses, Aristotle, etc. The days have also the names of celebrated men, but men of an inferior order. Several circular letters from the high priest to the faithful were dated the 4th of Moses,

* Aug. Comte, "*Cours de Politique Positive*, t. 1, p. 30.

Digitized by Google

6th of the Great Crisis, or 6 Archimedes, Great Crisis 64.

There was, or rather was to have been, a college of assessor priests—the number of whom was fixed at twenty thousand for Europe, one-fourth of whom were allotted to France; positivist savans and poets were to compose the college faculty.

Time and money failed for the construction of a temple for the new worship, and the apartment occupied by M. Comte, Rue des Fosses, Monsieur-le-Prince, held temporarily its place. The faithful congregated there on appointed days, and every positivist believer was required to say three prayers daily. It was, doubtless, in consequence of one of these pious exercises that M. Littré exclaimed:

"I have too clearly perceived the efficacy of this regenerative socialism in myself and in the little group of disciples, and the calm content with which it fills the soul, not to desire to take part in it. . . . In these times, when all things seem giving way, how salutary and sweet to feel ourselves in communion with the immense existence which protects us, with that humanity which is the spirit of our globe, and the providence of successive generations!"—*M. Littré, ib., p.* 294.

The number of festival days was considerable; there were fourscore and one a year. The festival of the great Being, those of the sun, the dead, the police, the press, etc. Nine sacraments were instituted:

1. *The Presentation.* The parents present the new-born child to the priest, who accepts it, or, in some rare cases, rejects it. We are not told what becomes of the new-born child that is rejected.

2. *Initiation.* At fourteen the boy is delivered to the priesthood, who take charge of his instruction.

3. *Admission.* At twenty-one the adult is admitted to the service of humanity.

4. *Destination.* Seven years after the young man is admitted to the special office which he is judged capable of filling.

5. *Marriage.* Marriage is not permitted after thirty-five in men and twenty-eight in women. Three months continence before the definitive celebration, eternal widowhood, save in some rare cases, of which the high priest alone is the judge, are enjoined.

6. *Maturity.* At forty-two the man is admitted to the full maturity of the service of humanity.

7. *Retirement.* This takes place at sixty-three.

8. *Transformation.* Perfection is prepared by repentance.

9. *Incorporation.* Burial in a garde n in the midst of flowers.

Once entered into this way, M. Comte cannot stop, and he even arrives at the Utopia of a virgin mother, at first hazarded only as a bold hypothesis, but afterward proclaimed as the synthetic *résumé* of the whole positivist religion, in which are combined all its aspects. He was preparing a special treatise on this grand discovery when death interrupted him. A word on this conception of a virgin mother. Through the indefinite progress of positivism, the wife may one day come to conceive without ceasing to be a virgin, and so universal continence become the supreme law of the positivist religion, without in other respects abolishing the social bonds of marriage.

But at least humanity, after so many efforts, once elevated to this glorious state, will henceforth remain in it? M. Comte thinks not; he inclines, on the contrary, to the belief that in spite of the positivist virtue, humanity will end by decreasing and entirely disappearing.

But we have detained our readers long enough with these sad lucubrations of a sickly brain. We could not well pass them over in silence, for they belong to the intellectual history of our times, and it seems to us some useful lessons may be extracted from them.

We have promised to make known

Digitized by Google

the philosophical theory of M. H. Taine, but as the matter is small, the exposition may be short. His theory may be reduced to the three following points:

1. The philosopher in the study of science must be disinterested, and draw his conclusions after having made his observations, without disturbing himself as to their consequences. The philosopher, in a word, must set the man aside, forget that he is a son, a father, a husband, a citizen, and regard science alone, nothing but science, with the facts observation furnishes.

2. Observation is the only method, and observation must be confined exclusively to physical phenomena, which alone are real. Metaphysical beings, notions of the soul, of first cause, are pure illusions; consequently nothing survives the body, and there is no God, at least no God that can be inferred from any observable phenomena.

3. The highest synthesis to which observation can conduce is that there is a vast assemblage of laws and phenomena which we call nature.

All this resembles positivism too closely to be separated from it. If we have distinguished it, we have done so that M. H. Taine should not accuse us of making him, in spite of himself, the disciple of a master whom, perhaps, he does not wish to own.

III.

Before proceeding to examine this strange and incoherent system either in its general principles or in its particular application, we must reduce to their first value the two propositions which we set forth as its preamble, or rather as its pretext: 1. That modern society is in want of a doctrine that unites all intelligences in a common symbol, and enables them to live in peace and harmony; and, 2. That this doctrine cannot be in the future the Catholic doctrine, though that doctrine for a long time in the past filled its office, for its dogmas are now known to be irreconcilable with the discoveries of science.

One of the most common practices of the sophistical spirit is not so much to deny facts as to distort them, exaggerate their reach, or confuse those which are distinct. This is what our positivists do in these propositions. That there is at present much intellectual anarchy, that many souls, having lost their faith, or suffered it to be greatly weakened, refuse to recognize any law except the law which they make for themselves, and that thence results a mental perturbation from which society suffers not a little, is a fact too evident and too lamentable to be questioned. It is only simple justice, however, to acknowledge that M. Comte has the merit of pointing it out much earlier than the most of his friends [and Saint-Simon much earlier than even M. Comte.—Tr.] Although strongly imbued with the revolutionary spirit he comprehended [had learned from Saint-Simon?—Tr.] as early as 1822 that that spirit, powerful indeed to destroy, is radically incapable of establishing anything, and he never spared the illusion of those who believed that the principles of the Constituent Assembly of 1789, engrafted on religious unbelief, could serve as the basis of the social edifice.

But if the evil denounced is only too real, it is not necessary to represent it as greater than it is, or to conclude, because faith in many souls has grown feeble, that it has entirely perished, and is no longer to be found among men. We know how difficult and how delicate it is to establish the balance-sheet of religious society. Appearances are deceptive, and to reach the real facts we must explore, to the bottom, the consciences of men, which only God can do. However, there are certain exterior circumstances which may enable us even on this point to approximate the real facts in the case. It is undeniable that there are in all the degrees of society men who really believe and faithfully practise religion; others who believe but practise not;

Digitized by Google

and still others who make an open profession of not believing. The first division have representatives in every social class, among the poor as well as among the rich, in the sciences, in literature, in art, in industry, in politics. Their faith in general is equally firm and enlightened, for it has been thoroughly tried, and has withstood every attack, both from within and from without.

The second class are more numerous, at least in the great centres of population, and form in those centres the bulk of society. They believe, but their faith is weak, or perhaps it were more proper to say that they have not faith, but only vague and indecisive beliefs, whose level rises or falls according to events. They recoil alike from avowed apostasy and from distinct, precise, and frank affirmation of the truth. As they have abandoned the practice of their religion, it may be supposed that they have lost all belief, but that is far from being the case, for often the slightest breath from without suffices to rekindle what seems to be extinct, but is really only asleep. It is rare, above all, that at the last moment, when the passions have been appeased, when they stand face to face with reality and see it as it is, their last and solemn word is not a word of faith.

The third class, those who make an open profession of unbelief, are relatively few; but they make up for their lack of numbers by their activity and the powerful means at their disposal. They fill high positions in the state, control the greater part of the organs of publicity, and gain the multitudes to their side all the more easily because they excel in the art of caressing popular prejudices and pandering to popular passions. Beside, their hatred of truth is greater than their attachment to any doctrine whatever, and they can, therefore, hold themselves free to attack the faith without being bound to defend anything of their own against it, or to maintain any self-consistency in their attacks. What moves and governs them is not the desire to ascertain or defend the truth, but to appear to have independence and hardihood of mind, and to *pose* themselves as despisers of the past and precursors of the future.

But to appreciate the real situation of things, it is not enough to regard the present. We must also consider the past. No society makes itself such as it is, and every society holds infinitely more from the generation that went before than from the existing generation. Now, as the society of the past was manifestly a Christian society, it cannot be that the present should not remain Christian in the greater part of its elements; and in fact, notwithstanding the formidable efforts that have been made to unchristianize modern society, and its numerous deviations, it is still the Christian spirit that inspires the laws, manners, and institutions, and so pervades the general intelligence that even those who would attack the Christian dogmas are constrained, in order to render their attacks more effective, to appeal to the very principles which Christianity has brought to light and made predominant.

Moreover, religious faith, far from decreasing, is actually progressing, and, if it has not yet recovered all the ground it had lost, its gains since the commencement of the present century have been far greater than its losses.

It is not difficult to detect the vice of the first proposition. It consists in assuming that Christian faith is dead, while it has only been lessened; that it has lost all authority over the intelligent, while, in fact, it continues to exercise, directly or indirectly, such an empire over them that its principles are universally regarded as the foundation and support of the social edifice itself.

But not contented with assuming that Christianity is dead, the positivists go further, and pretend that it cannot be restored to life, because its dogmas are found to be incompatible with the discoveries of science. This is not

Digitized by Google

a fact distorted, but a fact invented, and for which no proof is offered or attempted to be offered. We have in vain sought in the writings of Messrs. Comte and Littré even the semblance of a reason of any sort in support of the allegation. The positivists announce it, affirm it, but make no effort even to prove it, or at most only stammer out by the way the name of Galileo, as if it had not been a thousand times answered, at first, that the sacred writers must have spoken the language of their times, which after all is still the language of our times; afterward that Copernicus dedicated, in 1545, to Pope Paul III., his great work, in which he sets forth and defends the new or heliocentric system of the universe; that nearly a century elapsed before any censure of it intervened; that Galileo, although technically condemned, was neither loaded with chains nor cast into a dungeon; in fine—and it is the important point—that the holy office which condemned him, though possessing great and legitimate authority, is not the Church, and has no claim to infallibility.*

Unable to produce any facts to support their thesis, the positivists resort to historical induction. They argue that the sciences have been in a state of continuous progress for three centuries; but during the same three centuries they say faith has been in a state of continual decline; there is, therefore, an intimate correlation between the two facts, so intimate that we may assert the former as generating the latter. But to a legitimate induction, all the facts on which it depends should be carefully observed and reported, which in this case is not done.

It is not true that faith has declined in a fatal and continuous manner; nor is it true that the sciences have made their greatest progress in those epochs in which faith has most declined. Ask history. In the beginning of the sixteenth century occurred Luther's revolt; it produced in the Christian world a universal shock. During several years heresy made every day new progress, and a part of Europe was detached from the centre of unity; but very soon the movement was arrested, and before the end of that same century a reaction against it had begun, followed by a religious revival or re-birth which produced one of the grandest epochs in the history of mankind. In the eighteenth century a new attack, more formidable than the first, is made on faith; it triumphs, and seems to be on the point of destroying all truth. Yet from the beginning of the next century a second religious restoration is effected, of which it may be as yet too early to determine the full bearing on the future, but which has already had too serious results to allow its great importance to be questioned. Thus out of four centuries there are two, the sixteenth and the eighteenth, in which faith has declined, and two, the seventeenth and the nineteenth, in which faith has revived and increased. There is not then a fatal and continuous march of faith in a certain direction. There are two contrary currents that meet and combat each other, without its being lawful as yet from the point of view of science to say which will ultimately triumph.

But at least they are the centuries of doubt and unbelief in which science has made her greatest progress? Not at all. Precisely the contrary is the fact. The sixteenth century did hardly anything for science, but the seventeenth century, the age of the

* This was written before the Encyclical of the Holy Father, dated December 8, 1864, otherwise the noble author might have modified his expression so as not even to seem to incur its censure. Without raising any question as to the infallibility of the pontifical congregations when they render a dogmatic judgment approved by the Holy Father, it is evident that the judgment rendered in the case of Galileo was not a dogmatic judgment in the understanding of even Rome herself, for she has since rescinded it, and has permitted the theory to be taught in her schools as science. The judgment was disciplinary, not dogmatic, and assuming, therefore, that Galileo held the scientific truth, it offers no evidence of the incompatibility of Catholic *dogma* with science, any more than the condemnation of an unwarrantable insurrection in a monarchical country in favor of democracy would prove that the Church is hostile to liberty.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

Catholic revival, was the age of the Galileos, the Pascals, the Des Cartes, the Newtons, the Leibnitzes—the age in which not only philosophy, letters, the arts, were carried to their highest degree of splendor, but the great principles of modern science were discovered and established—principles from which have resulted all subsequent discoveries, which, it is well to remark, have been only an affair of application and patience, not of invention and genius.

But the positivists insist again that, granting there is no absolute incompatibility between science and faith, since the masters of science have been decided believers, and are so still; granting also that there is no direct relation between the progress of science and the decline of faith, since the periods in which science has grown are not coincident with those in which faith has diminished—still the general result of three centuries of activity is that science has gained and faith has lost, and it is difficult, therefore, to suppose that these two facts are wholly foreign one to the other.

We reply that if this were proposed as a mere hypothesis, it might pass, and there would be no inconvenience in admitting that the progress of science may have indirectly, and so by way of reaction, had some influence in weakening religious beliefs. In all progress, in every increase of power, there is danger. Man is naturally weak, and as soon as he feels himself in possession of a new force he suffers himself to be dazzled by it, attributes to himself all its merits, and soon comes to believe that he can suffice for himself, and dispense with all aid from above. Consider what takes place in our days. Certainly, it is impossible to conceive in what respect steam, chloroform, electricity, or photography conflicts with any Christian dogma. Religion, instead of standing aghast at these discoveries in the application of science, applauds them, and sees in them new and more efficient means of doing her own work, of ameliorating the condition of a large number, of propagating the Gospel, and drawing closer the bonds of unity throughout the world. Yet such is not the impression which they produce on all minds. Certain persons, at sight of so many marvels, are so carried away with enthusiasm as to conclude that man is on the eve of becoming God. The impression will, no doubt, soon wear away, but till it does, the intoxication continues, and hearts are inflated. In this way science may come to the aid of unbelief; not by itself, nor by the results it gives; but by the presumptuous confidence with which it too often fills the mind. As it is not and cannot be the principal and efficient cause of the success of unbelief, we must seek that cause elsewhere, in the unloosing of the passions, always impatient of the restraints of faith. History in fact teaches us that the great revolts of the intellect are contemporary with those of the will and the senses; that it was in the scandals of the revival of ancient learning in the fifteenth century that Protestantism was conceived; that more lately it was the *les petits soupers* of the Regency and under the impure inspirations of the Pompadours and the Du Barrys that was spun and woven the conspiracy against the God of Calvary. Modern unbelief may boast of the independence it has acquired, but assuredly not, if it has any self-respect, of its shameful cradle.

So we see that the very propositions which serve as a pretext to the positivist system are belied by the historical facts in the case. Far from being ready to perish, religion is every day making new progress, and none of its dogmas have as yet been contradicted or weakened by any of the real discoveries of science.

The positivist system itself, it will be recollected, is based on the assumption that no doctrine can henceforth obtain the assent of the intelligent, save on condition of being positive,

Digitized by Google

that is, as rigidly demonstrable as are the physical sciences. Such a theory hardly needs refuting, so contrary is it to common sense and the universal beliefs of the race. But as it has been set forth at length in a series of huge volumes, maintained and lauded in an important political journal, counts still many adepts, has been recalled not long since to the public attention by a work written by one of their number who has the honor of being a member of the Institute [and as it is gaining no little ground, under its philosophical aspect, in Great Britain and the United States—TR.], it is not permissible to neglect it, and we feel it necessary, if not to combat it directly, at least to point out the levity and inconsistency of its originators and adherents, who claim to be reformers of the human race, and with imperturbable gravity pretend that for six thousand years mankind has been the dupe of the grossest error, and that before their advent there were only illusion and falsehood in the world.

The assumption from which the system proceeds is that the real, the positive, is restricted to the world of the senses, or the material universe, and that what transcends the material order is for us at least unreal—a thesis directly opposed to that of Des Cartes, who taught that thought is the phenomenon the most real, the most positive of all. Now which is right, the author of the "Discourse on Method" or M. Comte? No great effort is needed to prove that it is Des Cartes, and that the existence of spiritual phenomena is not only more certain than that of physical phenomena, but more positive and more easily proved, because the knowledge of spiritual phenomena is direct and immediate, while that of sensible phenomena is only indirect and mediate. All knowledge, rational or sensible, is a spiritual phenomenon. Matter may be the occasion or medium of it, but can never produce it, for it is always spirit or mind that knows even in sensation or sentiment. We may be deceived as to the meaning of the phenomenon, but never as to its existence.*

Nevertheless, after having denied all the truths or principles which are the basis of all moral and intellectual life, the positivists pretend to pass from negation to affirmation, and undertake in their turn to dogmatize. But to affirm any doctrine whatever it needs a method, and we have shown that on the purely negative method which they commence with, they can never legitimately affirm anything. What then can they do? They invent another method, which they call induction, because they pretend that it is from the observation of the facts of history that they induce or draw their doctrine; but the process they adopt has none of the characters of a real induc-

* As a subjective fact, there can be no doubt of its existence; but this, with all respect to M. de Chalambert, is nothing to the purpose. All phenomena are subjective, and therefore mental, if you will, spiritual; but is there an objective spiritual reality revealed by these spiritual phenomena? This is the question, and I need not say it is a question not answerable on the Cartesian principle or method. Few persons outside of France regard Des Cartes as worth citing as an authority in philosophy, for, beginning with thought as a psychological phenomenon, he never did and never could attain scientifically to any objective existence, either spiritual or material. The error of Des Cartes was in seeking to settle the question of method before settling that of principles; the principles determine the method, not the method the principles, as M. Cousin, misled by his veneration for Des Cartes, pretends; and the principles are necessarily *à priori*, prior to experience—as without them experience is not possible—given, intuitive, and therefore objective. The real existence of the spiritual or supersensible order, superior to and distinct from the material, is certain from the demonstrable fact that the sensible has its root only in the supersensible, and the material in the spiritual, both as to the order of knowledge and as to the order of being. The author maintains the truth against the positivists, but his reasoning is not conclusive, because he is misled by the Cartesian method, which is the method of the positivists themselves. Malebranche followed in one direction the Cartesian method, and lost the material world; the Abbé Condillac followed it in another direction, and lost the spiritual world; the positivists follow it in both, and lose all reality, and, with Sir William Hamilton, make truth purely relative; that is, subjective, and as pure subjectivity is impossible, thus positivism is positive nihilism. The author proceeds to refute, on the Cartesian method, the denial by the positivists of the existence of spirit, of the absolute, of God, and the immortality of the soul; but as I do not regard his reasoning, though in defence of the truth, conclusive, I omit it, and pass to his exhibition of the inconsistencies and absurdities of positivism, in which he is admirable and perfectly successful.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

tion. To induction three things are necessary; the principle of causality, general notions, and particular facts.*

Experience gives the particular facts, and, by the aid of the principle of causality, we determine by way of induction their laws; that is, by means of particular facts we determine the general notions hitherto confused and vaguely perceived [that is, refer them to their respective genera or species.—TR.] The positivists, then, who recognize no principle [of causality, and deny all general notions or notions of the general prior to the particular facts.—TR.] can make no induction, and have no scientific basis, no logical nexus for their theories, and are left to the caprices of their own imagination. Imagination, and imagination alone, is the new method they employ.

The human mind, according to the positivists, is radically incapable of knowing causes, and if it attempts to know them it exhausts itself with fruitless efforts. This is wherefore they treat as illusions all the causes which philosophers assign to phenomena. They deny the metaphysical being, God as cause; yet they substitute the metaphysical being humanity, and not content with affirming it, they even define it, both as principle and cause, to be a great collective being—living a life of its own, and advancing continually through the ages from progress to progress, and from whom all individual existences proceed as their beginning, and to whom they all return as their end. Nor is this all. After having defined this metaphysical being, they explain it, and pretend to know what it has been, what it is, and what it will be—they, who declare that Plato, Aristotle, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Des Cartes, and Leibnitz have done nothing, because in attempting to penetrate the mystery of human life these master minds broke against an insolvable problem—they, we say, do not hesitate to raise the veil, and to give us the complete solution of the far more formidable mystery of human destiny. They know its origin. Humanity has begun in fetichism; M. Littré, however, has discovered, since the death of his master, that prior to fetichism there was a state in which man like the brute sought only to satisfy his physical wants; but he maintains that at any rate, if fetichism was not the first it was at least the second state of humanity. If we ask him what proofs he has of this, he confesses that if direct facts are demanded he has none; but he has arguments, and here is the way in which he argues:

In America and the unexplored regions of Africa savage tribes are found who were and still are fetich worshippers, *therefore* so was it with all men in the beginning! Such is the positivist induction.*

Positivism continues: From fetichism humanity passed to polytheism, and then from polytheism to monotheism. But it forgets that it is not permitted to take the part for the whole, and if Europe became Christian after having been pagan, it has not been the same with all the world, for on one side we find the people Jewish, who have always believed in the unity of God, and, on the other side, we find many nations still remaining immersed in the darkness of idolatry. But we must not be too exacting with the positivists. They have here really some

* I transfer the word *notion*, although no notion is or can be general, because French writers frequently use it when they really mean not *notion*, but the object or thing noted. I do not approve of this use either in French or English. We may have notions of the general, but not general notions; a notion, if you will, as has been previously said, of the absolute (though absolute is itself a bad term for necessary, eternal, immutable, and infinite being), but not absolute notions. The *notion* is subjective, the *noted* is objective. To all legitimate induction there is necessary causality, the general—the universal, as say the schoolmen—and the particular, and unless the mind has *à priori* knowledge or intuition of them, no induction is possible. This is what the author evidently means, and it is undoubtedly true.—TRANSLATOR.

* How know the positivists that these savage tribes do not represent the degenerate man, rather than the primitive man—man cut off from communion with the central life of humanity, not man in his first developments?—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

partial facts which they can use, though not legitimately, as the basis of an argument.*

As to the future, who can doubt that humanity will be positivist? Can any one prove the contrary? Is not the future a domain open to all, and where each may imagine for himself the part that pleases him? And yet, even in regard to the future, it is necessary to be circumspect. Young as positivism is, it has had the pain of seeing more than one of its predictions falsified by the event. In 1850 M. Littré assured us that the race had arrived at that degree of civilization that rendered war henceforth impossible, and that the republic was definitively established in France. What does he think of either prediction now? He would have obliged us if he had given us his explanations of these predictions in his last publication. The first would, perhaps, have embarrassed him; the second would give him less trouble, because the destruction of the republic of 1848 by the empire accords only too well with the positivist hostility to a really representative government.

It is useless to press the matter further. There is in the positivist induction no trace of a rational process, and positivism in the last analysis is simply the product of pure imagination. Moreover, M. Littré is so well aware of it that he has taken in advance his precautions against all unfavorable criticism. It may say what it pleases, he will not hear or heed it; he professes to be a positivist, and positivist he will live and die. His decision is made. Beside, no one who has not taken his degree of doctor in the mathematical, astronomical, physical, and chemical sciences, understands or can understand anything of positivism, and is incompetent to its discussion. But if instead of opposing one is disposed to accept it, he is very accommodating, and by no means exacts so laborious and painful an initiation. He requires only one thing—namely, the denial of the supernatural order. To be received into the positivist school it is not necessary to affirm or to believe anything—simple denial suffices.

We must in concluding make a single reference to M. Taine. As the positivists, M. Taine denies metaphysics, all metaphysical (spiritual) beings, God, and the human soul, and like them he substitutes for these others of his own fashioning. From Messrs. Comte and Littré he separates only on a single point. To the cause *humanity* he prefers the cause *nature*. There is no disputing about tastes. We add merely a word on one of the fundamental maxims of M. Taine's method. The philosopher, he says, must be in the study of science perfectly disinterested, and even to the degree of forgetting that he is a father, a son, a husband, a citizen. He must take account only of the facts furnished by observation, and in no respect trouble himself about their practical consequences. Were the facts observed to prove that paternal love, filial respect, conjugal tenderness, and devotion to one's country are empty words or dangerous illusions, he must not hesitate to immolate these sentiments on the altar of reality—of science. We do not discuss such a doctrine. The irreflection of the author (we can suppose nothing else) is so great that we need only indicate it. Does not M. Taine comprehend that the disinterestedness or indifference of the philosopher must consist not in abjuring the eternal principles of the just, the true, the good, the beautiful, and the noblest sentiments of the human heart, but simply in silencing within

* Truth is older than error, and man began not in error, but in the truth, the sole principle of life and growth. Monotheism preceded, historically, both fetichism and polytheism, and the earliest and most authentic historical documents that we have prove that all the world began by believing in and worshipping one God. Polytheism bears evident traces of a prior religion which asserted the unity of God, of being not a development of fetichism, but a corruption of monotheism, as positivism bears unmistakable traces of its being a corruption of Christianity; a conclusive evidence that it never could have originated in a society that had never known and believed the Christian religion.—TRANSLATOR.

Digitized by Google

him the voice of prejudice and passion, so as to leave his understanding free and unbiased? Knows he not that to know a fact he must study it first in himself and in its essence, and then in its manifold applications? The chemist asserts a substance only after, having resolved it into its elements, he has experimented on it in all its effects; in like manner, it is not enough for the philosopher to have studied a doctrine in its principle, he must go further, and establish that in its applications it conforms to the laws of the just, the true, and the beautiful. It is, in fact, this accordance that is, all things considered, the surest test of its truth. The moral is the counter-proof of the intellectual. M. Taine and his school recognize, it is true, no principles anterior to facts, and therefore want, as M. Comte avows, a type-law, a term of comparison, which may serve as the criterion of the judgment of facts themselves; but is there a more manifest mark of the falsity of a theory than that it leaves the human mind without any means of determining the significance of phenomena, without a touchstone to determine whether the metal be gold or copper?

But it is time to close. It is assuredly a grave fact, and one that merits more attention than it receives, that a doctrine so thoroughly materialistic and atheistic can be produced in our age, that it can obtain adherents, and be recognized by important and widely influential public journals, which, without openly displaying its flag, insinuate its principles, and strive to infuse it into the minds of their readers. Yet this fact is nothing new. There are always atheists in the world; even in the time of the Prophet King the impious said: There is no God. *Non est Deus.* But we discover in the positivist system a sign or symptom, if not graver at least more alarming, in the manifest enfeeblement in our time of reason, and the rational faculties of the soul, which it supposes. We know that society is not responsible for all that is said or done in its bosom, but we know also that people are in general treated as they deserve to be treated, and that writers, journalists, and system-mongers, when they believe they are addressing a community accustomed to think, to reason, to reflect, and to render an account to themselves of what is addressed to them, are on their guard and weigh carefully what they say. They may assign bad reasons, but they will at least assign reasons of some sort, and take great pains to do it, as the thing most essential to their success. There have always been sophists, but the sophist of former times reasoned; the sophist of to-day reasons not, he simply imagines. Do not attempt to refute him; he will not listen to you, for he understands not the language you speak; he denies or affirms with assurance, with audacity, even at the command of his passions or his caprices; he seeks not to convince, but to startle, to astonish, and neither proves nor cares to prove anything. Things have come to such a pass that Voltaire himself, if he could return, would blush with shame for his children. He might still smile approvingly on their blasphemies; his good sense would be shocked with the incoherence and extravagance of their theories; and he would say to them, Continue, my children, to deny, to crush *l'infame*, all that is well, but do have the grace not to attempt to put anything in place of what you deny. You are not equal to that, and can only render yourselves ridiculous.

The evil is very real and very great, but it has already been denounced by an authority so high, and with so much eloquence, that I need not any further insist on it. I would simply add that it calls for a prompt remedy, since the peril is great and imminent. When faith grows weak in souls, and reason remains, there is hope; for reason well directed leads back to faith, since human reason is the child of the divine reason, and

Digitized by Google

cannot persist in denying her mother; but when reason in her turn goes, and leaves only imagination in her place, there is no ground of hope; and everything is to be feared, for no means of salvation remain. Imagination is, indeed, one of the powers and one of the grandeurs of the human mind, which it elevates and adorns; but if it comes to predominate alone, without supporting itself on reason, it loses its virtue and its beauty, and is proper only to dazzle, to pervert, to bewilder and mislead. It sheds darkness, not light, or if it emits still some gleams, it is only to gild with a last and false splendor a dying civilization. When the barbarians thundered at her gates, Rome still imagined, but she had long since ceased to reason.

COUNT VICTOR DE CHALAMBERT

From Chambers's Journal.

PLAIN-WORK.

"THANK goodness, Lizzie! you were taught to work."

My husband is constantly repeating this sentiment to me, and I decidedly agree with him that it is a great cause for thankfulness. I may say, in passing, that I don't believe I should ever have married my husband at all if I had not been able to work, for one of his very first questions to me upon our becoming acquainted, was as to what occupation I took most pleasure in, and upon my answering "Plain-work," a pleased smile came over his face. From that moment, he has since confessed to me, he made up his mind that I should be his wife. I am now the mother of a large family, with constant demands upon my needle, and what I should do, if I had not early acquired the use of it, I cannot think. I made a point of teaching my own girls as soon as ever they became old enough to handle their needles, and if they don't all turn out good plain-workers, it certainly won't be my fault.

I look upon occupation as the true secret of happiness, and surely there is no occupation so well suited to a woman, whether she is the wife of a gentleman or a laborer, as needle-work. I would encourage the taste for it as early as possible in a girl, as I think it has such an influence for good on her character in making her womanly and sensible. It has also the effect of producing tidy habits, for no girl who can thoroughly use her needle will be content to go about the house with her frock torn or a rip in her petticoat; but, upon the first appearance of a hole, she will sit down and carefully mend it. When still quite young, she works for her doll; a little older, for some poor child in the village, or her own younger brothers and sisters. In either case, she is learning to be loving and kind, and the habit of working for others and being useful is good for her.

You wish probably to fit your daughter for her future career in life, and you naturally look forward to her marriage as the aim and object of your most ardent desires. I know I do with regard to my own girls, for, being a happy and married woman myself, I cannot bear the idea of their becoming old maids. Well, if you want her to marry, and you desire to train her to be a good wife, teach her to work; you are laying the foundation of much future happiness, and her husband will bless you for it. Say she marries a man not too well off, who is constantly engaged in his profession, and she is in consequence forced to spend

Digitized by Google

many hours of her day alone. This is very trying to her at first, fresh from a happy home and the bosom of a large family. She turns to her needle as her companion and solace during her husband's absence, and finds her greatest interest and pleasure in working for him. She keeps his clothes in good repair, and he never finds his socks in holes or his shirts minus their buttons. Very likely—and happy I consider it for her if it is so—his wedding outfit may have been small. In that case, she can employ herself in making him a new set of shirts; whilst her odd moments may be profitably spent in knitting him a set of warm socks against the coming winter. Depend upon it, he will never find any shirts that fit him so well, or any socks so comfortable, as those made for him by his wife during the early days of their married life. This gives her so much occupation during her day that she has no time to be dull or discontented. She gladly puts away her work when she expects her husband's return, and she meets him with a cheerful smile, being happy in her own mind and feeling that she has been praiseworthily engaged. She is also ready to enter into his interests and pursuits, in which she finds an agreeable relaxation.

Then there's the coming baby to work for. What mother does not remember the delights of working for her first baby! The care and thought bestowed first upon purchasing the materials, then upon cutting them out to the best advantage, followed by many months of happy employment in making them up. The little articles, when finished, are carefully put away in a drawer set aside for the purpose, and bunches of lavender are placed amongst them.

The first baby is born, and others follow, and the cares of a family come rapidly upon your child. She now feels the real use of her needle, and she learns to thank you accordingly for the pains you took with her. Not only can she sew well, but she knows how to cut out; and she has such a first-rate eye, from long practice, that she can take her patterns from the shop-windows. She makes the best use of her powers of observation. That which makes men good soldiers, doctors, engineers, literary men, artists, and naturalists, makes her a good plain-worker. In her own line, she is not to be beaten. Perhaps she is a little proud of her talent; but she uses it to good advantage, and her husband has the comfort of seeing his children well clothed, and of finding his bills comparatively small. Constant practice has also given her a capital knowledge of the value of materials, and she understands thoroughly the textures of different cotton, linen, and woollen fabrics, so that it would be very difficult to impose upon her.

I have taken it for granted that your daughter marries a poor man, as poor men unfortunately predominate in this world, and it is always as well to be prepared for the worst. But her husband may be rich or, at all events, well enough off to render it unnecessary that his wife should be a slave to her needle. You will still find that you have done your girl no injury by imposing upon her the early habit of using that instrument. You have, at all events, given her the power of superintending her servants, and seeing that their work is properly done; and she will not so easily be taken in by her dressmaker, or trampled upon by her nurse, who will soon find out that "missis" knows how to work for her own children, and will respect her accordingly.

But supposing that your daughter does not marry at all, still her knowledge of plain-work will not be thrown away upon her. If left poorly off, she has her own clothes to make and mend, and if not, surely there are plenty of claims upon her. There is her more fortunate sister, who married young, and is now a widow, with six children on her hands—think of the comfort and use her needle may be to them! Then her brothers are

Digitized by Google

most of them married with families, and Aunt Susan's work is invaluable, If she has no brothers or sisters, but is left entirely alone in the world, and so well off that she does not require to work for herself, let her turn to the poor, and give them the use of her needle; she will certainly find a never-ending field amongst them. By the time she has worked for all the babies in the parish, and helped the mothers about the clothes for the elder children, she will find she has occupation enough for her fingers to keep her mind happy and interested, and to prevent her from dwelling upon her own loneliness. She can also spend some time profitably in instructing the girls in the village-school how to cut out and sew. The ignorance upon these points in some schools is perfectly lamentable. I took a nursery-maid for my eighth baby straight from a national school. She was a fine healthy girl of sixteen. It will hardly be credited that she could not hold her needle properly! She doubled it up in her hand, and pushed it into her work in the most extraordinary manner. I tried in vain to teach her by every means in my power, but if the knack of holding the needle is not learned in early life, it is rarely acquired afterward. Although so very awkward about her work, that girl had been taught to crochet ridiculous watch-pockets, and to knit impossible babies' shoes, with such wonderful pointed toes that no infant I ever saw could get his feet into them. At length I was obliged to part with her on this account, though a tidy, active girl, and satisfactory in many ways. She is not the only case I have had in my house of ignorance on the subject of plain-work. Some of my servants have been able to sew well enough, but have not had the remotest idea of cutting-out and placing their work. I have often thought, if I had only time to spare, how much I should like to teach the rising generation the little I myself know of the art of plain-work.

In these days of sewing-machines people think much less of needle-work than they did formerly. I don't approve of sewing-machines myself. My husband accuses me of being jealous of them, but in this he is unjust to me. I don't approve of them simply because I think that the work produced from them—though I grant that the stitches may be regular enough—cannot be compared to good hand-work, particularly when employed upon fine materials. I have seen machine-work in every stage, and from the very best sewing-machines, and I never could consider it equal to good hand-work. I feel convinced in my own mind that sewing-machines will have their day, and that when that day is over, plain-work done by hand will be at as high a premium again as ever. Even pillow-lace is now gradually recovering the place it once occupied in public estimation, and from which it was temporarily ousted by lace produced from that unutterable abomination, the *machine*, and which used to be called "Nottingham lace."

I acknowledge machine-work may be all very well for cloth clothes, and useful in families where there are many boys; but my ten children are mostly girls, and I don't at all covet a machine. My husband offers me one periodically, and I as often refuse it. I could not bear to have one in the house, it would be going so entirely against my own principles.

It is most important, when a girl is learning to work, that great care should be taken with her to prevent her from acquiring bad habits; such habits, I mean, as clicking her needle with her thimble, pinning her work to her knee, biting the end of her thread, and sticking her needle into the front of her dress. These habits once gained will probably stick to her all her life, and she will find the greatest difficulty in overcoming them. It is therefore advisable that she should be taught to work by her mother, rather than be left to the instruction of servants. A

Digitized by Google

ladylike manner of working is essential, and should be carefully cultivated, for work may be executed both neatly and rapidly without the acquirement of any of these vulgar peculiarities. A great point to be learned connected with plain-work, and one that I consider quite indispensable, is the art of cutting out accurately and without waste of material. Far too little importance is attached to that branch of work, and many women go to their graves without acquiring it, having been dependent all their lives upon their servants or some kind friend for having their work cut out and placed for them. When this is the case ladies are apt to be too much under the thumb of their ladies' maids or nurses, who are not slow to profit by their own superior knowledge, and domineer over their mistresses accordingly.

Where there are a number of the same articles of clothing to be made, it is advisable to cut out one garment first, being careful to take the pattern in paper, and to complete it before cutting out the rest of the material. By this means an opinion can be formed as to whether it fits properly and any necessary alterations may be made. The other articles may then be cut out all together, care being taken to pin the separate parts together, to avoid their being mislaid or any mistakes made. It is no doubt essential that sewing should be neatly done, but I think this need not be achieved at the entire expense of all rapidity of execution. It really is perfectly ludicrous to see some women at their work. They look at each stitch when completed, and give it a little approving pat with the top of the thimble; and at this rate, though the neatness of the work may be undeniable, still so little is accomplished, that it is hardly worth the trouble of doing it at all. Method in plain-work is also highly necessary, and much time and labor may be spared by keeping all the materials in the proper places. If every article when done with is put away carefully, it is sure to be forthcoming when again required. Thus, there is no time wasted in searching for a missing reel of cotton, or hunting up a pair of scissors. The cleanliness of the work is also thereby kept unimpaired.

The greatest care should be taken with the pieces of broken needles, which are too apt to be left carelessly about the floor, and which are most dangerous, especially when there are any young children in the house. I must confess, and I do it with shame, that there was a time when I was not as careful as I am now. I never shall forget my husband's indignation upon coming into my room one day, where our second baby was crawling about on the ground, at finding a piece of a broken needle in her hand, quite ready to put it in her mouth. I think he was more angry with me then than he had ever been before during our married life. It was certainly a good lesson to me, for I have been most careful ever since, and I'll trouble him or anybody else to find a broken needle about my carpet *now*. Waste should be carefully avoided, both with regard to ends of cotton and pieces of material. The scraps of the latter which are too small to be of any use, instead of being left littered about the room, should be thrown into a waste-basket, to be cleared by the housemaid, and the larger pieces should be tidily put away. The time will probably come when they will be required for some purpose or other; and if pinned up in a tight bundle they will not occupy much space in a drawer or basket kept for the purpose.

I trust I have not ridden my hobby to death, nor worn out the patience of my readers, but it is a subject the importance of which I strongly feel. It must not, however, be supposed that I advocate the cultivation of work to the exclusion of more intellectual pursuits, or that I wish to take the bread from the mouth of my poorer sister. I consider a thorough know-

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Digitized by Google

ledge of the science of plain-work to be essential to every woman, be she rich or poor, and that in it she will always find a sphere of usefulness. It will, if cultivated, turn out for her own benefit, and the comfort and happiness of those around her, and surely it shall be said of her that "her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SAINT PATRICK.

BY J. CASHEL HOEY.

THE question of the birthplace of St. Patrick—a question which has been debated with considerable learning and acrimony for several centuries—has always seemed to me to have an interest far beyond the rival claims of clans and the jealous litigation of the antiquary. It is interesting not merely because it is in reality a curious archæological problem, but also because it may in some measure afford a clue to the character of one of the greatest saints and greatest men of his own age or of any other—a saint who was the apostle of a nation which he found all heathen and left all Christian; who succeeded in planting the Catholic faith without a single act of martyrdom, but planted it so firmly that it has never failed for now 1,400 years, though tried in what various processes of martyrdom God and man too well know; a saint whose apostolate was the mainspring of an endless succession of missionary enterprises, prosecuted with the same untiring zeal in the nineteenth century as in the fifth, wherever the vanguard of Christendom may happen to be found, whether in Austria, in Gaul, in Switzerland, or in Iceland, as now at the furthest confines of America and of Australasia. Add to these ordinary evidences of the supernatural efficacy of St. Patrick's mission the testimony which is derived from the peculiar spiritual character of the people that he converted. The Irish nation retains the impress which it received from the hands of St. Patrick in a way that I believe no other Christian nation has preserved the mould of its apostle. If that nation has never even dreamed of heresy or schism, it is because, in terms as positive as an ultramontane of our own days could devise,* St. Patrick established the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff as a chief canon of the Irish Church. Patience in poverty, an innate love of purity, prodigal alms-giving, and mutual charities, the practice of heavy penances and of long fasts, a peculiarly vivid sense of purgatory, and a strong devotion to the doctrine of the Trinity, which the saint taught in the figure of the shamrock—these have always been the distinguishing characteristics of Irish piety. They were the peculiar characteristics of the Christian of the fourth century, who had not yet learned to live at peace with the world—who felt that as yet Christians were in the strictest sense one family community—who practised mortification, as if the untamed pagan

* "Quæcunque causa valde difficilis exorta fuerit atque ignota cunctis Scotorum gentis judiciis, ad cathedram archiepiscopi Hibernensium, atque hujus antistitis examinationem recte referenda. Si vero in illa, cum suis sapientibus, facile sanari non poterit talis causa prædictæ negotiationis, ad Sedem Apostolicam decrevimus esse mittendam; id est, ad Petri Apostoli cathedram, auctoritatem Romæ urbis habentem." This canon of St. Patrick is contained in the "Book of Armagh," the antiquity of which is instanced in the text of the present paper. The canon is of a date early in the fifth century; and it would be difficult to show so early, so emphatic, and so complete a recognition of the Papal authority in the ecclesiastical legislation of any other national church.

Digitized by Google

blood were still burning in his veins, and the great temptation to whose faith was the heresy of Arius, and the question of the relations of the three divine persons. But St. Patrick was not only a great saint—was not merely and simply the apostle of the Irish; he was their teacher and their lawgiver, their Cadmus and Lycurgus as well. The school of letters which he founded in Ireland so well preserved the learning which had become all but extinguished throughout western Europe, that your own Alfred, following a host of your nobles and clerics, went thither to be taught, and the universities of Paris and Pavia owe their earliest lights to Irish scholars. The Brehon laws, which are at last to be published, by order of Parliament, a complete code of the most minute and comprehensive character, were, according to the evidence of our annalists, carefully revised and remodelled by St. Patrick, with the consent of the different estates of the kingdom of Ireland; and there is good reason to believe that this revision, of which there is abundant intrinsic evidence, had reference not merely to the Christian doctrine and the canons of the Church, but to the body of the Roman civil law.

It would throw a certain light upon the character of a saint whose works were so various and so full of vitality, if we could arrive at any solid conclusion as to the place of his nativity, the quality of his parentage, and the sources of his education. The theory most generally accepted, and which certainly has the greatest weight of authority in its favor, is that which assumes that St. Patrick was born in Scotland, at Dumbarton, on the Clyde —the son, as we may suppose, of a French or British official employed in the Roman service at that extreme outpost of their settlements in this island, where he would have spent his youth surrounded by a perpetual clangor of barbarous battle, amid clans of Picts and Celts swarming across the barriers of the Lowlands. The opinion that St. Patrick was a Scotchman has the unanimous assent of all the antiquaries of Scotland; but I am not aware that any of them has succeeded in identifying any single locality named in the original documents with any place of sufficient antiquity in or near Dumbarton; nor could I, in the course of a careful examination of the district and the recognized authorities concerning its topography, arrive at any acceptable evidence on the subject. I have to add to the Scotch authorities and pleadings, however, all the best of the Irish. That St. Patrick was born in Scotland is the opinion of Colgan,* a writer whose services to the history of the Irish Church cannot be excelled and have not been equalled. The opinion of Colgan has overborne almost every other authority which intervened between his time and the present. The Bollandists† accepted it without hesitation; and I hasten to add to their great sanction that of the two most learned antiquaries of the latter days of Ireland, Dr. John O'Donovan and Professor Eugene O'Curry. They, I am aware, were also of Colgan's opinion; and so, I believe, are Dr. Reeves and Dr. Todd, whose views on most points of ecclesiastical antiquities connected with Ireland are entitled to be named with every respect.

Still it is to be said, on the other hand, that the opinion that St. Patrick was born in France has always had a traditional establishment in Ireland. It is asserted in one of the oldest of his lives, that of St. Eleran, and indicated in another, that of Probus. Don Philip O'Sullivan Bearre‡ is not the first nor the last of the more modern biographers of the saint who has held that he was of French birth, though of British blood. But before the time of Dr. Lanigan, the most acute, the

* Colganus, R. P. F. Joannes, "*Triadis Thaumaturgæ, seu Divorum Patricii, Columbæ, et Brigidæ trium Hiberniæ Patronorum, Acta.*" Lovanii, 1647.

† "*Acta Sanctorum Martii*" a Joanne Bollando, tom. ii. Antverpiæ, 1668.

‡ D. Philippi O'Sullevani Bearri Iberni, "*Patritiana Decas.*" Madrid, 1629.

Digitized by Google

most conscientious, and perhaps the most generally learned of Irish historians, there appears to have been no really candid and scientific examination of the original documents and evidences. Irish scholars were too angrily engaged in the controversy of Scotia Major and Scotia Minor to be seriously regarded when they proposed to remove St. Patrick's birthplace from the neighborhood of Glasgow to the neighborhood of Nantes. Until Dr. Lanigan published his Ecclesiastical History,* no one seems to have even attempted to identify the localities named in the various original documents which concern the saint. Dr. Lanigan came to the conclusion that he was born not at Dumbarton but in France, at or in the neighborhood of Boulogne-sur-Mer. I am able, I hope, to perfect the proof which Dr. Lanigan commenced, and which, if he had been enabled to follow it up by local research and by the light lately cast on the geography of Roman Gaul, would, I am sure, have come far more complete from his hands.

I hold, then, with Doctor Lanigan, and with a tradition which has long existed in Ireland, and also in France, that St. Patrick was born on the coast of Armoric Gaul; and that Roman in one sense by descent—by his education in a province where Roman civilization had long prevailed, where the Latin language was spoken, and the privileges of the empire fully possessed—Roman too by the possession of nobility, which he himself declares, and of which his name was a curious commemoration†—Roman, in fine, in the connection of his family which he testifies with the Roman government and with the Church, St. Patrick was a Celt of Gaul by blood. The fact that the district between Boulogne and Amiens was at that time inhabited by a clan called Britanni has misled both those who supposed he must have been born in the island of Britain and those who held that, if born in France, he must have been born in that part of it which was subsequently called Brittany.

The original documents which bear on the point are only two in number —the "Confession" of St. Patrick himself, and the hymn in his honor composed by his disciple St. Fiech. Of the antiquity of these documents we have evidence the most complete that can be conceived. Not merely does written history certify the record of their age—they have borne much more delicate tests. The hymn of St. Fiech is written in a dialect of Irish that is to the Irish of the Four Masters as the English of Chaucer is to the English of Lord Macaulay. The quotations of Scripture which are given in the "Confession" of St. Patrick are taken from the version according to the interpretation of the Septuagint, and not according to the recent version of St. Jerome, which had indeed been just executed in St. Patrick's time, but had not yet been publicly received. At the same time, the "Liber Armachanus," which contains the original copy of the "Confession," contains also St. Jerome's translation of the New Testament—thus curiously marking the fact that the date of the one document by a little preceded the date of the other. The manuscript itself has been subjected to a most curious and rigorous examination. The authentic signature of Brian, Imperator Hibernorum, commonly called Brian Boroimhe, on the occasion of his visit to Armagh, carries us back at a bound eight hundred years in its history; but the scholar who is expert in the hue of vellum and the style of the scribe, will tell us that the "Book of Armagh" was evi-

* Lanigan, John, D.D. "An Ecclesiastical History of Ireland." Dublin, 1829.

† Gibbon says ("Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," v. vi.), "At this period the meanest subjects of the Roman empire assumed the illustrious name of Patricius, which by the conversion of Ireland has been communicated to a whole nation." It is supposed that the name was conferred on St. Patrick in consideration of his parting with his nobility for a motive of charity, as he mentions in his Epistle to Coroticus. But he was certainly not the first of the name. Patricius was also the name of St. Augustine's father, born fully a century before.

Digitized by Google

dently a book of venerable age even then. The Rev. Charles Graves,* a fellow of the University of Dublin, and a scholar specially skilled in the study of the Irish manuscripts and hieroglyphs, published a paper some years ago in the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy" on the question of the age of the "Book of Armagh." That the version at present preserved in the library of Trinity College is a copy from a far older version he says there can be no doubt. The marginal notes of the scribe show that he found it difficult in many places to read the manuscript from which he was transcribing. But the same notes, the character of his writing, and a reference to the Irish primate of the time under whose authority the work was undertaken, leave no doubt that the transcript was executed by a scribe named Ferdomnach, during the primacy of Archbishop Torbach, at a date not later than the year of Our Lord 807.

Of the "Confession," beside the original copy in the "Book of Armagh," there are several manuscript versions of great age in England: two at Salisbury; two in the Cotton library; one, I believe, at Cambridge; another very interesting and valuable copy, that which was used by the Bollandists in printing their edition of the "Confession," existed until the time of the revolution in the famous French monastery of St. Vedastus. Fragments of the precious manuscripts of that learned congregation are scattered among the libraries of Arras, of Saint Omer, of Boulogne, and of Douai; but among them I could not find any trace of the missing manuscript of St. Patrick's "Confession;" nor could the present learned representatives of Bollandus, who were good enough to interest themselves in my inquiry, give me any room to hope that it still exists. It would have been of much importance to have been able to compare the style and the text of the only existing French copy with the original in Ireland—especially as that French copy belonged to the very district from which St. Patrick originally came.

There are four localities designated in these documents; three of them in the "Confession of St. Patrick," and one in the hymn of St. Fiech. In the "Confession," St. Patrick says of himself, "Patrem habui Calphurnium Diaconum (or Diacurionem) qui fuit e vico Bonaven-Taberniæ; villam Enon prope habuit, ubi ego in capturam decidi." The hymn of St. Fiech adds that the saint was born at a place called Nem-tur.

The ancient "Lives of St. Patrick" cite these localities with little variation.

The first Life, given in Colgan's collection, and ascribed to St. Patrick junior, says, "Natus est igitur in illo oppido, Nempthur nomine. Patricius natus est in campo Taburnæ."

The second Life, which is ascribed to St. Benignus, is word for word the same with the first on this point.

The third, supposed to be by St. Eleran, suggests that he was of Irish descent through a colony allowed by the Romans to settle in Armorica; but that his parents were of Strato Cludi (Strath Clyde); that he was born, however, "in oppido Nempthur, quod oppidum in campo Taburniæ est." This life is of very ancient date, and shows clearly enough how old is the Irish tradition concerning the saint's birth in France.

The fourth Life, by Probus, says: "Brito fuit natione . . . de vico Bannave Tiburniæ regionis, haud procul a mare occidentali—quem vicum indubitanter comperimus esse Neustriæ provinciæ, in qua olim gigantes." Here, again, we observe the same confused tradition of the saint's French origin; for Neustria was the name in the Merovingian period of the whole district comprised between the Meuse and the Loire.

The fifth and best known Life, by

* Graves, Rev. C., "On the Age of the Book of Armagh: Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," vol. iii., p. 316.

Digitized by Google

Jocelyn, has it: "Brito fuit natione in pago Taburniæ—eo quod Romanus exercitus tabernacula fixerant ibidem, secus oppidum Nempthor degens, mare Hibernico collimitans habitatione."

The sixth Life, by St. Evin, declares that he was "de Brittanis Alcluidensibus, natus in Nempthur."

The Breviaries repeat the same names with as little attempt to fix the actual localities.

The Breviary of Paris says: "In Brittania natus, oppido Empthoria." The Breviary of Armagh: "In illo Brittaniæ oppido nomine Emptor." The old Roman Breviary says simply: "Genere Brito." The Breviary of Rheims: "In maritimo Brittaniæ territorio." The Breviary of Rouen: "In Brittania Gallicana." The Breviary of the canons of St. John of Lateran: "Ex Brittania magna insula."

It will be observed that in the principal of these authorities there is a concurrence in accepting the locality called so variously Nemthur and Empthoria, as well as the second of the localities, the Tabernæ, named by St. Patrick himself; and also that there is no appearance of certainty in the minds of the writers as to the exact sites of the places of which they speak. None of them ventures to name the exact district or diocese where Empthoria or the Tabernæ are to be found.

But certain scholia upon the "Hymn of St. Fiech," which were for the first time published by Colgan in the "Triadis Thaumaturgæ," boldly lay down the proposition that "Nemthur est civitas in Brittania Septentrionali, nempe Alcluida;" and the name is also translated as meaning "Holy Tower." The same writer, however, adds in another note that St. Patrick was not carried into his Irish captivity from Dumbarton, but from Boulogne, where he and his family were visiting some of their friends at the time when the Irish pirates swept down upon the coast of Gaul. The Irish annals say that about the period of St. Patrick's captivity, Nial of the Nine Hostages lost his life on the Sea of Iccius between France and England. These long piratical forays were not uncommon at the time.* A little later, the last of our pagan kings, Dathy, was killed by lightning near the Rhætian Alps.

Colgan with a curious credulity accepted this improbable solution of the scholiast, of which it may in the first place be said that it is incompatible with the statement of St. Patrick himself, who declares distinctly that he was captured at a country house belonging to his father, near the town to which his family belonged.

Usher, however, who had equal opportunities of studying the original documents, also adopted this explanation. Several Irish writers, and especially Don Philip O'Sullivan, vaguely conscious of the tradition of St. Patrick's French origin, attempted to reconcile the fact of his being a Briton with the fact of his birth in France by the supposition that he was a Breton of Brittany. This theory, however, falls summarily to the ground when it is opposed to the fact that the province now known by the name of Brittany was not inhabited by any tribe which bore the name in the time of St. Patrick. "The year 458," says the Benedictine Lobineau† in his learned history of Brittany, "is about the epoch of the establishment of the Bretons in that part of ancient Armorica which at present bears the name of Bretagne." There was, however, a clan called Brittani, further toward the north of France, a clan whose territory Pliny and the Greek Dionysius Periegetes had long before designated with accuracy: Pliny in these words, "Deinde Menapii, Morini, Oromansaci juncti pago, qui Gessoriacus vocatur; Brit-

* Totum cum Scotus Iernen
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys.
CLAUDIAN.

† Lobineau, D. Gui Alexis, "*Histoire de Bretagne.*" Paris, 1707.

Digitized by Google

tani, Ambiani, Bellovaci."* The Brittani of the time of St. Patrick are to be found in the country that lies between Boulogne and Amiens. It is there that Lanigan came upon the first authentic traces of the origin of our apostle.

He was guided to his conclusion, mainly, I think, by the "History of the Morini," published in the year 1639, by the Jesuit Malbrancq,† and which seems strangely to have escaped the notice of every earlier Irish writer. In this work, there are two chapters devoted to the tradition of the connection of St. Patrick with the see of Boulogne. Malbrancq relates this tradition, which states that previous to his departure for the Irish mission, St. Patrick remained for some time at Boulogne, occupied in preaching against the Pelagian heresy, to contend with which Saint Germanus and Lupus had crossed over to Britain. Malbrancq refers, in proof of this fact, to the "Chronicon Morinense," to the Catalogue of the Bishops of Boulogne, and to the "Life of St. Arnulphus of Soissons." This tradition is to a certain extent a clue in tracing the early and intimate connection of St. Patrick with this country—but as yet it is nothing more.

The critical question is, whether the four names given by St. Patrick himself, and by St. Fiech, can be identified with any localities now known either in the district of Boulogne or any other district in which toward the close of the fourth century it is possible to find the conditions of Roman government and British blood combined? Before Lanigan there was, it seems to me, no serious attempt made to solve this question. The scholiast whose authority was so unhesitatingly adopted by Colgan and Usher simply says, "Nempthur est civitas in Brittania Septentrionali, nempe Alcluid." There is not a word more. He does not attempt to show how Nempthur and Alcluid are to be considered as convertible terms. Nor does he attempt to interpret the names of the three localities stated by St. Patrick himself. The same may be said, in the most sweeping way, of the biographies and the breviaries.

I will now read the reasons which Lanigan gives for identifying Bonaven with Boulogne, and Taberniæ with a city very famous in the wars of the middle ages, long before Arras had been fortified by Vauban or defended by General Owen Roe O'Neill. It will be observed that Lanigan does not attempt to identify the two other localities Enon and Nempthur. The former he regarded as too insignificant, the latter he did not believe had any existence. I will not say that his proof with regard to the identity of Boulogne with Bonaven is conclusive; but if the whole of his proof rested on as strong presumptive grounds, little would remain to be said on the subject. The second part of it is, however, in my humble opinion, wholly erroneous. He says:

"Colgan acknowledges that there

* Plinii Secundi, "*Historia Naturalis; de Gallia*," l. iv. The editors of the Dauphin's edition have a note on the word Brittani, which is worth quotation. "Ita libri omnes. Hi inter Gessoriacenses Ambianosque medii, in ora similiter positi, ea loca tenuere certè, ubi nunc oppida Stapulæ, Monstrolium, Hesdinium, et adjacentem agrum, Ponticum ad Somonam amnem. Cluverius hic Briannos legi mavult." See also the learned essay on the Britons of Armorica in the "*Acta Sanctorum, Vitâ S. Ursulæ*;" Octobris, vol. ix., p. 108. A glance at the map will show the close relation of the district marked by the present towns of Etaples, Montreuil, Hesdin, and Ponthieu to the localities named a little further on. That the Britons of Great Britain originally came from this district is declared in the Welsh Triads, thus: "The three beneficent tribes of the Isle of Britain. The first was the nation of the Cymmry, who came with Hu the mighty to the Isle of Britain, who would not possess nor country nor lands through fighting and persecution, but of equity and in peace; the second was the stock of the Lloegrians, who came from the land of Gwasgwyn (Gascoigne), and were descended from the primitive stock of the Cymmry; the third were the Brython, and from the land of Llydaw they came, having their descent from the primary stock of the Cymmry." And again, Cynan is spoken of as lord of Meirion (probably a Celtic form of the word *Morini*) in Llydaw. Taliessin also mentions the *Morini Brython* in his *Prif Gyfarch*. Lydaw, Latinized Letavia, is one of the early Celtic names of the country of the Morini, as Neustria, in the Life by Probus, was that given in the Merovingian period to the whole province between the Meuse and Loire, including Boulogne of course. Pliny mentions Boulogne itself as the *Portus Morinorum Brittanicus*.

† Malbrancq, Jacobus, "*De Morinis et Morinorum rebus*." Tornaci Nerviorum, 1639—1654.

Digitized by Google

is an ancient tradition among the inhabitants of Armoric Britain that St. Patrick was born in their country, and that some Irishmen were of the same opinion. He quotes some passages from Probus and others whence they argued in proof of their position, but omits, through want of attention to that most valuable document, the following passage of 'St. Patrick's Confession:' 'My father was Calpurnius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a priest of the town Bonavem Taberniæ. He had near the town a small villa, Enon, where I became a captive.' Here we have neither a town Nemthor nor Alcluit. Nor will any British antiquary be able to find out a place in Great Britain to which the names Bonavem Taberniæ can be applied. Usher, although he had quoted these words, has not attempted to give any explanation of them, or to reconcile them with Nemthur.

"The word Taberniæ has puzzled not only Colgan, but some of the authors of the Lives which he chose to follow; for while they left out *Bonavem* as not agreeing with *Nemthur*, they retained Taberniæ, or, as they were pleased to write it, *Taburniæ*, which they endeavored to account for by making it a district that got its name from having been the site of a Roman camp in which there were tents or tabernacles. Colgan, who swallowed all this stuff, quotes Jocelin as his authority for Taburnia being situated near the Clyde, at the South Bank. Great authority, indeed! It is, however, odd that such a place should be unnoticed by all those who have undertaken to elucidate the ancient topography of Great Britain. The places of Roman camps in that country were usually designated by the adjunct *castra*, whence *chester*, or *cester*, in which the names of so many cities and towns in England terminate.

"Bonavem, or Bonaven, was in Armoric Gaul, being the same town as Boulogne-sur-Mer in Picardy. That town was well known to the Romans under the name of Gessoriacum; but about the reign of Constantine the Great the Celtic name Bonaven or Bonaun, alias Bonon, which was Latinized into Bononia, became more general. According to Bullet, who informs us that Am, Aven, On, signify river in the Celtic language, the town was so called from its being at the mouth of a river; *Bon*, mouth, *on* or *avon*, river. Baxter also observes that Bononia is no other than *Bonavon* or *Bonaun*, for *aven*, *avem*, *avon*, *aun*, are pronounced in the same manner. The addition of *Taberniæ* marks its having been in the district of Tarvanna or Tarvenna, alias Tarabanna, a celebrated city not far from Boulogne, the ruins of which still remain under the modern name of Terouanne. The name of this city was extended to a considerable district around it, thence called *pagus Tarbannensis*, or *Tarvanensis regio*. Gregory of Tours calls the inhabitants Tarabannenses. It is often mentioned under the name of *Civitas Morinorum*, having been the principal city of the Morini, in which Boulogne was also situated. Boulogne was so connected with Tarvanna that both places anciently formed but one episcopal see. Thus Jonas, in his 'Life of the Abbot Eustatius,' written near twelve hundred years ago, calls Audomarus Bishop of Boulogne and Tarvanna. It is probable that St. Patrick's reason for designating Bonaven by the adjunct *Taberniæ* was lest it might be confounded with the Bononia of Italy, now Bologna, or with a Bononia in Aquitain, in the same manner that, to avoid a similar confusion, the French call it at present Boulogne-sur-Mer. Perhaps it will be objected that *Tabernia* is a different name from *Tarvenna*. In the first place, it may be observed that, owing to the usual commutation of *b* for *v*, and *vice versâ*, we might read *Tavernia*. Thus we have seen that Tarvenna was called by some *Tarabanna*. To account for the further difference of the names, nothing more is required than to admit the

Digitized by Google

transposition of a syllable or a letter, which has frequently occurred in old words, and particularly names of places. Nogesia, the name of a town, becomes Genosia. Dunbritton has been modified into Dunbertane, Dunbarton, Dumbarton. Probus agrees with the 'Confession,' except that, according to Colgan's edition, for Bonavem Tabernіæ he has 'Bannave Tyburniæ regionis,' and adds that it was not far from the Western sea or Atlantic ocean. Although we may easily suppose that some errors of transcription have crept into the text of Probus, yet as to Bannave there is no material difference between it and Bonavem. *Ban* might be used for *Bon;* and the final *m*, which was a sort of nasal termination, as it is still with the Portuguese, could be omitted so as to write for Bonavem, or Bonaum (*v* and *u* being the same letter), Bonaue. Probus' addition of *regionis* is worth noticing, as it corresponds with what has been said concerning the *Tarvanensis regio.*"

I think the proof in this passage with regard to the word Bonaven is very strong. The passage which Lanigan cites from Bexter distinctly says, "Gallorum Bononia eodem pene est etymo; quasi dicas Bon-avon sive Bonaun." The derivation of the word is clear enough. Avon even in England retains its Celtic signification of a river. But the passage identifying the *Tabernia* of Boulogne with Therouanne is in my opinion altogether incorrect. Where he accounts for the change in the structure of the word by the usual transmutation of *b* and *v*, he overlooks the letter *r*—a letter which does not melt into the music of patois by any means so easily. Again, he hardly lays sufficient stress on the fact that the word *Tabernіæ* is invariably understood in all the scholia, and in all the lives, to mean the *Campus tabernaculorum*—the barracks and district occupied by a Roman army. In fine, he confuses Therouanne, which is at a distance of thirty miles from Boulogne, and certainly did not stand in the relation he supposes to it, with another city some twenty miles still further away. But Malbrancq, who was his chief authority, does not omit to mention that Tervanna and Taruanna are two absolutely distinct places: Tervanna was the old Roman name of the town now known as Saint Pol*—Taruanna that of Therouenne.

It is very possible—I may add to the proof concerning the word Bonaven—that it may have been written originally Bononen, for Bononenses Tabernіæ. Any one familiar with the form of the letters of the early Irish alphabet, indeed of almost all early manuscript, will readily comprehend how easily an *o* might be written for an *a*, an *n* for a *v*, and *vice versâ*, by a scribe ignorant of the exact locality, and copying from a half-defaced document. Any one who looks at the form of the letters in the alphabet of the "Book of Kells," given in Dr. O'Donovan's Grammar, will conceive at a glance how this might have happened.

Assuming, however, that Lanigan is correct in his conjecture as to Boulogne, I have endeavored to discover whether the other localities named in the "Confession" and "Hymn" can be identified with localities now existing within the proper circumscription of the Roman military occupation around that city, and of a certain and unquestionable antiquity. I need not inform the academy of the great military importance of Boulogne at the time of which we treat. It was the point from which England had been invaded. It was the principal military settlement of the Romans in Northern Gaul. Julian the Apostate had held his headquarters there shortly before St. Patrick's birth. The country all around is marked by roads and mounds, which exhibit the rigid lines and stern solidity of Roman construction. I learn from a recent essay by

* "*Comitum Tervanensium Annales Illustrici.*" Collectore Th. Turpin Paulinati. Ord. Predicat. 1731.

Digitized by Google

M. Quenson, an accomplished scholar of Saint Omer, that eighty-eight different works have been written to settle the site of the Portus Itius, whence Cæsar embarked to invade Britain, and nineteen different localities assigned. Since M. Quenson wrote, M. de Saulcy has again opened, and this time I think finally determined, that controversy. Perhaps I am so far fortunate that the absorbing zeal with which this difficult problem has been pursued, in a country of such zealous scholars, still leaves to a stranger somewhat to glean, in places far inland from the famous port which they have so long labored to identify.

The localities to which St. Patrick refers have, I find, all been preserved with the least alteration of their etymology that it is possible to conceive in the space of so many centuries; and this, I may add, is peculiarly wonderful in a country where so many Roman names have, by the friction of the much mixed dialects of northern France, been almost frayed out of recognition. Who would suppose, for example, taking some of the familiar names of the department, that Fampoux was the *Fanum Pollucis*, Dainville *Dianæ villa*, Lens *Elena*, Etaples *Stapulæ*, Hermaville *Hermetis villa*, Hesdin *Helenum*, Souchez *Sabucetum*, Surques *Surcæ*, Ervillers *Herivilla*, Tingry *Tingriacum?** And yet regarding these names there is no doubt that the modern French is a corruption of the old Latin form. Of the localities, which I proceed to designate, I submit that each has kept its original name with far less violation of the ancient word. The *Enon*, the *Nemthur*, the *Tabernicæ* of St. Patrick are, to my mind, manifest in comparison with the majority of a hundred other localities in the Boulonnais which undoubtedly derive their titles from a Roman source.

In the first place, let us take the word Enon. The river Liane, which runs into the sea at Boulogne, was known to the Romans as the Fluvius Enna. It is so marked on the most ancient maps of northern Gaul. It is so written in Latin by Malbrancq. Near Desvres—once called Desurennes, or Desvres-sur-Ennes—there is marked a little village of the same name, called also Enna. I will not be said to strain language, which has survived so many centuries, very severely when I venture to identify St. Patrick's Enon with this undoubtedly Roman Enon.

Lanigan totally disbelieved in the existence of the town called Nemphor. I could not do so; nor underrate the importance of identifying it, if possible, in such an inquiry as this. But the difficulty of discovering this place was hitherto greatly increased by a mistranslation of its meaning, for which I believe Colgan is responsible. The word was always supposed to mean "Holy Tower"—*Neim*, holy, and *Tur*, tower—until Professor Eugene O'Curry, when compiling, some years ago, his valuable catalogue of the Irish MSS. of the British Museum, after a minute examination of the manuscript, which is the oldest copy of the "Hymn" in existence, came to the conclusion that the word should really be written "Emtur," as it is indeed, though by accident I take it, in some of the breviaries. "The place of St. Patrick's birth," he says, "is generally written Nemtur; but there is clear evidence that the N is but a prefix introduced to fill the hiatus in the text, and that Emtur is the proper form of the word." The word, then, means not holy tower, but the tower of some place or person indicated by the word Em. Some eight miles distant from Desvres, toward the north, still within the military circumscription of which it is the centre, there is such a place. The river Em, or Hem, flows past a village of so great an antiquity, that even in the ordinary geographical dictionaries the record is preserved that Julius Cæsar slept

* The name of the neighboring village of Ardres has run through the following traceable variations since the Roman period: Horda, Ardra, Arda, Ardrea, Ardes, Ardres.

Digitized by Google

there on his way to embark for the invasion of Britain.* The town contains a Roman arch and the ruins of a Roman tower, from which the village derives its name. The name is Tournehem, or, as it was written in Malbrancq's time, Tur-n-hem. The tower and the river show the derivation of the word at a glance. The exigencies of Irish verse simply caused their transposition. I have only to add to Mr. O'Curry's ingenious note on the subject the remark that the *n* was not, as he supposes, merely inserted to fill up a hiatus in the line, but was obviously a part of it. It is a copulative as common in Celtic words as *de* in modern French, and has precisely the same meaning. Ballynamuck, for example, means the town of, or on, the river Muck. Tulloch na Daly (whose swelling dimensions the French afterward curbed into the famous name of Tollendall) is a more apposite instance.

* "Ce lieu existait lorsque les légions romaines pénétrèrent dans la Morinie, l'an de Rome 697, ou 57 ans avant l'ère vulgaire, et consistait alors en un château fort garni de tours, d'où est venu, selon Malbrancq, la dénomination de *Tournehem*, du Latin *à Turribus*. César s'empara de ce château et y fit quelque séjour pour l'avantage de sa cavalerie. Environ deux siècles et demi après, c'est à dire en 218, Septime-Sévère, autre empereur romain, fit camper dans le voisinage de Tournehem (sur la montagne de Saint Louis) une partie de son armée destinée pour une expédition contre le Grand Bretagne, qu'il effectua glorieusement la même année."—P. Collet, "*Notice Historique de Saint Omer, suivi de celles de Therouanne et de Tournehem*," Saint Omer, 1830. Both M. Collet and Père Malbrancq, however, overlook the obvious derivation of the word—though both note the name of the river which flows through the town, and which M. Collet calls "la rivière de *Hem* ou de *Saint Louis*." Again, M. H. Piers, in the "*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie*" (Saint Omer, 1834) says, "César après s'être emparé des forteresses de la contrée s'y rendit de Therouanne, Sithieu et Tournehem, l'an 55 ou 56 avant l'ère vulgaire, pour subjuguer la Grande Bretagne." In the same volume there is an interesting paper by M. Pigault de Beaupré on the castle of Tournehem, which, he says, was partially rebuilt by Baldwin II., Count of Guines, in 1174, and continued to be a principal residence of the Dukes of Burgundy at so late a date as 1435. But the vastness and solidity of the works which he describes, some of them subterranean roads evidently used for communication with other fortified works, clearly indicate their Roman character. Baldwin, indeed, a prince far in advance of his age, seems to have attempted to revive Roman ideas, and rebuild Roman works wherever he found them within his dominions. The castle of Hâmes, near Calais, which he likewise rebuilt, and which he ceded to the English as part of the ransom of King John of France, was also, as M. Pigault de Beaupré shows, of Roman construction.

I have yet to identify the *Tabernicæ*. To the eye, and on the old maps, they almost identify themselves. Desvres has all the characters of a great Roman military position—a vast place of arms, the tracings of fortified walls, the fosse, lines of circumvallation, and hard by on the forest edge the *Sept Voies* or *Septemvium*, the meeting of the seven great military roads leading from and to the other principal strongholds of the imperial power in northern and western Europe. Any one who examines in particular the "Carte des Voies Romaines du Département du Pas de Calais," published by the Commission of Departmental Antiquities,* cannot fail to perceive that this now obscure village, which certainly never was raised to the rank of a Roman city, was nevertheless once a great nucleus of Roman power. The fragment of an ancient bridge is still known as the *Pont de Cæsar*. The *Septemvium*, with its remarkable concentration of roads, is alone sufficient to indicate the importance of the place. There is one road leading straight to Amiens; one that reaches the sea by the mouth of the Canche; another that runs to the harbor of Boulogne; another that joins the roads from Saint Omer and from Tournehem, and carries them on to Wissante and Sangate, the supposed Portus Itius and Portus Inferior; the fifth road was to Tervanna and Arras; the sixth to Taruanna; the seventh to Saint Omer. Would so many roads, communicating with places of such military importance, have been concentrated by a race of such a centralizing talent as the Romans anywhere except at the site of a great city or a great camp? On the ancient maps, indeed, the country which lies between Desvres and Boulogne, along the Liane, is simply marked *Castrum*.

I now approach, not unconscious of its difficulties, the etymology of the

* "*Statistique Monumentale du Département du Pas de Calais. Publiée par la Commission des Antiquités Departementales.*" Arras: chez Topino, Libraire, 1840.

Digitized by Google

word. In the lax Latin of the middle ages, we find Desvres spoken of as *Divernia Bononiensis.* There is the epitaph of a churchman, born in the place, which says on his behalf:

"Me Molinet peperit Divernia Bononiensis."

The local historian, Baron d'Ordre, speaks of the place as "Désurène, *Divernia*, aujourd'hui Desvres."* The name Desvres itself evidently has undergone strange, yet traceable, variations and modifications.† Its first appearance as a French word is "Desurennes," and this is derived from Desvres sur Enna, or Desvres upon the Enna or Liane, which, as I have said, flows past the place, giving its name to a little village near the forest. By this derivation, however, only the first two letters of the original word Desvres are left. How do they disappear, why do they reappear in the modern form of the word, and what is its original derivation?

It is a very curious fact, that in England the Roman camps seem to have been always known as "Castra," while in Gaul the Tabernæ is the name which generally adhered to them. Lanigan says, and correctly, so far as I have been able to discover, that there is no trace of a Roman station called *Tabernæ* in England, while the affix *chester* is the most common in its topography. In England, it may be said the Romans encamped; in France, the *Tabernæ* meant a more settled and familiar residence, as familiar as the Caserne of the empire. It would be interesting to inquire whether as many cities in France do not derive their origin from these military stations as England has of Chesters. But the student who attempts this task will be sure to find the Latin word almost defaced beyond power of recognition by the etymological maltreatment which it has sustained in that conflict of consonants which has resulted in the present high polish of Academic French. I may mention one or two instances to show how little violence I do to French philology in identifying the *Divernia Bononiensis* of the middle ages with the Tabernæ of Boulogne. Saverne in Lorraine is well known to be the *Tabernæ Triborocorum.* It was known in a semi-Germanic form as *Elsas Tabern.* Gradually the sibilant *ss* of the first word invaded the second; and it has long settled down into one word in the form of Saverne. The *Tabernæ Rhenanæ*, on the other hand, retained the hard *b* instead of converting it into *v*, as inevitably happened in the south, and instead changed the T into Z, Rhein-Zabren. In ages which had no hesitation in changing the pure dental T into the sibilant dentals S or Z, it will not be considered surprising that it was sometimes changed into D—the only other pure dental sound. Indeed, of all the transmutations of letters, those of *d* and *t*, and those of *v* and *b*, are notoriously the most common. "The Irish *d*," says O'Donovan, "never has such a hard sound as the English *d*." Again, "In ancient writings, *t* is frequently substituted for *d*." Again, "It should be remarked that in ancient Irish MSS. consonants of the same organ are very frequently substituted for each other, and that where the ancients usually wrote *p*, *c*, *t*, the moderns write *b*, *q*, *d*."* Decline the Irish word *Tâd*, father. It becomes *Ei dâd*, his father; *Ei thâd*, her father; *by nhâd*, my father. We carry the tendency into English. The mistake is one from which certain parts of Ireland as well as certain parts of France are not exempt even to the present day; and in Munster one may still

* "*Notice historique sur la ville de Désurène, Divernia, aujourd'hui Desvres.*" Par M. d'Ordre. Boulogne, 1811.

† "Il n'y pas 50 ans que le nom de Desvres a prévalu sur celui de Desurenne que cette ville avait toujours porté auparavant."—M. L. Cousin, "*Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie*," vol. iv., p. 239. M. Cousin's papers on Monthulin and Tingry, in the Transactions of this society, are in general accord with what I have said of the ancient military importance of the whole district of Desvres.

* O'Donovan, John, LL.D., "A Grammar of the Irish Language." Dublin, 1845.

Digitized by Google

hear, as in the times when the ballad of "Lillibullero" was written, the letter *d* occasionally used where the tongue intended *t* or *th*. Nor is this vagary of speech confined to the Irish. Why do the Welsh say Tafyd for David? It is the most frequently recurring of that systematic permutation of consonants which is one of the chief difficulties of the Cymbric tongue. The Welsh *d* and *t* turn about and wheel about in their mysterious alphabet without the slightest scruple. In German, the convertibility of the same letters is also very marked. The German says *das* for that, *Dank* for thanks, *Durst* for thirst; and again *Teufel* for devil, *Tanz* for dance, *Theil* for dial. As to the same abuse in France, the dictionary of the Academy and that of Bescherelle* lay down the principle very plainly: "Le *t* est une lettre à la fois linguale et dentale, comme le *d* son correlatif, plus faible, plus doux, avec lequel il est fréquemment confondu, nonseulement dans les langues germaniques, mais dans la plupart des langues. En latin, cette lettre se permute fréquemment avec le *d*: *attulit* pour *adtulit*. On écrivit primitivement set, aput, quot, haut, au lieu de sed, apud, quod, haud."

So far as to the permutation of T and D. I will not waste the time of the reader in order to show that the conversion of *v* into *b* is even more common. We find a familiar illustration of it in the old Latin name of Ireland, which, as every one knows, is variously written Ibernia, Ivernia, Hibernia, Juvernia, and Iernia. But the English word tavern, which is exactly derived from the Latin Taberniæ, is a still more apposite illustration in the present case. In this word, finally, the intermediate vowel swayed in sound with the consonants which inclosed it. As the primary Latin T changed into the softer and feebler D, and the *b* into *v*, the intermediate *a* lost its full force. The mediæval Latin melts into *i* in Divernia. The modern French form, Desvres, brings it half-way back toward its place at the head of the alphabet. It does not run the whole gamut of the vowels, as from Ibernia to Juvernia.

This *Divernia Bononiensis*, then, I claim to identify with the *Tabernicæ Bononienses*, Tournehem with Nemtur or Emtor, Enna with Enon. If it were necessary even to push the proof a step further, there is the district called *Le Wicquet*, which M. Jean Scoti, who was *lieutenant particulier de la Sennechaussée de Boulogne*, tells us is undoubtedly derived from the Latin Vicus, and which might naturally be the *vico Bonaven Tabernicæ* of which the "Confession" speaks; but the historian of Desvres, Baron d'Ordre, whom I have already cited, disputes this derivation, and says the word is Celtic, and comes fom *Wic*, Celtic for wood, like our word wicket. Both may be right, for Vicus may be a Latin form of the same word.* But the point is not material.

Let me now add to the etymological evidence a few historical illustrations.

St. Patrick is stated in almost all his biographies to have been a nephew of St. Martin of Tours. St. Martin, though said to be a Celt of Pannonia, was during his military and early ecclesiastical career stationed in this identical district. The well known legend of his division of his cloak with the beggar, who proved to be our Lord himself, is alleged to have taken place at Amiens. It is recorded that he was baptized at Therouanne. The first church raised to his honor was built there. The principal missionaries of the district are said to have been his disciples, and evidently entertained a deep devotion to him, of

* "*Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française.*" Bescherelle, "*Dictionnaire National.*" Paris, 1857.

* Among the names of villages in this district of whose history I could find no trace, is one called Erin, the place where Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre was born.

Digitized by Google

which there are still abundant evidences.*

St. Patrick, while in captivity at Slemish in Ireland, lived within sight of Scotland. A few miles only separate the coasts at Antrim. But when he escaped, he did not attempt to pass into Scotland. He made his way south, and passed through England to France. He says he was received among the Britons as if *(quasi)* among his own clan and kin. Doubtless there was close relationship of race and language between the Britons of the island and of the continent. There were Britons and there were Atrebates on both sides of the sea.† But Britain was not the saint's native place nor his resting-place. He went on, and abode with those whom he calls his brethren of Gaul, "seeing again the familiar faces of the saints of the Lord," until he was summoned to undertake his mission to Ireland.

In his own account of the vision which induced him to undertake the apostolate of Ireland, he says he was called to do so by a man, whose name is variously written Victor, Victoricius, and Victricius. The real name is in all probability Victricius; but if it were Victor or Victoricius, it would be equally easy (were it not for the fear of failing by essaying to prove too much) to identify the source of the saint's inspiration with the same district. Saint Victricius was the great missionary of the Morini at the end of the fourth century; but he had been preceded in that capacity by St. Victoricius, who suffered martyrdom with Sts. Fuscien and Firmin, at Amiens, in A.D. 286. Again, the name Victor is that of a favorite disciple of St. Martin, whom Sulpicius Severus sent to St. Paulinus of Nola,* and of whom they both write in terms of extraordinary encomium. But the person referred to in the "Confession" is far more probably St. Victricius,† who was an exact contemporary of St. Patrick, who was engaged on the mission of Boulogne at the time of his escape, and who is said to have been a French Briton himself. Malbrancq's "Annals of the See of Boulogne" aver that in the year 390 the "Morini a Domino Victricio exculti sunt," and that in the year 400 he dedicated their principal church to St. Martin.‡

When St. Patrick was on his way to Ireland, with full powers from Pope Celestine, it is recorded that he was detained at Boulogne by the request of Sts. Germanus and Lupus, who were proceeding into Britain in order to preach against the Pelagian heresy; and that during their absence he temporarily exercised episcopal functions at Boulogne, and so came to be included in the list of its bishops. If St. Patrick were a native of the island, is it not probable that Germanus and Lupus would rather have in-

* Of the 420 churches comprised in the ancient diocese of Boulogne, 82 had St. Martin for patron. I also find several dedicated to the Irish St. Maclou and St. Kilian; but, strange to say, not one to St. Victricius.—V. "*Histoire des Evêques de Boulogne*," par M. l'Abbé E. Van Drival. Boulogne, 1852.

† M. Piers, in the paper already cited, quotes M. Amédée Thierry as saying; "Les *Brittani* furent les premiers qui s'y fixèrent; ils habitaient une partie de la Morinie; peut-être par un pieux souvenir ont-ils appelé leur nouvelle patrie la Grande Bretagne. Les *Atrebates* anglais, originaires de Belgium, résidaient à *Caleva* ou *Galena Atrebatum*, à 22 milles de *Venta Belgarum* dans le canton où est aujourd'hui Windsor." M. Piers adds that there is a tradition that a colony of the Morini had given their name to a distant country of islands which they discovered; but that he has found it impossible to discover the name in any ancient atlas. Perhaps the district of Mourne, on the north-east coast of Ireland, is that indicated. The Irish derivation of the name is at all events identical with the French.

* S. Paulini Nolani "*Opera*." *Epistola* xxiii. in the "*Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*" of J. P. Migne, vol. lxi. Paris, 1847. See also the two epistles to St. Victricius, who with St. Martin persuaded Paulinus to withdraw from the world. I have a suspicion that the disciple of St. Victricius, named in these epistles now as Paschasius, now as Tytichus or Tytius (the name being evidently misprinted, but there being no doubt, as the Bollandists say, that the two names refer to one and the same person), may have been in reality St. Patrick. In his 17th Epistle, St. Paulinus refers to the accounts he had heard from this young priest of the anxiety of St. Victricius for the evangelization of the most remote parts of the globe, and speaks of him as a disciple in every way worthy of his master; "In cujus gratia et humanitate, quasi quasdam virtutum gratiarumque tuarum lineas velut speculo reddente collegimus."

† Franciscus Pommeræus, O. S. B., in his "History of the Bishops of Rouen," says St. Victricius was also sometimes called Victoricus and Victoricius.

‡ See also "*Acta Sanctorum Augusti*," tom. ii., p. 193. Antverpiæ, 1735.

Digitized by Google

vited him to join their mission? But their object in asking him to interrupt his own special enterprise for a time in order to remain among the Boulonnais was, it is said, to guard against the spread of this heresy on the continent. And it is very natural that they should have asked him to stay for such an object, and that he should have consented, if this were indeed his native district, in which his intimacies were calculated to give him a special degree of influence; but not otherwise, hastening as he was under the sense of a divine call to the conversion of a whole nation plunged in paganism.

And, as I began by saying, all this proof is important mainly because it tends in some degree to elucidate the spirit and the work of the saint. We begin to see how with the Celtic character of a French Briton, which made him easily akin to the Irish, he combined the Roman culture and civilization, which added to his mission a peculiar literary and political energy, that long remained. We see in him the friend and comrade of the great saints of a great but anxious age. We see how he connects the young Church of Ireland, not with Rome alone, but with the great militant Christian communities of Gaul—a connection which his disciples were destined so to develope and extend in the three following centuries; and we cease to wonder that both Ireland and France have clung so fondly to a tradition which linked together in their earliest days two churches whose mutual services and sympathies have ever since been of the closest kind.

From The Lamp.

THE BETTER PART.

"Sweet sister Lucille, I watch thee working,
From morning till nightfall, on cloth of gold,
On silks of purple, and finest linen,
And gems lie before you of worth untold.
Makest thou vestments for holy preacher,
And cloths to adorn the altar rare?"
"Ha, ha!" quoth Lucille, "thou simple creature!
The garments I make I intend to wear.

Dost thou not see I am nobly fashioned,
Regal indeed is my bearing and mien;
Are not my features as finely chiselled
As e'en were the features of Egypt's queen?
I'll work, and work, and I'll never weary,
Until rich garments be duly wrought,
Suited to clothe my unrivalled form,
For which tissues fitting cannot be bought.

Digitized by Google

But, my gentle Mary, I watch thee praying,
And wasting many a precious day,
Sauntering out amid lanes and alleys,
And talking to beggars upon the highway.
You bring them in to sit at your table,
You feed them on savory meat and wine;
Are they above you, that you should clothe them,
And so humbly serve while they feast and dine?"

Then answered Mary: "God's poor, my sister,
Are more than our equals, I should say;
One day they'll feast in the kingdom of heaven,
For Christ will call them from hedge and highway.
I too am working a costly garment
With tears and penance, fasting and prayer;
'Tis to clothe my soul, and with God's needy
The raiment I weave I hope to wear."

Each walked her way through this vain world;
Lucille lived with courtiers who gave her praise,
Solicitous still to adorn her person,
She frittered time to the end of her days;
She work'd, and work'd, and never felt weary,
Changing her costume as changed her will;
When death came, unfinished still were her garments,
But withered and sinful he found Lucille.

Each walked her way through this vain world;
Mary sought neither courtiers nor praise,
But in the lazar-house, firm and steadfast,
Good she worked to the end of her days.
She smooth'd the couch of the sick and dying,
She taught the sinner the ways of the Lord,
She gave to the "little ones" drink refreshing;
Verily she shall not lose her reward.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

CONSTANCE SHERWOOD:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

On the night before the 10th of December neither Muriel nor I retired to rest. We sat together by the rush-light, at one time saying prayers, at another speaking together in a low voice. Ever and anon she went to listen at her father's door, for to make sure he slept, and then returned to me. The hours seemed to pass slowly; and yet we should have wished to stay their course, so much we dreaded the first rays of light presaging the tragedy of the coming day. Before the first token of it did show, at about five in the morning, the door-bell rung in a gentle manner.

"Who can be ringing?" I said to Muriel.

"I will go and see," she answered.

But I restrained her, and went to call one of the servants, who were beginning to bestir themselves. The man went down, and returned, bringing me a paper, on which these words were written:

"My Dear Constance—My lord and myself have secretly come to join our prayers with yours, and, if it should be possible, to receive the blessing of the holy priest who is about to die, as he passeth by your house, toward which, I doubt not, his eyes will of a surety turn. I pray you, therefore, admit us."

I hurried down the stairs, and found Lord and Lady Arundel standing in the hall; she in a cloak and hood, and he with a slouching hat hiding his face. Leading them both into the parlor, which looketh on the street, I had a fire hastily kindled; and for a space her ladyship and myself could only sit holding each other's hands, our hearts being too full to speak. After a while I asked her when she had come to London. She said she had done so very secretly, not to increase the queen's displeasure against her husband; her majesty's misliking of herself continuing as great as ever.

"When she visited my lord last year, before his arrest," quoth she, "on a pane of glass in the dining-room her grace perceived a distich, writ by me in bygone days with a diamond, and which expressed hopes of better fortunes."

"I mind it well," I replied. "Did it not run thus?

'Not seldom doth the sun sink down in brightest light
Which rose at early dawn disfigured quite outright;
So shall my fortunes, wrapt so long in darkest night,
Revive, and show ere long an aspect clear and bright.'"

"Yea," she answered. "And now listen to what her majesty, calling for a like instrument, wrote beneath:

'Not seldom do vain hopes deceive a silly heart;
Let all such witless dreams now vanish and depart;
For fortune shall ne'er shine, I promise thee, on one
Whose folly hath for aye all hopes thereof undone.'

We do live," she added, "with a sword

Digitized by Google

hanging over our heads; and it is meet we should come here this day to learn a lesson how to die when a like fate shall overtake us. But thou hast been like to die by another means, my good Constance," her ladyship said, looking with kindness but no astonishment on my swollen and disfigured face, which I had not remembered to conceal; grave thoughts, then uppermost, having caused me to forget it.

"My life," I answered, "God hath mercifully spared; but I have lost the semblance of my former self."

"Tut, tut!" she replied, "only for a time."

And then we both drew near unto the fire, for we were shivering with cold. Lord Arundel leant against the chimney, and watched the timepiece.

"Mistress Wells," he said, "is like, I hear, to be reprieved at the last moment."

"Alas!" I cried, "nature therein finds relief; yet I know not how much to rejoice or yet to grieve thereat. For surely she will desire to die with her husband. And of what good will life be to her if, like some others, she doth linger for years in prison?"

"Of much good, if God wills her there to spend those years," Muriel gently said; which words, I ween, were called to mind long afterward by one who then heard them.

As the hour appointed for the execution approached, we became silent again, and kneeling down betook ourselves to prayer. At eight o'clock a crowd began to assemble in the street; and the sound of their feet as they passed under the window, hurrying toward the scaffold, which was hung with black cloth, became audible. About an hour afterward notice was given to us by one of the servants that the sledge which carried the prisoners was in sight. We rose from our knees and went to the window. Mr. Wells's stout form and Mr. Genings's slight figure were then discernible, as they sat bound, with their hands tied behind their backs. I observed that Mr. Wells smiled and nodded to some one who was standing amidst the crowd. This person, who was a friend of his, hath since told me that as he passed he saluted him with these words: "Farewell, dear companion! farewell, all hunting and hawking and old pastimes! I am now going a better way." Mistress Wells not being with them, we perceived that to be true which Lord Arundel had heard. At that moment I turned round, and missed Muriel, who had been standing close behind me. I supposed she could not endure this sight; but, lo and behold, looking again into the street, I saw her threading her way amongst the crowd as swiftly, lame though she was, as if an angel had guided her. When she reached the foot of the scaffold, and took her stand there, her aspect was so composed, serene, and resolved, that she seemed like an inhabitant of another world suddenly descended amidst the coarse and brutal mob. She was resolved, I afterward found, to take note of every act, gesture, and word there spoken; and by her means I can here set down what mine own ears heard not, but much of which mine own eyes beheld. As the sledge passed our door, Mr. Genings, as Lady Arundel had foreseen, turned his head toward us; and seeing me at the window, gave us, I doubt not, his blessing; for, albeit he could not raise his chained hand, we saw his fingers and his lips move. On reaching the gibbet Muriel heard him cry out with holy Andrew, "O good gibbet, long desired and now prepared for me, much hath my heart desired thee; and now, joyful and secure, I come to thee. Receive me, I beseech thee, as the disciple of him that suffered on the cross!" Being put upon the ladder, many questions were asked him by some standers-by, to which he made clear and distinct answers. Then Mr. Topcliffe cried out with a loud voice,

"Genings, Genings, confess thy fault, thy papist treason; and the queen, no doubt, will grant thee pardon!"

Digitized by Google

To which he mildly answered, "I know not, Mr. Topcliffe, in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I have offended her or any other person in anything, I would willingly ask her and all the world forgiveness. If she be offended with me without a cause, for professing my faith and religion, or because I am a priest, or because I will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused and innocent before God. 'We must obey God,' saith St. Peter, 'rather than men;' and I must not in this case acknowledge a fault where there is none. If to return to England a priest, or to say mass, is popish treason, I here do confess I am a traitor. But I think not so; and therefore I acknowledge myself guilty of these things not with repentance and sorrow of heart, but with an open protestation of inward joy that I have done so good deeds, which, if they were to do again, I would, by the permission and assistance of God, accomplish the same, though with the hazard of a thousand lives."

Mr. Topcliffe was very angry at this speech, and hardly gave him time to say an "Our Father" before he ordered the hangman to turn the ladder. From that moment I could not so much as once again look toward the scaffold. Lady Arundel and I drew back into the room, and clasping each other's hands, kept repeating, "Lord, help him! Lord, assist him! Have mercy on him, O Lord!" and the like prayers.

We heard Lord Arundel exclaim, "Good God! the wretch doth order the rope to be cut!" Then avoiding the sight, he also drew back and silently prayed. What followeth I learnt from Muriel, who never lost her senses, though she endured, methinks, at that scaffold's foot as much as any sufferer upon it. Scarcely or not at all stunned, Mr. Genings stood on his feet with his eyes raised to heaven, till the hangman threw him down on the block where he was to be quartered. After he was dismembered, she heard him utter with a loud voice, "Oh, it smarts!" and Mr. Wells exclaim, "Alas! sweet soul, thy pain is great indeed, but almost past. Pray for me now that mine may come." Then when his heart was being plucked out, a faint dying whisper reached her ear, "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!" and then the voice of the hangman crying, "See, his heart is in mine hand, and yet Gregory in his mouth! O egregious papist!"

I marvel how she lived through it; but she assured us she was never even near unto fainting, but stood immovable, hearing every sound, listening to each word and groan, printing them on the tablet of her heart, wherein they have ever remained as sacred memories.

Mr. Wells, so far from being terrified by the sight of his friend's death, expressed a desire to have his own hastened; and, like unto Sir Thomas More, was merry to the last; for he cried, "Despatch, despatch, Mr. Topcliffe! Be you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold? I pray God make you of a Saul a Paul, of a persecutor a Catholic." A murmur, hoarse and loud, from the crowd apprised us when all was over.

"Where is Muriel?" I cried, going to the window. Thence I beheld a sight which my pen refuseth to describe—the sledge which was carrying away the mangled remains of those dear friends which so short a time before we had looked upon alive! Like in a dream I saw this spectacle; for the moment afterward I fainted. Many persons were running after the cart, and Muriel keeping pace with what to others would have been a sight full of horror, but to her were only relics of the saintly dead. She followed, heedless of the mob, unmindful of their jeers, intent on one aim—to procure some portion of those sacred remains, which she at last achieved in an incredible manner; one finger of Edmund Genings's hand, which she laid hold of, remaining in hers. This se-

Digitized by Google

cured, she hastened home, bearing away this her treasure.

When I recovered from a long swoon, she was standing on one side of me and Lady Arundel on the other. Their faces were very pale, but peaceful; and when remembrance returned, I also felt a great and quiet joy diffused in mine heart, such as none, I ween, could believe in who have not known the like. For a while all earthly cares left me; I seemed to soar above this world. Even Basil I could think of with a singular detachment. It seemed as if angels were haunting the house, whispering heavenly secrets. I could not so much as think on those blessed departed souls without an increase of this joy sensibly inflaming my heart.

After Lady Arundel had left us, which she did with many loving words and tender caresses, Muriel and I conversed long touching the future. She told me that when her duty to her father should end with his life, she intended to fulfil the vow she long ago had made to consecrate herself wholly to God in holy religion, and go beyond the seas, to become a nun of the order of St. Augustine.

"May I not leave this world?" I cried; "may I not also, forgetting all things else, live for God alone?"

A sweet sober smile illumined Muriel's face as she answered, "Yea, by all means serve God, but not as a nun, good Constance. Thine I take to be the mere shadow of a vocation, if even so much as that. A cloud hath for a while obscured the sunshine of thy hopes and called up this shadow; but let this thin vapor dissolve, and no trace shall remain of it. Nay, nay, sweet one, 'tis not chafed, nor yet, except in rare instances, riven hearts which God doth call to this special consecration—rather whole ones, nothing or scantily touched by the griefs and joys which this world can afford. But I warrant thee—nay, I may not warrant," she added, checking herself, "for who can of a surety forecast what God's designs should be? But I think thou wilt be, before many years have past, a careful matron, with many children about thy apron-strings to try thy patience."

"O Muriel," I answered, "how should this be? I have made my bed, and I must lie on it. Like a foolish creature, unwittingly, or rather rashly, I have deceived Basil into thinking I do not love him; and if my face should yet recover its old fairness, he shall still think mine heart estranged."

Muriel shook her head, and said more entangled skeins than this one had been unravelled. The next day she resumed her wonted labors in the prisons and amongst the poor. Having procured means of access to Mistress Wells, she carried to her the only comfort she could now taste—the knowledge of her husband's holy, courageous end, and the reports of the last words he did utter. Then having received a charge thereunto from Mr. Genings, she discovered John Genings's place of residence, and went to tell him that the cause of his brother's coming to London was specially his love for him; that his only regret in dying had been that he was executed before he could see him again, or commend him to any friend of his own, so hastened was his death.

But this much-loved brother received her with a notable coldness; and far from bewailing the untimely and bloody end of his nearest kinsman, he betrayed some kind of contentment at the thought that he was now rid of all the persuasions which he suspected he should otherwise have received from him touching religion.

About a fortnight afterward Mr. Congleton expired. Alas! so troublesome were the times, that to see one, howsoever loved, sink peacefully into the grave, had not the same sadness which usually belongs to the like haps.

Muriel had procured a priest for to give him extreme unction—one Mr. Adams, a friend of Mr. Wells, who had sometimes said mass in his house. He also secretly came for to perform

Digitized by Google

the funeral rites before his burial in the cemetery of St. Martin's church.

When we returned home that day after the funeral, this reverend gentleman asked us if we had heard any report touching the brother of Mr. Genings; and on our denial, he said, "Talk is ministered amongst Catholics of his sudden conversion."

"Sudden, indeed, it should be," quoth Muriel; "for a more indifferent listener to an afflicting message could not be met with than he proved himself when I carried to him Mr. Genings's dying words."

"Not more sudden," quoth Mr. Adams, "than St. Paul's was, and therefore not incredible."

Whilst we were yet speaking, a servant came in, and said a young gentleman was at the door, and very urgent for to see Muriel.

"Tell him," she said, raising her eyes, swollen with tears, "that I have one hour ago buried my father, and am in no condition to see strangers."

The man returned with a paper, on which these words were written:

"A penitent and a wanderer craveth to speak with you. If you shed tears, his do incessantly flow. If you weep for a father, he grieveth for one better to him than ten fathers. If your plight is sad, his should be desperate, but for God's great mercy and a brother's prayers yet pleading for him in heaven as once upon earth.

"JOHN GENINGS."

"Heavens!" Muriel cried, "it is this changed man, this Saul become a Paul, which stands at the door and knocks. Bring him in swiftly; the best comfort I can know this day is to see one who awhile was lost and is now found."

When John Genings beheld her and me, he awhile hid his face in his hands, and seemed unable to speak. To break this silence Mr. Adams said, "Courage, Mr. Genings; your holy brother rejoiceth in heaven over your changed mind, and further blessings still, I doubt not, he shall yet obtain for you."

Then this same John raised his head, and with as great and touching sorrow as can be expressed, after thanking this unknown speaker for his comfortable words, he begged of Muriel to relate to him each action and speech in the dying scene she had witnessed; and when she had ended this recital, with the like urgency he moved me to tell him all I could remember of his brother's young years, all my father had written of his life and virtues at college, all which we had heard of his labors since he had come into the country, and lastly, in a manner most simple and affecting, we all entreating him thereunto, he made this narrative, addressing himself chiefly to Muriel:

"You, madam, are acquainted with what was the hardness of mine heart and cruel indifference to my brother's fate; with what disdain I listened to you, with what pride I received his last advice. But about ten days after his execution, toward night, having spent all that day in sports and jollity, being weary with play, I resorted home to repose myself. I went into a secret chamber, and was no sooner there sat down, but forthwith my heart began to be heavy, and I weighed how idly I had spent that day. Amidst these thoughts there was presently represented to me an imagination and apprehension of the death of my brother, and, amongst other things, how he had not long before forsaken all worldly pleasure, and for the sake of his religion alone endured dreadful torments. Then within myself I made long discourses concerning his manner of living and mine own; and finding the one to embrace pain and mortification, and the other to seek pleasure—the one to live strictly, and the other licentiously—I was struck with exceeding terror and remorse. I wept bitterly, desiring God to illuminate mine understanding, that I might see and perceive the truth. Oh, what great joy and consolation did I feel at

Digitized by Google

that instant! What reverence on the sudden did I begin to bear to the Blessed Virgin and to the Saints of God, which before I had never scarcely so much as heard of! What strange emotions, as it were inspirations, with exceeding readiness of will to change my religion, took possession of my soul! and what heavenly conception had I then of my brother's felicity! I imagined I saw him—I thought I heard him. In this ecstasy of mind I made a vow upon the spot, as I lay prostrate on the ground, to forsake kindred and country, to find out the true knowledge of Edmund's faith. Oh, sir," he ended by saying, turning to Mr. Adams, which he guessed to be a priest, "think you not my brother obtained for me in heaven what on earth he had not obtained? for here I am become a Catholic in faith without persuasion or conference with any one man in the world?"

"Ay, my good friend," Mr. Adams replied; "the blood of martyrs will ever prove the seed of the Church. Let us then, in our private prayers, implore the suffrages of those who in this country do lose their lives for the faith, and take unto ourselves the words of Jeremiah: 'O Lord, remember what has happened unto us. Behold and see our great reproach; our inheritance is gone to strangers, our houses to aliens. We are become as children without a father, our mothers are made as it were widows.'"

These last words of Holy Writ brought to mine own mind private sorrows, and caused me to shed tears. Soon after John Genings departed from England without giving notice to us or any of his friends, and went beyond seas to execute his promise. I have heard that he has entered the holy order of St. Francis, and is seeking to procure a convent of that religion at Douay, in hopes of restoring the English Franciscan province, of which it is supposed he will be first provincial. Report doth state him to be an exceeding strict and holy religious, and like to prove an instrument in furnishing the English mission with many zealous and apostolical laborers.

Muriel and I were solitary in that great city where so many misfortunes had beset us; she with her anchor cast where her hopes could not be deceived; I by mine own folly like unto a ship at sea without a chart. Womanly reserve, mixed, I ween, with somewhat of pride, restraining me from writing to Basil, though, as my face improved each day, I deplored my hasty folly, and desired nothing so much as to see him again, when, if his love should prove unchanged (shame on that word *if!* which my heart disavowed), we should be as heretofore, and the suffering I had caused him and endured myself would end. But how this might happen I foresaw not; and life was sad and weary while so much suspense lasted.

Muriel would not forsake me while in this plight; but although none could have judged it from her cheerful and amiable behavior, I well knew that she sighed for the haven of a religious home, and grieved to keep her from it. After some weeks spent in this fashion, with very little comfort, I was sitting one morning dismally forecasting the future, writing letter after letter to Basil, which still I tore up rather than send them—for I warrant you it was no easy matter for to express in writing what I longed to say. To tell him the cause of my breaking our contract was so much as to compel him to the performance of it; and albeit I was no longer so ill-favored as at the first, yet the good looks I had before my sickness had by no means wholly returned. Sometimes I wrote: "Your thinking, dear Basil, that I do affection any but yourself is so false and injurious an imagination, that I cannot suffer you to entertain it. Be sure I never can and never shall love any but you; yet, for all that, I cannot marry you." Then effacing this last sentence, which verily belied my true desire, I would write another: "Methinks if you should see me now, yourself would not wish otherwise than to dissolve a contract

Digitized by Google

wherein your contentment should be less than it hath been." And then thinking this should be too obscure, changed it to—"In sooth, dear Basil, my appearance is so altered that you would yourself, I ween, not desire for to wed one so different from the Constance you have seen and loved." But pride whispered to restrain this open mention of my suspicious fears of his liking me less for my changed face; yet withal, conscience reproved this misdoubt of one whose affection had ever shown itself to be of the nobler sort, which looketh rather to the qualities of the heart and mind than to the exterior charms of a fair visage.

Alas! what a torment doth perplexity occasion. I had let go my pen, and my tears were falling on the paper, when Muriel opened the door of the parlor.

"What is it?" I cried, hiding my face with mine hand, that she should not see me weeping.

"A letter from Lady Arundel," she answered.

I eagerly took it from her; and on the reading of it found it contained an urgent request from her ladyship, couched in most affectionate terms, and masking the kindness of its intent under a show of entreating, as a favor to herself, that I would come and reside with her at Arundel Castle, where she greatly needed the solace of a friend's company, during her lord's necessary absences. "Mine own dear, good Constance," she wrote, "come to me quickly. In a letter I cannot well express all the good you will thus do to me. For mine own part, I would fain say come to me until death shall part us. But so selfish I would not be; yet prithee come until such time as the clouds which have obscured the fair sky of thy future prospects have passed away, and thy Basil's fortunes are mended; for I will not cease to call him thine, for all that thou hast thyself thrust a spoke in a wheel which otherwise should have run smoothly, for the which thou art now doing penance: but be of good cheer; time will bring thee shrift. Some kind of comfort I can promise thee in this house, greater than I dare for to commit to paper. Lose no time then. From thy last letter methinks the gentle turtle-dove at whose side thou dost now nestle hath found herself a nest whereunto she longeth to fly. Let her spread her wings thither, and do thou hasten to the shelter of these old walls and the loving faithful heart of thy poor friend,

"ANNE ARUNDEL AND SURREY."

Before a fortnight was overpast Muriel and I had parted; she for her religious home beyond seas, I for the castle of my Lord Arundel, whither I travelled in two days, resting on my way at the pleasant village of Horsham. During the latter part of the journey the road lay through a very wild expanse of down; but as soon as I caught sight of the sea my heart bounded with joy; for to gaze on its blue expanse seemed to carry me beyond the limits of this isle to the land where Basil dwelt. When I reached the castle, the sight of the noble gateway and keep filled me with admiration; and riding into the court thereof, I looked with wonder on the military defences bristling on every side. But what a sweet picture smiled from one of the narrow windows over above the entrance-door!—mine own loved friend, yet fairer in her matronly and motherly beauty than even in her girlhood's loveliness, holding in her arms the pretty bud which had blossomed on a noble tree in the time of adversity. Her countenance beamed on me like the morning sun's; and my heart expanded with joy when, half-way up the stairs which led to her chamber, I found myself inclosed in her arms. She led me to a settle near a cheerful fire, and herself removed my riding-cloak, my hat and veil, stroked my cheek with two of her delicate white fingers, and said with a smile,

"In sooth, my dear Constance, thou art an arrant cheat."

"How so, most dear lady?" I said, likewise smiling.

Digitized by Google

"Why, thou art as comely as ever I saw thee; which, after all the torments inflicted on poor Master Rookwood by thy prophetical vision of an everlasting deformity, carefully concealed from him under the garb of a sudden fit of inconstancy, is a very nefarious injustice. Go to, go to; if he should see thee now, he never would believe but that that management of thine was a cunning device for to break faith with him."

"Nay, nay," I cried; "if I should be ever so happy, which I deserve not, for to see him again, there could never be for one moment a mistrust on his part of a love which is too strong and too fond for concealment. If the feebleness of sickness had not bred unreasonable fears, methinks I should not have been guilty of so great a folly as to think he would prize less what he was always wont most to treasure far above their merits—the heart and mind of his poor Constance—because the casket which held them had waxed unseemly. But when the day shall come in which Basil and I may meet, God only knoweth. Human foresight cannot attain to this prevision."

Lady Arundel's eyes had a smiling expression then which surprised me. For mine own heart was full when I thus spoke, and I was wont to meet in her with a more quick return of the like feelings I expressed than at that time appeared. Slight inward resentments, painfully, albeit not angrily, entertained, I was by nature prone to; and in this case the effect of this impression suddenly checked the joy which at my first arrival I had experienced. O, how much secret discipline should be needed for to rule that little unruly kingdom within us, which many look not into till serious rebellions do arise, which need fire and sword to quell them for lack of timely repression! Her ladyship set before me some food, and constrained me to eat, which I did merely for to content her. She appeared to me somewhat restless: beginning a sentence, and then breaking off suddenly in the midst thereof; going in and out of the chamber; laughing at one time, and then seeming as if about to weep. When I had finished eating, and a servant had removed the dishes, she sat down by my side and took my hand in hers. Then the tears truly began to roll down her cheeks.

"O, for God's sake, what aileth you, dearest lady?" I said, uneasily gazing on her agitated countenance.

"Nothing ails me," she answered; "only I fear to frighten thee, albeit in a joyful manner."

"Frightened with joy!" I sadly answered. "O, that should be a rare fright, and an unwonted one to me of late."

"Therefore," she said, smiling through her tears, "peradventure the more to be feared."

"What joy do you speak of? I pray you, sweet lady, keep me not in suspense."

"If, for instance," she said in a low voice, pressing my hands very hard,—"if I was to tell thee Constance, that thy Basil was here, shouldst thou not be affrighted?"

Methinks I must have turned very white; leastways, I began to tremble.

"Is he here?" I said, almost beside myself with the fearful hope her words awoke.

"Yea," she said. "Since three days he is here."

For a moment I neither spoke nor moved.

"How comes it about? how doth it happen?" I began to say; but a passion of tears choked my utterance. I fell into her arms, sobbing on her breast; for verily I had no power to restrain myself. I heard her say, "Master Rookwood, come in." Then, after those sad long weary years, I again heard his cheerful voice; then I saw his kind eyes speaking what words could never have uttered, or one-half so well expressed. Then I felt the happiness which is most like,

Digitized by Google

I ween, of any on earth to that of heaven: after long parting, to meet again one intensely loved—each heart overflowing with an unspoken joy and with an unbounded thankfulness to God. Amazement did so fill me at this unlooked-for good, that I seemed content for a while to think of it as of a dream, and only feared to be awoke. But oh, with how many sweet tears of gratitude—with what bursts of wonder and admiration—I soon learnt how Lady Arundel had formed this kind plot, to which Muriel had been privy, for to bring together parted lovers, and procure to others the happiness she so often lacked herself—the company of the most loved person in the world. She had herself written to Basil, and related the cause of my apparent change; a cause, she said, at no time sufficient for to warrant a desperate action, and even then passing away. But that had it for ever endured, she was of opinion his was a love would survive any such accident as touched only the exterior, when all else was unimpaired. She added, that when Mr. Congleton, who was then at the point of death, should have expired, and Muriel gone beyond seas to fulfil her religious intent, she would use all the persuasion in her power to bring me to reside with her, which was the thing she most desired in the world; and that if he should think it possible under another name for to cross the seas and land at some port in Sussex, he should be the welcomest guest imaginable at Arundel Castle, if even, like St. Alexis, he should hide his nobility under the garb of rags, and come thither begging on foot; but yet she hoped, for his sake, it should not so happen, albeit nothing could be more honorable if the cause was a good one. It needed no more inducement than what this letter contained for to move Basil to attempt this secret return. He took the name of Martingale, and procured a passage in a small trading craft, which landed him at the port of a small town named Littlehampton, about three or four miles from Arundel. Thence he walked to the castle, where the countess feigned him to be a leech sent by my lord to prescribe remedies for a pain in her head, which she was oftentimes afflicted with, and as such entertained him in the eyes of strangers as long as he continued there, which did often move us to great merriment; for some of the neighbors which she was forced to see, would sometimes ask for to consult the countess's physician; and to avoid misdoubts, Basil once or twice made up some innocent compounds, which an old gentleman and a maiden lady in the town vowed had cured them, the one of a fit of the gout, and the other of a very sharp disorder in her stomach. But to return to the blissful first day of our meeting, one of the happiest I had yet known; for a paramount affection doth so engross the heart, that other sorrows vanish in its presence like dewdrops in the sunshine. I can never forget the smallest particle of its many joys. The long talk between Basil and me, first in Lady Arundel's chamber, and then in the gallery of the castle, walking up and down, and when I was tired, I sitting and he standing by the window which looked on the fair valley and silvery river Arun, running toward the sea, through pleasant pastures, with woody slopes on both sides, a fair and a peaceful scene; fair and peaceful as the prospect Basil unfolded to me that day, if we could but once in safety cross the seas; for his debtors had remitted to him in France the moneys which they owed him, and he had purchased a cottage in a very commodious village near the town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, with an apple-orchard and a garden stored with gay flowers and beehives, and a meadow with two large walnut-trees in it. "And then bethink thee," he added, "mine own dear love, that right in front of this fine mansion doth stand the parish church, where God is worshipped in a Catholic manner in

Digitized by Google

peace and freedom; and nothing greater or more weighty need, methinks, to be said in its praise."

I said I thought so too, and that the picture he drew of it liked me well.

"But," quoth Basil suddenly, "I must tell thee, sweetheart, I liked not well thy behavior touching thine altered face, and the misleading letter thou didst send me at that time. No!" he exclaimed with great vehemency, "it mislikes me sorely that thou shouldst have doubted my love and faith, and dealt with me so injuriously. If I was now by some accident disfigured, I must by that same token expect thine affection for me should decay."

"O Basil!" I cried, "that would be an impossible thing!"

"Wherefore impossible?" he replied; "you thought such a change possible in me?"

"Because," I said, smiling, "women are the most constant creatures in the world, and not fickle like unto men, or so careful of a good complexion in others, or a fine set of features."

"Tut, tut!" he cried, "I do admire that thou shouldst dare to utter so great a . . . ." then he stopped, and, laughing, added, "the last half of Raleigh's name, as the queen's bad riddle doth make it."*

Well, much talk of this sort was ministered between us; but albeit I find pleasure in the recalling of it, methinks the reading thereof should easily weary others; so I must check my pen, which, like unto a garrulous old gossip, doth run on, overstepping the limits of discretion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BEFORE I arrived, Lady Arundel had made Basil privy to a great secret, with warrant to impart it to me. In a remote portion of the castle's buildings was concealed at that time Father Southwell, a man who had not his like for piety and good parts; a sweet poet also, whose pieces of verse, chiefly written in that obscure chamber in Arundel Castle, have been since done into print, and do win great praise from all sorts of people. Adjoining to his room, which only one servant in the house, who carried his meals to him, had knowledge of, and from which he could not so much as once look out of the window for fear of being seen, was a small oratory where he said mass every day, and by a secret passage Lady Arundel went from her apartments for to hear it. That same evening after supper she led me thither for to get this good priest's blessing, and also his counsel touching my marriage; for both her ladyship and Basil were urgent for it to take place in a private manner at the castle before we left England. For, they argued, if there should be danger in this departure, it were best encountered together; and except we were married it should be an impossible thing for me to travel in his company and land with him in France. Catholics could be married in a secret manner now that the needs of the times, and the great perils many were exposed to, gave warrant for it. After some talk with Father Southwell and Lady Arundel, I consented to their wishes with more gladness of heart, I ween, than was seemly to exhibit; for verily I was better contented than can be thought of to think I should be at last married to my dear Basil, and never more to part from him, if it so pleased God that we should land safely in France, which did seem to me then the land of promise.

The next days were spent in forecasting means for a safe departure, as soon as these secret nuptials should have taken place; but none had been yet resolved on, when one morning I was called to Lady Arundel's chamber, whom I found in tears and greatly disturbed, for that she had heard from Lady Margaret Sackville, who

* "The bane of the stomach, and the word of disgrace,
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face."

Digitized by Google

was then in London, that Lord Arundel was once more resolved to leave the realm, albeit Father Edmunds did dissuade him from that course; but some other friend's persuasions were more availing, and he had determined to go to France, where he might live in safety and serve God quietly.

My lady's agitation at this news was very great. She said nothing should content her but to go with him, albeit she was then with child; and she should write to tell him so; but before she could send a letter Lord Arundel came to the castle, and held converse for many hours with her and Father Southwell. When I met her afterward in the gallery, her eyes were red with weeping. She said my lord desired to see Basil and me in her chamber at nine of the clock. He wished to speak with us of his resolve to cross the seas, and she prayed God some good should arise out of it. Then she added, "I am now going to the chapel, and if thou hast nothing of any weight to detain thee, then come thither also, for to join thy prayers with mine for the favorable issue of a very doubtful matter."

When we repaired to her ladyship's chamber at the time appointed, my lord greeted us in an exceeding kind manner; and after some talk touching Basil's secret return to England, our marriage, and then as speedy as possible going abroad, his lordship said: "I also am compelled to take a like course, for my evil-willers are resolved to work my ruin and overthrow, and will succeed therein by means of my religion. Many actions which at the outset may seem rash and unadvised, after sufficient consideration do appear to be just and necessary; and, methinks, my dearest wife and Father Southwell are now minded to recommend what at first they misliked, and to see that in this my present intent I take the course which, though it imperils my fortunes, will tend to my soul's safety and that of my children. Since I have conceived this intent, I thank God I have found a great deal more quietness in my mind; and in this respect I have just occasion to esteem my past troubles as my greatest felicity, for they have been the means of leading me to that course which ever brings perfect quietness, and only procures eternal happiness. I am resolved, as my dear Nan well knoweth, to endure any punishment rather than willingly to decline from what I have begun. I have bent myself as nearly as I could to continue in the same, and to do no act repugnant to my faith and profession. And by means hereof I am often compelled to do many things which may procure peril to myself, and be an occasion of mislike to her majesty. For, look you, on the first day of this parliament, when the queen was hearing of a sermon in the cathedral church of Westminster, above in the chancel, I was driven to walk by myself below in one of the aisles; and another day this last Lent, when she was hearing another sermon in the chapel at Greenwich, I was forced to stay all the while in the presence-chamber. Then also when on any Sunday or holyday her grace goes to her great closet, I am forced either to stay in the privy chamber, and not to wait upon her at all, or else presently to depart as soon as I have brought her to the chapel. These things, and many more, I can by no means escape, but only by an open plain discovery of myself, in the eye and opinion of all men, as to the true cause of my refusal; neither can it now be long hidden, although for a while it may not have been generally noted and observed."

Lady Arundel sighed and said:

"I must needs confess that of necessity it must shortly be discovered; and when I remember what a watchful and jealous eye is carried over all such as are known to be recusants, and also how their lodgings are continually searched, and to how great danger they are subject if a Jesuit or seminary priest be found within their house, I begin to see that either you cannot serve God in such

Digitized by Google

sort as you have professed, or else you must incur the hazard of greater sufferings than I am willing you should endure."

"For my part," Basil said, "I would ask, my lord, those that hate you most, whether being of the religion which you do profess, they would not take that course for safety of their souls and discharge of their consciences which you do now meditate? And either they must directly tell you that they would have done the same, or acknowledge themselves to be mere atheists; which, howsoever they be affected in their hearts, I think they would be loth to confess with their mouths."

"What sayest thou, Constance, of my lord's intent?" Lady Arundel said, when Basil left off speaking.

"I am ashamed to utter my thinking in his presence, and in yours, dearest lady," I replied; "but if you command me to it, methinks that having had his house so fatally and successfully touched, and finding himself to be of that religion which is accounted dangerous and odious to the present state, which her majesty doth detest, and of which she is most jealous and doubtful, and seeing he might now be drawn for his conscience into a great and continual danger, not being able to do any act or duty whereunto his religion doth bind him without incurring the danger of felony, he must needs run upon his death headlong, which is repugnant to the law of God and flatly against conscience, or else he must resolve to escape these perils by the means he doth propose."

"Yea," exclaimed his lordship, with so much emotion that his voice shook in the utterance of the words, "long have I debated with myself on the course to take. I do see it to be the safest way to depart out of the realm, and abide in some other place where I may live without danger of my conscience, without offence to the queen, without daily peril of my life; but yet I was drawn by such forcible persuasions to be of another opinion, as I could not easily resolve on which side to settle my determination. For on the one hand my native, and oh how dearly loved country, my own early friends, my kinsfolk, my home, and, more than all, my wife, which I must for a while part with if I go, do invite me to stay. Poverty awaits me abroad; but in what have state and riches benefited us, Nan? Shall not ease of heart and freedom from haunting fears compensate for vain wealth? When, with the sweet burthen in thine arms which for a while doth detain thee here, thou shalt kneel before God's altar in a Catholic land, methinks thou wilt have but scanty regrets for the trappings of fortune."

"God is my witness," the sweet lady replied, "that should be the happiest day of my life. But I fear—yea, much I do fear—the chasm of parting which doth once more open betwixt thee and me. Prithee, Phil, let me go with thee," she tearfully added.

"Nay, sweet Nan," he answered; "thou knowest the physicians forbid thy journeying at the present time so much as hence to London. How should it then behoove thee to run the perils of the sea, and nightly voyage, and it may be rough usage? Nay, let me behold thee again, some months hence, with a fair boy in thine arms, which if I can but once behold, my joy shall be full, if I should have to labor with mine hands for to support him and thee."

She bowed her head on the hand outstretched to her; but I could see the anguish with which she yielded her assent to this separation. Methinks there was some sort of presentiment of the future heightening her present grief; she seemed so loth her lord should go, albeit reason and expediency forced from her an unwilling consent.

Before the conversation in Lady Arundel's chamber ended, the earl proposed that Basil and I should accompany him abroad, and cross the sea in the craft he should privately

Digitized by Google

hire, which would sail from Littlehampton, and carry us to some port of France, whence along the coast we could travel to Boulogne. This liked her ladyship well. Her eyes entreated our consent thereunto, as if it should have been a favor she asked, which indeed was rather a benefit conferred on us; for nothing would serve my lord but that he should be at the entire charge of the voyage, who smiling said, for such good company as he should thus enjoy he should be willing to be taxed twice as much, and yet consider himself to be the obliged party in this contract.

"But we must be married first," Basil bluntly said.

Lady Arundel replied that Father Southwell could perform the ceremony when we pleased—yea, on the morrow, if it should be convenient; and that my lord should be present thereat.

I said this should be very short notice, I thought, for to be married the next day; upon which Basil exclaimed,

"These be not times, sweetheart, for ceremonies, fashions, and nice delays. Methinks since our betrothal there hath been sufficient waiting for to serve the turn of the nicest lady in the world in the matter of reserves and yeas and nays."

Which is the sharpest thing, I think, Basil hath uttered to me either before or since we have been married. So, to appease him, I said not another word against this sudden wedding; and the next day but one, at nine of the clock, was then fixed for the time thereof.

On the following morning Lord Arundel and Basil (the earl had conceived a very great esteem and good disposition toward him; as great, and greater he told me, as for some he had known for as many years as him hours) went out together, under pretence of shooting in the woods on the opposite side of the river about Leominster, but verily to proceed to Littlehampton, where the earl had appointed to meet the captain of the vessel—a Catholic man, the son of an old retainer of his family—with whom he had dealt for the hiring of a vessel for to sail to France as soon as the wind should prove favorable. Whilst they were gone upon this business, Lady Arundel and I sat in the chamber which looked into the court, making such simple preparations as would escape notice for our wedding, and the departure which should speedily afterward ensue.

"I will not yield thee," her ladyship said, "to be married except in a white dress and veil, which I shall hide in a chamber nigh unto the oratory, where I myself will attire thee, dear love; and see, this morning early I went out alone into the garden and gathered this store of rosemary, for to make thee a nosegay to wear in thy bosom. Father Southwell saith it is used at weddings for an emblem of fidelity. If so, who should have so good a right to it as my Constance and her Basil? But I will lay it up in a casket, which shall conceal it the while, and aid to retain the scent thereof."

"O dear lady," I cried, seizing her hands, "do you remember the day when you plucked rosemary in our old garden at Sherwood, and smiling, said to me, 'This meaneth remembrance?' Since it signifieth fidelity also, well should you affection it; for where shall be found one so faithful in love and friendship as you?"

"Weep not," she said, pressing her fingers on her eyelids to stay her own tears. "We must needs thank God and be joyful on the eve of thy wedding-day; and I am resolved to meet my lord also with a cheerful countenance, so that not in gloom but in hope he shall leave his native land."

In converse such as this the hours went swiftly by. Sometimes we talked of the past, its many strange haps and changes; sometimes of the future, forecasting the manner of our lives abroad, where in safety, albeit in poverty, we hoped to spend our days. In

Digitized by Google

the afternoon there arrived at the castle my Lord William Howard and his wife and Lady Margaret Sackville, who, having notice of their brother's intent to go beyond season the next day, if it should be possible, had come for to bid him farewell.

Leaving Lady Arundel in their company, I went to the terrace underneath the walls of the castle, and there paced up and down, chewing the cud of both sweet and sad memories. I looked at the soft blue sky and fleecy clouds, urged along by a westerly breeze impregnated with a salt savor; on the emerald green of the fields, the graceful forms of the leafless trees on the opposite hills, on the cattle peacefully resting by the river-side. I listed to the rustling of the wind amongst the bare branches over mine head, and the bells of a church ringing far off in the valley. "O England, mine own England, my fair native land—am I to leave thee, never to return?" I cried, speaking aloud, as if to ease my oppressed heart. Then mine eyes rested on the ruined hospital of the town, the shut-up churches, the profaned sanctuaries, and thought flying beyond the seas to a Catholic land, I exclaimed, "The sparrow shall find herself a house, and the turtle-dove a nest for herself —the altars of the Lord of hosts, my king and my God."

When Basil returned, he told me that the vessel which was to take us to France was lying out at sea near the coast. Lord Arundel and himself had gone in a boat to speak with the captain, who did seem a particular honest man and zealous Catholic; and the earl had bespoken some needful accommodation for Mistress Martingale, he said, smiling; not very commodious, indeed, but as good as on board the like craft could be expected. If the wind remained in the same quarter in the afternoon of the morrow, we should then sail; if it should change, so as to be most unfavorable, the captain should send private notice of it to the castle.

The whole of that evening the earl spent in writing a letter to her majesty. He feared that his enemies, after his departure, would, by their slanderous reports, endeavor to disgrace him with the people, and cause the queen to have sinister surmises of him. He confided this letter to the Lady Margaret, his sister, to be delivered unto her after his arrival in France; by which it might appear, both to her and all others, what were the true causes which had moved him to undertake that resolution.

I do often think of that evening in the great chamber of the castle—the young earl in the vigorous strength and beauty of manhood, his comely and fair face now bending over his writing, now raised with a noble and manly grief, as he read aloud portions of it, which, methinks, would have touched any hearts to hear them; and how much the more that loving wife, that affectionate sister, that faithful brother, those devoted friends which seemed to be in some sort witnesses of his last will before a final parting! I mind me of the sorrowful, dove-like sweetness of Lady Arundel's countenance; the flashing eyes of Lady Margaret; the loving expression, veiled by a studied hardness, of Lord William's face; of his wife my Lady Bess's reddening cheek and tearful eyes, which she did conceal behind the coif of her childish namesake sitting on her knees. When he had finished his letter, with a somewhat moved voice the earl read the last passages thereof: "If my protestation, who never told your majesty any untruth, may carry credit in your opinion, I here call God and his angels to witness that I would not have taken this course if I might have stayed in England without danger of my soul or peril of my life. I am enforced to forsake my country, to forget my friends, to leave my wife, to lose the hope of all worldly pleasures and earthly commodities. All this is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I could not desire to live if I

Digitized by Google

were not comforted with the remembrance of his mercy for whom I endure all this, who endured ten thousand times more for me. Therefore I remain in assured hope that myself and my cause shall receive that favor, conceit, and rightful construction at your majesty's hands which I may justly challenge. I do humbly crave pardon for my long and tedious letter, which the weightiness of the matter enforced me unto; and I beseech God from the bottom of my heart to send your majesty as great happiness as I wish to mine own soul."

A time of silence followed the reading of these sentences, and then the earl said in a cheerful manner:

"So, good Meg, I commit this protestation to thy good keeping. When thou hearest of my safe arrival in France, then straightway see to have it placed in the queen's hands."

The rest of the evening was spent in affectionate converse by these near kinsfolk. Basil and I repaired the while by the secret passage to Father Southwell's chamber, where we were in turn shriven, and afterward received from him such good counsel and rules of conduct as he deemed fitting for married persons to observe. Before I left him, this good father gave me, writ in his own hand, some sweet verses which he had that day composed for us, and which I do here transcribe. He, smiling, said he had made mention of fishes in his poem, for to pleasure so famous an angler as Basil; and of birds, for that he knew me to be a great lover of these soaring creatures:

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Times go by turn, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost,
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befal,
Who least have some, who most have never all.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

The common sheet of paper which doth contain this his writing hath a greater value in mine eyes than the most rich gift that can be thought of.

On the next morning, Lady Arundel conducted me from mine own chamber, first into a room where with her own hands she arrayed me in my bridal dress, and with many tender kisses and caresses, such as a sister or a mother would bestow, testified her affection for her poor friend; and thence to the oratory, where the altar was prepared, and by herself in secret decked with early primroses, which had begun to show in the woods and neath the hedges. A small but noble company were gathered round us that day. From pure and holy lips the Church's benison came to us. The vows we exchanged have been faithfully observed, and long years have set a seal on the promises then made.

Basil's wife! Oh, what a whole compass of happiness did lie in those two words! Yea, the waves of the sea might now rage and the winds blow. The haven might be distant and the way thither insecure. Man's enmity or accident might yet rob us each of the other's visible presence. But naught could now sever the cord, strong like unto a cable chain, which bound our souls in one. Anchored in that wedded unity, which is one of God's sacraments, till death, ay, and beyond death also, this tie should last.

We have been young, and now are old. We have lost country, home, and almost every friend known and affectioned in our young years; but

Digitized by Google

that deepest, holiest love, the type of Christ's union with his Church, still doth shed its light over the evening of life. My dear Basil, I am assured, thinks me as fair as when we did sit together fishing on the banks of the Ouse; and his hoary head and withered cheeks are more lovely in mine eyes than ever were his auburn locks and ruddy complexion. One of us must needs die before the other, unless we should be so happy that that good should befal us as to end our days as two aged married persons I have heard of. It was the husband's custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask his wife how she did; but one night, he being in a deep sleep, she quietly departed toward the morning. He was that day to have gone out a-hunting, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out. The women, fearful to surprise him with the ill news, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. But the gentleman waking did not on that day, as was his custom, ask for his wife, but called his chaplain to prayers, and, joining with him, in the midst of the prayer expired, and both were buried in the same grave. Methinks this should be a very desirable end, only, if it pleased God, I would wish to have the last sacraments, and then to die just before Basil, when his time cometh. But God knoweth best; and any ways we are so old and so near of an age, one cannot tarry very long behind when the other is gone.

Being at rest after our marriage touching what concerned ourselves, compassion for Lady Arundel filled our hearts. Alas! how bravely and how sweetly she bore this parting grief. Her intense love for her lord, and sorrow at their approaching separation, struggled with her resolve not to sadden their last hours, which were prolonged beyond expectancy. For once on that day, and twice on that which followed, when all was made ready for departure, a message came from the captain for to say the wind, and another time the tide, would not serve; and albeit each time, like a reprieved person, Lady Arundel welcomed the delay, methinks these retardments served to increase her sufferings. Little Bess hung fondly on her father's neck the last time he returned from Littlehampton with the tidings the vessel would not sail for some hours, kissing his face and playing with his beard.

"Ah, dearest Phil!" her mother cried, "the poor babe rejoiceth in the sight of thee, all unwitting in her innocent glee of the shortness of this joy. Howsoever, methinks five or six hours of it is a boon for to thank God for;" and so putting her arm in his, she led him away to a solitary part of the garden, where they walked to and fro, she, as she hath since written to me, starting each time the clock did strike, like one doomed to execution. Methinks there was this difference between them, that he was full of hope and bright forecastings of a speedy reunion; but on her soul lay a dead, mournful despondency, which she hid by an apparent calmness. When, late in the evening, a third message came for to say the ship could not depart that night, I begun to think it would never go at all. I saw Basil looked at the weathercock and shrugged his shoulders, as if the same thought was in his mind. But when I spake of it, he said seafaring folks had a knowledge in these matters which others did not possess, and we must needs be patient under these delays. Howsoever, at three o'clock in the morning the shipman signified that the wind was fit and all in readiness. So we rose in haste and prepared for to depart. The countess put her arms about my neck, and this was the last embrace I ever had of her. My lord's brother and sisters hung about him awhile in great grief. Then his wife put out her hands to him, and, with a sorrow too deep for speech, fixed her eyes on his visage.

Digitized by Google

"Cheer up, sweetest wife," I heard him say. "Albeit nature suffers in this severance from my native land, my true home shall be wherever it shall please God to bring thee and me and our children together. God defend the loss of this world's good should make us sad, if we be but once so blessed as to meet again where we may freely serve him."

Then, after a long and tender clasping of her to his breast, he tore himself away and getting on a horse rode to the coast. Basil and I, with Mr. William Bray and Mr. Burlace, drove in a coach to the port. It was yet dark, and a heavy mist hung on the valley. Folks were yet abed, and the shutters of the houses closed, as we went down the hill through the town. After crossing the bridge over the Arun the air felt cold and chill. At the steep ascent near Leominster I put my head out of the window for to look once more at the castle, but the fog was too thick. At the port the coach stopped, and a boat was found waiting for us. Lord Arundel was seated in it, with his face muffled in a cloak. The savor of the sea air revived my spirits; and when the boat moved off, and I felt the waves lifting it briskly, and with my hand in Basil's I looked on the land we were leaving, and then on the watery world before us, a singular emotion filled my soul, as if it was some sort of death was happening to me—a dying to the past, a gliding on to an unknown future on a pathless ocean, rocked peacefully in the arms of his sheltering love, even as this little bark which carried us along was lifted up and caressed by the waves of the deep sea.

When we reached the vessel the day was dawning. The sun soon emerged from a bank of clouds, and threw its first light on the rippling waters. A favoring wind filled our sails, and like a bird on the wing the ship bounded on its way till the flat shore at Littlehampton and the far-off white cliffs to the eastward were well-nigh lost sight of. Lord Arundel stood with Basil on the narrow deck, gazing at the receding coast.

"How sweet the air doth blow from England!" he said; "how blue the sky doth appear to-day! and those saucy seagulls how free and happy they do look!" Then he noticed some fishing-boats, and with a telescope he had in his hand discerned various ships very far off. Afterward he came and sat down by my side, and spoke in a cheerful manner of his wife and the simple home he designed for her abroad. "Some years ago, Mistress Constance," he said—and then smiling, added, "My tongue is not yet used to call you Mistress Rookwood—when my sweet Nan, albeit a wife, was yet a simple child, she was wont to say, 'Phil, would we were farmers! You would plough the fields and cut wood in the forest, and I should milk the cows and feed the poultry.' Well, methinks her wish may yet come to pass. In Brittany or Normandy some little homestead should shelter us, where Bess shall roll on the grass and gather the fallen apples, and on Sundays put on her bravest clothes for to go to mass. What think you thereof, Mistress Constance? and who knoweth but you and your good husband may also dwell in the same village, and some eighteen or twenty years hence a gay wedding for to take place betwixt one Master Rookwood and one Lady Ann or Margaret Howard, or my Lord Maltravers with one Mistress Constance or Muriel Rookwood? And on the green on such a day, Nan and Basil and you and I should lead the brawls."

"Methinks, my lord," I answered, smiling, "you do forecast too great a condescension on your part, and too much ambition on our side, in the planning of such a union."

"Well, well," he said; "if your good husband carrieth not beyond seas with him the best earl's title in England, I'll warrant you in God's sight he weareth a higher one far

Digitized by Google

away—the merit of an unstained life and constant nobility of action; and I promise you, beside, he will be the better farmer of the twain; so that in the matter of tocher, Mistress Rookwood should exceed my Lady Bess or Ann Howard."

With such-like talk as this time was whiled away; and whilst we were yet conversing I noticed that Basil spoke often to the captain and looked for to be watching a ship yet at some distance, but which seemed to be gaining on us. Lord Arundel, perceiving it, then also joined them, and inquired what sort of craft it should be. The captain professed to be ignorant thereof; and when Basil said it looked like a small ship-of-war, and as there were many dangerous pirates about the Channel it should be well to guard against it, he assented thereto, and said he was prepared for defence.

"With such unequal means," Basil replied, "as it is like we should bring to a contest, speed should serve us better than defence."

"But," quoth Lord Arundel, "she is, 'tis plain, a swifter sailer than this one we are in. God's will be done, but 'tis a heavy misfortune if a pirate at this time do attack us, and so few moneys with us for to spare!"

Now none of our eyes could detach themselves from this pursuing vessel. The captain eluded further talk, on pretence for to give orders and move some guns he had aboard on deck; but it was vain for to think of a handful of men untrained to sea-warfare encountering a superior force, such as this ship must possess, if its designs should be hostile. As it moved nigher to us, we could perceive it to be well manned and armed. And the captain then exclaimed:

"'Tis Keloway's ship!"

This man was of a notorious, infamous life, well known for his sea-robberies and depredations in the Channel.

"God yield," murmured the earl, "he shall content himself with the small sum we can deliver to him and not stay us any further."

A moment afterward we were boarded by this man, who, with his crew, thrice as numerous as ours and armed to the teeth, comes on our deck and takes possession of the ship. Straightway he walks to the earl and tells him he doth know him, and had watched his embarkation, being resolved to follow him and exact a good ransom at his hands, which if he would pay without contention, he should himself, without further stop or stay, pass him and his two gentlemen into France, adding, he should take no less from him than one hundred pounds.

"I have not so much, or near unto it, with me," Lord Arundel said.

"But you can write a word or two to any friend of yours from whom I may receive it," quoth Keloway.

"Well," said the earl, "seeing I have pressing occasion for to go to France, and would not be willingly delayed, I must needs consent to your terms, no choice therein being allowed me. Get me some paper," he said to Mr. William Bray.

"Should this be prudent, my lord?" Basil whispered in his ear.

"There is no help for it, Master Rookwood," the earl replied. "Beside, there is honor even amongst thieves. Once secure of his money, this man hath no interest in detaining us, but rather the contrary."

And without further stopping, he hastily wrote a few lines to his sister the Lady Margaret Sackville, in London, that she should speak to Mr. Bridges, *alias* Grately, a priest, to give one hundred pounds to the bearer thereof, by the token that was between them, that *black is white*, and withal assured her that he now certainly hoped to have speedy passage without impediment. As soon as this paper was put into Kelloway's hand, he read it, and immediately called on his men for to arrest the Earl of Arundel, producing an order from the queen's council for to prove he

Digitized by Google

was appointed to watch there for him, and carry him back again to land where her majesty's officers did await him.

An indescribable anguish seized my heart; an overwhelming grief, such as methinks no other event, howsoever sad or tragical, or yet more nearly touching me, had ever wrought in my soul, which I ascribe to a presentiment that this should be the first link of that long chain of woes which was to follow.

"O, my lord!" I exclaimed, almost falling at his feet, "God help you to bear this too heavy blow!"

He took me by the hand; and never till I die shall I lose the memory of the sweet serenity and noble steadfastness of his visage in this trying hour.

"God willeth it," he gently said; "his holy will be done! He will work good out of what seemeth evil to us." And then gaily added, "We had thought to travel the same way; now we must needs journey apart. Never fear, good friends, but both roads shall lead to heaven, if we do but tread them piously. My chief sorrow is for Nan; but her virtue is so great, that affliction will never rob her of such peace as God only giveth."

Then this angelic man, forecasting for his friends in the midst of this terrible mishap, passed into Basil's hands his pocket-book, and said, "This shall pay your voyage, good friend; and if aught doth remain afterward, let the poor have their share of it, for a thank-offering, when you reach the shore in safety."

Basil, I saw, could not speak; his heart was too full. O, what a parting ensued on that sad ocean whose waves had seemed to dance so joyously a short space before! With what aching hearts we pressed the young earl's hand, and watched him pass into the other ship, accompanied by his two gentlemen, which were with him arrested! No heed was taken of us; and Kelloway, having secured his prey, abandoned our vessel, the captain of which seemed uneasy and ill-disposed to speak with us. We did then suspect, which doubt hath been since confirmed, that this seeming honest Catholic man had acted a traitor's part, and that those many delays had been used for the very purpose of staying Lord Arundel until such time as all was prepared for his capture. The wind, which was in our favor, bore us swiftly toward the French coast; and we soon lost sight of the vessel which carried the earl back to the shores of England. Fancy, you who read, what pictures we needs must then have formed of that return; of the dismal news reaching the afflicted wife, the sad sister, the mournful brother, and friends now scattered apart, so lately clustered round him! Alas! when we landed in France, at the port of Calais, the sense of our own safety was robbed of half its joy by fears and sorrowing for the dear friends whose fortunes have proved so dissimilar to our own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE deep clear azure of the French sky, the lightsome pure air, the quaint houses, and outlandish dresses of the people in Calais; the sound of a foreign tongue understood, but not familiar, for a brief time distracted my mind from painful themes. Basil led me to the church for to give thanks to God for his mercies to us, and mostly did it seem strange to me to enter an edifice in which he is worshipped in a Catholic manner, which yet hath the form and appearance of a church, and resembles not the concealed chambers in our country wherein mass is said; an open visible house for the King of kings, not a hiding-place, as in England. After we had prayed there a short time, Basil put into a box at the entrance the money which Lord Arundel had designed for the poor. A pale thin man stood at the door, which, when we passed, said, "God

Digitized by Google

bless you!" Basil looked earnestly at him, and then exclaimed, "As I live, Mr. Watson!" "Yea," the good man answered, "the same, or rather the shadow of the same, risen at the last from the bed of sickness. O Mr. Rookwood, I am glad to see you!" "And so am I to meet with you, Mr. Watson," Basil answered; and then told this dear friend who I was, and the sad hap of Lord Arundel, which moved in him a great concern for that young nobleman and his excellent lady. Many tokens of regard and interchange of information passed between us. He showed us where he lived, in a small cottage near unto the ramparts; and nothing would serve him but to gather for me in the garden a nosegay of early flowerets which just had raised their heads above the sod. He said Dr. Allen had sent him money in his sickness, and an English lady married to a French gentleman provided for his wants. "Ah! that was the good madame I told you of," Basil cried, turning to me; "who would have harbored . . . . . ." Then he stopped short; but Mr. Watson had caught his meaning, and with tears in his eyes said: "Fear not to speak of her whose death bought my life, and it may be also my soul's safety. For, God knoweth, the thought of her doth never forsake me so much as for one hour;" and thereupon we parted with much kindness on both sides. That night we lay at a small hostelry in the town; and the next morning hired a cart with one horse, which carried us to Boulogne in one day, and thence to this village, where we have lived since for many years in great peace, I thank God, and very much contentment of mind, and no regrets save such as do arise in the hearts of exiles without hope of return to a beloved native country.

The awaiting of tidings from England, which were long delayed, was at the first a very sore trial, and those which reached us at last yet more grievous than that suspense. Lord Arundel committed to the Tower; his brother the Lord William and his sister the Lady Margaret not long after arrested, which was more grief to him, his lady wrote to me, than all his own troubles and imprisonment. But, O my God! how well did that beginning match with what was to follow! Those ten years which were spent amidst so many sufferings of all sorts by these two noble persons, that the recital of them would move to pity the most strong heart.

Mine own sorrows, leastways all sharp ones, ended with my passage into France. If Basil showed himself a worthy lover, he hath proved a yet better husband. His nature doth so delight in doing good that it wins him the love of all our neighbors. His life is a constant exercise of charity. He is most indulgent to his wife and kind to his children, of which it hath pleased God to give him three—one boy and two girls, of as comely visages and commendable dispositions as can reasonably be desired. He hath a most singular affection for all such as do suffer for their religion, and cherishes them with an extraordinary bounty to the limits of his ability; his house being a common resort for all banished Catholics which land at Boulogne, from whence he doth direct them to such persons as can assist them in their need. His love toward my unworthy self hath never decreased. Methinks it rather doth increase as we advance in years. We have ever been actuated as by one soul; and never have any two wills agreed so well as Basil's and 'mine in all aims in this world and hopes for the next. If any, in the reading of this history, have only cared for mine own haps, I pray them to end their perusal of it here; but if, even as my heart hath been linked from early years with Lady Arundel's, there be any in which my poor writing hath awakened somewhat of that esteem for her virtues and resentment of her sorrows which hath grown in me from long experience of her singular worth;

Digitized by Google

if the noble atonement for youthful offences and follies already shown in her lord's return to his duty to her, and altered behavior in respect to God, hath also moved them to desire a further knowledge of the manner in which these two exalted souls were advanced by long affliction to a high point of perfection—then to such the following pages shall not be wholly devoid of that interest which the true recital of great misfortune doth habitually carry with it. If none other had written the life of that noble lady, methinks I must have essayed to do it; but having heard that a good clergyman hath taken this task in hand, secretly preparing materials whilst she yet lives wherewith to build her a memorial at a future time, I have restrained myself to setting down what, by means of her own writing or the reports of others, hath reached my knowledge concerning the ten years which followed my last parting with her. This was the first letter I received from this afflicted lady after her lord's arrest:

"O MY DEAR FRIEND—What days these have proved! Believe me, I never looked for a favorable issue of this enterprise. When I first had notice thereof, a notable chill fell on my soul, which never warmed again with hope. When I began to pray after hearing of it, I had what methinks the holy Juliana of Norwich (whose cell we did once visit together, as I doubt not thou dost remember) would have called a foreshowing, or, as others do express it, a presentiment of coming evil. But how soon the effect followed! I had retired to rest at nine of the clock; and before I was undressed Bertha came in with a most downcast countenance. 'What news is there?' I quickly asked, misdoubting some misfortune had happened. Then she began to weep. 'Is my lord taken?' I cried, 'or worse befallen him?' 'He is taken,' she answered, 'and is now being carried to London for to be committed to the Tower.' Master Ralph, the port-master, hath brought the news. A man, an hour ago, had reported as much in the town; but Mr. Fawcett would not suffer your ladyship to be told of it before a greater certainty thereof should appear. O woe be the day my lord ever embarked!' Then I heard sounds of wailing and weeping in the gallery; and opening the door, found Bessy's nurse and some other of the servants lamenting in an uncontrolled fashion. I could not shed one tear, but gave orders they should fetch unto me the man which had brought the tidings. From him I heard more fully what had happened; and then, in the same composed manner, desired my coach and horses for to be made ready to take me to London the next day at daybreak, and dismissed everybody, not suffering so much as one woman to sit up with me. When all had retired, I put on my cloak and hood; and listing first if all was quiet, went by the secret passage to the chapel-room. When I got there, Father Southwell was in it, saying his office. When he saw me enter at that unusual hour, methinks the truth was made known to him at once; for he only took me by the hand, and said: 'My child, this would be too hard to bear if it were not God's sweet will; but being so, what remaineth but to lie still under a Father's merciful infliction?' and then he took out the crucifix, which for safety was locked up, and set it on the altar. 'That shall speak to you better than I can,' he said; and verily it did; for at the sight of my dying Saviour I wept. The whole night was spent in devout exercises. At dawn of day Father Southwell said mass, and I received. Then, before any one was astir, I returned to mine own chamber, and, lying down for a few moments, afterward rung the bell, and ordered horses to be procured for to travel to London, whence I write these lines. I have here heard this report of my dear lord's journey from one which conversed with Sir George Carey,

Digitized by Google

who commanded the guard which conducted him, that he was nothing at all daunted with so unexpected a misfortune, and not only did endure it with great patience and courage, but, moreover, carried it with a joyful and merry countenance. One night in the way he lodged at Guildford, where seeing the master of the inn (who sometime was our servant, and who hath written it to one of my women, his sister), and some others who wished well unto him, weeping and sorrowing for his misfortunes, he comforted them all, and willed them to be of good cheer, because it was not for any crime—treason or the like—he was apprehended, but only for attempting to leave the kingdom, the which he had done only for his own safety. He is soon to be examined by some of the council sent to the Tower for this special purpose by the queen. I have sought to obtain access to him, but been flatly refused, and a hint ministered to me that albeit my residence at Arundel House is tolerated at the present, if the queen should come to stay at Somerset House, which she is soon like to do, my departure hence shall be enforced; but while I remain I would fain do some good to persons afflicted as myself. I pray you, my good Constance, when you find some means to despatch me a letter, therewith to send the names and addresses of some of the poor folks Muriel was wont to visit; for I am of opinion grief should not make us selfish, but rather move us to relieve in others the pains of which we feel the sharp edge ourselves. I have already met by accident with many necessitous persons, and they do begin in great numbers to resort to this house. God knoweth if the means to relieve them will not be soon lacking. But to make hay whilst the sun shines is a wise saying, and in some instances a precept. Alas! the sunshine of joy is already obscured for me. Except for these poor pensioners, that of fortune causeth me small concern.—Thy loving friend, A. A. AND S."

"Will and Meg are at present in separate prisons. It is impossible but that she shall be presently released; for against her nothing can be alleged, so much as to give a pretence for an accusation. My lord and Will's joint letter to Dr. Allen, sent by Mr. Brydges—who, out of confidence, mentioned it to Mr. Gifford, a pretended priest, who lives at Paris, and is now discovered to be a spy—is the ground of the charges against them. How utterly unfounded thou well knowest; but so much as to write to Dr. Allen is now a crime, howsoever innocent the matter of such a correspondence should be. I do fear that in one of his letters—but I wot not if of this they have possession—my lord, who had just heard that the Earl of Leicester had openly vowed to make the name of Catholic as odious in England as the name of Turk, did say, in manner of a jest, that if some lawful means might be found to take away this earl, it would be a great good for Catholics in England; which careless sentence may be twisted by his enemies to his disadvantage."

Some time afterward, a person passing from London to Rheims, brought me this second letter from her ladyship, written at Rumford, in Essex:

"What I have been warned of verily hath happened. Upon the queen's coming to London last month, it was signified to me I should leave it. Now that Father Southwell hath been removed from Arundel Castle, and no priest at this time can live in it, I did not choose to be delivered there, without the benefit of spiritual assistance in case of danger of death, and so hired a house in this town, at a short distance of which a recusant gentleman doth keep one in his house. I came from London without obtaining leave so much as once to see my dear husband, or to send him a letter or message, or receive one from him. But this I have learnt, that he cannot speak with any person whatsoever but in the presence and hearing of his

Digitized by Google

keeper or the lieutenant of the Tower, and that the room in which he is locked up has no sight of the sun for the greatest part of the year; so that if not changed before the winter cometh it shall prove very unwholesome; and moreover the noisomeness thereof caused by a vault that is under it is so great that the keeper can scarce endure to enter into it, much less to stay there any time. Alas! what ravages shall this treatment cause on a frame of great niceness and delicate habits, I leave you to judge. By this time he hath been examined twice; and albeit forged letters were produced, the falsity of which the council were forced to admit, and he was charged with nothing which could be substantiated, except leaving the realm without license of the queen, and being reconciled to the Church of Rome, his sentence is yet deferred, and his imprisonment as strict as ever. I pray God it may not be deferred till his health is utterly destroyed, which, I doubt not, is what his enemies would most desire.

"Last evening I had the exceeding great comfort of the coming hither of mine own dear good Meg, who hath been some time released from prison, with many vexatious restraints, howsoever, still laid upon her. Albeit very much advanced in her pregnancy, nothing would serve her when she had leave to quit London but to do me this good. This is the first taste of joy I have had since my lord's commitment. In her face I behold his; when she speaks I hear him. No talk is ministered between us but of that beloved husband and brother; our common prayers are put up for him. She hath spied his spies for to discover all which relates to him, and hath found means to convey to him—I thank God for it—some books of devotion, which he greatly needed. She is yet a-bed this morning, for we sat up late yester-eve, so sweet, albeit sad, was the converse we held after so many common sufferings. But methinks I grudge her these hours of sleep, longing for to hear again those loved accents which mind me of my dear Phil.

"My pen had hardly traced those last words, when a messenger arrived from the council with an express command to Margaret from her majesty not to stay with me another night, but forthwith to return to London. The surprise and fear which this message occasioned hastened the event which should have yet been delayed some weeks. A few hours after (I thank God, in safety) a fair son was born; but in the mother's heart and mine apprehension dispelled joy, lest enforced disobedience should produce fresh troubles. Howsoever, she recovered quickly; and as soon as she could be removed I lost her sweet company. Thine affectionate friend to command,

"A. A. AND S."

Some time afterward, one Mr. Dixon, a gentleman I had met once or twice in London, tarried a night at our house, and brought me the news that God had given the Countess of Arundel a son, which she had earnestly desired her husband should be informed of, but he heard it had been refused. Howsoever, when he was urgent with his keepers to let him know if she had been safely delivered, they gave him to understand that she had another daughter; his enemies not being willing he should have so much contentment as the birth of a son should have yielded him.

"Doth the queen," I asked of this gentleman, "then not mitigate her anger against these noble persons?"

"So far from it," he answered, "that when, at the beginning of this trouble, Lady Arundel went to Sir Francis Knowles for to seek by his means to obtain an audience from her majesty, in order to sue for her husband, he told her she would sooner release him at once—which, howsoever, she had no mind to do—than only once allow her to enter her presence. He then, her ladyship told me, rated her exceedingly, asking if she and her husband were not ashamed to make themselves pa-

Digitized by Google

pists, only out of spleen and peevish humor to cross and vex the queen? She answered him in the same manner as her lord did one of his keepers, who told him very many in the kingdom were of opinion that he made show to be Catholic only out of policy; to whom he said, with great mildness, that God doth know the secrets of all hearts, but that he thought there was small policy for a man to lose his liberty, hazard his estate and life, and live in that manner in a prison as he then did."

A brief letter from Lady Tregony informed me soon after this that, after a third examination, the court had fined Lord Arundel in £10,000 unto the queen and adjudged him to imprisonment during her pleasure. What that pleasure proved, ten years of unmitigated suffering and slow torture evinced; one of the most grievous of which was that his lady could never obtain for to see him, albeit other prisoners' wives had easy access to them. This touching letter I had from her three years after he was imprisoned:

"MINE OWN GOOD FRIEND—Life doth wear on, and relief of one sort leastways comes not; but God forbid I should repine. For such instances I see in the letters of my dear lord—which when some of his servants do leave the Tower, which, worn out as they soon become by sickness, they must needs do to preserve their lives—he findeth means to write to me or to Father Southwell; that I am ashamed to grieve overmuch at anything which doth befal us—when his willingness and contentment to suffer are so great. As when he saith to that good father, 'For all crosses touching worldly matters, I thank God they trouble me not much, and much the less for your singular good counsel, which I beseech our Lord I may often remember;' and to me this dear husband writes thus: 'I beseech you, for the love of God, to comfort yourself whatsoever shall happen, and to be best pleased with that which shall please God best, and be his will to send. I find that there is some intent to do me no good, but indeed to do me the most good of all; but I am—and, thank God, doubt not but I shall be by his grace—ready to endure the worst which flesh and blood can do unto me.' O Constance, flesh and blood doth sometimes rebel against the keen edge of suffering; but I pray you, my friend, how can I complain when I hear of this much, long dearly cherished husband, ascending by steps the ladder of perfection, advancing from virtue to virtue as the psalm saith, never uttering one unsubmissive word toward God, or one resentful one toward his worst enemies; making, in the most sublime manner, of necessity virtue, and turning his loathsome prison into a religious cell, wherein every exercise of devotion is duly practised, and his soul trained for heaven?

"The small pittance the queen alloweth for his maintenance he so sparingly useth, that most of it doth pass into the hands of the poor or other more destitute prisoners than himself. But sickness and disease prey on his frame. And the picture of him my memory draweth is gradually more effaced in the living man, albeit vivid in mine own portraying of it.

There is now a priest imprisoned in the Tower, not very far from the chamber wherein my lord is confined; one of the name of Bennet. My lord desired much to meet him, and speak with him for the comfort of his soul, and I have found means to bring it to effect by mediation of the lieutenant's daughter, to whom I have given thirty pounds for her endeavors in procuring it. And moreover she hath assisted in conveying into his chamber church-stuff and all things requisite for the saying of mass, whereunto she tells me, to my indescribable comfort, he himself doth serve with great humility, and therein receives the blessed sacrament frequently. Sir Thomas Gerard, she saith, and Mr. Shelly, which are likewise prisoners at this time, she introduces secretly into his lodgings for to hear mass and have speech with

Digitized by Google

him. Alas! what should be a comfort to him, and so the greatest of joys to me, the exceeding peril of these times causeth me to look upon with apprehension; for these gentlemen, albeit well disposed, are not famed for so much wisdom and prudence as himself, in not saying or doing anything which might be an occasion of danger to him; and the least lack of wariness, when there is so much discourse about the great Spanish fleet which is now in preparation, should prove like to be fatal. God send no worse hap befal us soon.

"In addition to these other troubles and fears, I am much molested by a melancholy vapor, which ascends to my head, and greatly troubles me since I was told upon a sudden of the unexpected death of Margaret Sackville, whom, for her many great virtues and constant affection toward myself, I did so highly esteem and affection."

From that time for a long while I had no direct news of Lady Arundel; but report brought us woful tidings concerning her lord, who, after many private examinations, had been brought from the Tower to the King's Bench Court, in the hall of Westminster, and there publicly arraigned on the charge of high treason, the grounds of which accusation being that he had prayed and procured others to make simultaneous prayer for twenty-four hours, and procured Mr. Bennet to say a mass of the Holy Ghost, for the success of the Spanish fleet. Whereas the whole truth of this matter consisted in this, that when a report became current among the Catholics about London that a sudden massacre of them all was intended upon the first landing of the Spaniards, this coming to the earl's ear, he judged it necessary that all Catholics should betake themselves to prayer, either for the avoiding of the danger or for the better preparing themselves thereunto, and so persuaded those in the Tower to make prayer together for that end, and also sent to some others for the same purpose, whereof one of greater prudence and experience than the rest signified unto him that perhaps it might be otherwise interpreted by their enemies than he intended, wishing him to desist, as presently thereupon he did; but it was then too late. Some which he had trusted, either out of fear or fair promises, testified falsely against him—of which Mr. Bennet was one, who afterward retracted with bitter anguish his testimony, in a letter to his lordship, which contained these words: "With a fearful, guilty, unjust, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I said you moved me to say a mass for the good success of the Spanish fleet. For which unjust confession, or rather accusation, I do again and again, and to my life's end, most instantly crave God's pardon and yours; and for my better satisfaction of this, my unjust admission, I will, if need require, offer up both life and limbs in averring my accusation to be, as it is indeed, and as I shall answer before God, angels, and men, most unjust, and only done out of fear of the Tower, torments, and death." Notwithstanding the earl's very stout and constant denial of the charge, and pleading the above letter of Mr. Bennet, retracting his false statement, he was condemned of high treason, and had sentence pronounced against him. But the execution was deferred, and finally the queen resolved to spare his life, but yet by no means to release him. His estates, and likewise his lady's, were forfeited to the crown, and he at that time dealt with most unkindly, as the following letter will show:

"Dear Constance—At last I have found the means of sending a packet by a safe hand, which in these days, when men do so easily turn traitors—notable instances of which, to our exceeding pain and trouble, have lately occurred—is no easy matter. I doubt not but thy fond affectionate heart hath followed with a sympathetic grief the anguish of mine dur-

Digitized by Google

ing the time past, wherein my husband's life hath been in daily peril; and albeit he is now respited, yet, alas! as he saith himself, and useth the knowledge to the best purpose, he is but a doomed man; reprieved, not pardoned; spared, not released. Mine own troubles beside have been greater than can be thought of; by virtue of the forfeiture of my lord's estates and mine, my home hath been searched by justices, and no room, no corner, no trunk or coffer, left unopened and unransacked. I have often been brought before the council and most severely examined. The queen's officers and others in authority—to whom I am sometimes forced to sue for favor, or some mitigation of mine own or my lord's sufferings—do use me often very harshly, and reject my petitions with scorn and opprobrious language. All our goods are seized for the queen. They have left me nothing but two or three beds, and these, they do say, but for a time. When business requires, I am forced to go on foot, and slenderly attended; my coach being taken from me. I have retained but two of my servants —my children's nurse being one. I have as yet no allowance, as is usual in such cases, for the maintenance of my family; so I am forced to pay them and buy victuals with the money made by the sale of mine own jewels; and I am sometimes forced to borrow and make hard shifts to procure necessary provisions and clothes for the children; but if I get eight pounds a week, which the queen hath been moved to allow me, then methinks I shall think myself no poorer than a Christian woman should be content to be; and I have promised Almighty God, if that good shall befal us, to bestow one hundred marks out of it yearly on the poor. I am often sent out of London by her majesty's commands, albeit some infirmities I do now suffer from force me to consult physicians there. Methinks when I am at Arundel House I am not wholly parted from my lord, albeit my humble petition, by means of friends, to see him is always denied. When I hear he is sick, mine anguish increases. The like favor is often granted to Lady Latimore and others whose husbands are at this time prisoners in the Tower, but I can never obtain it. The lieutenant's daughter, whom I do sometimes see, when she is in a conversible mood doth inform me of my dear husband's condition, and relates instances of his goodness and patience which wring and yet comfort mine heart. What think you of his never having been heard so much as once to complain of the loss of his goods or the incommodities of his prison; of his gentleness and humility where he is himself concerned; of his boldness in defending his religion and her ministers, which was alike shown, as well as his natural cheerfulness, in a conversation she told me had passed between her father, the lieutenant, and him, a few days ago? You have heard, I ween, that good Father Southwell was arrested some time back at Mr. Bellamy's house; it is reported by means of the poor unhappy soul his daughter, whom I met one day at the door of the prison, attired in a gaudy manner and carrying herself in a bold fashion; but when she met mine eye hers fell. Alas! poor soul, God help her and bring her to repentance. Well, now Father Southwell is in the Tower, my lord, by Miss Hopton's means, hath had once or twice speech with him, and doth often inquire of the lieutenant about him, which when he did so the other day he used the words 'blessed father' in speaking of him. The lieutenant (she said) seemed to take exception thereat, saying, 'Term you him blessed father, being as he is an enemy to his country?' My lord answered: 'How can that be, seeing yourself hath told me heretofore that no fault could be laid unto him but his religion?' Then the lieutenant said: 'The last time I was in his cell your dog, my lord, came in and licked his hand.' Then quoth my lord, pat-

Digitized by Google

ting his dog fondly: 'I love him the better for it.' 'Perhaps,' quoth the lieutenant in a scoffing manner, 'it might be he came thither to have his blessing.' To which my lord replied, 'It is no new thing for animals to seek a blessing at the hands of holy men, St. Jerome writing how the lions which had digged St. Paul the hermit's grave stood waiting with their eyes upon St. Anthony expecting his blessing.'

"Is it not a strange trial, mine own Constance, and one which hath not befallen many women, to have a fondly loved husband yet alive, and to be sometimes so near unto him that it should take but a few moments to cross the space which doth divide us, and yet never behold him; year after year passing away, and the heart waxing sick with delays? Howsoever, one sad firm hope I hold, which keepeth me somewhat careful of my health, lest I should be disabled when that time cometh—one on which I fix my mind with apprehension and desire to defer the approach thereof, yet pray one day to see it—yea, to live long enough for this and then to die, if it shall please God. When mine own Philip is on his death-bed, when the slow consumptive disease which devoureth his vitals obtaineth its end, then, I ween, no woman upon earth, none that I ever heard of or could think of, can deny me to approach him and receive his last embrace. Oh that this should be my best comfort, mine only hope!"

I pass over many intervening letters from this afflicted lady which at distant intervals I received, in one of which she expressed her sorrow at the execution at Tyburn of her constant friend and guide, Father Southwell, and likewise informed me of Mistress Wells's death in Newgate, and transcribe this one, written about six months afterward, in which she relates the closing scene of her husband's life:

"MINE OWN DEAR CONSTANCE—All is over now, and my overcharged heart casteth about for some alleviation in its excessive grief, which may be I shall find in imparting to one well acquainted with his virtues and my love for him what I have learnt touching the closing scenes of my dear lord's mortal life. For think not I have been so happy as to behold him again, or that he should die in my arms. No; that which was denied me for ten long years neither could his dying prayers obtain. For many months notice had been given unto me by his servants and others that his health was very fast declining. One gentleman particularly told me he himself believed his end to be near. His devout exercises were yet increased—the bent of his mind more and more directed solely toward God and heaven. In those times which were allotted to walking or other recreation, his discourse and conversation either with his keeper or the lieutenant or his own servant, was either tending to piety or some kind of profitable discourse, most often of the happiness of those that suffer anything for our Saviour's sake; to which purpose he had writ with his own hand upon the wall of his chamber this Latin sentence, 'Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro;' the which he used to show to his servants, inviting them, as well as himself, to suffer all with patience and alacrity.

"In the month of August tidings were brought unto me that, sitting at dinner, he had fallen so very ill immediately upon the eating of a roasted teal, that some did suspect him to be poisoned. I sent him some antidotes, and all the remedies I could procure; but all in vain. The disease had so possessed him that it could not be removed, but by little and little consumed his body, so that he became like an anatomy, having nothing left but skin and bone. Much talk hath been ministered anent his being poisoned. Alas! my thinking is, and ever shall be, the slow poison he died of was lack of air, of sunshine, of kindness,

Digitized by Google

of loving aid, of careful sympathy. When I heard his case was considered desperate, the old long hopes, sustained for ten years, that out of the extremity of grief one hour of comfort should arise, woke up; but now I was advised not to stir in this matter myself, for it should only incense the queen, who had always hated me; whereas my lord she once had liked, and it might be, when she heard he was dying, she should relent. She had made a kind of promise to some of his friends that before his death his wife and children should come unto him; whereupon, conceiving that now his time in the world could not be long, he writ a humble letter to her petitioning the performance of her promise. The lieutenant of the Tower carried this letter, and delivered it with his own hands to the queen, and brought him her answer by word of mouth. What think you, mine own Constance, was the answer she sent that dying man? God forgive her! Philip did; yea, and so do I —not fully at the time, now most fully. His crown should have been less glorious but for the heart-martyrdom she invented.

"This was her message: 'That if he would but once go to the Protestant church his request should not only be granted, but he should moreover be restored to his honor and estate with as much favor as she could show.' Oh, what were estates and honors to that dying saint! what her favor to that departing soul! One offering, one sacrifice, one final withdrawing of affection's thirsty and parched lips from the chalice of a supreme earthly consolation, and all was accomplished; the bitterness of death overpast. He gave thanks to the lieutenant for his pains; he said he could not accept her majesty's offers upon that condition, and added withal that he was sorry he had but one life to lose in that cause. A very worthy gentleman who was present at this passage related it to me; and Lord Mountague I have also had it from, which heard the same from his father-in-law, my Lord Dorset. Constance, for a brief while a terrible tumult raged in my soul. Think what it was to know one so long, so passionately loved, dying nigh unto and yet apart from me, dying unaided by any priest—for though he had a great desire to be assisted by Father Edmund, by whose means he had been reconciled, it was by no means permitted that either he or any other priest should come to him—dying without a kindred face to smile on him, without a kinsman for to speak with him and list to his last wishes. He desired to see his brother William or his uncle Lord Henry; at least to take his last leave of them before his death; but neither was that small request granted —no, not so much as to see his brother Thomas, though both then and ever he had been a Protestant. And all this misery was the fruit of one stern, cruel, unbending hatred — of one proud human will; a will which was sundering what God had joined together. Like a bird against the bars of an iron cage, my poor heart dashed itself with wild throbbings against these human obstacles. But not for very long, I thank God; brief was the storm which convulsed my soul. I soon discerned his hand in this great trial—his will above all human will; and while writhing under a Father's merciful scourge, I could yet bless him who held it. I pray you, Constance, how should a woman have endured so great an anguish which had not been helped by him? Methinks what must have sustained me was that before-mentioned gentleman's report of my dear lord's great piety and virtue, which made me ashamed of not striving to resemble him in howsoever small a degree. Oh, what a work God wrought in that chosen soul! What meekness, what humility, what nobleness of heart! He grew so faint and weak by degrees that he was not able to leave his bed. His physicians coming to visit him some days before his death, he desired

Digitized by Google

them not to trouble themselves now any more, his case being beyond their skill. They thereupon departing, Sir Michael Blount, then lieutenant of the Tower, who had been ever very hard and harsh unto him, took occasion to come and visit him, and, kneeling down by his bedside, in humble manner desired my dear Phil to forgive him. Whereto mine own beloved husband answered in this manner, 'Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant? Why, then, I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven at the hands of God;' and then kissed his hand, and offered it in most kind and charitable manner to him, and holding his fast in his own said, 'I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in anything offensive to you,' and he melting into tears and answering 'that he forgave him with all his heart;' my lord raised himself a little upon his pillow, and made a brief, grave speech unto the lieutenant in this manner: 'Mr. Lieutenant, you have showed both me and my men very hard measure.' 'Wherein, my lord?" quoth he. 'Nay,' said my lord, 'I will not make a recapitulation of anything, for it is all freely forgiven. Only I am to say unto you a few words of my last will, which being observed, may, by the grace of God, turn much to your benefit and reputation. I speak not for myself; for God of his goodness hath taken order that I shall be delivered very shortly out of your charge; only for others I speak who may be committed to this place. You must think, Mr. Lieutenant, that when a prisoner comes hither to this Tower that he bringeth sorrow with him. Oh, then do not add affliction to affliction; there is no man whatsoever that thinketh himself to stand surest but may fall. It is a very inhuman part to tread on him whom misfortune hath cast down. The man that is void of mercy God hath in great detestation. Your commission is only to keep in safety, not to kill with severity. Remember, good Mr. Lieutenant, that God who with his finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where now you keep others. There is no calamity that men are subject unto but you may also taste as well as any other man. Farewell, Mr. Lieutenant; for the time of my short abode come to me whenever you please, and you shall be heartily welcome as my friend.' My dear lord, when he uttered these words, should seem to have had some kind of prophetic foresight touching this poor man's fate; for I have just heard this day, seven weeks only after my husband's death, that Sir Michael Blount hath fallen into great disgrace, lost his office, and is indeed committed close prisoner in that same Tower where he so long kept others.

"And now my faltering pen must needs transcribe the last letter I received from my beloved husband, for your heart, dear friend, is one with mine. You have known its sufferings through the many years evil influences robbed it of that love which, for brief intervals of happiness afterward and this long separation since, hath, by its steady and constant return, made so rich amends for the past. In these final words you shall find proofs of his excellent humility and notable affection for my unworthy self, which I doubt not, my dear Constance, shall draw water from your eyes. Mine yield no moisture now. Methinks these last griefs have exhausted in them the fountain of tears.

"'Mine own good wife, I must now in this world take my last farewell of you; and as I know no person living whom I have so much offended as yourself, so do I account this opportunity of asking your forgiveness as a singular benefit of Almighty God. And I most humbly and heartily beseech you, even for his sake and of your charity, to forgive me all whereinsoever I have offended you; and the assurance I have of this your forgive-

Digitized by Google

ness is my greatest contentment at this present, and will be a greater, I doubt not, when my soul is ready to depart out of my body. I call God to witness it is no small grief unto me that I cannot make you recompense in this world for the wrongs I have done you. Affliction gives understanding. God, who knows my heart, and has seen my true sorrow in that behalf, has, I hope, of his infinite mercy, remitted all, I doubt not, as you have done in your singular charity, to mine infinite comfort.'

"Now what remaineth but in a few brief sentences to relate how this loved husband spent his last hours, and the manner of his death? Those were for the most part spent in prayer; sometimes saying his beads, sometimes such psalms and prayers as he knew by heart. Seeing his servants (one of which hath been the narrator to me of these his final moments) stand by his bedside in the morning weeping in a mournful manner, he asked them 'what o'clock it was?' they answering that it was eight or thereabout, 'Why, then,' said he, 'I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable mortal life,' desiring them not to weep for him, since he did not doubt, by the grace of God, but all would go well with him; which being said he returned to his prayers upon his beads again, though then with a very slow, hollow, and fainting voice; and so continued as long as he was able to draw so much breath as was sufficient to sound out the names of Jesus and Mary, which were the last words he was ever heard to speak. The last minute of his last hour being come, lying on his back, his eyes firmly fixed toward heaven, his long, lean, consumed arms out of the bed, his hands upon his breast, laid in cross one upon the other, about twelve o'clock at noon, in a most sweet manner, without any sign of grief or groan, only turning his head a little aside as one falling into a pleasing sleep, he surrendered his soul into the hands of God who to his own glory had created it. And she who writeth this letter, she who loved him since her most early years—who when he was estranged from her waited his return—who gloried in his virtues, doated on his perfections, endured his afflictions, and now lamenteth his death, hath nothing left but to live a widow; indeed with no other glory than that which she doth borrow from his merits, until such time as it shall please God to take her from this earth to a world where he hath found, she doth humbly hope, rest unto his soul."

The Countess of Arundel is now aged. The virtues which have crowned her mature years are such as her youth did foreshadow. My pen would run on too fast if it took up that theme. This only will I add, and so conclude this too long piece of writing—she hath kept her constant resolve to live and die a widow. I have seen many times letters from both Protestants and Catholics which made unfeigned protestations that they were never so edified by any as by her. As the Holy Scriptures do say of that noble widow Judith, "Not one spoke an ill word of her," albeit these times are extremely malicious. For mine own part I never read those words of Holy Writ, "Who shall find a valiant woman?" and what doth follow, but I must needs think of Ann Dacre, the wife of Philip Howard, earl of Arundel and Surrey.

After the lapse of some years, it hath been my hap to have a sight of this manuscript, the reading of which, even as the writing of it in former days, doth cause me to live over again my past life. This lapse of time hath added nothing notable except the dreadful death of Hubert, my dear Basil's only brother, who suffered last year for the share he had, or leastways was judged to have, in the Gunpowder Plot and treason. Alas! he which once, to improve his fortunes, denied his faith, when fortune turned her back

Digitized by Google

upon him grew into a virulent hatred of those in power, once his friends and tempters, and consorted with desperate men; whether he was privy to their counsels, or only familiar with them previous to their crimes, and so fell into suspicion of their guilt, God knoweth. It doth appear from some good reports that he died a true penitent. There is a better hope methinks for such as meet in this world with open shame and suffering than for secret sinners who go to their pompous graves unchastised and unabsolved.

By his brother's death Basil recovered his lands; for his present majesty hath some time since recalled the sentence of his banishment. And many of his friends have moved him to return to England; but for more reasons than one he refused so much as to think of it, and has compounded his estate for £700, 8s. 6d.

Our children have now grown unto ripe years. Muriel (who would have been a nun if she had followed her godmother's example) is now married, to her own liking and our no small contentment, to a very commendable young gentleman, the son of Mr Yates, and hath gone to reside with him at his seat in Worcestershire; and Ann, Lady Arundel's god-daughter, nothing will serve but to be a "holy Mary," as the French people do style those dames which that great and good prelate, M. de Genève, hath assembled in a small hive at Annecy, like bees to gather honey of devotion in the garden of religion. This should seem a strange fancy, this order being so new in the Church, and the place so distant; but time will show if this should be God's will; and if so, then it must needs be ours also.

What liketh me most is that my son Roger doth prove the very image of his father, and the counterpart of him in his goodness. I am of opinion that nothing better can be desired for him than that he never lose so good a likeness.

And now farewell, pen and ink, mine old companions, for a brief moment resumed, but with a less steady hand than heretofore; now not to be again used except for such ordinary purposes as housewifery and friendship shall require.

UNSHED TEARS.

ONCE I believed that tears alone
Could tell of sorrow deep;
O blessèd those whose eyes o'erflow!
Within my heart I weep.

And many think me calm, because
My cheek unwet appears;
The happy ones! they never know
The pain of unshed tears.

Digitized by Google

From The Dublin Review.

CALIFORNIA AND THE CHURCH.

1. *The Resources of California.* By JOHN S. HITTEL. San Francisco.
2. *Christian Missions.* By T. W. M. MARSHALL. Longmans.

THE year 1769 will long be memorable in the annals of the world as the date of the birth of the Emperor Napoleon and of the Duke of Wellington. In the same year another event took place of small significance according to the thoughts of this world, but which in the next world was assuredly regarded of infinitely greater importance; for this was the year in which a poor despised Franciscan friar, the Father Junipero Serra, entered into California Alta, the first apostle of a land which has since, for such different reasons, become so famous.

He was an Italian by birth, but had resided for many years in Mexico, where he had preached the gospel with great success among the heathen Indian population. A man of singular faith and piety, he lived the severest life, considering, with his Father St. Francis, that poverty and suffering are keys wherewith the zealous missioner is certain to be able to unlock the floodgates of grace which divide heaven from earth. He used to carry a stone with him, with which, like St. Jerome, he would beat his breast for his sins, and he endeavored to bring home to the mind of his uncivilized hearers the malice of sin, by scourging his innocent body till streams of blood flowed forth in their presence, by severe fasts, long prayers, and night watchings. He seldom rode on mule or horseback, but preferred to journey humbly on foot. Shortly after his arrival in Mexico, his leg was attacked with a grievous sore; still he gave himself no rest, but was constant in journeying and preaching. While he was laboring like an apostle among the Mexicans, the Spanish monarch ordered D. Jose de Galvez (who became later minister-general for all the Indies) to form an expedition from La Paz into Upper California.* Whatever may be said of the rapacious cruelty of many of the Spanish governors and colonizers in America, the government at home was animated, on the whole, with the most Catholic and loyal intentions. Its instructions and public documents were conceived in the most Christian sense; and if they were not always carried out in the same spirit, this arose from its inability to control subjects at an immense distance from the seat of government, and surrounded by exciting temptations and pressing dangers. The following words were addressed by one of the Spanish monarchs to the Indies: "The kings our progenitors, from the discovery of the West Indies, its islands and continents, commanded our captains, officers, discoverers, colonizers, and all other persons, that on arriving at these provinces they should, by means of interpreters, cause to be made known to the Indians that they were sent to teach them good customs, to lead them from vicious habits, and from the eating of human flesh, to instruct them in our holy Catholic faith, to preach to them salvation, and to attract them to our dominion." The same Catholic and religious spirit animates every part of the great codex

* As far back as 1697 the Jesuits had, with apostolic zeal, founded many missions in Lower California; they never, however, had pushed up into California Alta.

Digitized by Google

of Indian laws which were promulgated by successive kings in that most Catholic country.

Though it often did happen that local governors were not ministers of this Catholic spirit, but rather of their own rapacity and cruelty, this was not always the case, and we have before us an instance. When Galvez set forth on his expedition to conquer California, the first article of the instructions which he drew up, for the guidance of all who were with him, ran in these terms: "The first object of the expedition is to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism, and to extend the dominion of our lord the king, and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations." Nor were these mere words, written to salve a conscience or blind a critical public, as we shall now see: for he took Father Junipero, who was zealous for the salvation of souls, into his counsels; and the priest and the layman worked jointly together. Two small vessels, the *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*, were freighted to go by sea. Señor Galvez details with a charming simplicity how he assisted Father Junipero to pack the sacred vestments and other church furniture, and declared that he was a better sacristan than the father, for he had packed his share of the ornaments first, and had to go and help the father. Moreover, in order that the new missions might be established with the same success as those which had been already founded by F. Junipero in Sierra Gorda, Galvez ordered to be packed up and embarked all kinds of household and field utensils, iron implements for agricultural labor, all kinds of seeds from Old and New Spain, garden herbs for food, and flowers for the decoration of the altars. Then he sent on by land two hundred head of cattle to stock the country, so that there might be food to eat and beasts to labor on the land.

F. Junipero placed the whole enterprise under the patronage of the Most Holy Patriarch St. Joseph, to whom he dedicated the country. He blessed the vessels and sent on board of them three fathers, who should accompany Galvez and his men. Two other parties were formed by land, which were to meet the ships on the coast far up the country; and all started, except Father Junipero, who was delayed some time by the season of Lent and by his spiritual duties. When he overtook the convoy, his leg and foot were so inflamed that he was hardly able to get on or off his mule. The fathers and their companions wished to send him back; they thought he was not equal to the undertaking. But he had faith that our Lord would carry him through. He called a muleteer and said to him: "My son, don't you know some remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?" But the muleteer answered: "Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am a muleteer, and have only cured the sore backs of beasts." "Then consider me a beast," said the father, "and this sore, which has produced the swelling on my legs and prevents me by its pain from standing or sleeping, to be a sore on a beast, and give me the treatment you would apply to a beast." The muleteer replied, smiling, "I will, father, to please you;" and taking a small piece of tallow, mashed it between two stones with some herbs, heated it over the fire, and then anointed the foot and leg, and left a plaster on the sore. The father slept that night, awoke in health and spirits, and astonished the whole party by rising early to say matins and lauds and then mass, and proceeded on the journey quite restored. After forty-six days' travelling by land, they reached the port of San Diego; and F. Junipero now established his first mission. He then went on to the place since called San Francisco, and established there another mission. They fell short of provisions and supplies, the *San An-*

Digitized by Google

tonio, which had long been due, did not arrive, and Portalá, the governor of the expedition, determined to abandon the mission, if they were not relieved by the 20th of March; but on the feast of St. Joseph the ship hove into view, bringing an abundance of provisions, and the mission was then firmly established.

The usual way of erecting a mission was as follows: the locality was taken possession of in the name of Spain by the lay authority; a tent or an adobe building was erected as the temporary chapel; the fathers, in procession, proceeded to bless the place and the chapel, on whose front a crucifix, or a simple wooden cross, was raised; the holy sacrifice was then offered up, and a sermon was preached on the coming and power of the Holy Ghost. The *Veni Creator* was sung, and a father was charged with the direction and responsibility of the mission.

The Indians were attracted by little presents. To the men and women were given pieces of cloth, or food, and to the children bits of sugar. They would soon gather round the missioners when they found how good and kind they were, and the missioners were not slow in picking up the language. They became the fathers and instructors of the poor ignorant Indians, catechized them in the mysteries of the faith, collected them into villages round the mission church, and taught them to plough and cultivate the land, to sow wheat, to grind corn, to bake; they introduced the use of the olive, the vine, and the apple; they showed them how to yoke the oxen for work, how to weave and spin cloth for clothing, to prepare leather from the hides, and taught them the rudiments of commerce.

There was another feature in the mode followed by the Spaniards in preaching the gospel which is worthy of mention, and which shows how Spain recognized the independent action of the Church and her own duty to lend her every assistance and protection she might need. A presidio was established, in which the secular governor, with a small number of officers, soldiers, and officials, resided. These represented the majesty of the King of Spain, and served, in case of need, for protection and order. At some distance from the presidio and independent of it, was formed the mission, a large convent for the friars and for hospitality, and a church, built of "adobe," or mud walls, sometimes seven or eight feet in thickness. The land in the surrounding neighborhood was assigned to the missions for the support of the Indians. In fact, the whole economy and arrangements, both of presidios and missions, were made subservient to the wants of civilization and religion, which were introduced among the native population. This system remained in full force, consulting simply the benefit of the poor Indian, till the liberal Cortes, in 1813, overturned the design of the Spanish monarchs, and began to introduce the idea of colonization and usurpation. Up to this time the Church had had full action upon the people, and what she wrought in the span of forty years was little less than miraculous. The Indians felt that they had been lifted out of their state of abject misery and ignorance, and that the strangers who had come among them had come simply from disinterested charity, for their temporal and eternal welfare. They felt that life was made to them less a burthen, and that a way was opened out for them to endless happiness beyond the grave. De Courcy, in his "Catholic Church in the United States," assures us that the fathers converted, within the few years they had control of the Californian missions, no less than 75,000 Indians, for whom they also provided food, clothing, and instruction. The system of colonization brought in by the Spanish liberals in 1813 was an evil, but it was a mere prelude to the confiscation of the Indian property which was perpetrated by the liberal Mexi-

Digitized by Google

can government in 1833. It was pretended that the friars were unequal to the management of the missions, and the natives' property was therefore transferred to the hands of laymen. Mr. Marshall, in his interesting work on "Christian Missions," quotes the following statistics, comparing the two conditions:

	Under the Administration of the Friars.	Under the Civil Adminis'n.
Christian Indians	30,650	4,450
Horned Cattle	424,000	29,220
Horses and Mules	62,000	3,800
Sheep	321,500	31,600
Cereal crops	70,000	4,000

And then he sums up in these words:

"It appears, then, that in the brief space of eight years the secular administration, which affected to be a protest against the inefficiency of the ecclesiastical, had not only destroyed innumerable lives, replunged a whole province into barbarism, and almost annihilated religion and civilization, but had so utterly failed even in that special aim which it professed to have most at heart—the development of material prosperity—that it had already reduced the wealth of a single district in the following notable proportions: Of horned cattle there remained about *one-fifteenth* of the number possessed under the religious administration; of horses and mules less than *one-sixteenth;* of sheep about *one-tenth;* and of cultivated land producing cereal crops less than *one-seventeenth.* It is not to the Christian, who will mourn rather over the moral ruin which accompanied the change, that such facts chiefly appeal; but the merchant and the civil magistrate, however indifferent to the interests of religion and morality, will keenly appreciate the cruel and blundering policy of which these are the admitted results, and will perhaps be inclined to exclaim with Mr. Möllhausen, 'It is impossible not to wish that the missions were flourishing once more!'"

How beautiful was the old Spanish system under which Father Junipero and his companions set forth to reclaim and convert the wandering Indian! Is it not the greatest glory of Spain that she can still cheer our dark horizon by the light of her past history, and shed a fragrance which remains for ever over lands which have been broken down by the hoof of the invader, and desolated by his diabolical pride and insatiable rapacity? What was the Spanish system as exhibited in California? It was simply this: a recognition, without question or jealousy, that our Lord, the great high priest, continues in his priesthood to be the shepherd, teacher, and minister of his people. "To go and teach all nations," "to minister to the least of the little ones," to be the "shepherd of the flock," "to lay down life for the flock." This is distinctly the operation of Christ through his priests. That this was the real character of the Christian priesthood was a clear and elementary principle, which admitted of no doubt in the mind of the Spanish people.

Conscious of their power, and with a light burning within them which shone over the vast prospects that lay before them, of extending the faith and saving innumerable souls, for whom the most precious blood had been shed, the Spanish missioners went forth to extend their conquests over the heathen world. Rapine and plunder were not their aim; they were introduced among colonizers by the snare of the devil. To maintain the Indian on his territory, to raise, instruct, and Christianize him, giving him rights and equality before the law, this was the policy of Catholic Spain. The priest, therefore, was regarded as the chief pioneer, his plans were recognized and acted upon, and he was considered to be not a mere creature of the crown, who should extend its influence, but a minister and agent of his majesty the Great King of Heaven, who had deigned in his infinite love to look upon Spain with a peculiar predilection, and to choose her as an

Digitized by Google

instrument to save the souls for whom he once had died.

A hundred years ago no European had ever fixed his abode in California Alta. Father Junipero and his devoted companions, led on by zeal "to establish the Catholic religion among a numerous heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism," were, then, the real pioneers of California. Three Protestant writers, quoted by Mr. Marshall, shall sum up for us in a few words the civilizing effects of the Catholic education of the Indians in California. Captain Morrell says:

"The Indians are very industrious in their labors, and obedient to their teachers and directors, to whom they look up as fathers and protectors, and who, in return, discharge their duty toward these poor Indians with a great deal of feeling and humanity. They are generally well clothed and fed, have houses of their own, and are made as comfortable as they can wish to be. The greatest care is taken of any who are affected with any disease, and every attention is paid to their wants." And Mr. Forbes writes:

"The best and most unequivocal proof of the good conduct of the Franciscan fathers is to be found in the unbounded affection and devotion invariably shown to them by their Indian subjects. They venerate them not merely as fathers and friends, but with a degree of devotedness approaching to adoration." And, lastly, Mr. Bartlett observes:

"They (the Indians) are represented to have been sober and industrious, well clothed and fed. . . . . They constituted a large family, of which the padres were the social, religious, and, we might almost say, political heads."

Such was the first planting in this vineyard of the Lord. Let us briefly note the blight and destruction which followed. In 1827, a Mr. Smith established himself in California to make money. In 1834, three hundred Americans settled in the country for the same purpose. In 1839, Captain Sutter built a fort and an American refuge. In 1841, he got possession of a considerable tract of land. In 1844, a revolution took place, and the American settlers sold themselves for a grant of land to the party which was afterward defeated.

In 1845, the people, being harassed by civil war, wished for the protection of some strong external government. It was a chance whether California was to become English or United States territory. H.M.S. *Collingwood* entered the port, we believe, of Monterey, and was asked to set up the Union Jack, and declare the country to be under British protection. The captain replied that he would sail up the coast and ascertain whether this was the will of the country, and if it were, he would return and declare the protectorate. Meanwhile, the United States ship *Savannah*, under Commodore Stoat, was on the watch; so that when the *Collingwood* returned, having ascertained the good will of the other ports, she found, to her surprise and dismay, that she had been outstripped by the Yankee, and that the stars and stripes were floating over the town. California from that time became the property of the United States. In 1848 gold was accidentally discovered, and an emigration set in with the violence of a spring tide, of a very different character to that of the pious Señor Galvez or of the humble Father Junipero and his Franciscans.

Then, indeed, the world began to ring with glad tidings of great joy: the sun had at last arisen on a benighted land—its redemption was at hand. Every newspaper in Europe —we may say in the world—teemed with reports of a new *El Dorado* discovered on the western coast of America. This country was California. Adventurous spirits, athirst for wealth, from all parts of the world, were set in motion toward this land of promise. Ships were chartered and

Digitized by Google

freighted with men and youths ready to spend all they had in order only to reach the golden bourne. Merchants from the United States and from Europe, ready speculators, sent out their vessels laden to the water's edge with dry goods, hardware, corn, spirits, and general merchandise. The excitement and the recklessness were, perhaps, without a parallel. Ships reached the great and beautiful bay of San Francisco, in which all the fleets of the world could ride at ease, and were often abandoned by their captain and crews, who scampered off to the gold diggings, even before their cargo was discharged. Sometimes they fell to pieces in the bay; sometimes they became the property of adventurers, or were run aground, and served as temporary houses, and then as the corners and foundations of streets, which energetic speculators soon carried down upon piles into the water. There they stand to this day, monuments of the *auri sacra fames*.

It was, indeed, natural that none but the fiercest and most daring elements should prevail. The modest, the timid, the indolent, the sickly, the child, the woman, the aged, the leisure-learned, the owner of property, of good position, of fair prospects, the man of routine, the unambitious, were all left behind. It was said, and said truly, in the cities of Europe, America, and Australia, that men of desperate character were on the road to California; that all went armed with knives and revolvers; that the way thither was a highway of rapine and crime; and that none should start who were not prepared to fight it out any day in self-defence or in attack. There were a thousand difficulties arising from the immense length of the journey, and from the great numbers on the way; and a thousand other difficulties to be accepted on arrival in the country—expense, danger, uncertainty, perhaps sickness; and all these far away from home. Such were the prospects in those days, and such the normal condition of life in California.

It is not strange, then, that the men who formed the horde which, fifteen or sixteen years ago, began to flow into California, should represent to us a type of all that is rough, adventurous, devil-may-care, elastic, light-hearted, and determined in human nature. The Australian population began with convicts and honest emigrants. The Californian population began with all kinds of unconvicted criminals from all parts of the world, with "Sydney ducks," as they called the ticket-of-leave men from New South Wales or Tasmania; but, beside these, a considerable number of energetic, honest emigrants, chiefly from Europe and the States. Then, we may add that the Yankee element prevails in the Californian population, and the John Bull element in the Australian. The American is lean, and all nerve and impatient energy; health and life are to him of no moment when he sees an object to be attained by the risk of them. If we may be allowed to put it grotesquely, his body is human but his soul is a high-pressure steam-engine; he knows no delay and is reckless, and his bye-word is "Go ahead." The Englishman, by contrast, is fat and easy-going; much more cautious of health and life, he calculates on both. F. Strickland ("Catholic Missions in Southern India") happily applies to him the words of Holy Writ spoken of the Romans, "Possederunt omnem terram consilio suo et patientia." "It is by wisdom in council, and by patiently watching their opportunity; . . . . wisdom which has often degenerated into Machiavellism, but has never neglected a single opportunity of aggrandizement; patience which has known how to 'bide its time,' and to avoid precipitation"—this is how the Englishman succeeds. And so, to look at the Englishman in a Pickwickian sense, he is a matter-of-fact, cautious gentleman, who wishes to make very sure of what he has got,

Digitized by Google

and when he feels comfortably confident, says "All right," and moves on deliberately to acquire more. An English traveller says:

"The first night we arrived in San Francisco we were kept awake all night on board the steamer by the incessant cry of 'Go ahead,' which accompanied the launch from the crane which sent each article of luggage and goods on to the wharf. It reminded us of a story his late eminence Cardinal Wiseman used to tell. He said the first Italian words he heard on first landing, some forty years ago or more, in Italy from England, were, 'Pazienza, pazienza.' The Englishman sums up all things that happen with the words 'All right;' the Yankee with the words, 'Go ahead.'"

Many merchants realized enormous fortunes in a few months—some even by one consignment; but many were hit hard and many were ruined. A period in which an egg was worth a dollar was followed by a glut in the market of all kinds of goods and provisions. There was nobody to receive them; there was no sale for them. Warehousage cost more than the total value of goods and freight. Tons of sea-bread were abandoned; barrels of hams and bacon, cargoes of cheeses, dry goods, and even wine and spirits, were left unclaimed, and fell into the hands of "smart" men of business, or were spoiled by weather and neglect. Ships, captains, crews, and cargoes bound to California sailed as into a vortex, and were lost in the whirlpool of excitement. Even officers of men-of-war were seized by the gold mania, and "ran" to soil their white hands in the precious "pay-dirt.'

Such circumstances as these which occurred in 1849-50-51 are now past and can never recur, at least in California. The country is settling down into a normal condition. The regular system of American states government is permanently established. On two occasions, once in 1851 and again in 1856, when the government of San Francisco fell into the hands of a set of low sharpers, who suspended the laws for punishment of crime and protected criminals, the people, trained from childhood to self-government, extemporized what was called a vigilance committee. They abrogated for the time the state laws, they caught thieves, tried them in the night, and hung them in the morning. They struck terror into the "Sydney ducks," and into the plunderers who had come down upon San Francisco, like vultures upon their prey, from all countries of the world. When the committee had effected its object it peaceably dissolved, and the regular form of government resumed its sway. California, however, still presents a spectacle unlike that of any other country of the world. Sydney, Melbourne, and Queensland have not the diversity of population which California has. They are more like "home;" a stronger government is exercised; there is more security, less excitement, less incident, and less variety in life. The traveller meets every day in the diggings and elsewhere men who had come over from Australia, thinking to better themselves; they have not done so, and they all complain that they have not found the same order and security for man and property; and most of them determine to return in the coming season.

For internal resources, in scenery and climate, and in variety of production, California is probably superior to the Australian colonies. There is a continual excitement, and all the business of the country is done in San Francisco; it is the only port of any note; the trade with California from the States, from South America, from Europe, Asia, and Australia, is to San Francisco. She is called the "Queen of the Pacific," and it is expected that she will become one of the largest cities of the world, and that the whole trade between China, Japan, and Europe and the States will pass through her. She will be one of the great ports, and the most magnificent harbor on the high-

Digitized by Google

road which, when the railroad across the plains is completed, will connect together in one line Pekin, Canton, Japan, San Francisco, New York, London, and St. Petersburg; thus girdling in a great highway the northern hemisphere of the world. The market in San Francisco is just large and manageable enough to produce the greatest amount of excitement for the merchants. Exports and imports are reckoned at about eleven million pounds each; of the exports about eight millions are of gold and silver. The highest game is played, and the English houses, always safe and sure, are looked upon as slow and plodding in comparison with the American. The stakes are, day by day, fortune or ruin. The interest on loans varies from one to ten per cent. a month, according to the security. There are great losses and great gains. San Francisco is in a chronic state of exciting business fermentation; there is little amusement, no learned leisure, but everybody is occupied in trade or speculation. The people are well dressed—all the men wear broadcloth, nearly all the women silk; there are no beggars in the streets, and there is an air of healthiness, vigor, and buoyancy of life such as is not to be seen in any other city in Europe or America. No market in the world, save, perhaps, that of London, is better supplied. Railroads run along the streets in all directions. Churches, schools, hotels, and houses are lifted up from their foundations by hydraulic power; and if the owners wish to add a story, instead of clapping it on above, they build it in below, and roof, walls, and floors all go up together uninjured.

The traveller is astonished to see a procession of solid-built houses slowly marching through the centre of one of the principal thoroughfares. In eight-and-forty hours an hotel, brick-built and three stories high, will be carried, without interruption to business, from one part of the city to another. The country is full of interesting incident and novel excitement. It contains all the precious metals, gold, silver, platinum, copper, iron, coal, asphaltum, spring and mineral oil, borax, arsenic, cobalt. The largest crops in the world have been grown on its soil. We quote the published accounts: Crops of 80 bushels of wheat to the acre have been grown in California. Mr. Hill harvested 82½ bushels from an acre in Pajaro valley in 1853, and obtained 660 bushels from ten acres. In 1851, Mr. P. M. Scooffy harvested 88 bushels, and Mr. N. Carriger 80 bushels, in Sonoma valley. Again: In 1853 a field of 100 acres in the valley of the Pajaro produced 90,000 bushels of barley, and one acre of it yielded 149 bushels. It was grown by Mr. J. B. Hill, and was mentioned as undoubtedly true by the assessor of Monterey county in his official report; and a prize was granted by an agricultural society for the crop. According to the assessor's report, the average crop of potatoes in Sacramento county in 1860 was 390 bushels per acre. Potatoes have been seen in the market weighing 7 lb. The largest beet-root was 5 ft. long, 1 ft. thick, and 118 lb. in weight—it was three years old; cabbages 45 lb. and 53 lb. each; and a squash vine bore at a time 1,600 lb. of fruit. Then the largest trees in the world are found in California, in mammoth-tree groves. Two are known to be 32 ft. in diameter, 325 ft. high. "One of the trees which is down must have been 450 ft. high, and 40 ft. in diameter." The tree of which the bark was stripped for 116 ft., and sent to the Crystal Palace, continued green and flourishing two years and a half after being thus denuded. The highest waterfall in the world is in the Yosemite valley, in California. It is 2,063 ft. high, according to the official surveyor. The Californian Geysers are among the wonders of the world—a multitude of boiling springs, emitting large quantities of steam with a hissing, roaring, spluttering noise; while near them, within a

Digitized by Google

few feet, are deliciously cold springs. There are mud volcanoes, which can be heard ten miles off, and seen at a still greater distance. A great variety of wild beasts and birds—bears, panthers, wolves, deer, elk, the Californian vulture (next to the condor the largest bird that flies), make up other sources of interest, speculation, and excitement and contribute to give to Californians a certain peculiar character and sympathy one with another, which unite them together as hail-fellows-well-met in any part of the world in which they may chance to meet. There is travelling up the rivers in steamboats three and four stories high, which not unfrequently blow up or run into each other. A considerable portion of the country can be traversed in wagons called "stages," whose springs are so very strong that ocular demonstration is necessary as a proof of their existence. They cross plains and mountains, penetrate forests, and skirt precipices, along the most difficult roads. Wooden bridges thrown across ravines or deep gullies or streams, and formed by laying down a number of scantling poles, and covering them with loose planks, are taken by the four-horse "stage" at a gallop, just as you ride at a ditch or rasper out hunting; patter, patter, go the horses' feet, up and down go the loose planks—one's heart in one's mouth—no horses have slipped through—no broken legs—it seems a miracle—and away onward goes the stage, conducted by dauntless and skilful drivers, to the everlasting cry of "go ahead!" But much of the country must be travelled on horseback, and California has an admirable breed of thin, wiry little horses, which will gallop with their rider over a hundred miles a day, requiring little care and hardly any food. Much of the country is still unexplored. There are mountains covered with perpetual snow, and immense virgin pine forests covering their sides; long rolling plains, baked by the sun; and rich luxuriant valleys, watered by the richest fish-streams. In extent the country is 189,000 square miles, or nearly four times larger than England, and possesses within itself all the resources of the temperate and tropical zones. There are 40,000,000 acres of arable land in the state, though not more than 1,000,000 are now in cultivation.

"The climate near the ocean is the most equable in the world. At San Francisco there is a difference of only seven degrees between the mean temperature of winter and summer—the average of the latter being 57° and of the former 50° Fahrenheit. Ice and snow are never seen in winter, and in summer the weather is so cool that woolen clothing may be worn every day. There are not more than a dozen days in the year too warm for comfort at mid-day, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember a night when blankets were not necessary for comfortable sleep. The climate is just of that character most favorable to the constant mental and physical activity of men, and to the unvarying health and continuous growth of animals and plants. By travelling a few hundred miles the Californian may find any temperature he may desire—great warmth in winter and icy coldness in summer."

It may be understood, then, from all these circumstances, that the blood of a Californian tingles with an excitement of its own. Indeed, it is constantly observed that men who leave California with their fortunes made, and with the intention of establishing themselves in the Eastern states, or in Europe, are unable to settle down, and soon return to the Golden State.

Let us now proceed with the subject before us, and draw out briefly two contrasts: one between the Spanish or Catholic and the Anglo-Saxon or non-Catholic conduct and policy toward the original lords of the soil, the Indians; the other as between the names they gave to the localities which were the scenes of their respective labors. It will indicate a difference of

Digitized by Google

tone and spirit sufficiently remarkable.

Of course all Californians are not to be held responsible for the acts of a low and heartless section of ruffians, any more than all Englishmen are accountable for the atrocities which we have perpetrated in times past in India or Oceanica. But as we would not pass over the crimes committed by the Anglo-Saxon race in India were India our topic, so neither will we be silent here on deeds of equal atrocity with any of which we were guilty, committed in these latter days by some of the new occupiers of California.

The love of souls and the love of wealth do not, indeed, grow in the same heart. We have already faintly sketched the result of the Church's love of souls on the temporal and spiritual well-being of the indigenous population of California. Under her gentle care was realized for its inhabitants the happiness, peace, and plenty of Paraguay. The Anglo-Saxon and the thirst for gold ushered in, alas! on these poor creatures—made in the divine image, and called equally with ourselves to an eternal share in the love of the Sacred Heart—not a miserable existence, but absolute destruction. The love of mammon has been the murderer of the native owners of the soil. The iron heart and the iron arm of the Anglo-Saxon invaders have cleared all before them. In 1862, Mr. Hittel, who is not a Catholic, and whom we hold to be an impartial witness, made a study of the subject, and he thus speaks of the destruction of the Indian population of California, page 288:

"The Indians are a miserable race, destined to speedy destruction. Fifteen years ago, they numbered 50,000 or more: now there may be 7,000 of them. They were driven from their hunting grounds and fishing-grounds by the whites, and they stole cattle for food (rather than starve); and to punish and prevent their stealing, the whites made war on them and slew them. Such has been the origin of most of the Indian wars, which have raged in various parts of the state almost continuously during the last twelve years. For every white man that has been killed, fifty Indians have fallen. In 1848 nearly every little valley had its tribe, and there were dozens of tribes in the Sacramento basin, but now most of these tribes are entirely destroyed."

We have been ourselves assured by eye-witnesses that such an incident as the following has frequently happened in the gold diggings. A man would be quietly cleaning his gun or rifle on a Sunday morning, when he would espy an Indian in the distance, and, without the least hesitation, would fire at him as a mark. The Indians were fair game, just as bear or elk were, and men would shoot them by way of pastime, not caring whether the mark was a "buck" or a "squaw," as they call them—that is, a man or a woman Murder became thus a relaxation. And we must add, that not only American citizens, but also men who pride themselves on the greater civilization and virtue of their country nearer home, thus imbrued their hands with reprobate levity in the blood of their fellow-creatures. We should be very sorry to imply that these horrible deeds are perpetrated only by inhabitants of the United States. On the contrary, it is certain that men who from circumstances lapse into a state of semi-savage life, without public opinion to check them, living in the wilderness and the bush, and without religion, naturally become so enslaved to their passions that at last they commit the foulest abominations and the most horrible murders as though they were mere pastimes. We have read abundant examples of this in India and other British colonies. The American government passed many wise and humane laws in favor of the Indian. It was not her fault that pioneers, squatters, buccaneers, and outlaws, at a distance, laughed at her laws and set them at defiance

Digitized by Google

The other contrast is quickly drawn. It shall be the contrast of names. We do not wish to found any strong argument upon it. Names are not actions, and yet to call a man hard names is the next thing to giving him hard blows; and we know that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Let the two lists go down in parallel columns, and illustrate the old times and the new:

Spanish baptisms of localities or settlements.	*Yankee baptisms of localities or settlements.*
San Francisco.	Jackass Gulch.
Sacramento.	Jim Crow Cañon.
La Purísima Concepcion.	Loafer Hill.
Trinidad.	Whiskey Diggings.
Jesus Maria.	Slap Jack Bar.
Santa Cruz.	Yankee Doodle.
Nuestra Señora di Solidad.	Skunk Gulch.
Los Angeles, Reina de.	Chicken Thief Flat.
San José.	Ground Hog's Glory.
San Pedro.	Hell's Delight.
San Miguel.	Devil's Wood.
San Rafael.	Sweet Revenge.
Santa Clara.	Shirt-tail Cañon.
Santa Barbara.	Rough and Ready.
San Luis Obispo.	Rag Town.
San Paolo.	Git up and Git.
Buena Vista.	Bob Ridley Flat.
Mariposa.	Humpback Slide.
San Fernando.	Swell-head Diggings.
Alcatraz.	Bloody Run.
Contra Costa.	Murderers' Bar.
San Mateo.	Rat trap Slide.
Plumas.	Hang Town.

We may now dismiss these contrasts, which we have only insisted on in order to bring into greater relief the spirit of God and the spirit of mammon. The Spaniard went with the tenderest devotedness to serve and save the Indian, recognizing him from the first as a brother. The Yankee came, straining every nerve and energy in the pursuit of wealth; the Indian was in his way; he recognized no spiritual ties of brotherhood; his soul presented to him no divine image deserving of his love and service; rather it was said, let him be trodden into the mire, or perish from the face of the land. The former cast over their humble settlements, on the coast and inland, the sacred association of the names of mysteries and holy saints, so that men for all generations might be reminded that they are of the race of the people of God; whereas the latter have named many of the places where they have dug for gold with the names of their hideous crimes, and with terms compared to which the nomenclature of savage and uncivilized tribes is Christian and refined.

This sketch of the principal features of the two occupations of California, as they have borne upon the native population, may be sufficient for our present purpose. We shall presently dwell upon the better qualities in the American character—the natural foundations upon which religion has to be built. Our object is not to write a political or commercial essay; all we attempt is to note the action of the Church at the present day upon the heterogeneous elements which compose the population of California, and to record as briefly as may be the several influences observable as making up that action.

It has long been a favorite theme with the anti-Catholic philosophers of the day to descant upon the feebleness of the Catholic Church. They judge her as a purely human institution, good in her day; but her day is gone. She was a good nurse, who held the leading-strings which mankind needed in early childhood. But we have grown to the ripeness of perfection; and the good nurse has grown old and past work: she may be allowed therefore to potter about the world, as an old servant round her master's hall and grounds, till she dies and is buried away. We may render some little service if we point to one more instance of her present vigor and vitality in our own day; if we can show that she is stamping her impress upon the lettered horde that has overrun the western shore, as she did formerly upon the unlettered hordes that possessed themselves of the plains of Italy or of the wolds of England. We believe that she is by degrees assimilating into herself the strange mass of the Californian population; she is standing out in the midst of them as the only representative of religious unity, order, and revelation. She is executing her commission in California to-day as faithfully as she did when Peter entered Rome, or Augus-

Digitized by Google

tine Kent, or Xavier Asia, or Solano the wilds of South America.

The work of grace, through the Church of Christ, is gaining sensibly and irresistibly upon the population of California. We are far from foreseeing a day when all its inhabitants will be of one faith and one mind, or from saying that the number of conversions to the faith is prodigious and unheard-of. But we affirm that the Catholic Church, with a far greater rapidity than in England, is daily attaining a higher place in the estimation of the people, is becoming more and more the acknowledged representative of Christianity, and is actually gaining in numbers, piety, and authority. The sects there, as elsewhere in America, are ceasing by degrees to exercise any religious or spiritual influence upon the people; they act as political and social agents, and hold together as organizations by the force of local circumstances, which are wholly independent of religion. As forms of religion, the people see through them, and have no confidence in them; the consequence is, that an immense proportion are without any religion at all, and many join the Catholic Church. It was the policy of imperial Rome to open her gates to every form of heathenism: every god was tolerated, every god was accepted, no matter how incongruous or contradictory its presence by the side of others. The empire was intent upon one thing, self-aggrandizement; and for religion it did not care. Thoughtful men smiled or sneered at those mythologies and divinities, and their forms of worship; and the people became cold and indifferent to them. They were dying of this contempt, when behold the newly imported presence of the Fisherman into their midst, with his Catechism of Christian Doctrine, inspired one and all with a new life and energy; the gods began to speak, and the people began to hear them. It was not that a new faith had been awakened in their old idolatry; but a new hostility and hatred had been aroused against the majesty of consistent truth, which stood before them humble, yet confounding them. They began to believe themselves to be devout pagans, and to prove the sincerity of their convictions by endeavoring to smite down the divine figure of the Catholic Church, which claimed a universal homage and a universal power. Events strangely repeat themselves in the world. That which occurred among the sects of ancient Rome is now taking place among the sects of America. Men smile at their pretensions; their convictions are not moulded by them, and they will not submit to their discipline or bow to their authority. But the sects object to death, and they think to prolong the term of their existence not by a life of faith, but by a life of sustained enmity against the religion which is slowly gaining upon them, and supplanting them in the mind and affection of the people.

There are many who believe that the day is not far distant when the Catholics of America will have to brace themselves up to go through the fire, for American religious persecution would be like an American civil war, determined and terrible. It would carry us beyond the limits of our scope to attempt to trace the steps by which persecution is approaching. This spirit has ever existed in the New England states. *Know-nothingism* was a political and social form of it which failed for a time; and the knowledge of the immense progress made by the Church amidst the din of war, in the camp and in the hospital, in North and South, among officers and men, has quickened this movement. The government is not to blame for this. We believe the American government, in point of religion, to be perfectly colorless. It is noteworthy that nowhere in the world has religion made more rapid progress in this century than in the United States.

We cannot doubt that the Church is repairing in America the losses she

Digitized by Google

has suffered in Europe through the pride, abuse of grace, and apostacy of many of her children.

In California the Church has no easy task before her. It is no longer the simple and rude Vandal, Dane, or Lombard she has to lead into her fold, but a population composed of men of keen wits, of the most varied, world-wide experiences, and drawn from countries in which they have been more or less within the reach of Catholic teaching. These are the men whom she has now to reduce into the obedience of faith.

We are not of those who imagine that Almighty God has lavished all the treasures of natural virtues upon one nation, and has withheld them proportionately from others. In intellectual gifts men differ much less one from another than is often supposed, as with their physical strength and stature the difference, on the whole, is not very large. And so their moral natural gifts, if considered in their full circle, will be found before the tribunal of an impartial judge to be on the whole pretty evenly distributed among the nations. One nation has faith and trust, another understanding and subtlety, another mercy and compassion, another truthfulness and fidelity, another tenderness and love, another humility and docility, another courage and energy, another determination and patience, another purity, another reverence. These natural virtues may be elevated into supernatural, and then that nation is *really* the *greatest* which has made best use of the grace of God. The bounteous hand of God has enriched every part of the canopy of heaven with stars and planets, differing infinitely in light, color, distance, size, and combination, and he leaves no portion in absolute poverty or darkness; and the "distilling lips" and "shining countenance" have scattered in every direction over his immortal creation precious gifts of natural virtues, set like gems in the souls of men the moment his fingers first fashioned them. It will, no doubt, often require the study and patient love of an apostle's heart to discover them, so defiled and obscured have they become; but they are ever there, though dormant, and when once they become subject to the touch of divine grace, it is surprising what inclination and facility toward their eternal Father break forth and become apparent.

Now, in speaking of the sufferings of the Church in California, we have been marking some of the worst features of the Anglo-Saxon invasion. But in viewing, as we are about to do, the future prospects of the Church, we must, at the outset, point toward some of those better qualities and characteristics, upon which, under God, the Church has to build her hopes.

If once turned to God from materialism and mammon-worship, we are persuaded that the American would rank among the foremost Catholics of the world; not shining, perhaps, in the extraordinary gifts of faith, and in the offices of the contemplative life, like the children of Italy and Spain, but fruitful and overflowing in good works and in pushing forward every active operation of charity.

Of the Californians it may be said that they are bold and independent adventurers, and that they admire these qualities in others. They are quick and devoted in their own business, and appreciate devotedness in the business (the Chinese call it "sky business") of priests and nuns. They are practical and determined, and failure after failure does not discourage them. Health and life have no value when any temporal end is to be gained. And, therefore, they are struck by the Catholic Church, her bishops and missionaries, steadily pursuing her supernatural end, in spite of the allurements, distractions, and threats of the world; preaching always and at all times the same doctrines of faith and charity; ready day and night to obey the call of her poorest member, in the camp and the battle-field, in the penury and hardship of emigration, in

Digitized by Google

pestilence and fever-wards, in no matter what clime or among what people; always alike joyful to save the soul of the negro, the red man, or the white man; esteeming suffering, illness, contempt, poverty, and persecution, when endured for God or for his souls, as so many jewels in her crown, and holding life itself cheap and contemptible in comparison with the one end she has in view.

The Californians are a singularly inquisitive and intelligent race. Everybody is able to read and write; and even the common laborer has his morning newspaper brought every day of his life to his cottage door. The state prison of St. Quintin shows some curious statistics of the proportion of native Americans and foreigners who are able to read and write. The comparison, as will be seen, is in favor of the United States: January 1, 1862, there were 257 prisoners, natives of the United States; of these only 29 were unable to read or write. And there were 333 of foreign birth; of these 141 were unable to read or write. The spirit of free inquiry and private judgment, which brought about the apostacy of the sixteenth century, is carried by Californians to its legitimate conclusions. They are not stopped half-way as Anglicans are by love or reverence for what may appear to be a venerable, time-honored establishment, full of nationality and wealth, and hoary with respectability. They wish to learn the reason *why* of everything, and they are little inclined to take anything upon a mere *ipse dixit*. They love knowledge, and desire to obtain it easily, so they are great frequenters of lectures and sermons; and will go anywhere to hear them when they believe them to be good. This gives the Catholic priest a strong and solid advantage over every other minister. He is able to give an account of his faith, to show the reasonableness of submission, to prove that faith rests upon an infallible basis, that religion is not a caprice of reason, not a mere expedient, not a police, which was useful in ignorant days, and may be still useful for superstitious minds and a leading-string for children and the weak. Show the American that the submission of his intellect to the divine intellect of the Church of God is not its destruction, but its perfection and elevation, and his intellectual pride will yield as quickly as any man's. Explain to them the doctrine of the Holy Ghost and his indwelling life in the Church and in the individual, and they will be ready to call out, "Give us also the Holy Ghost." There are some natures so confiding and so simple that it is enough to address them as the centurion did his soldiers, or to tell them what to believe, and they believe at once. It is a blessed thing to have the grace of little children to believe from the first; but there are some who have placed themselves out of the pale of this great grace, or have been born outside it, on account of the sins of their parents, and the mould they have been formed in. This is the case with the Anglo-Saxon race, and pre-eminently so with the American. And the Church accommodates herself to the peculiarities of the human mind, with infinite charity and condescension, seeking the surest avenue to the conversion of the soul to God, in faith, hope, and charity. She is ready to meet the American on his own ground, and to give the clearest and most convincing of explanations. Again, the Americans are what has been called "viewy," and with all their practical power and love for the positive, they prefer to have the truth presented to them as in a landscape, in which the imagination is able to throw the reason into relief on the foreground. Compare the instructions and sermons of Peach, Gother, Fletcher, and Challoner, excellent and solid though they be, where the imagination has no play, with those of Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop Manning, Dr. Newman, and our meaning is at once illustrated.

A priest who should draw his ser-

Digitized by Google

mons out of Suarez or Petavius, rather than from Perrone or Bouvier, or some hand-book of controversy—his homilies on the gospel from, *e. g.*, Dionysius the Carthusian, illustrating them from such works as "Burder's Oriental Customs," "Harmer's Observations," etc., rather than heap up platitudes and common generalities, or should even take our common little catechism and develop its doctrine and popularize it by abundant illustrations from Scripture, history, from the arts, science, commerce, government—familiar themes to the American mind—would be certain to attract around his pulpit large audiences of anxious souls, and, by God's blessing, to win them to Catholic truth with astonishing facility.

The Americans are keenly alive to coarse or rough manners in a priest. They will not suffer masterful or domineering language from him in the pulpit or in private. Above all, they consider the "brogue" to be a capital sin—*talem devita.* This is a little inconsistent in men who are not themselves remarkable either for the *suaviter in modo* or for a reticence of provincialisms and cant words and phrases. But still we consider, unhesitatingly, that the brogue is more prejudicial to a clergyman's influence upon Americans than upon Englishmen; and also that a priest, through refinement of mind and manners, can effect more in America than in England. Whether the reason for this fact is that the latter qualities are rarer in the States than here, or that having no hereditary titles, Americans attach greater value to adornments of mind and manners, we may not pause to consider.

Again, they have been for the greater part cut off from the traditions of home and family. The parish clergyman or district minister under whom they once sat, the bitter zeal of old ladies who consider Catholicity to be a species of sorcery, priests to be all Jesuits, Jesuits to be one with the devil in cunning and malice, and who know how to insert a sting into the life of the friend who withdraws from their opinions; the quiet humdrum of life in the States or in Europe, so favorable to the *status in quo*—all these anti-Catholic influences are far away, and there is little substitute for them in California, where there is a singular absence of public opinion and of social despotism.

On the other hand it may be said that they have come into the presence of the life of Catholicity in ways which impress them by the novelty of their situation. In the first place, their belief in the possibility of living for an invisible and supernatural end is quickened by their experience of the country they have come to. They came to seek for fortune, and they thought they were the first, but they found that the Catholic Church had been there long before them, perfectly satisfied without the gold and silver which has drawn *them*, in the accomplishment of her mission of peace and salvation. For long years Catholic missioners had abandoned home and civilization in order to reside on the rolling plains, or valleys, or sea-coast, with the untutored and debased Indian, with no other recompense than one they looked for hereafter. They had not become savages and wild men as men often do, conforming to the Indian, who lived upon grasshoppers, and worms, and insects, or roots and grasses or fruits, or at best on the produce of the chase. But by the constraining power of love, and with a divine message, they had drawn the wild Indians around them, taught them various arts and trades, the growth of the olive, of the vine, and of corn, how to spin and weave, the first elements of peace and commerce. They had instructed them in the Christian faith and helped them on the way to heaven. The old remains of their work are scattered over the country in some five-and-twenty principal mission establishments. The great "adobe" walls of their churches, varying from four to eight feet thick,

Digitized by Google

the rude sculpture, the gaudy frescoes, the paintings and carvings brought all the way from Spain and Mexico, the little square belfry standing alone, the cemetery, and the avenue of trees planted by the friars along the roads which lead up to the mission; the orchards still fruitful, where the swine besport themselves and the coney burrows, as at Santa Clara; the mournful olive-trees of the mission, which, in spite of age, yield the best oil in the country; the crosses, memorials of piety and faith, set up here and there, and the Christian traditions still left among a few survivors of the old inhabitants, often speak solemnly and instructively to the heart of the pioneer who has come in hot haste to seek a fortune. How can he help at times being touched, when he is with his own thoughts in solitude, perhaps in sadness and disappointment, in the presence of these old remnants which tell of pioneers who came with another and holier end in view than that in which he sees himself foiled and mistaken? We will venture to say that these ancient memorials of the faith and devotedness of the Catholic missionaries are as sweet, and as dear, and as impressive to many a Californian, as the gorgeous old piles of Catholic piety in England are to the dense and civilized Protestant population which lives around them and profits by their revenues.

Among the first pioneers of California, before the discovery of gold, in search of an agricultural district and of a genial climate, came a hardy band of earnest Irishmen. They were in a high sense pioneers, for they were the first caravan that found a way across the plains and Rocky Mountains from the Eastern states. They passed many long months on the road, and were exposed to every imaginable hardship and difficulty. They had to clear the forest as they went, to make a passage for their wagons. Sometimes they would spend a week breaking a road through great rocks and enormous boulders, which obstructed a river-bed or a mountain-pass; their wagons often came to pieces through hardship and exposure; they cut down trees to mend them, and had to extemporize wheels and harness as they journeyed slowly on. They had placed all their trust and confidence in God—in the rain and wind, in the thick forest, and on the snowy mountain, they always turned to him—they served and worshipped him as well as the circumstances would allow, and he led them at last into the land of promise which they looked to.

After them came another caravan from the States, but formed of men of a very different stamp. License, crime, and disorder of the most appalling character marked their steps. We will enter into no details. They suffered innumerable hardships, they fell so short of provisions, and were reduced to such straits, that, finally, in despair of ever reaching the rich plains of California, they killed one of their party, and made their evening meal upon human flesh. The next morning one mile off they descried the land they longed for, and immense herds of elk feeding on the plains. They felt that the hand of God had struck them. The Irish Catholics soon rallied round the few pastors who remained in the country; they established themselves near the missions. Soon they lifted up their voice calling for more spiritual assistance. The riches of earth were of little value to them without the blessings of heaven. The zeal of the Holy See anticipated their own. Missionaries were on the way to the scene of labor, and a devoted bishop was soon appointed to rule over them.

When, after 1849, the rush to the diggings took place, and all men were suffering from "the gold fever" and "silver on the brain," spending their money in wholesale gambling, making fortunes one week and losing them the next, and every man's head seemed to be turned by the helter-skelter excitement, the Catholic Church, in

Digitized by Google

her calm majesty, was growing up in the midst of the turmoil, and occupying her position as the city on the mountain, and the light shining before men. The zeal of the archbishop and clergy and faithful Irish knew no limits. Churches sprang up on the conspicuous eminences of the city of San Francisco, and in the principal thoroughfares. And that vast assemblage of men, who had come together from all parts, without religion or God in their hearts, began to see that they were in the presence of the Catholic Church, and that the shadow of the Catholic towers and crosses had fallen upon them. As soon as the Holy See gave to San Francisco an archbishop, the zealous sons of St. Patrick determined to build him a cathedral. The wages of a common hodman were £2, 10s. a day; nevertheless, while the Catholic with one hand worked or scrambled for wealth, with the other he freely gave to that which is always dearest to his heart. The deep foundations of the cathedral were sunk, the walls arose, its massive time-keeping tower crowned the city, its solemn services were inaugurated. It was the result of fabulous sums of money, and of heroic devotedness on the part of pastors and people. Nor was this all. Large and handsome churches have sprung up in various parts of the city, like St. Ignatius's and St. Francis's, and others, such as the French church, St. Patrick's, St. Joseph's, the German church, and a number of smaller chapels. The unbelieving speculator, the "smart" trader, the land-owner, and the miner, on his visit to the city, were all struck with these visible tokens of sincerity and zeal, without stint of generous alms, put forth by the Catholic Church from the very outset. Later, and stimulated by Catholic example, the various sects of Protestantism, Jews, infidels, and pagans, erected in several places their churches, temples, chapels, lecture-halls, and joss-houses. In point of churches, in numbers and construction, the Catholic communion in San Francisco stands far ahead of all others. But it is not in the erection of churches alone that Catholicity has, with the vigor of her perpetual youth, outstripped the sects, all of which, before they attain to half a century, become old and decrepit; for no sooner did the population roll in from the ocean and across the plains, than new wants at once arose—hospitals for the sick from the city, the country, and the mines; homes for the orphans who were left alone in a far-off country, where men die in thousands from accident and violence, as well as from disease and natural causes; and schools for children, who are born more numerously, it is said, in California than in any other country. Here again the Catholic Church was first in devoted charity and anxious zeal for souls.

As to popular schools, before the Atlantic and Pacific oceans were bridged together by the iron rails of Panama, the gentle and devoted Sisters of the Presentation from Ireland, ladies by birth, tradition, and refinement, left their tranquil convents for the storm and troubles of life into the midst of which they were to be thrown in San Francisco. They, in their strict and peaceful inclosure, were to be calm, like the point which even in the whirlwind is always to be still and at rest. There, day by day, they teach one thousand children from infancy up to womanhood, the poor according to their wants, and the rich according their requirements, and all this entirely *gratis*, looking to God alone to be their "reward exceeding great." Moreover, the only school in the state of California for Indians and negroes is established and taught by them. In the state schools no colored child would be allowed to set his foot. Thousands of children of Catholic, of Protestant, and infidel parents have passed out into the world from under their considerate and enlightened care, and they bless them everywhere evermore. Such disinterested charities, such daily self-denial, such

Digitized by Google

gentle and kindly sympathy, are not lost upon the wayward, go-ahead, and hardened Yankee. These are the lives which touch and melt and win him. This, he says, is practical religion. Next, in a state like California, orphanages became an early and a primary want. The Sisters of Charity first supplied them. Then hospitals were needed; and the Sisters of Mercy from Ireland said, "Here are hospitals." They possess the best hospital in the state. They watch the sick with a mother's care; and many a man learns on his bed of pain from their lips lessons which he has never heard in childhood, or has forgotten in manhood. In all these departments of popular instruction, orphanages, and hospitals, the Catholic Church in California leads the way, extending aid and care to all, without distinction of creed or nation. The Catholic convents and establishments stand out conspicuously to all the world on the heights and in the principal thoroughfares of San Francisco. These are all works which we attribute to the zeal of the Irish, and which prove to Americans, and they admit the proof, the faith and charity of the Catholic Church. They are an appeal to their heart and to their reason. And now for the appeal to their sense of honesty and justice. Take the Catholics of California as a body, and they stand before any other body for honesty in business. They nearly all came to the state poor men; some had to borrow money for their journey; but they have worked their way up; and now, though the Jews are the largest capitalists, and the Yankees, from being more numerous, hold absolutely a greater amount of wealth, the Irish and Catholics, as a class, are more uniformly well off. The mean of comfort and sufficiency is probably higher among them than among others. And they have obtained for themselves a high reputation for honesty and honorable conduct in business. It is impossible for a person without experience to form an idea of the amount of cheating and rascality which is often practised in trade and commerce. Robbery and lying, upon however large or mean a scale, when successful, will be called by a great number only "smart conduct." A man is not tabooed and banished the exchange and the market for cheating his creditors, and defrauding the public, as he would be in London or Liverpool. He can live down such public opinion as there is, and many of his friends extend a misplaced pity to him, or think none the worse of him for his behavior. A man may become bankrupt three or four times, and become richer each time; this is not uncommon; and there are certain persons with whom it is taken for granted that they are thus "making their pile." "So and so has just caved in," said a merchant; "and he had $20,000 worth of goods from me last week, and all that's 'run into the ground,' and no two ways about that. He'll be through the courts whitewashed in a few weeks." "Well," said the interlocutor, "you won't let him have more goods without ready money?" "Yes, I shall. He'll just come to me for goods to set up again; and he knows I'll let him have them, for he's a 'smart' fellow; he will be better able to pay me then than he ever has been before." In confirmation of our general statement, we may quote the words of Mr. Hittel:

"Insolvencies legally declared and cancelled by the courts are more frequent in San Francisco, in proportion to its population, than in any other part of the world. Our laws provide that any man who declares himself unable to pay his debts, and petitions to be released from them, may obtain a judicial discharge, unless he has been guilty of fraud; and as the fraud must be distinctly proved upon him before the discharge will be denied, the release is almost invariably obtained."

From this testimony of a long resident and man of business in Califor-

Digitized by Google

nia it will be readily understood how closely men's personal character for honesty will be scrutinized by persons who are not anxious to suffer in dealing with them. Now, inquiries have been made in various parts of the country, and it has been ascertained beyond a doubt that the Irish, or American Irish Catholics, are considered the safest class of men to do business with. Whether it be early training, religion, the confessional, or the influence of the priests, so it is; they are trusted by a Yankee more readily than others are. Far be it from us to impeach the honesty, and sense of honor, of all save the Irish and Catholics. These natural virtues shine with the greatest brilliancy in many an unbelieving man of business. We but record a fact which is highly creditable to the Irish, and spreads the good odor of the religion they profess.

We have now to notice the direct action of the archbishop and of the clergy upon the population. The bishop is the "forma gregis facta ex animo," "the city on the hill," "the candle placed high upon the candlestick," giving its light around; and on each prelate bestows what gifts he pleases. With these he illumines the world in the person of his minister.

Go, then, up California street, turn round the cathedral of St. Mary's, and you will enter a miserable, dingy little house. This is the residence of the Archbishop of San Francisco and his clergy, who live with him in community. To the left are a number of little yards, and the back windows of the houses in which the Chinamen are swarming. Broken pots and pans, old doors, and a yellow compost, window-frames, fagots, remnants of used fireworks, sides of pig glazed and varnished, long strings of meat—God only knows *what* meat—hanging to dry, dog-kennels, dead cats, dirty linen in heaps, and white linen and blue cottons drying on lines or lying on rubbish—such is the view to the left. The odors which exhale from it who shall describe? A spark would probably set the whole of these premises in a conflagration; and one is tempted to think that even a fire would be a blessing. To the right, adjoining the cathedral, is the yard where the Catholic boys come out to play; and in this yard stands a little iron or zinc cottage, containing two rooms. This is where the archbishop lives; one is his bedroom, the other his office, where his secretaries are at work all day. No man is more poorly lodged in the whole city; and no man preaches the spirit of evangelical poverty, a detachment in the midst of this money-worshipping city, like this Dominican Spanish Archbishop of San Francisco. From ten in the morning to one P. M. every day, and for two or three hours every evening, his grace, arrayed in his common white habit, and with his green cord and pectoral cross, receives all who come to consult him, to beg of him, to converse with him, be they who they may—emigrants, servants, merchants, the afflicted, the ruined, the unfortunate. The example of such a life of disinterested zeal, holy simplicity, and poverty has told upon the inhabitants of San Francisco with an irresistible power. It has been one of the Catholic influences exercised by the Church on the population.

On taking possession of his see, when San Francisco was yet forming and building itself up, the first thing Dr. Alemany looked around for was an edifying and zealous body of clergy. There were, indeed, already before him some few who are laboring in the vineyard to this day, but there was also there the refuse of Europe, men of scandalous life, and men affecting to be priests who were impostors. Whereupon he went over to Ireland, and entering into relations with the College of All Hallows, which had supplied so many devoted priests to other parts, he began to draw from that splendid seminary apostles for California: of whom, we believe, the first was the present bishop at Marys-

Digitized by Google

ville, Dr. O'Connell, so distinguished for his gentleness, learning, piety, and zeal for the salvation of the Indian as well as of the white man. May that college long continue to send forth its heroic bands of laborers, who may be recognized everywhere as they are in California, as a virtuous and exemplary clergy! But the archbishop, with the eye of a general, perceived that in order to make a deep impression upon the masses which were forming themselves with incredible activity in San Francisco and the country, it was necessary, in addition to the secular clergy, which were stationed in pickets through the city and country, to form a strong body of indefatigable men, who should act upon the population with all the accumulated power of a compact square. He therefore called into the field the Jesuit fathers. They came down in little numbers from Oregon and the Rocky Mountains, from the Eastern states, and from Piedmont. He assigned to them the old mission of Santa Clara, about forty miles from San Francisco, in order that they should at once open a college for the better classes; and also a site in San Francisco, among the sand-hills, in order to form a day college for the inhabitants of the city; and a church in which they should bring into play all those industries of devotion, retreats, sermons, lectures, novenas, and sodalities, which constitute so considerable an element of their influence in Rome, and upon the various populations in the midst of which they establish themselves.

We have already shown that the Church was foremost in the formation of hospitals, orphanages, and schools for the poor. She is also first in reputation for the excellence and solidity of her higher education. The College of Santa Clara has a public name all down the western coast, in Mexico and Peru, as being the most efficient house of education on the Pacific. But in order to appreciate the value of this work, it is necessary to understand something of the infidelity, immorality, and vice against which it acts as a barrier. Precocity in vice in California exceeds anything we know in England; and the domestic inner life of the family, except among the Irish, who still maintain its sanctity in a wonderful degree, and a certain small minority of others, has probably less existence than in the Eastern states. In the state system, boys and girls attend the same schools up to seventeen and eighteen. We have heard of a college in which boys and girls were educated together and lived under the same roof; and we have been told of even girls' boarding-schools having been broken up on account of vice and disease. But rather than speak ourselves, we prefer to quote the published evidence of a Californian as to the moral state of society:

"In no part of the world is the individual more free from restraint. Men, and women, and children are permitted to do nearly as they please. High wages, migratory habits, and bachelor life are not favorable to the maintenance of stiff social rules among men, and the tone of society among women must partake to a considerable extent of that among men, especially in a country where women are in a small minority, and are therefore much courted. Public opinion, which as a guardian of public morals is more powerful than the forms of law, loses much of its power in a community where the inhabitants are not permanent residents. A large portion of the men in California live either in cabins or in hotels, remote from women relatives, and therefore uninfluenced by the powers of a home. It is not uncommon for married women to go to parties and balls in company with young bachelor friends. The girls commence going into "society" about fifteen, and then receive company alone, and go out alone with young men to dances and other places of amusement. In this there is a great error: too much liberty is allowed to girls in the states on the Atlantic slope, and still greater

REESE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA
Digitized by Google

liberty is given here, where, as they ripen earlier, they should be more guarded."*

Again:

"The relation between the sexes is unsound. Unfortunate women are numerous, and separations and divorces between married couples frequent. No civilized country can equal us in the proportionate number of divorces. Our laws are not so lax as those of several states east of the Mississippi; but the circumstances of life are more favorable to separation. The small proportion of women makes a demand for the sex, and so when a woman is oppressed by her husband she can generally find somebody else who will not oppress her, and *she* will apply for a divorce. The abundance of money is here felt also. To prosecute a divorce costs money, and many cannot pay in poorer countries. During 1860, eighty-five divorce suits were commenced in San Francisco, and in sixty-one of these, or three-fourths of the cases, the wives were the plaintiffs."

We need add no comment. Such being the tone and condition of society, of what inestimable value must not good Catholic colleges be to the whole country! They are highly appreciated by many who are not Catholics: for they send their children to Santa Clara, and to the convents of Notre Dame, being fully persuaded that they will not only be educated in the soundest principles of morality, and be fenced in from evil, but will receive a higher intellectual training than they could elsewhere. Society, indeed, must modify any particular system of education; and the Jesuits have had to depart from their traditional practice of a thorough classical training, in favor of positive sciences, especially chemistry and mineralogy, and to adopt the utilitarian line of instruction rather than that which is the habit in Europe. Their colleges in Santa Clara and in San Francisco, and the schools of Notre Dame, must be marked as the principal educational establishments in California; and they are telling steadily upon the people.

The archbishop has also opened another college in behalf of the middle classes, which no doubt will bear its fruit. All are thus amply provided for; and no one points a finger of scorn toward the Catholic Church for ignorance and neglect of education; rather she is looked upon as pre-eminent in her training, and men external to her communion send their children to learn wisdom at her establishments.

The sand-hills in the midst of which the college and church of St. Ignatius were placed, have long since been carried away by the vigorous application of steam-power, and these religious buildings stand out prominent upon the widest street in California.

A brief allusion to the work carried on in this church, and we come to a conclusion. We have already referred at some length to the sermon and lecture-going habit of the Americans, and to the conquests which the Catholic Church alone has the power to make among them, by addressing herself to their good qualities, and thus leading them to God by the cords of Adam. Long ago the archbishop perceived this, and acted promptly by planting in the capital, in addition to the busy, active secular clergy, this community of St. Ignatius, with its leisure, talent, and training, to meet special requirements; and statistics would show with what success his grace's plans have been crowned. But we must pass on, and confine our notice to a particular industry of the society, which at San Francisco has received a special blessing. Or rather, it is not a specialty of the society, but a common arm in the armory of the Church; we refer to the system of sodalities and confraternities. The idea was first introduced by St. Francis and St. Dominic in their third orders, and was perfected and practically

* "Resources of California," p. 364.

Digitized by Google

applied to various devout ends by St. Charles, St. Ignatius, and St. Philip, in the sixteenth century St. Charles covered his diocese with confraternities as with so many nets. St. Philip organized the little oratory, and the Jesuits wherever they establish themselves are careful to found the sodality of the B. Virgin, and that of St. Joseph as the patron of the *Bona Mors*, in their colleges or among the frequenters of their public churches. Nothing can exceed the importance of these sodalities and confraternities, and we dwell on the subject all the more willingly, because of our own need of their more perfect development and spread among ourselves. It strikes us that such associations are more than ever desirable in countries like England and America, where external dangers and seductions are so numerous and insidious, and ecclesiastical influence so limited.

In Catholic countries the population is studded with religious houses, convents, and communities, and the priesthood is numerous, visible to the eye of the public, clothed in its own dress, affecting all classes of society, and holding a political and national status of its own. Their influence, therefore, is strong and ever present. It is otherwise with the English clergy, who have not one of the advantages alluded to, but are absorbed in begging and building with one hand, while with the other they hastily baptize, absolve, and anoint the new-born, the viator, and the dying. Now well-organized sodalities of laymen supply the absence of those more powerful influences, of which we daily lament the loss. They are a security to each member against himself, and they quicken him with a new zeal and activity for his neighbor. In San Francisco there is a sodality for men and one for women. They hold their respective meetings, sing the office of the Blessed Virgin, receive instructions, and frequent the sacraments on appointed days: they have also their library. The object is purely spiritual, and we believe there is no kind of obligatory subscription. Is a youth being led away, or in the midst of dangers, his friend induces him to join him in the sodality. It is a spiritual citadel into which all may enter, and find a new armor and strength against self and the world. Those newly born to the faith are gradually and easily edified and perfected in their new religion, by contact with the more fervent members whom they find in the sodality. Such a system cannot be too widely spread. Why should not a sodality be established in every considerable parish? After a time, all would loudly proclaim that they had built up a tower of strength within the Church. But we may not dwell longer on these topics.

The great spiritual dangers in California are rank infidelity and unblushing naturalism: the one and only promise of religion, the one hope of salvation, is in the attitude and position of the Catholic Church. Mr. Hittel sums up the relative numbers thus: about fourteen per cent. of the male population frequent some place of worship; of the remaining eighty-six per cent., one-third occasionally go to church, according to the attraction there, and two-thirds never go near a church, and are not to be counted as Christians. He estimates the Protestants at 10,000, of whom the Episcopalians are numbered at only 600 communicants, with twenty churches and eighteen clergymen; the Jews at 2,000. The Catholic priests, he adds, claim 80,000 communicants in their church, and they are more attentive to the forms of their faith than are the Protestants. In a word, Catholicity is in the ascendant, the sects are in the decline, and the battle is between paganism with a mythology of dollars, and the Church of God with her precepts of self-denial and her promises of eternal life.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

PATIENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALL through this earth we live in
A silent angel goes,
Sent by the God of mercy
To soften earthly woes.
Sweet peace and gracious pity
In his meek eyes abide;
That angel's name is Patience—
Oh, take him for your guide.

His gentle hand will lead thee
Through paths of grief and gloom;
His cheering voice will whisper
Of brighter days to come;
For when thy heart is sinking,
His courage faileth not;
He helps thy cross to carry,
And soothes the saddest lot.

He turns to chastened sadness
The anguished spirit's cry;
The restless heart he calmeth
To meek tranquillity;
The darkest hour will brighten
At his benign command,
And every wound he healeth
With slow but certain hand.

He dries, without reproving,
The tears upon thy cheek;
He doth not chide thy longings,
But makes them calm and meek;
And if, when storms are raging,
Thou askest, murmuring, "Why?"
He answers not, but pointeth
With quiet smile on high.

He hath not ready answer
For every question here;
"Endure," so runs his motto—
"The time for rest is near."
So, with few words, beside thee
Fareth thine angel-friend;
Thinking not of the journey,
But of its glorious end.

Digitized by Google

From The Literary Workman.

THE TWO FRIENDS OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE first attraction to all Catholics who visit Antwerp is its cathedral, which still remains after so many tempests of war and sedition the glory of the city.

But there exists in one of the other churches a monument which has an interest for English and Scotch Catholics almost personal; it is in the church of St. Andrew, which was founded in the year 1529. Like most of the churches in Belgian towns, it is of considerable size and lofty. It contains one of the pulpits for which Belgium, more than any other country in Europe, is famous. On the floor of the church, in front of the pulpit, and immediately under the preacher, is a representation in carved wood of the great event recorded in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth verses of the first chapter of St. Mark's Gospel:

"And passing by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting nets into the sea, for they were fishermen: and Jesus said to them, Come after me and I will make you to become fishers of men. And immediately leaving their nets, they followed him."

The same event is recorded in St. Matthew. The whole scene is represented in the most life-like manner. The figures of our blessed Lord, of St. Peter and St. Andrew, are of the size of life, or nearly so. Our blessed Lord stands by himself, toward the east, looking down the church. One of the apostles is seated in a boat round which shallow waves are rippling. The other stands by the boat on the shore. A net contains fish, which show all the attitudes of fish just caught and brought to land. The figure of our blessed Lord, and the attitude of the future apostles listening to him with the utmost reverence, are given with profound truth, and are full of the purest sentiment of religion. The pulpit has a sounding-board on which stands the cross of St. Andrew, supported by small angelic figures. It is however the scene on the floor of the church which is the great object of admiration. The pulpit is fixed against one of the pillars of the nave, and a little eastward of it, beyond the next pillar, is an altar inclosed by a marble screen. Against the pillar nearest to the altar, and behind it, is placed the monument which has so great an attraction for Catholics speaking the English tongue.

It is called in the guide-books, "A marble monument raised to the memory of Mary Stuart by two English ladies."

But this is not exactly true. It is the monument, as will be seen, of two English ladies: and it was obviously intended also to honor the memory of their sovereign and mistress the queen. It is placed high up the pillar, quite out of reach; but the inscription upon it can be read perfectly by spending some time and trouble in considering it.

The inscription occupies the whole centre of the monument. It is in Latin, and the following is a literal translation of it:

"Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland and France, mother of James, King of Great Britain, coming into England in the year 1568, for the sake of taking refuge, was beheaded through the perfidy of her kinswoman Elizabeth, reigning there, and through the jealousy of the heretical parliament,

Digitized by Google

after nineteen years of captivity for the sake of religion. She consummated her martyrdom in the year of our Lord 1587, and in the 45th year of her age and of her reign.

"Sacred to God, best and greatest.

"You behold, oh traveller, the monument of two noble matrons of Great Britain who, flying to the protection of the Catholic king from their country, for the sake of orthodox religion, here repose in the hope of the resurrection.

"First, Barbara Mowbray, daughter of the Lord John, Baron Mowbray, who, being lady of the bedchamber to the most serene Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, was given in marriage to Gilbert Curle, who for more than twenty years was privy councillor. They lived together happily for twenty-three years, and had eight children. Of these six have passed to heaven; two sons, still alive, were trained in liberal studies. James entered the Society of Jesus at Madrid, in Spain; Hippolytus, the younger, made his choice to be enrolled in the army of Christ in the Society of Jesus in the province of French Flanders. He, sorrowing, and with tears, made it his care to place this monument to the memory of his admirable mother, who, on the last day of July, in the year 1616, and in the 57th year of her age, exchanged this unstable life for the life of eternity.

"Secondly, the memory of Elizabeth Curle, his aunt, of the same noble race of the Curles, who also was the faithful companion of the chamber and the imprisonment of Queen Mary for eight years; and to whom the queen at her death gave her last kiss; who never married, and lived a life eminent for piety and chastity. Hippolytus Curle, son of her brother, in great good will, in memory of her deserts, and as an expression of his own love and gratitude, placed this monument here. She ended her life in the year of our Lord 1620, on the 29th day of May, in the 60th year of her age.

"May they rest in peace. Amen."

Opposite to your left hand, as you look at the monument, by the side of the inscription, is the figure of a female saint holding a book, and underneath, in large letters, ST. BARBARA.

On the other side of the inscription is another female saint, holding up her dress, with gold loaves in it, under her left arm, and one gold loaf in her right hand. Underneath her is written ST. ELIZABETH. This is St. Elizabeth of Hungary. At the top of the monument, inclosed in a pediment of marble, is a very agreeable painting of the queen, and at the bottom of the monument, below the inscription, is a lozenge of white marble, showing the arms of Scotland, France, and England, carved, but not colored.

Miss Strickland, in the last volume of her life of Mary, Queen of Scots, gives a version of this epitaph, and mentions the fact of the burial of these ladies in the church of St. Andrew. The version of the epitaph which we have given is more exact than that given by Miss Strickland; and Miss Strickland is mistaken in saying that the church of St. Andrew is a "small Scotch church."

Indeed it is difficult to know how such an expression could be applied to St. Andrew's church. It is certainly not a small church, as we have said; and is certainly not a Scotch church, in any intelligible sense of that expression. It was built in 1529, under the government of Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Parma. Miss Strickland mentions the painting at the top of the monument as having been brought over to Antwerp by Elizabeth and Barbara Curle. But in speaking of the family of Mowbray she has failed to do justice to the religion of these ladies.

She says that "Barbara and Gillies Mowbray, the two youngest daughters of the Laird of Barnborough, a leading member of the Presbyterian Congregation, . . . sought and succeeded in obtaining the melancholy privilege of being added to the prison-

Digitized by Google

household of their captive queen—a favor they might probably have solicited in vain if they had not been Protestants, and their father, Sir John Mowbray, a staunch adherent of the rebel faction" (p. 380).

She gives no authority for her statement as to the religion of the daughters, Barbara and Gillies, and the probabilities, in the absence of evidence, seem all to lie the other way. But in any case, it is obvious that they were Catholics in Antwerp.

Miss Strickland, in describing the absurd travestie of a funeral performed by the Protestant ministers in Peterborough cathedral over the body of the Scotch queen, five months after she had been murdered, mentions that none of the queen's train would attend at the Protestant services, "with the exception of Sir Andrew Melville and the two Mowbrays, who were members of the Reformed Church."

If it is true that those two ladies did consent to be present when all the others refused, with great contempt, there certainly is a presumption that at that time they continued in the religion of Knox.

The fact is, indeed, capable of another very natural explanation. They might have chosen to see the last of their mistress; remaining present without taking any part in the shameful ceremonies.

One significant statement in the epitaph which we have given, and which Miss Strickland has omitted, makes it certain that if Gillies Mowbray continued in Knox's or any other form of heresy, her sister Barbara Mowbray, wife of Gilbert Curle, was a Catholic before leaving England. The words omitted by Miss Strickland we now reprint in italics: "You behold, oh traveller, the monument of two noble matrons of Great Britain, *who, flying to the protection of the Catholic king from their country for the sake of orthodox religion, here repose in the hope of the resurrection.*"

Miss Strickland's account of the monument also omits to notice the queen's arms which we have mentioned. This Widow's Lozenge tells the whole case against her rival Elizabeth. Persons who understand the laws of heraldry see its meaning at once. But for general readers it is enough to say that the arms of Scotland are put first, then the arms of England as they were used at that period by English sovereigns. Now, if Elizabeth had been legitimate, and had a just title to the throne, Queen Mary would have had no just right to place the English arms in her lozenge. The act of placing these arms on the monument of the Curles was a protest against the illegitimate usurper who had murdered the true heir.

Miss Strickland furnishes the date of the marriage of Gilbert Curle and Barbara Mowbray. It took place in Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, in November, 1586, a few weeks after the sisters had arrived there to attend upon the queen. Very soon afterward, at Fotheringay, they had to attend her on her way to death. Elizabeth Curle was one of the two, Jane Kennedy being the other, who were allowed by the wretches who directed her murder to stand by her and see it done.

Miss Strickland mentions that the conduct of the attendants of Queen Mary at Peterborough was probably the reason why they were sent back to Fotheringay Castle, instead of being liberated after the pompous funeral of their murdered mistress. "They were cruelly detained there nearly three months, in the most rigorous captivity, barely supplied with the necessaries of life, and denied the privileges of air and exercise."

Among those so detained were Gillies Mowbray, and Barbara (Mowbray) Curle, and Elizabeth Curle. James, then King of Scotland only, sent Sir John Mowbray to Elizabeth to remonstrate on the treatment of Queen Mary's servants and to demand their release. Then, having been joined by Gilbert Curle, Barba-

Digitized by Google

ra's husband, they sought the protection of the Catholic king in Antwerp.

There they rest in the church of the great apostle, the patron of Scotland.

The unhappy woman who occupied the English throne obtained entire success—she gained the English crown, murdered her rival, and pursued Catholics with death, ruin, and exile. But probably no well informed person—certainly no Catholic—will doubt that these ladies, in their exile, their devout lives and pious deaths, enjoyed happiness unknown to Elizabeth in her guilty prosperity.

Our readers will not be displeased to receive this short memoir of two ladies who were the attendants of Mary, Queen of Scots, during life, and at her death.

From The Lamp.

ALL-HALLOW EVE; OR, THE TEST OF FUTURITY.

BY ROBERT CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE moment it had been ascertained that Emon-a-knock had been so seriously hurt, *somebody* thought—oh, the thoughtfulness of some people!—that some conveyance would be required, and she was determined to take time by the forelock. Jamesy Doyle it was who had been despatched for the jennet and cart, with a token to the only servant-woman in the house to put a hair-mattress—she knew *where* to get it—over plenty of straw in the cart, and to make no delay.

Jamesy Doyle was the very fellow to make no mistake, and to do as he was bid; and sure enough there he was now, coming up the boreen with everything as correct as possible. Phil M'Dermott and Ned Murrican led poor Emon to the end of the lane just as Jamesy Doyle came up.

"This is for you, my poor fellow," said he, addressing Emon. "An' I'm to lave you every foot at your own doore—them's my ordhers from th' ould masther himsel'."

Emon was about to speak, or to endeavor to do so; but M'Dermott stopped him.

"Don't be desthroyin' yourself, Emon, strivin' to spake; but let us lift you into the cart—an' hould your tongue."

Emon-a-knock smiled; but it was a happy smile.

Of course there was a crowd round him; and many a whispered observation passed through them as poor Emon was lifted in, fixed in a reclining position, and Jamesy Doyle desired "to go on," while Phil M'Dermott and big Ned Murrican gave him an escort, walking one on each side.

"It was herself sent Jamesy Doyle for the jennit, Judy; I heerd her tellin' him to put plenty of straw into the cart."

"Ay, Peggy, an' I heerd her tellin' him to get a hair-matt*ress*, an' put it atop of it. Isn't it well for the likes of her that has hair-matt*resses* to spare?"

"Ay, Nelly Gaffeny, an' didn't I hear her tellin' him to dhrive for his life!"

"In troth an' you didn't, Nancy; what she said was, 'to make no delay;' wasn't I as near her as I am to you this minute?"

"Whist, girls!" broke in (as Lever would say) a sensible old woman—"it was ould Ned Cavana himself

Digitized by Google

sent Jamesy off; wasn't I lookin' at him givin' him the kay of the barn to get the sthraw? Dear me, how pleasant ye all are!"

"Thrue for you, Katty avrone; but wasn't it Winny that put him up to it, an' the tears coming up in her eyes as she axed him? an' be the same token, the hankicher she had in her hand was for all the world the very color of Emon-a-knock's cap an' sleeves."

There was a good deal of truth, but some exaggeration, in the above gossip.

It was old Ned Cavana himself who had despatched Jamesy Doyle for the jennet and cart, and he had also given him the key of the barn—old Katty was quite right so far.

Now let it be known that there was not a man in the parish of Rathcash, who was the owner of a horse and cart, who would not have cheerfully sent for it to bring Emon-a-knock home, when the proper time arrived to do so—and Winny Cavana knew that; she knew that her father would be all life for the purpose, the moment it was mentioned to him; and she was determined that her father should be "first in the field." There was nothing extraordinary in the fact itself; it was the relative positions of the parties that rendered it food for the gossip which we have been listening to. But old Ned never thought of the gossip in his willingness to serve a neighbor. Winny had thought of it, but braved it, rather than lose the chance. It was she who had suggested to her father to send Jamesy for the jennet, and to give him the key of the barn where the *dry* straw was. If the gossips had known this little turn of the transaction, doubtless it would not have escaped their comments.

But we must return to the common, and see how matters are going on there.

Tom Murdock had witnessed from no great distance the arrival of the jennet and cart; and of course he knew them. He did not know, however, that it was Winny Cavana who had sent for them—he only guessed that. He saw "that —— whelp"—he put this shameful addition to it in his anger—lifted into it; and if he had a regret as to the accident, it was that the blow had not been the inch-and-a-half lower which Father Farrell had blessed his stars had not been the case. This was the second time his eyes had seen the preference he always dreaded. He had not forgotten the scene with the dog on the road. He had not been so far that he could not see, nor so careless that he did not remark, the handkerchief; nor was he so stupid as not to divine the purport of the amicable little battle which apparently took place between them about it. The color of Lennon's cap and sleeves now also recurred to his mind, and jealousy suggested that it was *she* who made them.

But his business was by no means finished on the common. He could not, as it were, abscond, deserting his friends; and ill as his humor was for what was before him, he must go through with it. It would help to keep him from thinking for a while, at all events. Beside, the sooner he saw Winny Cavana now the better. He would explain the accident to her as if it had happened to any other person, not as to one in whom he believed there was a particular interest on her part. To be silent on the subject altogether, he felt would betray the very thing he wished to avoid.

The hurling match over, it had been arranged that the evening should conclude with a dance, to crown the amicable feelings with which the two contending parishes had met in the strife of hurls. The boys and girls of Rathcash and Shanvilla, whichever side won, were to mingle in the mazy dance, to the enlivening lilts of blind Murrin the piper, who, as he could not see the game, had been the whole afternoon squealing, and droning, and hopping the brass end of his pipes

Digitized by Google

upon a square polished-leather patch, stitched upon the knee of his breeches.

There now appeared to be some sort of a hitch as to the dance coming off at all, in consequence of the "untoward event" which had already considerably marred the harmony of the meeting; for it would be idle to deny that dissatisfaction and doubt still lingered in the hearts of Shanvilla. Both sides had brought a barrel of beer for the occasion, which by this time it was almost necessary to put upon "the stoop;" Tom Murdock superintending the distribution of that from Rathcash, and a brother of big Ned Murrican's that from Shanvilla.

Blind Murrin heard some of the talk which was passing round him about the postponement of the dance. Like all blind pipers he was sharp of hearing, and somewhat cranky if put at all out of tune.

"Arra, what would they put it off for?" said he, *looking* up, and closing his elbow on the bellows to silence the pipes. "Is it because wan man got a cut on the head? I heerd Father Farrell say there wouldn't be a haporth on him agen Sunda' eight days; an' I heerd him, more be token, tellin' the boys to go an' ask the Rathcash girls to dance. Arra, what do ye mane? Isn't the counthry gotthered now; an' the day as fine as summer, an' the grass brave an' dhry, an' lashin's of beer at both sides, an' didn't I come eleven miles this mornin' a purpose, an' what the diowl would they go an' put off the dance for? Do you mane to say they're *onshioughs* or *aumadhawns*, or—what?"

"No, Billy," said a Shanvilla girl, with good legs, neat feet, black boots, and stockings as white as snow,—"no, Billy; but neither the Shanvilla boys nor girls have any heart to dance, after Emon-a-knock bein' kilt an' sent home."

"There won't be a haporth on him, I tell you, agen Sunda'. Didn't I hear Father Farrell say so, over an' over again? arra *badhershin*, Kitty, to be sure they'll dance!"

While blind Murrin was "letting off" thus, Phil M'Dermott was seen returning by a short cut across the fields toward them.

"Here's news of Emon, anyway; he's aither better or worse," continued Kitty Reilly; and some dread that it was unfavorable crept through the Shanvillas.

"Well, Phil, how is he? well, Phil, how is he?" greeted M'Dermott from several quarters as he came up.

"All right, girls. He's much better, and he sent me back for fear I'd lose the first dance—for he knew I was engaged;" and he winked at a very pretty Rathcash girl with soft blue eyes and bright auburn hair, who was not far off.

"Arra, didn't I know they'd dance?" said Murrin, giving two or three dumb squeezes with his elbow before the music came, like the three or four first pulls at a pump before the water flows.

It then ran like lightning through the crowd that the dance was going to begin, and old Murrin blew up in earnest at the top of his power. He had, with the help of some of the best dancers amongst the girls on both sides, selected that spot for the purpose, before the game had commenced; and he had kept his ground patiently all through, playing all the planxties in Carolan's catalogue. But not without wetting his whistle; for as he belonged to neither party, he had been supplied with beer alternately by both.

Phil M'Dermott whispered a few words to the pretty Rathcash girl, and left her apparently in haste. But she was "heerd" by one of our gossips to say, "Of course, Phil; but I will not say 'with all my heart;' sure, it is only a pleasure postponed for a little,—now mind, Phil."

"Never fear, Sally." And he was off through the crowd, with his head up.

Phil's expedition was to look for Winny Cavana, to whom Emon-a-knock had been engaged for the first dance; and as he knew where the

Digitized by Google

bonnet trimmed with broad blue ribbon could be seen all day, he made for the spot. As he came within a few perches of it, he saw Tom Murdock in seemingly earnest conversation with the object of his search, and he hung back for a few minutes unperceived.

Tom Murdock, we have seen, was not a man to be easily taken aback by circumstances, or to stand self-accused by any apparent consciousness of guilt. Guilty or not, he always braved the matter out, whatever it might be, as an innocent man would, and ought. As the dance was now about to begin, and old Murrin's pipes were getting loud and impatient, Tom made up to Winny. He had watched an opportunity when she was partly disengaged from those around her; and indeed, to do them justice, they "made themselves scarce" as he approached.

"They are going to dance, Winny; will you allow me to lead you out?" he said.

Winny had been pondering in her own mind the possibility of what had now taken place; and after turning and twisting her answer into twenty different shapes, had selected one as the safest and best she could give, with a decided refusal. Now, when the anticipated moment had arrived, and she was obliged to speak, she was almost dumb. Not a single word of any one of the replies she had shaped out—and least of all the one she had rehearsed so often as the best—came to her aid.

"Will you not even answer me, Winny?" he added, after an unusually long pause.

"I heard," she said hesitatingly, "that, as a proof of the good-will which was supposed to exist between the parishes, the Rathcash men were to ask the Shanvilla girls, and Shanvilla the Rathcash."

"That may be carried out too; but surely such an arrangement is not to prohibit a person from the privilege of asking a near neighbor."

"No; but you had better begin, as leader, by setting the example yourself. You were head of the Rathcash men all day, and they will be likely to take pattern by you."

"Well, I shall *begin* so, Winny; but say that you will dance with me by-and-by."

"No, Tom, I shall not say any such thing, for I do not intend to do so. I don't think I shall dance at all; but if I do, it shall be but once—and that with a Shanvilla man."

"Do you mean to say, Winny, that you came here to-day intending to dance but once?"

"I mean to say," she replied rather haughtily, "that you have no right to do more than ask me to dance. That is a right I can no more deny you than you can deny me the right to refuse. But you have no right to cross-question me."

"If," he continued, "it is in consequence of that unfortunate accident, I protest—"

"Here, father," said Winny, interrupting him and turning from him; "shall we go up toward the piper? I see they are at it."

Tom stood disconcerted, as if riveted to the spot; and as old Ned and his daughter walked away, he saw Phil M'Dermott come toward them. He watched and saw them enter into conversation.

The first question old Ned asked, knowing that Phil had gone a piece of the way home with him, was of course to know how Emon was.

"So much better," said Phil, "that he had a mind to come back in the cart an' look on at the dancin'; but of course we would not let him do so foolish a turn. He then sent me back, afeerd Miss Winny here would be engaged afore I got as far as her. He tould me, Miss Winny, that he was to take you out for the first dance yourself; an' although Phil M'Dermott is a poor excuse for Emon-a-knock in a dance, or anywhere else, for that matther, I hope, Miss Winny, you will dance with me."

Digitized by Google

"*Ceade mille a faltha*, Phil, for your own sake as well as for his," said Winny, putting her arm through his, and walking up to where they were "at it," as she had said.

Tom Murdock had kept his eye upon her, and had seen this transaction. Winny, although she did not know it, felt conscious that he was watching her; and it was with a sort of savage triumph she had thrust her arm through Phil M'Dermott's and walked off with him.

"Surely," said Tom to himself, "it is not possible that she's going to dance with Phil M'Dermott, the greatest clout of a fellow in all Shanvilla —and that's a bold word. Nothing but a bellows-blower to his father—a common nailor at the cross-roads. Thank God, I put Emon, as she calls him, from dancing with her, any way. He would be bad enough; but he is always clean at all events, that's one thing—*neen han an shin*. See! by the devil, there she's out with him, sure enough. I think the girl is mad."

Now Tom Murdock's ill-humor and vexation had led him, though only to himself, to give an under-estimate of Phil M'Dermott in more respects than one. In the first place, Phil's father, so far from being a common nailor, was a most excellent smith-of-all-work. He made ploughs, harrows, and all sorts of machinery, and was unequivocally the best horse-shoer in the whole country. People were in the habit of sending their horses five, ay ten, miles to Bryan M'Dermott's forge—"establishment" it might almost be called—and Tom Murdock himself, when he kept the race-mare, had sent her past half-a-dozen forges to get her "properly fitted" at Phil M'Dermott's.

Phil himself had served his time to his father, and was no less an adept in all matters belonging to his trade; and as to "driving a nail," there never was a man wore an apron could put on a shoe so safely. A nail, too, except for the above purpose, was never made in their forge. If sometimes Phil threw up his bare hairy arm to pull down the handle of the bellows, it was only what his father himself would do, if the regular blower was out of the way.

In fact, "Bryan M'Dermott and Son, Smiths," might have very justly figured over their forge-door; but they were so well known that a sign-board of any kind was superfluous.

Then as to being a *clout*, Phil was the very furthest from it in the world, if it can have any meaning with reference to a man at all. There are *nails* called *clouts;* and perhaps as a nailor was uppermost in Tom's cantankerous mind, it had suggested the epithet.

We have now only to deal with the dirt—the *neen han an shin* of his spite.

That Phil M'Dermott was very often dirty was the necessary result of his calling, at which the excellence of his knowledge kept him constantly employed. But on this occasion, as on all Sundays and holidays, Phil M'Dermott's person could vie with even Tom Murdock's, "or any other man's," in scrupulous cleanliness. Now indeed, if there were some streaks and blotches of blood upon the breast of his shirt, he might thank Tom Murdock's handiwork for that same.

Such as he was, however, bloody shirt and all, Winny Cavana went out to dance with him before the whole assembly of Rathcash boys, speckless as they were.

Kate Mulvey had been endeavoring to carry on her own tactics privately all the morning, and had refused two or three Shanvilla boys, saying that she heard there would be no dance, but that if there was, she would dance with them before it was over. She now *accidentally* stood not very far from where Tom had been snubbed and turned away from by her bosom friend, Winny Cavana. Tom Murdock saw her, and saw that she was alone as far as a partner was concerned.

Determined to let Winny see that there were "as good fish in the sea as

Digitized by Google

ever were caught," and that she had not the power to upset his enjoyment, Tom made up to Kate, and, assuming the most amiable smile which the wicked confusion of his mind permitted, he asked her to dance.

"How is it that you are not dancing, Kate? Will you allow me to lead you out?"

"I would, Tom, with the greatest possible pleasure; but I heard the Rathcash boys were to dance with the Shanvilla girls, and so by the others with the Rathcash girls."

"That's the old story, Kate. It was thrown up to me just now; but there is no such restriction upon any of us at either side. And I'll tell you what it is, Kate Mulvey—not a Shanvilla girl I'll dance with this day, if I never struck a foot under me!"

Kate was not sorry to find him in this humor. If she could soothe round his feelings on her own account now, all would be right. Under any phase of beauty, Kate's expression of countenance was more amiable than Winny Cavana's, although perhaps not so regularly handsome, and she felt that she was now looking her best.

"Fie, fie, Tom; you should not let that little accident put you through other like that, to be making you angry. I heard that was the rule, and I refused a couple of the Rathcash boys. But if you tell me there is no such rule, sure I'll go out with you, Tom, afore any man in the parish."

"Thank you, Kate; and if you wish to know the truth, there's not a girl in Rathcash, or Shanvilla either, that I'd so soon dance with."

"Ah, *na bocklish*, Tom; you'll hardly make me b'lieve that."

"Time will tell, Kate dear," said he, and he led her to the ring.

Kate made herself as agreeable as possible; amiable she always was. She rallied her partner upon his ill-humor. "It is a great shame for you, Tom," she said, "to let trifles annoy you—"

"They are not trifles, Kate."

"The way you do, where you have so much to make you happy; plenty of money and property, and everybody fond of you."

"No, not everybody."

"And you can do just as you like."

"No, I can't."

"And there won't be a pin's-worth the matter with young Lennon in a few days; and sure, Tom, every one knows it was an accident."

"No, not *every* one," thought Tom to himself. The other interruptions were aloud to Kate; but she kept never minding him, and finished what she had to say.

"It is not that all out, Kate," said Tom.

"Oh, I see! I suppose Winny has vexed you; I saw her laying down the law."

"She'd vex a saint, Kate."

"Faix, an' you're not one, Tom, I'm afeerd."

"Nor never will, *I'm afeerd*," said he, forgetting his manners, and pronouncing the last word as she had done, although he knew better.

She saw he was greatly vexed, but she did not mind it.

"If I were you, Tom," she continued, "I would not be losing my time and my thoughts on the likes of her."

This last expression was not very complimentary to her friend; but Kate knew she would excuse it (for she intended to tell her), as it was only helping her out.

"You are her bosom friend, Kate," he went on, "and could tell me a great deal about her, if you liked."

"I don't like, then; and the sorra word I'll tell you, Tom. If you're not able to find out all you want yourself, what good's in you?"

"Well, keep it to yourself, Kate; I think I know enough about her already."

"See that, now; an' you strivin' to pick more out of me! This much I'll tell you, any way, for you're apt to find it out yourself—that she's as stubborn a lass as any in the province of Connaught. What she says she won't do, she *won't*."

Digitized by Google

"And what I say I will do, I *will;* and I'll take that one's pride down a peg or two, as sure as my name is Tom Murdock, and that before Easter Monday."

"Whist, Tom agra; she's not worth putting yourself in a passion about: and she's likely enough to bring her own pride low enough. But betune you an' me, I don't think she has very much. Whisper me this, Tom; did she ever let on to you?"

"Never, Kate; I won't belie her."

"Answer me another question now, Tom; did she ever do th' other thing?"

"You are sifting me very close, Kate. Do you mean did she ever refuse me?"

"I do, just; and what I'm saying to you, Tom, is for your good. I'm afeerd it's for her money you care, and not much for herself. Now, Thomas Murdock, I always thought, an' more than myself thought the same thing, that the joining of them two farms in holy wedlock was a bad plan, and that *one* of you would find it a dear bargain in the end."

"Which of us, Kate?"

"Not a word you'll tell, Tom avic. There's the floore idle; come out for another dance;" and she gave him one of her most beautiful looks. He was glad, however, that her volubility prevented her from observing that he had not answered her *other* question.

Kate succeeded during this second dance in putting Tom into somewhat better humor with himself. He had never thought her so handsome before, nor had he until now ever drawn a comparison between herself and Winny Cavana as to beauty of either face or figure, neither of which it now struck him were much, if at all, inferior to that celebrated beauty; and he certainly never found her so agreeable. He listened with a new pleasure to her full rich voice, and looked occasionally, unperceived (as he thought) into her soft swimming eyes, and were it not for pure spite toward "that whelp Lennon," and indeed toward that "proud hussy" Winny Cavana herself, he would, after that second dance, have transferred his whole mind and body to the said Kate Mulvey on the spot. He considered, at all events, that he had Kate Mulvey hooked, however slightly it might be. But he would play her gently, not handle her too roughly, and thus keep her on his line in case he might find it desirable to put the landing-net under her at any time. He never thought she was so fine a girl.

But then he thought again: to be cut out, and hunted out of the field, with all his money, by such a fellow as that, a common day-laborer, was what he could not reconcile himself to. As for any real love for Winny Cavana, if it had ever existed in his heart toward her, it had that day been crushed, and for ever; yet notwithstanding the favorable circumstances for its growth, it had not yet quite sprung up for another. A firm resolve, then, to see his spite out, at any cost to himself, to her, and to "that whelp," was the final determination of his heart after the day closed.

Winny Cavana, having danced with Phil M'Dermott until they were both tired, sat down beside her father on a *furrum*. Several of the Shanvilla, and some of the Rathcash, boys "made up" to her, but she refused to dance any more, pleading fatigue, which by-the-bye none of them believed, for it was not easy to tire the same Winny Cavana dancing. After sitting some time to cool, and look on at the neighbors "footing it," she proposed to her father to go home; and he, poor old man, thought "it was an angel spoke." He would have proposed it to Winny himself long before, but that he did not wish to interfere with her enjoyment. He thought she would have danced more, but was now glad of the reprieve; for to say the truth it was one to him. He, and Winny, and Bully-dhu, who had been curled up at his feet all day, then stood up, and went down the boreen together; Bully careering and bark-

Digitized by Google

ing round them with his usual activity.

We need not remain much longer at the dance ourselves. In another half hour it was "getting late," the beer was all out, Murrin's pipes were getting confused, and Rathcash and Shanvilla were seen straggling over the hills in twos and threes and small parties toward their respective homes.

We cannot do better than end this chapter with a hearty Irish wish—"God send them safe!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THIS great hurling match, although much spoken of before it came off, was so universally believed to be a mere amicable, a *bona-fide* piece of holiday recreation, and not an ostensible excuse for the ulterior purposes of Ribbonism, or a fight, that no precautions had been deemed necessary by the police to detect the one or to prevent the other. The sub-inspector (then called chief constables) had merely reported the fact that it would take place to the *resident* magistrate —*lucus à non.* But "in the absence of sworn informations" of an intended row, he would neither attend himself, nor give orders for the police to do so, leaving the responsibility, if such existed, entirely to the judgment and discretion of the chief in question; who, wishing to enjoy the day otherwise himself, was satisfied with the report he had made, and did not interfere by his own presence or that of his men with the game. Thus, as "in the absence of sworn informations" the resident magistrate would not attend, and in the absence of the resident magistrate the chief would not attend, Rathcash and Shanvilla had it all to themselves. Perhaps it was so best for the *dénouement* of this story; for had the police been present, the whole thing from that point might have ended very differently.

But although it had not been thought necessary that a police-party should put a stop to the day's sport on the common, it is not to be supposed that they could hear of a man "having been murdered" on the occasion without being instantly all zeal and activity. Like the three black crows, the real fact had been exaggerated, and so distorted as to frighten both the chief and the resident magistrate, but principally the latter, as the intended assembly had been reported to him. However, "better late than never." They heard that the man was not yet dead, and away they started on the same jarvey, to visit him, on the morning after the occurrence.

Their whole discussion during the drive—if an explanation by the magistrate could be called a discussion —was on the safest and the most legal method of taking a dying man's depositions, and wondering if he knew who struck the fatal blow in this instance, and if the police had him in custody, etc.

They soon arrived at the house, but saw no sign of a crowd, or of police, whom the chief would have backed at any odds to have met on the road with a prisoner.

"Is he still alive?" whispered the resident magistrate to the father, who came to the door.

"Oh yes, your honor, blessed be God! an' will soon be as well as ever," he replied. "It was a mere scratch, an' there won't be a haporth on him in a day or two. He wanted to go back to look at them dancin', but I kep' him lying on the bed."

"Does he know you?" said the magistrate, believing that the man wanted to make light of it, as is generally the case.

"Does he know me, is it? athen why wouldn't he know his own father?"

"Oh, he is sensible, then?"

"Arrah, why wouldn't he be sensible? the boy was never anything else."

Digitized by Google

"That's right. Does he know who struck the blow?"

"Ochone, doesn't every one know that, your honor? Sure, wasn't it Tom Murdock? an' isn't his heart bruck about it?"

Here the constable and two men of the nearest police station came up at the "double," wiping their faces, to make inquiries for report; so that they were not so remiss after all, for it was still early in the morning.

Old Lennon was annoyed at all this parade and show about the place, and continued, "Athen, your honor, what do ye's all want here, an' these gentlemen?" inclining his head toward the police; "sure there's nothing the matther."

"We heard the man was killed," said the chief.

"And we heard the same thing not an hour ago," said the constable.

"Arrah, God give ye sinse, gentlemen! Go home, an' don't be making a show of our little place. I tell you there's not a pin's-worth upon the boy, and the tip he did get was all accidents."

"I must see him nevertheless, my good man; and you need not be uncivil, at all events."

"I ax your honor's pardon; I didn't mane it. To be sure you can see him; but there's no harm done, and what harm was done was an accident. Sure Emon will tell you the whole thing how it was himself."

"That is the very thing I want. Let me see him."

Lennon then led the way into the room where Emon was sitting up in the bed; for he had heard the buzz of the discussion outside, and caught some of its meaning.

Lennon took care "to draw" the police into the kitchen; for there was nothing annoyed him more—and that, he knew, would annoy his son—than that they should be seen about the place. He had taken his cue from Emon, who did not wish the matter to be made a blowing-horn of.

A very few words with the young man sufficed to show the magistrate and the chief that their discussion upon the subject of taking a dying man's deposition had been unnecessary in this instance, however profitable it might prove on some future occasion. Emon, except that his head was still tied with a handkerchief, showed no symptom whatever of having received an injury. He cheerfully explained how the matter had happened, untied the handkerchief promptly at the request of the magistrate, and showed him "the tip," as he called it, he had received from Tom Murdock's hurl. There was no mystery or hesitation in Emon's manner of describing the matter. Murdock himself had been the very first to admit and to apologize for the accident; and they did not wish that any fuss should be made about it. As to prosecuting him for the blow, which had been casually asked, he might as well think of prosecuting a man who had accidentally jostled him in the street.

All this was a great relief to the magistrate, who at once took the sensible view of the case, and said he was delighted to find that the whole matter had been exaggerated both as to facts and extent, and congratulated both himself and the police upon this happy termination to their zeal.

The magistrate then spoke of the propriety of "the doctor" seeing young Lennon, saying that these sort of "tips" sometimes required medical care, and occasionally turned out more serious than might at first be anticipated. But Emon told him that Father Farrell, who was an experienced doctor himself, had examined the wound, and declared that it would not signify.

The fact was that the magistrate, in his justifiable fright, had on the first report of the "murder" sent off four miles for the dispensary doctor, in case "the man might not be yet dead," and he expected his arrival every moment, as the point at which his valuable aid would be required

Digitized by Google

was plainly to be explained to him by the messenger.

Finding that matters were much less serious than rumor had made them, and perceiving that the Lennons were far from gratified at the exhibition already made, he was not anxious that it should appear he had sent for the doctor to raise, as it were, young Lennon from the dead. He was therefore determined to watch his approach, and to pretend he was passing by on other business, and that it was as well to bring him in. But the doctor had not been at home when the messenger called; he had been at a *real* case—not of murder, but of birth; and the magistrate and chief could not now await his arrival without awkwardness for the delay.

The magistrate was annoyed; but the chief soon set him to rights by telling him that the doctor could not come there except by the road by which they should go home, and that if on his way they must meet him, and so they did—*powdhering* on his pony, truly as if for life or death.

"I suppose it is all over, and that I am late," he said, pulling up.

"No, you are time enough," said the chief. "It is nothing but a scratch, and was a mere accident."

"And there is nothing then for me to do," said the doctor.

"Nothing but to go '*bock again*,' like the Scotchman."

"No trepanning, nor 'post-mortem,' doctor," added the R. M. He was a droll fellow, was the R. M.

It was a great satisfaction to each of these officials, as they secretly considered their positions in this affair, that no person had been seriously hurt, and that the slight injury which had really taken place was entirely accidental. The R. M. felt relieved upon the grounds that the intended assembly had been officially reported to him and that he had declined to attend, or to give any directions to the chief to use any precautions to preserve the peace. But then he reconciled himself with the burthen of his excuse upon all such occasions, that, "in the absence of sworn informations," he would have been safe under any circumstances. Still he was better pleased as it was.

The chief was relieved, because he had some idea that having reported the intended assembly to the resident magistrate might have been deemed insufficient, had a real homicide taken place, and that he should upon his own responsibility have had a party of police in attendance. These officials were therefore both ready to accept, without much suspicion, the statement of young Lennon, that the blow was purely accidental, and that the consequence would be of a trifling nature. But they were "dark" to each other as to the grounds upon which their satisfaction rested.

The doctor finding that there was no chance of earning a fee from the coroner, turned his horse's head round and followed the car at a much easier pace than he had met it. He of all the officials—for he was constab. doc.—was least gratified with the favorable position of affairs. He had not only started without his own breakfast, but had brought his horse out without a feed; and they had galloped four miles upon two empty stomachs. No wonder that he was dissatisfied as compared with the magistrate and the chief. But we must recollect that there was no responsibility upon him, beyond his skill involved in the affair; with its origin, or the fact of its having been permitted to occur at all, he had nothing to do. There were, therefore, no points of congratulation for him to muse upon, and he was vexed accordingly. From his experience of himself in the treatment of broken heads in the district, he had no doubt that his attendance would have "ended in recovery," and that at least three pounds would have come down, "approved" by the government upon the chief's report, which would be much better than the coroner's one-pound note. The disappointment had completely taken away his own hunger,

Digitized by Google

but he forgot that his horse did not understand these things, so he grumbled slowly home.

A contemplative silence of some minutes ensued between the two executives on the car, which was ultimately broken by the magistrate. He, like the doctor, had had no breakfast, so certain was he of a murder; but the whole thing being a bottle of smoke, he was now both hungry and cross. It was the chief's car they were on, and he was driving—the R. M. "knocked that much out of him, at all events"—so there was no driver to damp the familiarity of conversation.

"It was fortunate for you, my young friend, that nothing more serious occurred at this same hurling match," said the magistrate.

(Certainly he was no prig in his choice of language. He was of course much older than the chief, and considered that he could carry a high hand with "a mere boy" without any experience.)

"I am extremely glad," replied the chief, "for *both* our sakes, that it was a mere trifle and an accident."

"For both our sakes! Oh, you know, my dear young friend, that, in the absence of sworn informations, I was not concerned in the matter at all. I conceive that the whole responsibility—if there be any—in a mere casual meeting of the kind, where there is admittedly no apprehension of a breach of the peace, rests entirely upon your own judgment and discretion. To be plain with you, except where a breach of the peace may be fairly anticipated, and sworn informations lodged to that effect, I do not think the magistrate's time should be interfered with. I might have lost a petty-sessions to-day, inquiring into a mere accident."

"But it might not have been one; and we could not have known until we saw the injured man and made inquiries. But the absence of sworn informations, and the fact that there was no apprehension of a row, would have exonerated me from all blame as well as you. Beside, I so far took the precaution of reporting the intended assembly to you, with its professed object, and I took your instructions upon the subject."

"No, you didn't; for I did not give you any."

"Well, I reported the meeting to you, and asked for instructions."

"That is the very thing which I object to—making reports without sufficient grounds. I should decline to act again under similar circumstances."

"That you would do so, I have no doubt; but that you *should* do so, I have some."

"I am right, young sir, as well in my grammar as in my view of the case; *ought* is the word you *should* have used, to have properly expressed what you intended."

The chief was nettled. He was not quite certain that the R. M. was not right, and merely replied:

"Perhaps so, sir; but it really was not of *Lindley Murray* I was thinking at the time."

The magistrate was softened. He felt that he had been sparring rather sharply with a lad not much more than one-third of his age.

"Well, I really beg your pardon," he said; "I did not intend to be so sharp."

"Granted," said the chief, laughing; for he was not an ill-tempered fellow. "But here we are at my box; come in and have some breakfast, and I'll drive you to petty-sessions after."

"Thank you very much. I'll take breakfast; for I came away in a horrid fuss without saying a word as to when I should be back again. I will not trespass upon you, however, to do more than you have already done in the driving way. I had some fears when we started that we should have breakfasted at dinner, some time this evening, after a coroner's inquest. But this is better."

They then gave "the trap" to the "private orderly," and proceeded to punish the tea, toast, eggs, and cold ham in a most exemplary manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Digitized by Google

Translated from Etudes Religieuses, Historiques et Littéraires, par des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus.

THE LAST EFFORT OF CHARLES II. FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS OF ENGLAND.

We have already seen what fruit grew from the mission of Father James Stuart to Whitehall; how the Duke of York and, in all probability, King Charles also, abjured the Protestant faith; and how the royal neophyte, in the presence of his brother and his trusty counsellors, Arundel, Clifford, and Arlington, declared his readiness to suffer anything, to undertake any enterprise, in order to secure liberty of worship for himself and his Catholic subjects.

The king knew that his conversion would arouse violent opposition, would perhaps become a signal for revolt and civil war. He felt that he could do nothing without the assistance of the King of France. To secure his aid he secretly dispatched to Versailles Lord Arundel of Wardour and Sir Richard Bellings, the same prudent ambassador whom he had formerly dispatched to Pope Alexander VII. Out of this embassy resulted the treaty of Dover and the offensive alliance of France and England against Holland. Up to the present time an impenetrable veil has concealed from us the real object of this treaty, and the details of the negotiations which led to it. Charles has been almost universally accused of submitting himself to a disgraceful vassalage to the French monarch, and of selling to the Bourbon for money the glory, the liberty, and the religion of his country. But the unexpected disclosures of the diplomatic archives now enable us to shed a new light upon this subject, and to ascertain whether Charles was really moved by religious impulses when he asked Louis XIV. for assistance in the re-establishment of Catholicism in England, or was, as Lingard says, all the while trying to deceive his royal ally.

Lord Arundel had already been discussing the "Catholic project" for nine months with the French king before Louis' minister, Colbert, was let into the secret. Colbert de Croissy, the minister's brother and French ambassador to London, was now made acquainted with Arundel's propositions and Louis' answers to them, and on the 12th of November, 1669, had an interview with Charles, of which he gives the following account:

"The King of England was ready to assure me that he had no unwillingness to make me acquainted with the most important secret of his life. . . . In reading these papers, I could not help thinking that he and the persons to whom he had intrusted the conduct of this matter, were mad to think of re-establishing the Catholic religion in England. In fact, no one acquainted with the state of this kingdom and the disposition of the people could entertain a different opinion; but, in spite of all, he hoped that, with your majesty's assistance, the great enterprise would be successful. The Presbyterians and other dissenters are still more averse to the Anglican Church than to the Catholic. All that these sectaries want is the free exercise of their own form of worship; and provided they get that—and his majesty purposes to give it them—they will not oppose his change of religion. Moreover, he has good troops who are affectionately disposed toward him; and if the late king, his father,

Digitized by Google

had had as many, he would have stifled in their cradle the disturbances which proved his ruin. He will increase the army on the best pretexts that he can find. The arsenals are all at his disposal and are well stocked. He is assured of the principal places of England and Scotland. The governor of Hull is a Catholic; those of Portsmouth, Plymouth, and many other places which he named to me—Windsor among the rest—would never depart from the obedience which they owe him. As for the troops in Ireland, he hopes that the Duke of Ormond, who has preserved great credit there, will always be faithful to him; and even should he fail in his duty, Lord Orrery, who is a Catholic at heart, and has still greater influence with that army, will lead the soldiers wherever he is ordered. . . . . Finally, he told me that he was driven to declare himself a Catholic both by his conscience and by the confusion which he saw daily increasing in his kingdom, to the detriment of his authority; and that, beside the spiritual benefit which he trusted to obtain, he believed that this was the only means of establishing the monarchy." (*Letter of Nov.* 13, 1669.)

But English writers maintain that, behind all this apparent zeal, Charles concealed an ulterior design, and wished to impose upon Louis for his own ends. There would be some plausibility in the supposition if the conversion of England had been a matter so near to the heart of the French king as is commonly imagined; but, unfortunately, it is now evident that "the Catholic project" filled only a secondary place in Louis XIV.'s policy. The object which then employed his chief desires was the humiliation of Holland; and the more eager he was to secure the co-operation of England in this enterprise, the less anxious was he for a sudden return of the royal family of Whitehall to the ancient faith—a change in which his penetrating eye saw grave danger to Charles and, by consequence, disappointment to himself. He writes in reply to Croissy's letter: "I will not commence a war with Holland, unless the King of England join me;" and the ambassador is instructed to look upon the Dutch question as the most important affair in hand. (*Letter of November* 24, 1669.)

Charles, too, had his plan, and to our thinking a very good one. Colbert writes, December 5:

"Arlington tells me that the king his master, having weighed all the reasons for and against, has finally determined to begin by satisfying his conscience. He adds, nevertheless, that the king may change his mind; but I see plainly that he will not advise him to do so; for he is persuaded that his royal master, having Spain, Sweden, and Holland attached to his interests, and assured at the same time of your majesty's friendship by a secret treaty, will overpower all the seditions that might be excited in the kingdom by such a declaration much more easily than by the way your majesty advises. Moreover, I do not find him very hot against the Dutch; and I confess, sire, that I am still doubtful whether the proposition to attack them, conjointly with your majesty, after the declaration of Catholicism shall have been successfully made, is sincere, at all events on the minister's part."

A few days afterward the draft of a treaty was sent by Arlington to the Marquis de Croissy, in which occurred these words: "The King of Great Britain, after having declared himself a Catholic, . . . leaves to the most Christian king liberty to designate the time for making war, with their united forces, upon the States General."

Louis, on his part, ordered Colbert to stand firm: "It would be well for you not to allow Lord Arlington and the others to hope that I will ever consent to what you propose in the last place, that the treaty of war against Holland should be laid aside,

Digitized by Google

and that we should agree only upon the two other points; thus the desire which they feel for assistance in money and troops toward the declaration of Catholicism, which is what they are most anxious about, may induce them to further more zealously than they do now the project for a war against Holland." (*Letter of Feb.* 16, 1670.)

The negotiation dragged along slowly. Disputed points became more and more numerous; and the effect of all these difficulties and delays upon such a timid soul as Charles's may easily be imagined. As the time for openly breaking with Anglicanism drew near, the obstacles in his way seemed to grow more formidable than ever. His resolution was not shaken; but his religious ardor gradually cooled, and human prudence overcame his faith. This change of disposition was observed by Colbert de Croissy, but does not seem to have alarmed him. He writes, on the 15th of May, 1670:

"The king has not yet determined when to make his declaration, notwithstanding the urgency of those to whom he has confided his secret. M. Bellings informs me that the commissioners themselves are not agreed about the time; some advising that it be before the meeting of parliament, and others wishing the declaration to be made in full assembly of the two houses; that the King of England appears to favor the latter plan, because it affords more time for delay; and moreover that it cannot be later than October next, which is the time for the re-adjournment. I can see that the precautions which his majesty has taken are not sufficient. The troops in Scotland and Ireland are nearly all Presbyterians, with whom the concession of freedom of worship will weigh as nothing in the scale with their hatred of the Catholics. Even the captain of the royal guard, who belongs to this party, will probably be opposed to the execution of his royal master's design. In fine, those who are in the secret are greatly alarmed at all these dangers. *They cannot alter the king's resolution;* but a sort of libertinism (if I may use the word) makes him procrastinate as much as he can."

But Louis XIV. was prepared with an instrument for overcoming all the difficulties which Charles threw in his way. The amiable Duchess of Orleans, the beloved sister of the English monarch, crossed the Channel for no other purpose than to bring her brother's hesitation to an end. "All the points of the treaty," says Mignet, "had been agreed upon by both sides before this interview. Madame had therefore no questions to negotiate with her brother; but Louis XIV. relied greatly upon her influence in inducing Charles II. to sign the treaty, to advance the exchange of ratifications, and, what was of the utmost consequence to him, to declare war against Holland before declaring himself a Catholic." On the 30th of May, five days after the arrival of Henrietta, the French ambassador wrote to his court: "Madame tells me that she has made an impression upon her brother's mind, and she can see that he is almost disposed to declare war against the Dutch before doing anything else." On the 1st of June, 1670, Arlington, Arundel, Clifford, and Bellings, on the part of England, and Colbert de Croissy on the part of France, affixed their signatures to the celebrated treaty of Dover. If the text contains no mention of the modification obtained by the young duchess, the reason undoubtedly is, that, to avoid the delay which would have ensued had a new draft been made out, the two sovereigns instructed their commissioners to sign it in its present form, with a verbal clause, guaranteed by Charles's word of honor, that the war against Holland should precede the formal acknowledgment of the king's conversion.

Such was the mysterious journey of Henrietta of England upon which Bossuet has conferred so much undeserved celebrity. When, only twen-

Digitized by Google

ty-seven days afterward, the unfortunate duchess in the midst of her vain triumph was overtaken by the pangs of death, it may be doubted whether the recollection of her zeal for the postponement of her brother's conversion soothed her conscience or alleviated for her the terrors of divine judgment.

The Duke of York always looked upon the war with Holland as an unfortunate complication which frustrated the re-establishment of the Catholic worship in England. In this part of the treaty of Dover he beheld the first and perhaps the most dangerous of the rocks among which the Stuart dynasty ultimately foundered and disappeared for ever. Charles at first looked at things from a more assuring point of view. A letter to his sister, the duchess, dated June 6, 1669, shows him full of hope, almost of enthusiasm, at the thought of this expedition. The English navy was to take a brilliant revenge for the insult received a short while before, when the Dutch flag waved insolently under the walls of affrighted London. He himself, associated with Louis in glory and good fortune, was finally to triumph over the disasters of his family, and to enjoy for the rest of his days the blessings he so ardently desired, liberty of conscience and peace upon the throne. But these alluring dreams were even then disturbed by presentiments and uneasiness too well founded to escape his penetrating mind. If he yielded after a year's resistance, it was through weakness and weariness, not through conviction.

In concluding this portion of our article, it is not amiss to inquire what purpose Charles could have had in view in attempting "to deceive the King of France." To be sure, surrounded as he was at home by difficulties and dangers without number, he was compelled to look abroad for assistance and protection. But if he had consulted only his worldly interests, if he had not been inspired by religious motives, where would he naturally have sought for aid? Certainly he would have turned toward the Protestant, not the Catholic, states. His natural allies would have been warlike Sweden and rich and powerful Holland, whose last stadtholder, William II., had espoused a princess of the house of Stuart, Charles's own sister Mary. Nothing was more popular at that time, throughout Great Britain, than the triple alliance. Why should he break it? Why should the son of Charles I., overcoming the unpleasant recollections of his former sojourn at Paris, have so far offended the instincts and prejudices of his people as to offer the hand of fellowship and brotherhood to Louis XIV., and intrust to him his destinies?

A parallel naturally suggests itself here between the two kings; and perhaps if we had to assign their respective places we should not give the preference to the abler or the more powerful. Louis, still young and engrossed, heart and soul, in his projects of greatness and magnificence, was guilty of the grave wrong of making religion entirely subordinate to politics. Charles, no doubt, shows himself through the course of these negotiations just what he always was. Too sagacious not to see the dangers into which each step conducted him, and too timid to confront them; now urged forward by the impatient zeal of the Duke of York, now drawn back by his minister and confidant Arlington —one hardly knows what he wanted to do. His frivolity, his inconstancy, his perpetual wavering, his disingenuousness, all the chief traits of his character, in fine, were displayed in these negotiations of Dover. We are not disposed to deny that he was sensible of the temporal advantages which the friendship of his brother of France seemed to promise him; but, taking all things into consideration, it is he that shows the greater heart, and with him the calculations of selfish humanity are sometimes at least forgotten in the sovereign importance of his eternal interests.

Digitized by Google

The treaty of Dover concluded, Charles secretly made preparations for the war with Holland, which had now been deferred to a more distant day; but there were other preparations in which he took a much more lively interest. He knew that a terrible storm would break forth whenever he should issue his bill of indulgence in favor of those who disagreed with the state Church. Both French and English writers have often said that the king hoped to accomplish his plans by means of abuse of the royal prerogatives, and unconstitutional measures taken under the protection of that ambitious neighbor across the channel whom the Stuarts had rashly allowed to interfere in the affairs of the United Kingdom. But this is a mistake. Without the slightest violence or transgression of the law, Charles might have anticipated by two hundred years the emancipation of the Catholics of England. The constitution gave him no right to change any of the existing laws; but it gave him power to dispense with the exaction of the penalties prescribed for their violation. Well, he proposed to make use of this prerogative in behalf of all dissenters without exception, whether Protestant sectaries or Catholics, and whenever a fitting opportunity arrived to lay before parliament a new bill of indulgence.

On the 15th of March, 1672, two days before the declaration of war with Holland, he issued a proclamation, in which, after remarking that the experience of twelve years had proved the inutility of coercive measures in matters of conscience, he declared his good pleasure that every penal law against nonconformists and recusants of every description should thenceforth be suspended. Dissenters were authorized to establish places of worship; but Catholics were not permitted to assemble for religious exercises except in private houses. This discrimination against the Catholics was the doing of the Secretary Bridgman, who stoutly refused to sign the document, and threatened to resign, if the same privileges granted to other recusants were also accorded to the Catholics. Bridgman's resignation would have given the alarm to the hostile parties; so, to avoid a greater evil, Charles had to submit to this odious restriction.

There was a diversity of opinions about the declaration of the 15th of March, but at first there was nothing in the state of public opinion to excite alarm. As for the war, if the people looked upon it without much favor, at least no one could assert that it was contrary to the national interests. There were recent injuries to be avenged, glory and profit to be won; above all, immense advantages to accrue to English commerce from the crippling of one of its most formidable rivals: all these considerations kept the minds of the nation in suspense.

But unfortunately one naval engagement after another was fought with no decisive results; and while the French gained brilliant victories on land, the English seemed to be only humble, docile instruments in the hands of their allies. The Protestants eagerly seized upon these circumstances to arouse an undertone of discontent among the masses. The Duchess of York had just died a Catholic. The Duke of York, the heir presumptive to the throne, was strongly suspected of having embraced the Catholic religion. Then there was England in league with Catholic France against Protestant Holland; and the little army which Charles had sent to the continent, though placed under the command of Schomburg, a Calvinist (but for all that a Frenchman), had among its subordinate officers a major-general, Fitzgerald, and many other Catholics. All these things, they said, taken in connection with the recent declaration, boded nothing but evil to the Reformed churches.

Such was the state of public feeling when, after a recess of two years, parliament opened at the beginning of February, 1673. In the troubles

Digitized by Google

which he saw were coming, the king relied for assistance in the houses principally upon Clifford, whom he had appointed a lord of the treasury, and the Chancellor Ashley, recently created Earl of Shaftesbury, a man of no principle, but of great ability and value in critical emergencies. At the opening of the session Charles spoke of the French alliance, of the causes of his rupture with the States General, and of the declaration of indulgence, which he declared himself resolved to stand by.

The opposition had already matured their plan of campaign, and their first measure was to deprive the Catholics of their new allies by persuading the dissenting sects to renounce the precarious advantages of the declaration for the toleration, less complete, perhaps, but more assured, which they would infallibly obtain from the favorable dispositions of the Commons. The manœuvre was perfectly successful. The Catholics were completely isolated. The "Country Party," as they called themselves, then opened fire with more confidence in Parliament. "The attack was made," says Macaulay, "not in the way of storm, but by slow and scientific approaches. The Commons at first held out hopes that they would give support to the king's foreign policy, but insisted that he should purchase that support by abandoning his whole system of domestic policy. Their first object was to obtain the revocation of the declaration of indulgence. Of all the many unpopular steps taken by the government, the most unpopular was the publishing of this declaration." In fact, the annulment of the edict was a matter of life or death for the Protestants. They wanted, however, a constitutional argument, and they had not far to look for one. We quote Macaulay again:

"It must in candor be admitted that the constitutional question was not then quite free from obscurity. Our ancient kings had undoubtedly claimed and exercised the right of suspending the operation of penal laws. The tribunals had recognized that right. Parliaments had suffered it to pass unchallenged. That some such right was inherent in the crown, few even of the Country Party ventured, in the face of precedent and authority, to deny. Yet it was clear that, if this prerogative were without limit, the English government could scarcely be distinguished from a pure despotism." A hypocritical fear of despotism and inviolable respect for the law were to be the standard under which the dissenters should fight, and it was agreed that the Anglicans should intrench themselves behind the ramparts of the constitution.

The opposition in parliament did not disapprove of toleration in itself; they only blamed the form of the edict. They were perfectly willing to alleviate the condition of the Protestant nonconformists, provided it could be done through the regular parliamentary channels. Even if the king could remit a penalty, he could not suspend a law in ecclesiastical, any more than in civil, matters. In support of this position they argued at great length, with a good deal of passion and obscurity and a great lack of common sense, for more than a month. The real strength of the party lay in its popularity, and in that irresistible power which the daring aggressors of a declining monarchy always possess, in every country. The partizans of the court, by their injudicious defence of the crown, did their best to aid the opposite party. Instead of defending the prerogative by the precedents afforded by previous reigns, they grounded its exercise upon the necessity for some *ad interim* power which, during the recess of parliament, might act upon urgent cases, and, if need were, suspend the laws. "An exempting power," they said, "must of necessity exist somewhere; otherwise cases may arise, when parliament is not in session, in which the welfare and even the safety of the state would be sacrificed to impolitic and unrea-

Digitized by Google

sonable fears." This was playing directly into their adversaries' hands. After long discussions, several times interrupted by adjournments, the House of Commons, by a vote of 168 against 116, resolved "that the penal laws touching ecclesiastical matters could not be suspended except by an act of parliament."

In replying to the message of the Commons, Charles declared himself deeply concerned that they should question the ecclesiastical authority of the crown, which had never been contested during the reigns of his ancestors. He certainly pretended to no authority to suspend any law touching the property, rights, and liberties of his subjects. His only object in the exercise of his ecclesiastical power was the relief of the dissenters. He was not disposed to reject the advice of parliament, and would always be found ready to agree to any bill which might seem better adapted than his declaration to accomplish the chief object which he had in view—the welfare of all his subjects, and the tranquillity and stability of England. This moderate language did not satisfy the house. A second address admonished the sovereign that his counsellors had deceived him, and that none of his ancestors had ever claimed or exercised the power of suspending statutes touching ecclesiastical matters; and his faithful Commons implored his majesty to give them a more satisfactory and complete answer. The king felt the insult, and did not conceal his resentment. His course was chosen. He would dissolve parliament, rather than submit to the dictation of his enemies. But he hoped to subdue the opposition by exciting a conflict of opinion between the two houses. He went to the House of Lords, and in a short and spirited address complained that the Commons usurped the royal authority, laid before their lordships the two addresses from the lower house, with his replies, and concluded by asking the advice of the hereditary counsellors of the throne. Clifford followed, and pleaded with his accustomed fire and energy the cause of offended majesty. But the spirit of defection had spread even among the chiefs of the government. The chancellor went over to the enemy. "Shaftesbury," says Macaulay, "with his proverbial sagacity, saw that a violent reaction was at hand, and that all things were tending toward a crisis resembling that of 1640. He was determined that such a crisis should not find him in the situation of Strafford. He therefore turned suddenly round, and acknowledged in the House of Lords that the declaration was illegal." A month had not passed since, in another place, Ashley had appealed to the justice of his fellow-subjects against the adversaries of the edict of toleration. The lords made haste to follow the example of the prudent chancellor. Ten years before they had solemnly declared their opinion that Charles II. had received from the English people a legitimate mission to establish liberty of conscience; to-day, after maturely considering the royal motion, they resolved "that the proposal of his majesty to settle the dispute by parliamentary ways was a good and gracious answer."

The disapprobation of the Upper House filled the timid monarch with consternation. Three days afterward Colbert presented himself as the bearer of officious advice from Louis XIV. The King of France felt but little regret at the turn affairs were taking with his new allies; for the Commons, who, in order to overthrow more surely the royal plan, proposed to demolish it slowly, piece by piece, had not uttered a single murmur against the French alliance or the war. Not only that, but with a calculating shrewdness they had offered the king a compensation for the sacrifices which they demanded of him, and granted a subsidy of £1,260,000 sterling, destined to be expended in more vigorously pushing forward hostile operations on land and sea. Pleased with these favorable

Digitized by Google

dispositions, Louis XIV. represented to his brother of England the sad consequences of a rupture with parliament. The wisest course was to submit to necessity. At the return of peace, when Louis would have troops and money to spare, he would place both at the service of the Stuarts, and it would then be easy to repair these temporary misfortunes. Charles listened willingly to the ambassador. The offers of money he did not refuse; but as for the assistance of French troops, he declared that he would never use them against his subjects, unless a second civil war should reduce him to the very last extremity, as it had reduced his father. The same day, in council with his ministers, he withdrew his edict of toleration; and the next morning, the 8th of March, he annulled it again, in presence of the Lords and Commons, promising that it should never serve as a precedent. The royal communication was received with acclamations of joy, and at night innumerable bonfires illuminated the streets and squares of the capital.

The opposition party had received an impetus in its course, and it needed a stronger arm than that of a Stuart to check it. The House of Commons was already discussing its famous test bill, by the provisions of which every Englishman holding any civil or military office was required to take an oath of allegiance and subscribe to the royal supremacy; he was to receive the sacrament according to the rites of the Established Church, and to sign a declaration against transubstantiation; and the penalty for violation of this law was a fine of £500 sterling, and disqualification from filling any public function or dignity whatsoever, from prosecuting any cause before the courts, from acting as guardian or testamentary executor, or receiving any legacy or deed of gift. Together with the test bill another was introduced for the relief of the Protestant nonconformists. The former passed quickly through both houses, and became that odious law which England kept upon her statute-books until far into the present century. As for the other bill, all the well-known arts of parliamentary tricksters were brought to bear upon it. It was postponed; it was amended again and again; it was thrown out; it was brought in again. At last the end of the session found it effectually killed; and, despite the insidious promises which had effected a division among the several victims of the Anglican episcopacy, no new act was passed with regard to the dissenters.

In a single day the test act deprived the Catholic cause of all its defenders. The Duke of York, who, as lord high admiral, directed the operations of the combined fleets of England and France, resigned his command and his commission. Clifford, though a new convert, laid down the white rod. All the Catholic officials, governors, magistrates, naval and military officers, retired at once. One only—who had been bold enough to praise the bill in the House of Lords as a wise and opportune measure—was exempted from taking the test oath and branded with the disgrace of a national recompense. This was the same Earl of Bristol whom the Bishop of Salisbury had regarded as the inspirer of those popish tendencies which he boasted of having detected under Charles's dissimulation.

There was none of the cabinet whose fidelity Charles could now trust. Shaftesbury had betrayed him; and it seemed certain that Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale were secretly in league with the chief agitators. In return for their services parliament granted them complete impunity for the past by freely condoning all the offences committed previous to the 25th of March.

Thus the isolation of the king at home was complete. Louis XIV. was still left him, but he was soon to lose even this last support. At the beginning of 1674 the French alliance offered only very doubtful advantages. On the continent the war had assumed the proportions of a conflict of all Europe, and Montecuculli, seconded by

Digitized by Google

the Prince of Orange, fought successfully against the genius of Turenne. On the sea, Prince Rupert, the successor of the Duke of York, with ninety ships of the line, had gained not a single notable advantage, though he ought to have swept all the Dutch fleets before him. As Lingard says, he was too intimately allied with the opposition party to be very eager for a victory which would have given the ascendency to their adversaries. Finally, the Commons manifested, from the opening of the new session, a decided unwillingness to vote a subsidy. Charles listened, therefore, to the proposals of the allied powers, and, of his own accord, without asking the consent of "his suzerain" (as Macaulay charges), concluded a special peace on the most honorable conditions. "Necessity forbade him any longer to assist France as an ally," he said to Louis' ambassador; "but he hoped to be able to serve his good brother as a mediator between him and his enemies."

Thus all Charles's plans were overthrown, and England was delivered for two centuries from the twin misfortunes against which she struggled with equal energy—a French alliance and the inroads of Popery.

Under the enormous pressure brought to bear upon him the unhappy king, deserted by all his auxiliaries and all his friends, gave way, and tried to stifle the voice of conscience. No doubt he is gravely to blame when he receives the sacrament in the Protestant chapels of his palace, and urges the Duke of York to imitate his unworthy weakness, when he renews the protestations—which nobody believes—of his firm adhesion to Anglicanism. He is inexcusable for his apostacy. But that these criminal actions were not incompatible with a sincere resolve to return to the Roman Catholic Church, and that one can trace in Charles's conduct a plan seriously conceived and for three years perseveringly followed, to establish freedom of Catholic worship throughout the United Kingdom—these are the points which we have endeavored to prove. We are not without hope that we have shed some light upon an important series of events, which for two centuries have been enveloped, through the bad faith of historians, in an obscurity that until now the keenest glance has failed to pierce.

From The Month.

SAINTS OF THE DESERT.

BY THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

1. A careless brother said to Abbot Antony, "Pray for me."

The old man made answer: I shall not pity thee, nor will the Highest, unless thou hast pity on thyself, and makest prayer to God.

2. Abbot Arsenius used to say: I have often had to repent of speaking; never of keeping silence.

3. Abbot Theodore said: If God impute to us our negligences when we pray, and our distractions when we sing, we cannot be saved.

4. Abbot Pastor said: One man is at rest and prays; another is sick and gives thanks; a third ministers cheerfully to them both.

They are three; but their work and their merit is one.

5. A brother said to Abbot Sisoi:

Digitized by Google

"What must I do to keep my heart?"

The old man made answer: Look to your tongue first, for it is nearest to the door.

6. Abbot Abraham said: Passions live even in the saints here below; but they are chained.

7. Abbot John said to his brother, "I do not like working; I wish to be in peace, and to serve God without break, like an angel;" and he set off to the desert.

In a week's time he returned, and knocked at his brother's door, saying, "I am John."

His brother answered, "No, you are not; for John is an angel." He insisted, "Yes, but I am John."

His brother opened to him, saying, "If you are a man, why don't you work? If you are an angel, what do you knock for?"

From Chambers's Journal.

LITTLE THINGS.

Often, little things we hear,
Often, little things we see,
Waken thoughts that long have slept,
Deep down in our memory.

Strangely slight the circumstance
That has force to turn the mind,
Backward on the path of years,
To the loved scenes far behind!

'Tis the perfume of a flower,
Or a quaint, old-fashioned tune;
Or a song-bird 'mid the leaves,
Singing in the sunny June.

'Tis the evening star, mayhap,
In the gloaming silver bright;
Or a gold and purple cloud
Waning in the western light.

'Tis the rustling of a dress,
Or a certain tone of voice,
That can make the pulses throb,
That can bid the heart rejoice.

Ah, my heart! But not of joy
Must alone thy history tell,
Sorrow, shame, and bitter tears
Little things recall as well.

Digitized by Google

From The Month.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.*

THE appearance of the beautiful edition of Miss Procter's poems lately issued among the Christmas gift-books of the season forms a fitting occasion for some remarks upon the special character and genius of the authoress whose verses are inscribed upon its delicately-toned pages. Of both the first and second series of Miss Procters "Legends and Lyrics" numerous editions have been called for by the public: they are now collected into a quarto, illustrated by many excellent artists, and are prefaced by a slight biographical introduction from the pen of Mr. Charles Dickens, who, being intimately acquainted with Miss Procter's family, had known her from her early girlhood, and entertained for her the truest admiration and the most cordial esteem.

In attempting an analysis of Miss Procter's poetry, we may well preface it by a few words concerning her life and character, because these were the roots of her verse. To speak of the dead is at all times a sacred thing, demanding heedful words and careful justice. To speak of the beloved dead is always a doubly difficult task, requiring a specially sober modesty of expression, even while giving some scope to that instinctive power of true appreciation which affection best insures. The writer of these pages knew and loved her long and well; and in so far is qualified to speak of what she was: yet of a nature which was all womanly, and which retained to its last earthly moments a singular charm of childlike playfulness and innocence—having been, as it were, at all times sheltered from life's rougher experiences—it is not quite easy so to speak as to bring out a distinctive image to those who knew it not.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born in October, 1825, in Bedford Square, London; the eldest child, the "sweet beloved first-born," of Brian Waller Procter, best known to literature as Barry Cornwall. We have often heard her described as she was at three years old—"the prettiest little fairy ever seen," with fair delicate features and great blue eyes; always frail in health, but exceedingly intelligent. Mr. Dickens tells of a tiny album, made of note-paper, into which her favorite passages of poetry were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write; and she very soon began to acquire foreign languages, and even to learn geometry. One of her early accomplishments was drawing—she composed little figure pieces with grace and facility; and we remember hearing from a loving relative of Miss Procter's, many long years ago, of a certain set of sketches of the Seven Ages of Man, done by her in pencil when she was yet a little girl. Being at the time still younger, we heard of it with a sort of admiring awe, which it is now pathetic to remember; considering in our own mind what a wonderful and even alarming little girl this must be. Some five-and-twenty years later (since her death) those little sketches came to light; the sight of them smiting upon the heart with the memory of that long-ago conversation, so full of fond hope and pride.

Miss Procter was very thoroughly

* "Legends and Lyrics." By Adelaide Anne Procter. With an Introduction by Charles Dickens. New edition, with additions. Illustrated by W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., Samuel Palmer, J. Tenniel, George H Thomas, Lorenz Fröhlich, W. H. Millais, G. du Maurier, W. P. Burton, J. D. Watson, Charles Keene, J. M. Carrick, M. E. Edward, T. Morten. (Bell & Daldy.)
"A Chaplet of Verses." (Longman.)

Digitized by Google

educated, and from her youth went much into society, possessing in a marked degree the best characteristics of a woman of the world. Mr. Dickens says that she had nothing of the conventional poetess about her; was neither melancholy, nor affected, nor self-absorbed. What she *had*, was the ease, the polish, and the extreme readiness which we are taught to consider the traditionary charm of a Frenchwoman of the old school. To perfect self-possession she added a sort of feminine mastery of those about her. Single out any of the famous Parisians gifted with the power to win and to keep, and imagine this sort of power grafted on to a nature *au fond* very simple and sterling; and thus the reader will attain to a conception of what she was in social life. She had deep and strong feeling, which she poured out in her poetry; but it did not come uppermost in her conversation. *That* was always vivid and usually lively, and, moreover, edged with marvellous finesse. "Sweet-briar" one loving friend used to call her.

Her outward life was not very varied; but her conversion to the Catholic faith, which took place when she was about four-and-twenty, gave her a wide circle of intellectual interests beyond those of ordinary English minds. Two years later she went to Piedmont, and passed a year with a relative there. She always recalled this Italian experience with lively pleasure; and it colored many of her poems. Her letters home were very lively and pictorial, showing that she would have excelled in prose composition.

Of her first entrance into literature Mr. Dickens has given an amusing account: how she sent poems to *Household Words* under the signature of Miss Berwick, and how at the office they all made up their minds she was a governess; and how Miss Berwick turned out, after all, to be the daughter of his old friend Barry Cornwall, who preferred to win her spurs with her visor down. When, some years later, she was with much difficulty induced to collect her poems into a volume, with her name, their success was immediate; both that volume and a second series passed through edition after edition, till she truly became a *household word* in England.

There is not, alas! very much more to tell. Just when she became famous, and opportunities of literary exertion were opening on every side, her health began to fail. For three or four years before her declared illness she was very delicate, and, with the fatal animation of her peculiar temperament, always overworking herself. But that dread malady, consumption, the scourge of England, can rarely be averted when once it has marked its prey. In November, 1862, her increasing illness first confined her to her room, and very shortly to her bed. For fifteen long months she lay there, wasting gradually away; yet not only was she patient and thoroughly resigned, but up to the very last her bright cheerfulness never quite deserted her. When not actually in pain, she would enter into conversation with all her old zest, taking just the same interest in her friends and their affairs; lively, sympathetic, and helpful to the end. On the very last evening of all, one of her friends, thinking to interest her in the old pursuit, brought her a little poem in proof. It was a Catholic ballad for *The Lamp*. Miss Procter was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. She was too weak to speak any unnecessary word; but her large blue eyes roused into their wonted intelligence as she listened; and then, with the sweet sympathy which she at all times gave to others, she made a slight applauding motion with those slender wasted fingers, and smiled into the reader's face. It was such a very slight thing, and yet so utterly characteristic—courtesy and kindness and a sort of unselfish readiness surviving to the very end.

Digitized by Google

That night, an hour after midnight, on the 2d of February, the summons came. She had been reading a little book—trying to read, rather—and as the clock was on the stroke of one she shut it up, and with some sudden mysterious rush of consciousness, having suffered greatly all the evening from oppressed breathing, she asked quietly of her mother, who was holding her in her arms:

"Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill to-night, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold—lift me up."

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said: "It has come at last."

And then, with so soft a change that the anxious eyes bent upon those sunken features could hardly detect the moment of her ceasing to breathe, death came to the beloved of so many hearts. The prayers of the Church, of which she was so devoted a child, were audibly uplifted throughout that closing scene; they were the last earthly sounds that can have reached the dulling ear. Opposite to her, as she lay upon her little bed, was a photograph from that loveliest image by Francia of the dead Saviour lying upon his mother's knees. At all times ardently religious, the last days of her frail life were elevated and cheered by the holy rites of her faith. As she lay in her coffin, a crucifix upon her breast, and camellias and violets sprinkled over her fair white garments, she looked the loveliest image of peace which a pure and pious life could bequeath to perishable clay. The delicate face was but little changed. Up to the very last it had retained its bright spiritual expression, just as her voice had retained its musical inflections, and her smile its blended charm of affectionate sympathy and childlike gaiety. In death that smile had vanished for ever, but something of its sweetness still lingered about the brow and mouth. The tapers for which she had asked a little while previously (for the due keeping of Candlemas-day) burnt at the head of the coffin, and shed their soft light down upon that still face. When at length it was covered up from mortal sight, and all that remained of her laid in the grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, the sun shone out with the first cheerfulness of early spring. Coming from behind a little cloud, that sunshine lit up the white vestment of the priest, who, standing by her coffin in the little chapel, spoke of the joyful resurrection of the children of God. There is a little garden upon that simple grave, where fresh flowers bloom every spring; and beside it many prayers are offered up with each returning season of the year.

But we must linger no longer on memories and associations which are almost too sacred for more than a passing word. To the world at large Miss Procter is known through her genius only; but it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that through it she is also endeared in a singular degree to thousands who never looked upon her face. To some consideration of her poems we will therefore address ourselves; the less reluctantly that they were truly so much a revelation of her life.

If canons of criticism be based on something deeper than mere superficial rules in regard to the expression of the sublime and beautiful, it must be doubly interesting to trace the causes of a wide-spread popularity attaching to any series of works from the same pen. Such an appreciation cannot be won by a trick of form, or by a deliberate appeal to well-known popular sympathies. It must arise from the touching of universal emotions; from a true correspondence with those thoughts and feelings which are the heritage of the race under its most general conditions, or which have become the common property of a people in all its various grades of culture.

There are two theories regarding the nature of poetry and of that gen-

Digitized by Google

ius which creates poetry, whether in literature or in the sphere of any art. They will never be harmonized; for, like many other opinions, doctrines, and theories, of which we are separately forced to acknowledge the truth, they are irreconcilable by any effort of the human understanding. One of these theories says that genius is rare, recondite, unusual; that its creations are, by the very nature of things, little likely to be appreciated; that, indeed, the higher and the deeper it is, the more likelihood there is that it will *not* be entered into by numbers. Such genius found its embodiment in the phantasmagoria of Blake, in the poetry of Shelley, in the profound insight of this or that thinker. It is the vivid but momentary flash of lightning irradiating a sombre sky; it is the gnarled and solitary pine; the deep still tarn upon the mountain-side; it is the vein of bright ore buried in the darkness of the mine; the electric thrill evoked from inert matter, interesting, delightful, and suggestive from the very strangeness of its apparition. Who shall deny this is *one* definition of genius, one way of picturing the idea of high art?

But there is another theory, which says that genius is that which possesses the faculty of incarnating universal affections in a type readily and instinctively appropriated by the imagination; that it painted the Huguenots, and wrought out the image of Jeanie Deans; that it sung the simple melody of "Auld Robin Gray," and accumulated the massive choruses of Handel; that — putting aside those greatest men, the Shakespeares, Goethes, and Raphaels, regarding whom criticism or definition are alike exhaustless and for ever inconclusive —the most admirable genius is that which thrills in the ballads, the religious literature, and imitative art of a people, and which a whole nation "will not willingly let die." Such genius, such art, is like the fair sunshine upon corn-fields, the rippling of the running stream, the silver surface of the lake, the profuse luxuriance of spring and autumn woodlands. It embodies light, air, and the song of birds, the solemnity of the universal twilight, and the radiance of the universal dawn. Almost every one can see and feel it in *some* wise, though the keenness of the appreciation will be in proportion to the sensitiveness of the eye and ear. Who shall deny that this is another and equally true description of the highest genius and the noblest art?

The poems we are now considering, and which have won such general admiration wherever they have become known, belong to the latter class of works of art. Their simple, delicate beauty appeals alike to men and women, and to the soul of the young child; their transparent clearness is that of an unusually lucid intellect; their profoundness is only that of a believing heart. She who wrote them would often say, with a certain characteristic simplicity, "I only write verses—I do not write poetry;" and would fasten upon the products of some powerful and mystic mind as an illustration of what genuine poetry ought to be. But the mis-estimate was great. The absolute absence of claptrap, of any appeal to the passions of the hour or the popular idols of the English people, showed that if these volumes lay on so many tables, and their contents were so often sung and quoted in public and in private, as expressing just that which everybody had wanted to say, the reason lay deeper than the ring of the verse-writer who knows how to play into the fancy of the multitude. They are popular because they are instinct with dainty feminine genius, and reach the hearts of others with the sure precise touch of slender fingers awakening the silver chords of a harp.

Three volumes originally comprised the whole of Miss Procter's writings: a first and second series of legends and lyrics, and one of religious poems, published for a night-refuge

Digitized by Google

kept by Sisters of Mercy. The two former have now been printed in this rich quarto by Messrs. Bell & Daldy; and it may not be amiss to say that the whole *three* have been republished in America in one small but excellently got-up volume, at once a casket and a shrine (Ticknor & Fields, Boston). Of the secular poems now brought before our English public in so beautiful a dress, we would attempt a slight analysis of contents. There are fourteen legends or stories, long and short—little tales in verse, of which the gist generally lies in some very subtle and pathetic situation of the human heart. Anything like violent wrong or the ravages of unruly passion seemed rarely to cross this gentle imagination; and yet the legends are nearly all sorrowful; but the sorrow seems to spring from nobody's fault and perhaps for that very reason it is all the more sorrowful, for repentance will not wash it away. Little dead children borne to heaven on the bosom of the angels while their mothers weep below; or a dying mother, dying amidst the splendors of an earl's home, and calling to her bedside the son of an earlier and humbler marriage, revealing herself to him at the last; or the history of a stepmother, long loved but late wedded, and who had given up the lover of her own youth to a younger friend, and afterward taken the charge of that friend's jealous and reluctant children; or the pitiful tale, since elaborately wrought out by Tennyson in his "Enoch Arden," of the sailor who returns home to find his wife the wife of another man. In one and all the pathos is wrought out and expressed with the most extraordinary delicacy of touch. The reader says to himself, "Nay, is it so sad after all?" And yet it is; sad and spiritually hopeful too; sad for this earth, hopeful for heaven. This seems the irresistible conclusion of almost every tale; even the story of the stepmother, supposed to come quite right at last, is made inexpressibly plaintive by being told by the first wife's nurse—she who "knew so much," and had lived with her young mistress from childhood, and would not call the cold husband unkind; "but she had been used to love and praise."

In others of these legends the telling of the tale is simpler, the pathos more direct, but almost always strangely subtle. In "Three Evenings of a Life" a sister sacrifices her own hopes of married life that she may devote herself to a young brother who needs her care. But the young brother marries —a catastrophe which she does not seem to have contemplated; and she finds too late that her sacrifice was useless; and, what was worse, that the bride is ill-fitted to sustain him in his life or in his art; and the unhappy sister

> "——watched the daily failing
> Of all his nobler part;
> Low aims, weak purpose, telling
> In lower, weaker art.
>
> And now, when he is dying,
> The last words she could hear
> Must not be hers, but given
> The bride of one short year.
> The last care is another's;
> The last prayer must not be
> The one they learnt together
> Beside their mother's knee."

Herbert sickens and dies, leaving the poor weak little Dora to Alice's care; and we are told how Alice cherishes her, and bears with her waywardness through sad weeks of depression, till news comes in spring that Leonard—the rejected lover—is returning from India. Now Alice is free! Now she may love Leonard and lean upon his strength. He comes; the little household smiles once more. Summer succeeds to spring; when one twilight hour Alice is aware of the perfume of flowers brought into their London home. She goes out into the passage, and through a half-opened door hears Leonard's voice:

> "His low voice—Dora's answers;
> His pleading—yes, she knew
> The tone, the words, the accents;
> She once had heard them too.
> 'Would Alice blame her?' Leonard's
> Low tender answer came.
> 'Alice was far too noble
> To think or dream of blame.'

Digitized by Google

'And was he sure he loved her?'
'Yes, with the one love given
Once in a lifetime only;
With one soul and one heaven!'

Then came a plaintive murmur:
'Dora had once been told
That he and Alice—' 'Dearest,
Alice is far too cold
To love; and I, my Dora,
If once I fancied so,
It was a brief delusion,
And over long ago.'"

Very tender and touching is the description of the forlorn woman's recoil upon her brother's memory:

"Yes, they have once been parted;
But this day shall restore
The long-lost one; she claims him:
'My Herbert—mine once more!'"

One of the most highly finished of the legends is "A Tomb in Ghent," setting forth the life of a humble musician and his young daughter. It contains lovely touches of description both of music and architecture. How the youth knelt prayerfully in St. Bavon—

"While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still;
Or, gathering like a sea still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again."

Not only what he heard, but what he saw, is thus exquisitely imaged in words:

"Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb;
Then, again, leaving it to shade and gloom,
And creeping on, to show distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare
That told of patient toil and reverent care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray, and ears
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush-spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer where the silver rivers flow;
And demon heads grotesque that seemed to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there.
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at evening time;
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around—only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night."

The second critical division of Miss Procter's poems comprises those beautiful lyrics, many of which have been set to music, and all of which are full of the melody of rhythm—inspired, as it were, by a delicate Æolian harmony, having its source in the fine intangible instinct of the poet's ear. Amidst more than a hundred of such short poems and songs, selection seems nearly impossible to the critic. Many of the little pieces and many of the separate verses are destined to float on the surface of English literature with the same secure buoyancy as Herrick's "Daffodils," or Lyttleton's verses to his fair wife Lucy, or Wordsworth's picture of the maid who dwelt by the banks of Dove. They have that short felicity of expression, that perfect finish in their parts, that cause such poems to abide in the memory, or, as the expression is, to "dwell in the imagination." In the six verses of "The Chain,"

"Which was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands,"

is one—the third—which exemplifies our assertion. It reads like one of those immemorial quotations we have known from infancy:

"Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break;
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes save thine and mine."

Two songs, written in the quaint, irregular metre delighted in by the seventeenth-century poets, seem like forgotten scraps by one of the more elegant contemporaries of Milton; these are, "A Doubting Heart," and "A Lament for the Summer," of which the first and last verses are instinct with the feelings of October days:

"Moan, O ye Autumn winds—
Summer has fled;
The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

Mourn, mourn, O Autumn winds—
Lament and mourn;
How many half-blown buds must close and die!
Hopes, with the Summer born,
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate and earth forlorn."

Equally musical, but full of the more

Digitized by Google

personal sentiment of our century, is that lovely song, "A Shadow," beginning,

"What lack the valleys and mountains
That once were green and gay?"

Quite different in tone, full of ringing harmony, is the little poem of "Now:"

"Rise, for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

And so on, through four spirited verses. Something in these strikes the ear as peculiarly illustrative of the active pious spirit of her who wrote them, of the voice whose every tone was so clear, and of the smile whose arch intelligence conveyed the same expression of lively decision. 1

We must now bring our remarks to a close, having tried to indicate the different qualities of Miss Procter's verse. The permanent place which it will retain in English literature it is not for us to decide. She has had the power to strike the heart of her own generation by its simple pathos. That it is purely original of its kind can hardly be denied; but it is hard, if not impossible, so far to separate ourselves from the standard of our own generation as to judge where the limits of the *special*, and therefore the *transient*, elements of fame are passed. But we at least must not be wanting in gratitude to one of the sweetest singers of the day that was hers and our own.

From The Sixpenny Magazine.

THE ADVENTURE.

Sir Brian O'Brian McMurrough commenced life as possessor of a *nominal* rent-roll of twelve thousand pounds sterling per annum, although in reality, between mortgages, and rent-charges, and incumbrances of every possible shape and hue, probably five would represent the net sum received by the proprietor. Still, it was not the age of economical reflection, nor was the young baronet either a financier or a philosopher. He had been cradled in luxury, and bowed down to with slavish servility; he had been educated at Cambridge, and, one way or other, his bills there had been met, though not always pleasantly, by his father. He had travelled over Europe, Asia, and a good part of America, for four years, and at last a letter had caught him at Vienna, telling him that his father, Sir Patrick, had died suddenly, "full of years and honors," and that he was now the representative of one of "the oldest and best families in Ireland," and possessor of its splendid estates, etc. On his return home he was surrounded by troops of friends and hordes of sycophants, and for some years was far too much engaged in pleasure not to let business attend to itself. His fathers had lived "like kings," and he had too much the spirit of an Irish gentleman to let prudence or economy come "between the wind and his nobility." He married, too, and chose for his wife a far-descended and beautiful pauper, with tastes to the full as reckless and extravagant as his own. This lady had brought him a daughter, who lived, and in four years after

Digitized by Google

a son, who had died a few hours after his birth, and whose death preceded that of his mother by a single day. After her death Sir Brian became more careless and reckless than ever. His spirits sank as his debts mounted; he saw from the first that ruin was inevitable; section after section of his splendid estates were put up for sale and swept away; until at last all that remained to him was a half-ruined building, called "The Black Abbey," which he sometimes used as a shooting and fishing lodge in happier days, and a tract of mountain land, wild, and for the most part sterile and unprofitable, and for part of which he paid rent. In the present gloomy temper of his soul, however, it suited his humor. The building stood halfway up a mountain, the base of which was almost washed by the waters of a broad lake, or lough, and from which it was only separated by a slip of meadow. The lake itself was several miles in extent, and at least three miles and a half broad immediately opposite the abbey, to which the only access from the mainland was by a skiff or boat, except you chose to travel several miles round so as to head the lake. It was a romantic but utterly desolate retreat, made still more so, if possible, by the sullen gloom which had now taken possession of the fallen man. He had secured some remnants of a once splendid library, and sometimes amused himself by teaching his daughter Eva, although there were weeks at one time when a restless and morose spirit beset him, and then with a gun in his hand he wandered idly through the mountains, or with a boy, named Paudreèn, took to his yacht, and was never to be seen on shore, sometimes sleeping on board, or bivouacking on some of the many small islands which dotted the loch.

At such times Eva was left in possession of the abbey, accompanied by old Deb Dermody and her husband Mogue (or Moses), who, of all his followers, had stuck steadily to Sir Brian, and would not be shaken off. Before utter ruin had come upon them, Eva had been for a year, or somewhat better, at a boarding school, the mistress of which had evidently done her duty by the child. The little girl, indeed, "showed blood" in more ways than one: she was small but hardy, and, without being critically beautiful, she was very lovely to look upon: her features were delicate but full of animation. Her temper was lively, but all her instincts were genial and generous, and she had, in a particular manner, the gift of conciliating the affectionate regards of all who came within the sphere of her innocent influence. True it was, her worshippers were neither numerous nor select. A few hands employed by the "steward" (as Mogue was magniloquently called) to till the ground and attend to the "stock," consisting of mountain sheep and Kerry cows, together with stray "cadgers," pedlars, and other wanderers who occasionally visited the neighborhood, and the "neighbors" on both banks of the lough (the hither and thither), consisting for the most part of an amphibious sort of population, who netted fish in the lake, or cultivated patches of ground to keep life and soul together. Beside these, now and then the "agent" of the estate, Mr. Redmond Hennessey, sometimes visited at the abbey, to look for or receive the rents paid by Sir Brian, and another more welcome occasional visitor was Father John Considine, the P.P. of a long, straggling parish, which extended over both sides of the mountain, and whose house and church lay in the valley which separated Ballintopher, on which Sir Brian lived, from Ballinteer, a higher hill which ran beyond. Sir Brian and his daughter belonged to the old faith, and as the priest was a large-minded, liberal man, with a well-cultivated mind, and a good-humored and even jovial temperament, his visits always enlivened the abbey, and sometimes won a smile from its proprietor. His literary tastes and recollections, also, were exceedingly

Digitized by Google

useful to the young girl, particularly as he sometimes ran up to Dublin, or even over to London or Paris, in the summer holidays, from whence he was sure to bring back the gossip for Sir Brian, and a budget of new books, periodicals, and songs for his favorite.

Thus matters went on for some years—nothing better, nothing worse, apparently—until Eva was in her eighteenth year. The large estates originally owned by Sir Brian had, in a great measure, fallen into the hands of a single proprietor, Sir Adams Jessop, a rich London merchant and banker, who had purchased them by lots on speculation, because, in the first place, they were sold low (as at first all the Irish estates were under the Incumbered Estates Court), and because he had advanced large sums to the holders of the mortgages, etc., with which they were embarrassed, and thus sought to recoup himself. Since they came into his possession he had been over for a few days twice—once to look over the property, and again to appoint an agent recommended to him by some neighboring proprietors, who all spoke of Mr. Redmond Hennessey as a man of zeal and industry, who always had his employer's interest at heart, and detested a non-paying or dilatory tenant as he did a mad dog. Under this gentleman's supervision the estates put on a new aspect; rents were raised, and covenants insisted on, such as "the oldest inhabitant" had never even dreamed of; and as Mr. Hennessey was a solicitor as well as an agent, processes followed defalcations, and the only sure road to his friendly sympathy was punctuality in payment, and liberality (in the shape of gifts, such as fowl, butter, eggs, fish, socks, flannel, and so forth) from those who had favors to ask or bargains to make. Of course he was a thriving man, but it was remarked that illicit distillation, poaching, and illegal practices of all kinds were greatly on the increase; and when Sir Brian heard of all this, and saw that additional magistrates were sworn in, and a large draft of constabulary and preventive police sent into the new barracks specially constructed for them, he grimly triumphed in the change, and made no secret of his sympathy with the malcontents, since, as he said, "what better could be expected on the estate of an absentee?"

Neither did matters seem to mend when Sir Adams Jessop died somewhat suddenly, and was succeeded by his only son, now Sir William Jessop, who was understood to be a gay young man of indolent habits and roving propensities, and who seemed to have even less sympathy for his Irish tenants than his father—if, indeed, that were possible. Mr. Hennessey's power and authority were now unlimited, and stories were told of his rapacity and impatience of all control which appeared incredible. Whole townships were depopulated by his *fiat;* families were reduced to beggary and desperation by his determination to "make the estate pay;" and some said (for every man has his enemies) that when his new master informed him by letter of appeals being made and of his wish that they should be attended to and the appellants dealt more lightly with, his answer invariably was, that the accusers were established liars, who would be the first to shoot down Sir William himself should he ever be foolish enough to venture amongst them.

II.

Like all inland lakes of considerable extent, that which lay before the windows of the Black Abbey was subject to violent changes of temper on slight and sudden provocation. In the morning it would lie dimpling and smiling before you, as full of placid beauty and as incapable of a wrathful outburst as a ball-room belle; while at noon its aspect would become as terrible as that of a virago, whose whole family and neighborhood tremble and fly from the fearful storm which no submission can allay. On such occasions, considerable danger

Digitized by Google

menaced those who sailed on business or pleasure over the waters of the lake, and it so happened that on the eve of a September day, the yacht of Sir Brian McMurrough was caught in one of those sudden bursts which had swept down from the mountains, accompanied by torrents of rain and violent thunder and lightning, although in the morning, and until after midday, there had been no warning of a gale.

To make matters worse, Miss McMurrough was known to be on board the boat, as she had accompanied her father to a town at the other end of the lake to make household purchases for the coming winter; and the amount of agitation evidenced by a group of men who stood on the banks of the lough and witnessed the fearful struggles of the little craft, amounted gradually to extreme terror as they saw the principal sail give way and flutter in the wind like ribands, while the waves washed over the helpless vessel and threatened speedily to engulf her.

"It will never do, boys," at last said one of the men, "to stand idly by and see the best blood of the country die the death of a drowned dog without putting out a hand or an oar to save him. Run up, Patsy, and tell Mick Mackesy to come down at once, while we launch *Sheelah*, who never turned her back to the whitest horses that ever galloped over any water that ever ran; and don't let grass grow to your heels, for a life may hang on every step you take. Away wi' you."

"Has he far to go?" asked another of the group.

"About a mile, sir," replied the man, touching his cap to the questioner, who had been a stranger to him until an hour or two before; "and the worst o' it is Mick may be out, or drunk, and then we're done for."

"Don't send for him, then," said the stranger; "I have pulled an oar at college and elsewhere, and am pretty well up to the management of a boat. Where is your craft?"

"Yonder in the cove, sir; but it's a bad business."

"Then the sooner we get rid of it the better, my friend," said the energetic stranger. "Come, boys, I have a sovereign or two to spare, and I promise you that no man shall lose by his humanity. Now, my friend, lead on."

"May I never," said the first speaker, whose name was Andy Monahan, "but you've a stout heart in your buzzom, whoever you are, and it's a pity to baulk you!"

In an incredibly short space of time the boat was launched, and the gentle *Sheelah* fled on her mission of mercy, impelled by four pair of hands who knew right well how to handle her. By this time the baronet's yacht was a sheer wreck, and although the owner and his boy struggled hard to keep her head to the wind, it was evident that if she did not fill and go down, she would drive bodily on the ragged rocks which shot perpendicularly up on that part of the shore toward which she was drifting. The boat reached her safely, however, and by the excellent management of the volunteer boatman mainly, Miss McMurrough was got into the shore-boat, and her father and the boy followed, while an anchor was let go in the yacht and she was then left to her fate.

In moments of great danger and excitement there is little room for ceremony or introduction, and on the present occasion only a few words, and those of direction, passed on any side. Sir Brian's main care was for his daughter, who, drenched and terrified as she must necessarily be, bore up wonderfully, and even managed to murmur a few words of gratitude to the stranger who so sedulously bore her into the boat, and, so far as he could, protected her. When all was done, the boat's head was again turned to the shore, and "in less than no time," as Andy promised, its wave-worn load was safely landed, wet, weary, and chilled, but otherwise unharmed. After a few words in private

Digitized by Google

with Andy, the boat-owner, Sir Brian turned to the stranger and addressed him.

"I am told by my friend here, sir," he said, "that it is to your dexterity and courage my own preservation and that of my daughter is mainly due. I trust that you will accompany me to my residence, and allow me, when I have regained my presence of mind, more suitably to thank you for the signal service you have done me than I can find words adequately to do now."

"You are very kind, sir," was the prompt and cordial reply, "and I shall be very happy to accept your hospitable offer, as I am altogether a stranger here, and the boatman tells me that I will have to cross the mountain before I can reach an inn."

In the meanwhile, the storm had lulled considerably, and half a score of women had come from the surrounding cottages, some with cloaks, blankets, and shawls for "Miss Eva," and some with "poteen" jars or bottles, to "warm the hearts" of the rescued mariners. But Sir Brian persisted in going home, and refused the proffers of profuse hospitality pressed on him, accepting a "wrap" for his daughter, and sanctioning the attendance of the stranger, on whose offered arm she leaned as they began their walk to the abbey. Before they set off, however, the stranger found time to thrust five sovereigns into Andy's hand, saying to him, in a low voice—

"Divide them among your brave comrades, my good friend, and say nothing to Sir Brian. I only wish I could make it ten times as much, since every man of them is worth—nay, don't refuse them, or I shall say that you are too proud to be obliged by a friend. You and I must become better acquainted hereafter."

He hastened away, and Andy pocketed the gratuity, which he had neither expected nor was at all anxious to receive.

"We'll drink his health anyway," he said, as he pocketed the money; "and if he stays in the country, we'll find a way to pay him back, if not in his own coin, maybe in one that'll please him as well. A brave chap he is, and feathers an oar as well as myself, who was born, I may say, with one in my right hand."

The stranger had requested that a small, neat knapsack, which he had flung down when he stripped for the lake, should be sent after him to the abbey, at which, on arriving at it, he was warmly welcomed by the master, and was ushered to a spare bed-chamber by Deb Dermody herself, who had been advertised of the coming of the party by a "runner," and had everything prepared to receive them.

When the stranger had dried his clothes and changed his linen by the huge turf fire which blazed in the room allotted him, he descended to the "refectory," or general dining and drawing-room, and so called from its use by the monks "lang syne." He found the baronet and his daughter ready to receive him, a large fire in the grate, a table ready laid for dinner, and a fresh arrival in the sturdy person of "Father John," who had come on one of his periodical visitations. Evidently the good priest had heard of the adventure, and of the gallant part which the stranger had performed in it, and, when presenting him his hand, had good-humoredly thanked him for helping to preserve two lives that were so precious to all who knew their worth. The young man, in his turn, found it necessary to introduce himself, and stated that he was an idle rover, with some taste for drawing, literature, and music, and who came on an exploratory expedition to see whathe could pick up in the way of old airs or legends, or new scenery, to forward some speculations of his own. His name was Redland, and he considered himself fortunate in having been able to assist Sir Brian and Miss McMurrough in their difficulty, etc.

The dinner was good. Fish from the lake, game from the mountain,

Digitized by Google

fowl from the stubble, and a capital ham, fed and cured by the "steward," who prided himself on fattening and killing swine. The night sped pleasantly by. Redland was evidently a gentleman, and both the baronet and the priest knew what that meant right well. He was light and cheerful without being frivolous, and seemed more inclined to ask for information from others than to obtrude his own. He spoke well without speaking too much, and greatly pleased Father John by the interest he took in Irish affairs. In the course of the evening the management of the "Jessop property" was spoken of, and incidentally the character of the agent was discussed.

"After all," said Sir Brian, "the devil is not so black as he is painted; Hennessey is not the worst among the bad. I for my own part have always found him civil and obliging, and not at all pressing for the rent of my miserable holding, which, as you well know, Father John, I never ought to be called on to pay a shilling for; but Hennessey's not to blame for that; no more, I dare say, than for other things laid to his charge. He sent Eva a whole chestful of books to read last week, and baskets of fruit from his hot-houses, although I dare say he was the first of his family that had any better sort of house than a mud cabin to rear pigs instead of grapes and peaches in."

"He is a confirmed scoundrel, however, and a curse to the country that holds him," ejaculated the priest, sternly and gravely.

"You ought to blame his absentee master rather than him," said Sir Brian.

"Under your pardon, Sir Brian, I ought to do no such thing," persisted the priest; "his master knows nothing of his doings, of that I am certain, or if he did, as an English merchant, as a man of humanity, he would be the first to reject and put down such intolerable tyranny, which is equally miserable and profitless. In fact, the fellow is true to no one or nothing but his own selfish interests, for he throws the blame of his own cruelties on his employer, and perpetrates enormities sufficient to draw down God's vengeance, under the plea of being driven to it by a man to whom such cheese-parings and petty gains can be of no possible account."

"I should think then, sir," said the stranger, "that it is high time for him to look to his interests and good name, if your account be true, and my only wonder is that he delays it so long."

"Poh! the present proprietor is a gay young fashionable fop, they were called dandies in my day, who well pockets his rents and only thinks of his Irish tenants when his purse runs dry," said Sir Brian, bitterly.

"Is not that a harsh estimate, papa," said Eva, gently and timidly, "when you can only speak by surmise?"

"Then why is he not here?" asked Sir Brian; "why does he leave his tenantry to be ground to powder or driven to desperation, if he could cure it by his presence?"

"That question may be answered, too," said the priest; "it is Hennessey's interest to keep him away as long as he can, and you may be pretty sure that he has painted us in colors that would not waste a long journey to witness them. I, however, have taken upon myself the liberty of writing to Sir William Jessop, and it will not be my fault if he does not see reason in my statements to come and have a look at us himself."

"You will get into a mess with Hennessey if that comes to his ears," said the baronet, laughing.

"He knows right well I don't care a farthing for either his friendship or his enmity," replied Father John. "'Be just, and fear not,' is my motto, and if it please God to let him injure me, I will bow to the chastisement, since it will be in a good cause."

"I think that your act was both justifiable and merciful," said the stranger; "and I should say that Sir

Digitized by Google

William will be little better than a heartless fool if he should not respond to your application as he ought."

"He'll never do it," said the obstinate host; "he'll be thinking of his tallow and cotton, and molasses, as matters infinitely superior in his estimation to Irish kernes and their wrongs."

"Ought we not to hope and pray that he will take a more considerate view of Father John's application to him, papa?" said Eva. "He is an English gentleman, and they are always alive to the interests of humanity—at least I have always heard so."

"And you have heard right, my dear Miss Eva, so we'll hope for the best," replied the priest. "So now let us have one cup of tea, and afterward we'll trouble you for 'Love's Young Dream,' or 'The Minstrel Boy,' or 'Silent, O Moyle!' or 'The Young May Moon,' and I'll grumble a bass in 'St. Senanus and the Lady,' if Mr. Redland will help us out."

The tea was drunk, and the songs sung to the accompaniment of a wild Irish harp, which made excellent music in Eva's fair hands. A light supper followed, and then to bed, after various arrangements for the following days, which Sir Brian insisted Redland should give to them; while Father John, whose time was his own, as he had a curate, promised to remain at the abbey also for a few days.

Near to midnight Redland found himself in a very tidy and comfortable room with a blazing fire, and as he undressed his thoughts took the form of soliloquy.

"Pleasant enough all this," he said, as he sat before the fire, "and not a bad beginning, at all events. Sir Brian is a gentleman certainly, although his prejudices—natural, too—master him; the priest, however, is my strong card, and I must stick to him; while as to Eva—Miss McMurrough—who in the world could have thought of finding such a choice and beautiful blossom in such a site? She is equally rich in blood and beauty, and no mistake, and her soprano has a great deal of the Jenny Lind fine *timbre* about it. I'm in luck, at any rate, so here goes to enjoy and make the most of it." Thus saying he went to bed.

For the next few days a great deal was done. The yacht was recovered and made available; fish were caught, birds shot, views taken, cottages visited, histories detailed, dinners eaten, songs sung, and conversations enjoyed, in all which the stranger took part, making himself both useful and agreeable; putting Sir Brian in mind of "the good days," charming the priest by his humane and liberal philosophy, and gradually stealing into Eva's good graces so far, that when one evening he said to her he must think of going, she sighed, and said plaintively—

"Yes, that's the worst of your coming, Mr. Redland, for when you leave us how shall we ever get over your loss? Though of course one ought to be always prepared for misfortune, and no one who wished you well would think of detaining you in so dreary a place."

"Dreary! it has been a paradise to me, I assure you, Miss McMurrough, and when duty demands my presence elsewhere, inclination will be sure to draw me back by the hair of the head, and—and by the cords of the heart as well."

The latter part of the sentence was spoken partly to himself and escaped Eva's ear.

It so chanced that, the next morning, Father John left them, after a hearty invitation to Redland to visit his cottage at the side of the mountain; but it was doomed that his place was supplied about mid-day, or rather toward dinner-time, by no less a person than the formidable "agent," Mr. Redmond Hennessey, himself, who announced to his "friend," Sir Brian, that, having a day to spare, he came to tax his hospitality.

"Beside," he said, as he and Sir Brian sat in conclave, while Redland

Digitized by Google

and Eva were wandering on the banks of the lough—"beside, Sir Brian, a report has reached me that a stranger has intruded himself on your hospitality whom I think you ought to beware of."

"He is a fine young fellow, and saved my life," replied the baronet.

"Specious, I dare say; flippant, but anything but safe company, I should say, if my information be correct," said Mr. Hennessey.

"What has he done?" demanded Sir Brian.

"A great deal that he should have left undone," was the reply. "I have heard of the goings on of him and that confounded priest, whose finger is in every man's dish; of their visitings to tenants, and their bribes for information; in point of fact, I look upon him as a dangerous person—one of those English radicals who, driven from their own country, come to ours to plunge it into convulsion and confusion."

"I think you are mistaken in your estimate," replied Sir Brian.

"You will change your opinion by-and-bye," said Hennessey; "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it; I have received three threatening letters since he has been here, short as it is, and I mean, after dinner, to draw him out a bit, and make him show his true colors, if possible."

"You had better not, perhaps," was the reply; "he is an outspoken young fellow, and seems to fear no man, no matter how potential he may think himself. Better let him alone, for your detectives have tracked the wrong man this time, Mr. Hennessey, I assure you."

"We shall see, however," said the agent, made more obstinate by opposition.

The young people did not return until dinner was ready, and then Redland and Hennessey were introduced to each other. The agent was superciliously cold, and Redland hardly civil, so reserved was his demeanor. It seemed to be "hate at first sight on both sides." Under these circumstances, conversation was slow and restrained; Mr. Hennessey talked of himself a good deal; of the improvements in his house, his grounds, and gardens, and of his associations with the aristocracy of the district; while Redland conversed with Eva in a low voice, mercilessly inattentive to the utterings of the great man, which were frequently interrupted by the ill-repressed laughter of Eva at what her companion was saying. At last, however, dinner was done, and when Eva left the room, Mr. Hennessey began his "drawing-out" system by a point-blank question addressed to Redland.

"I understand, Mr. Redland," he said, "that you have been very particularly anxious in your inquiries about the state of Sir William Jessop's extensive property. I presume you are an author, and mean to publish your travels in a neat volume, with wood-cut illustrations?"

"No, no; you are altogether mistaken," was the chilly reply; "I am content to read books, without having the ambition to write them."

"Well, then, the greater compliment to us poor Irish that such an independent inquirer should come amongst us," said Hennessey. "I hope you are satisfied with what you have observed."

"I do not wish to answer your question, sir, since, without intending it, I might give you offence," was the guarded reply.

"Pray don't spare me, young gentleman," sneered the agent, "as I am used to misconstruction, and have shoulders broad enough to bear it. You find fault with my management, of course?"

"Not of course, sir," replied Redland, "but if you insist on having my opinion, I think that Sir William Jessop's estates are very wretchedly managed indeed."

"Hah! that is candor with a vengeance!" said the agent, startled out of his self-possession: "you must be a

Digitized by Google

disinterested observer to jump at once to so decided a conclusion."

"I had my eyes and ears, sir, and made use of them," answered the composed stranger; "where everything is miserable, and everybody wretched, on an estate which pays eight or ten thousand a year to its owner, somebody must be to blame, since there can be no possible cause for it."

"Go on, sir, go on," said the agent, winking at Sir Brian.

"At your invitation, I will, sir," was the cool reply. "Seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, I do not wonder that discontent and disaffection should prevail amongst men whom no industry can raise, and no good conduct can protect. It is the skeletons of a population that I have been among, and not men and women of flesh and blood; and as to their homes, I profess that the snow-hut of an Esquimaux would be less inhabitable. I shall call Sir William Jessop a bad Englishman, and a worse Christian, if he shall persist in sanctioning a state of things, which, of course, must be out of your control, since I presume you act according to your orders, and cannot help witnessing the terrible miseries which you are every day compelled to increase."

"You have been in America, sir, I suppose?" was the irrelevant reply of Hennessey.

"I have—both North and South."

"And have been a practitioner of 'stump' oratory? I thought so," replied Hennessey, with a coarse laugh. "Here's to your health, young Cicero, and a better way of thinking to you!"

"To both of us, sir, if you please," replied Redland, touching his glass, and then leaving the room.

"A dangerous fellow, just what I thought him," said Hennessey, when the door closed. "But now that I see his game, I am prepared for him; we'll have no stump orators—no Captain Rocks or Sergeant Starlights amongst us here, if we can help it, Sir Brian. But let it rest—let it rest; we have not quite done with him yet. And now, Sir Brian, to turn to a pleasanter theme; the last time I was here I did myself the honor of making known to you my ardent good wishes for a closer connection with you, through the medium of Miss McMurrough, whose humble slave I have long been."

"I have trusted the matter to my daughter, Mr. Hennessey, and find that her objections are insuperable; she would not listen to me, except at the risk of tears and hysterics," said Sir Brian. "I am obliged to you, but we will speak no more of it, if you please."

"I am sorry for it," replied Hennessey, "as I thought that, under such circumstances, I might find means to allow your arrears, and the fifty borrowed from myself, to stand over. I fear I can't promise anything of the sort now, but I suppose you are prepared to back up, and the sooner the better, as Sir William is pressing hard for money and must have it. Let me have all, if possible, before Saturday, and so save trouble to both of us. With thanks for your hospitality, and wishing you a safer guest under your roof, I bid you good-night."

In three minutes more he had left the house, and Sir Brian felt that he had an enemy for life. He said nothing to his guest or his daughter, however, save that Mr. Hennessey had been obliged to leave—on business, he supposed.

The next day, Mogue, who had been at the other side of the lake, brought back word that there was "great ructions" in the town of Ballinlough, as Mr. Hennessey had been fired at early that morning, on riding to one of his farms, and that "a whole pound of bullets had lodged in his hat." Everything was in commotion; the "peelers" were out, and "a whole bunch (bench?) of magistrates were to meet immediately." So that day passed over; but the next morning a new state of affairs occurred. About

Digitized by Google

ten o'clock, half a dozen policemen, with an officer at their head, arrived at the abbey and showed a warrant of arrest for Mr. William Redland, as a suspicious person, etc., with a civil intimation that his body was to be produced before the bench of magistrates now sitting at Ballinlough. Of course, to hear was to obey.

"My accuser will make nothing of it, sir," said Redland to the officer, "and if I really wished him evil he has now afforded me an opportunity of doing it."

"You may require bail, however," said Sir Brian, "so I have dispatched a messenger for Father John, although we can easily defeat him by an *alibi*."

"Or by telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Redland, with a smile.

When they arrived at the court-house of Ballinlough, they found at least a dozen magistrates in full conclave, who all scowled on "the prisoner," as Hennessey was their friend.

Redland at once confronted this august assembly, and without waiting for his accuser to begin, thus commenced:

"In order to save time and trouble, gentlemen," he said, "I think it necessary to make a confession for which you may be unprepared."

"Too late, my fine fellow," said Hennessey; "you should have thought of what you were about before. I heard you myself at Sir Brian's table spout as much treason as would set all Ireland in a flame. I do not wish to prosecute you vindictively, however, although I was near losing my life by your preaching and teaching, so if you will undertake to leave the country, after telling us who and what you are, I will give up the prosecution, and you may go about your business."

"You are very considerate, sir, and I accept your offer," said the undismayed prisoner. "I acknowledge, therefore, that both my name and my occupation have been assumed——"

"I knew it—I could swear it from the first moment I laid eyes upon you," said the triumphant agent; "but go on; you have told us who and what you are not, now oblige us with similar information as to whom and what you are."

"Willingly, sir," replied the young man. "My real name is not Redland, but Jessop—a baronet by rank, an Englishman by birth, and your employer, I think, into the bargain. I am called, then, Sir William Jessop, and my occupation here has been quietly to supervise my estates—and a very wretched supervision it was, as I had the honor to tell you in Sir Brian McMurrough's house. I am willing to remain under arrest until I am fully identified, and as you are not vindictively influenced, I trust you will accept bail for my appearance when called upon."

Hennessey was foiled and defeated by his employer's ruse, and he saw it. He was crestfallen, too, for his warmest friends crowded round "Sir William," and left him in the lurch, although his employer was more merciful.

"I, and my father before me," he said, "have been to blame for not sufficiently making ourselves acquainted with the serious responsibility we had undertaken. I have seen with my own eyes that my estates are sadly mismanaged, and I have reason to complain that your conduct has been both selfish and unjust; selfish, in thinking solely of your own interests—and unjust, in saddling me with your faults. We cannot act longer together, Mr. Hennessey, and you will be good enough to prepare your accounts, so as that they may be duly audited as soon as possible. I will remain the guest of Sir Brian McMurrough, at whose house I am for some little time to be found."

Hennessey left the court-house, degraded and dismissed, leaving with him "his hat with the pound of bullets in it." "I always knew it was Miles Casidy the driver put them in

Digitized by Google

it by Hennessey's order," said Andy Monahan, "and more be token he hinted as much himself yesterday after the seventh glass."

Sir William Jessop went back to the Black Abbey in triumph; and never left it until he had made Eva McMurrough his bride, so that the estates still run with the "auld stock," and Sir Brian and Father John, who is almoner-general to Sir William, are as happy as kings.

MISCELLANY.

The Source of the Nile.—Mr. S. W. Baker read a paper before the "Royal Geographical Society," London, giving an "Account of the Discovery of Lake Albert Nyanza." The author commenced by saying that he began in 1861 the preparation of an expedition, in the hope of meeting Speke and Grant at the sources of the Nile. He employed the first year in exploring the tributaries of the Atbara, and afterward proceeded to Khartoum, to organize his party for the great White Nile. In December, 1862, he started from Khartoum with a powerful force, embarked on board three vessels, and including twenty-nine animals of transport, camels, horses, and asses. Pursuing his course, he entered upon a dreary waste of water and reedy banks, where he soon lost his only European attendant, who was killed by fever. The remainder of the party safely reached Gondokoro, which is a wretched place, occupied only occasionally by traders seeking for slaves and ivory. After fifteen days the firing of guns announced some new arrivals, and a party arrived, among whom were two Englishmen, who proved to be Captains Speke and Grant, clothed in humble rags, but with the glory of success upon them. Captain Speke told him the natives declared that a large lake existed to the westward, which he believed would turn out to be a second source of the Nile, and that he himself had traced the river up to 2° 20′ N., when it diverged to the west, and he was obliged to leave it. Mr. Baker undertook to follow up the stream, and made his arrangements to join a trading party going southward. The trade along the White Nile really consisted of cattle-stealing, slave-catching, and murder, and the men whom he was obliged to engage at Khartoum were the vilest characters. He had applied through the British consul at Alexandria to the Egyptian government for a few troops to escort him; but the request was refused, although an escort was granted to the Dutch ladies upon the request of the French consul. After Speke and Grant had left him, his men mutinied and tried to prevent his proceeding into the interior. His forty armed men threatened to fire upon him, and the Turkish traders whom he intended to accompany set off without him, and forbade him to follow in their track. At that time, beside his wife, he had but one faithful follower. But he managed to get back the arms from the recalcitrants, and induced seventeen of the men to go with him to the eastward, although none would undertake to go to the south. It was imperative that he should advance, and he followed the trading party who had threatened to attack him, and to excite the Ellyria tribe, through whom he must pass, against him. However, the chief of the trading party was brought over, and on the 17th of March, 1862, they safely arrived in the Latooka country, 110 miles east of Gondokoro. That country was one of the finest he had ever seen, producing ample supplies of grain and supporting large herds. The towns are large and thickly populated, and the inhabitants are a warlike but friendly race, who go naked, and whose chief distinction is their hair, which they train into a kind of natural helmet. The bodies of those of the tribe who are killed in fight are not buried, but those who die naturally are buried in front of the house in which they had dwelt, and at the expiration of a fortnight the bodies are exhumed, the flesh removed, and the bones put in earthen

Digitized by Google

pots, which are placed at the entrance of the towns. Like all the tribes of the White Nile, the Latookas seemed entirely devoid of any idea of a Supreme Being. Indeed, the only difference between them and the beasts is that they can cook and light a fire. There are forests abounding with elephants, but cattle cannot live there on account of the "tsetse" fly. The chief was an old man, who was held to possess the power of producing or restraining rain by a magic whistle; but one day Mr. Baker happening to whistle upon his fingers in a loud key, the natives assumed that he had a power to control the elements, and frequently called upon him to exercise it. From Latooka he proceeded to Kamrasi's country, across an elevated region, the water-shed of the Sobat and White Nile rivers. From the ridge he descended into the valley of the Asua, which river Captain Burton regarded as the main stream of the White Nile, but which, when Mr. Baker crossed it in January, did not contain enough water to cover his boots. On arriving at Shooa, a large number of the porters deserted him, but he pushed on for Enora. He crossed Karuma Falls in the same boat which had carried Captain Speke across, but he was detained for some days by the disinclination of the King Kamrasi to allow strangers to pass over, and it was only when Mr. Baker had exhibited himself on an elevated spot in full European costume that he received the desired permission. It appeared that a trading party, headed by one Debono, a Maltese, who had escorted Speke and Grant, had made a foray upon Kamrasi's country, and Mr. Baker was therefore looked upon with suspicion. From Karuma Falls the Nile flows due west, a rapid stream, bordered with fine trees. King Kamrasi, who was a well-dressed and cleanly person, although a great coward, was very suspicious, and sought to prevent Mr. Baker continuing his journey by representing that the great lake was six months' journey—a statement which Mr. Baker, himself ill, with his wife prostrate from fever, and his attendants refractory, received as a fatal blow to all his hopes. Learning, however, from a native salt-dealer that the lake could be reached in something like ten days, he induced Kamrasi, by the present of his sword, to drink blood with his head man, and to allow them to depart. In crossing the Karan river on the way to the lake Mrs. Baker was struck down by a sunstroke, and remained almost insensible for seven days, during which time the rain poured down in torrents. On the eighteenth day after leaving Kamrasi they came in sight of the looked-for lake, a limitless sheet of blue water sunk low in a vast depression of the country. He descended the steep cliffs, 1,500 feet in height, leading Mrs. Baker by the hand, and, reaching the clean sandy beach, drank of the sweet waters. The western shore, sixty miles distant, consisted of ranges of mountains 7,000 feet in height. Upon achieving the object of their journeys, Mr. Baker named the lake Albert Nyanza. That lake, together with that of Victoria Nyanza, may be accepted as the great reservoir of the Nile. Embarking in canoes upon the lake, the party proceeded for thirteen days to the point where the upper river from Karuma Falls enters the lake by a scarcely perceptible current, while the lake itself suddenly turned westward; but its boundaries in that direction, as well as those of its southern termination, are unknown. The Nile issued from the lake precisely as the natives had reported to Speke and Grant, and from its exit the river is navigable as far as the narrows near the junction of the Asua. The author saw altogether from elevations three-fourths of the course of the Nile between its issue from the lake to Miani's Tree. Mr. Baker's progress up the Upper or Karuma river was stopped, at fifteen miles distance, by a grand waterfall, which had been named Murchison Falls, in honor of the distinguished president of the Geographical Society. Upon their return to Kamrasi's country the travellers were detained nearly twelve months, the king being so impressed with the skill and knowledge of his European visitors that he could not be persuaded to let them leave him. Ultimately the travellers managed to get free, and, after a variety of difficulties with their attendants and the traders, arrived safely at Alexandria.

Digitized by Google

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF SAINT TERESA. Edited by the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1865.

St. Philip Neri, that gentle and wise guide of souls, advised those under his direction to read frequently the "Lives of the Saints." Experience teaches how very profitable this is as an incitement to virtue. As we get a better idea of a person, a place, or an event by an accurate representation than by the most graphic description, so the detailed account of the workings of grace in a faithful soul oftentimes captivates the heart for God which frequent and fervent exhortation has failed to reach. But the amount of good which even the most striking example will produce upon the mind of the reader, will depend very materially upon the way in which the incidents in the life are presented. In the work before us we have the varied experience of one of the very noblest and most courageous souls, through a long and eventful life, related in language which charms while it inspires. St. Teresa's spirit was peculiarly one of chivalry and honor. She was a true child of her native Spain, that land of romance, the mother of so large a proportion of the more distinguished of the canonized saints of the Church. Avila, her birthplace, was known as the "City of Knights." She tells us herself, how in youth and early womanhood she had revelled in stories of hazardous adventure, of deeds of valor, and acts of self-devotion, to a degree which, on reflection in after years, she thought had been very perilous to her fidelity to virtue. But grace led captive that warm and impassioned heart, and stimulated her to do for God what many a brave knight is said to have done for the object of his love. As St. Paul said, "I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me." So, the more rough and jagged the front of the obstacles she had to oppose, the more invincible she proved herself to be. "No, my Lord!" she said on one occasion, "it is no fault of thine that those who love thee do not great things for thee; the fault is in our own cowardice and fears, because we never do anything without mingling with it a thousand apprehensions and human considerations." The Holy Ghost had infused into her energetic soul a holy restlessness, and work, ceaseless work, hard work, alone could satisfy its cravings. While the foundations of Valentia and Burgos were in contemplation, so many difficulties came up, one after another, and among them ill health and the feebleness natural to a life now in its decline, that it seemed impossible that they could be effected. In speaking of this particular time she says: "It seems to me that one of the greatest troubles and miseries of life is the want of noble courage to bring the body into subjection; for though pain and sickness be troublesome, yet I account this as nothing when the soul can rise above them in the might of her love, praising God for them, and receiving them as gifts from his hand. But on the one hand to be suffering, and on the other to be able to do nothing, is a terrible thing, especially for a soul that has an ardent desire to find no rest, either interior or exterior, on earth, but to employ herself entirely in the service of her great God." She was in this unsettled state, her mind oppressed with doubt, when she begged light of our Lord at communion. He answered her interiorly: "Of what art thou afraid? When have I been wanting to thee? I am the same now that I have ever been. Do not neglect to make these two foundations." She then adds, "O great God! how different are thy words from those of men! I became so resolute and courageous that all the world would not have been able to hinder me." Here we have the key to her whole life. Her stimulus, as well as strength, was personal love for our Lord. When circumstances threw her back for a moment upon her own feebleness, she was powerless; but let her only hear an encouraging word from him, for which she instinctively listened, and in a moment she was fearless and unconquerable. Spiritual cowardice is the great obstacle which lies between numberless well-disposed

Digitized by Google

souls, nowadays, and perfection. How valuable, then, and how opportune, this life of the great-hearted St. Teresa! We offer our thanks and gratitude to the devout and active Archbishop of Westminster, under whose editorship this useful life appears. From private authority we learn that its authoress is a religious of a convent of Poor Clares under the direction of the Oblate Fathers of St. Charles, in London. We are tempted to envy this good religious the satisfaction and pleasure she must feel at having been instrumental in giving her Catholic brethren so welcome and powerful an aid to lead a holy life. Although the name of the Oblate Fathers of St. Charles does not appear in connection with this work, their very recent connection with Dr. Manning, and their existing relation to the convent from which this work has issued, compels us before closing this notice to thank them for the share which we suspect them to have had in its publication. This suspicion is strengthened by the fact that from their hands we have received that perfect specimen of a beautful book, "The Works of St. John of the Cross;" in unity of labor, as in spirit, the twin-brother of St. Teresa.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, SEVENTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, including his State Papers and Public Speeches. By John Savage, author of "Our Living Presidents," etc. Derby & Miller. 8vo, pp. 408.

The life of a man like Andrew Johnson must command the profound attention of every one who wishes to understand the age and country. It is deeply interesting to ourselves, who have raised him from obscurity to the highest position in the nation, and are prepared to give him, without reference to party or opinion, our cordial and loyal support in his efforts to carry out the organic idea of national life.

The biography of Andrew Johnson is a history of the epoch. He is a representative man of his class and age. It illustrates the power of will to conquer and bring to its support a vast amount of coeval will, making itself the controlling and representative *will*. Few men are elected who are not in intrinsic as well as extrinsic harmony with the power electing. Fraud, chicanery, and deception have less to do with the results of our popular elections than is generally and flippantly asserted. The great characteristics of President Johnson are strong natural ability, invincible determination, courage, ambition, loyalty to the Union, fidelity to his own convictions, and contempt for privilege and prescription.

Mr. Savage has written the text well and carefully, and interwoven the coincident history with more than ordinary correctness. There is one little point to which we would call attention. In the contents of Chapter XVII. the passage occurs, "*Granger and Thomas relieve Burnside.*" In the same chapter, page 281, he says, "Granger and Sherman were sent into East Tennessee to relieve Burnside and raise the siege of Knoxville." Granger and Thomas did *not* relieve Burnside. The opportune arrival of General Grant, the intelligent and vigorous co-operation of Sherman and Hooker on the extreme flanks, and the almost spontaneous charge of the center by the troops of the army of the Cumberland up and over Missionary Ridge, won the glorious victory of Chattanooga. General Grant immediately dispatched Sherman to the relief of Knoxville. Gordon Granger commanded a corps temporarily under Sherman, and was not distinguished for alacrity or zeal on that occasion. Sherman relieved Knoxville as a part of Grant's grand plan of the campaign. The work is issued in handsome style, and has a correct steel engraving of the President.

THE LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART (1769–1791). Translated from the collection of Ludwig Nohl by Lady Wallace; with a portrait and fac-simile. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

The many thousands living who know, and the many thousands who are yet to know, the works of the great Mozart, will not fail to welcome this true picture of his artist life. It forms, indeed, rather a continuous journal, very little short of an autobiography, than a mere chance collection of letters; extending as they do from a date when he was but thirteen years old up to within a few days of his death. One would look in these letters, of course, for a great deal about music, and musical composition, operas, concerts, and the

Digitized by Google

like, but hardly expect to find so much as there is of Mozart's personal life, his thoughts, plans, detailed descriptions of nearly all he saw and heard, revealing to the reader, better than any biographer could, the real character of this crowned master of the heavenly art. Possessing an intensely vivid imagination and a sprightly wit, his letters sparkle with humor. He dearly loves to say odd, pleasant things to make them laugh at home. Here is one taken at random:

"VIENNA, April 11, 1781.—*Te Deum Laudamus!* at last that coarse, mean Brunetti is off, who disgraces his master, himself, and all the musicians: so say Cecarelli and I. Not a word of truth in any of the Vienna news, except that Cecarelli is to sing at the opera in Venice during the ensuing carnival. *Potz Himmel!* and all sorts of devils! I hope that is not swearing, for if so, I must at once go to confession again, from which I have just returned, because to-morrow (Maunday Thursday) the archbishop is to administer the sacrament to the whole court in his own gracious person. Cecarelli and I went to the Theatine monastery to try to find Pater Froschauer, as he can speak Italian. A *pater* or a *frater*, who was at the altar trimming the lights, assured us the Pater, as well as another who perfectly knows Italian, were not at home, and would not return till four o'clock. What did please me was, that on my saying to the clerical candle-snuffer that eight years ago I had played a violin concerto in this very choir, he instantly named me. Now, as far as swearing goes, this letter is only a *pendant* to my former one, to which I hope to receive an answer by the next post."

Mozart lived and died a pious Catholic. Such might be gleaned from his compositions, expressive as they are of that deep religious reverence, and sense of the sublime majesty of the holy faith, which he possessed in so marked a manner. He felt and fully appreciated the power of inspiration which Catholic life possesses to elevate the soul, and realize in art, as in every form of the beautiful and the true, its noblest aspirations. "You know," he writes to his father, "that there is nothing I desire more than a good appointment—good in reputation—good in money—no matter where, provided it be in a Catholic country." The piety of his ordinary life may be seen in the manner in which he prepared for his marriage. "Previous to our marriage," he writes, "we had for some time past attended mass together, as well as confessed and taken the holy communion: and I found that I never prayed so fervently, nor confessed so piously, as by her side, and she felt the same."

There is throughout these letters a certain free, off-hand way of dealing with all sorts of subjects and persons which evinces a strong and independent spirit, and shows us that Mozart, though often obliged to dawdle at the heels of niggardly and exacting patrons, never lost his own self-respect. He had too keen a sense of his own merits, and of the too frequent lack of any merit at all in his competitors, not to be pardonably vain. He sought praise, it is true, and revelled in it, and loved to repeat what had been said of him, yet with so much boyish simplicity as to banish from the mind of the reader all judgment of affectation. He gives an amusing account of an interview with the composer Becke, of whom, it must be confessed, he was not a little jealous. "At his request I tried his piano, which is very good. He often said 'Bravo!' I extemporized, and also played the sonatas in B and D. In short, he was very polite, and I also polite, but grave. We conversed on a variety of topics—among others, about Vienna, and more particularly that the emperor was no great lover of music. He said, 'It is true he had some knowledge of composition, but of nothing else. I can still recall (and here he rubbed his forehead) that when I was to play before him I had no idea what to play, so I began with some fugues and trifles of that sort, which in my own mind I only laughed at.' I could scarcely resist saying, 'I can quite fancy your laughing, but scarcely so loud as I must have done had I heard you.' He further said (what is the fact) that the music in the emperor's private apartments is enough to frighten the crows. I replied, that whenever I heard such music, if I did not quickly leave the room, it gave me a headache. 'Oh, no! it has no such effect on me; bad music does not affect my nerves, but fine music never fails to give me a headache.' I thought to myself again, such a shallow head as yours is sure to suffer when listening to what is beyond its comprehension."

Altogether, it is a delightful book.

Digitized by Google

It comes to us in a neat scholarly dress, creditable to the publishers, and as worthy of a wide circulation among the lovers of art as it is certain to have a distinguished entrée into all literary circles.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY FROM THE FORMATION OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TO THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1863. To which is added a list of all the Cavalry Regiments, with Names of their Commanders, which have been in the United States service since the breaking out of the Rebellion. By Albert G. Brackett, Major First U. S. Cavalry, Colonel Ninth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, etc., etc. 12mo., pp. 337. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

Col. Brackett has presented the history of the U. S. cavalry, brought down to 1863, in a modest and soldierlike manner. It is the first attempt at a systematic literary record of an arm of the service, and we hope it will be followed by others, in order to perpetuate traditions most interesting to the people and honorable to the brave men who have trodden the wilds of the forest and prairie, subdued the savage, and performed gallant deeds from the Rio Grande to the Columbia, and from the James to the Colorado of the West.

Few persons living in towns and cities can appreciate the intelligence, courage, and cheerful self-sacrifice which have been the characteristics of American soldiers, who have borne such an important but unobtrusive part in the conquest of the natural obstacles to the settlement of the continent, and been the pioneers on the great lines of emigration and improvement. The material subjugation of the wilderness has been no less heroic than their military triumphs. In all these great events the cavalry has acted a most conspicuous part.

This book will be welcomed at all the military posts, and become an authority at every mess-table and camp-fire. Its personal reminiscences are, perhaps, its most pleasing and attractive feature. They recall vividly men and scenes identified with our early life, now passed away for ever. Col. Brackett has done a graceful thing in including Dr. Joseph B. Brown, U.S.A., in his dedication; a purer man and better officer does not live than Dr. Brown.

The work concludes at a period when the volunteer cavalry was beginning to be useful and efficient. The history will not be complete till their splendid services under Wilson at the battle of Nashville are recorded. No one who saw them moving in long gleaming lines on the extreme right on the morning of the 15th of December, 1864, or heard the ceaseless converging roll of the repeating carbines of the dismounted two thousand reverberating amidst the wood-crowned hills, will ever forget the picture or the sound.

THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. Crown 8vo., pp. 317. Harper & Brothers. Third Edition.

This is the title of a beautifully printed and bound volume, by Prof. Draper, who is well known for his scientific attainments and elegant scholarship.

It might be called a treatise on the psychology and physiology of national life, especially applied to the American republic in its present and possible character and destiny. It is written from a point of view directly opposed to Catholic theology and philosophy, and asserts the dominion of the natural in opposition to the supernatural. It rejects the supernatural and substitutes irresponsible force for intelligent, benignant Providence. It recognizes only the plane of natural reason, and denies by implication the transition from the natural to the supernatural in the incarnation.

Dr. Draper is the best representative of the school of Guizot, Carlyle, and Buckle, inasmuch as he is more calm and dispassionate, and if he possess less erudition than they, he has more scientific knowledge and the discipline of practical teaching to chasten and modify his forms of thought and expression. Dr. Draper, we do not question, desires conscientiously to promulgate the true doctrines of national life and development. He announces many important truths, and his analyses of historic periods in the domain of the material and intellectual are often clear, precise, and beautiful. There is a good deal of orientalism in his thoughts, and it seems to us that his own imagination is profoundly affected by the gorgeous pictures passing before it in the process of

Digitized by Google

intellectual creation. The same observation applies to his style and imagery, and his writings possess the power, like Carlyle's, of stimulating the imagination of the reader to the highest degree, often to the detriment of the reason.

He chooses the close of his magnificent periods to dart a keen, condensed, carefully studied, dogmatic assertion into the mind like an arrow, while the faculties are for the moment blinded by the splendor of diction and the pomp of highly colored illustration.

Dr. Draper is exceedingly cautious and guarded as to his conclusions, and leaves the necessary inferences to be drawn by the reader. His influence has a tendency toward one of two directions, either an oriental, sensuous, hopeless intellectual apathy, or a senseless, because objectless, material activity.

Dr. Draper does not deny the existence of God; but how he can assert it while attempting to demonstrate the omnipotence of natural law and *force*, we do not understand. His doctrines lead either to nihilism or pantheism. Dr. Draper is entitled to high respect as a philosopher of the natural order from Catholics, for the reason that he has always been generous in his statements of Catholicity in its natural and exterior aspects and relations. His tributes to the Church are among the most cordial, appreciative, and eloquent that have been uttered in modern times by non-Catholics. He has however done much in the present volume to diminish this claim, established in some of his former writings. He is the representative in this country, at least, of the great controversy between the Church and the natural life of man—between the two orders, natural and supernatural—between science and authority.

There can be no antagonism between science and infallible authority; for truth is a unit, comes from God, and returns to him, like light from the sun, its type and figure. Religion has nothing to fear from science. The occasional apparent opposition has been personal and temporary, not ex-cathedral and eternal. There can be no conflict between the spoken word of God and his actualized word, creation. The dispute is an old one. There is no change in the principles involved; but the form is modified by experience, development, and scientific research. It must be reviewed in the retrospect of history, present knowledge, and the prevision of science. There can be no doubt but the illumination of the whole rubject will illustrate (it cannot prove) the truths of revelation, as practical science illustrates the judgments of common sense.

Dr. Draper is an able philosopher and doctor of material progress and the natural order. His advice to the people of this country is sound and wise, and it will be well for our temporal prosperity if his suggestions are heeded by those who have control of public affairs. His work is in some sense complementary of Dr. Brownson's recent great work, and there are some striking analogies between them.

The binding and execution of the book are in Harpers' best style, and leave little to be desired in this department of luxury.

THE CROPPY: A Tale of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. By the O'Hara Family, with Introduction by Michael Banim, Esq., the survivor of the O'Hara Family. 12mo., pp. 464. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

The scene of this story is laid principally in the county of Wexford, Ireland, where "the Rebellion of '98" chiefly raged during the spring and summer of that memorable year. The narrative is highly interesting, and contains about the best account of the battles of "Vinegar Hill" and "New Ross," as well as of other skirmishes and battles between the insurgents and the English troops. It also gives a curious insight into the workings of the society of "United Irishmen" and, also, of the "Orangemen" of that period. There are many fine passages in this story, which was written by the present editor of the new edition, Mr. Michael Banim.

THE CATHOLIC'S VADE MECUM: A Select Manual of Prayers for Daily Use. Compiled from Approved Sources. Pp. 415. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey.

This new prayer-book is published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Dr. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, from the London edition of "Vade Mecum." It is a useful compilation of prayers, and possesses one merit highly recommendable—it is just the size to

Digitized by Google

carry in one's pocket without any inconvenience, and contains all the prayers necessary for ordinary occasions.

RICHARD COBDEN, THE APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE: his Political Career and Public Services. A Biography. By John McGilchrist, author of "Life of Lord Dundonald," "Men who have Made Themselves," etc. 12mo., pp. 295. Harper & Brothers. 1865.

This neat little volume contains a well-written life of Richard Cobden, and a succinct history of the Anti-Corn Law League and agitation, the great work of his life.

Mr. Cobden, although an islander and an Englishman, justly merited the title of "the international man." He was a man of peace, because war is hostile to trade, and breaks up the lines of traffic, as well, no doubt, from more humane and generous motives. He never sympathized with the ignoble jealousy and enmity toward this country so common in England, and was throughout the friend and defender of the Union.

His rise from obscurity to wealth, position, and almost unbounded influence, is a remarkable event, and illustrates the tremendous power of trade and commerce. He rose on the tide which commenced with the adaptation of machinery and application of steam, which has wrought the greatest revolution in the history of the world. He knew how to take advantage of his great opportunities, and used the ability thus acquired to advance the interests of humanity and general well-being. His life is an example to our present race of very rich men, and possibly may suggest to them objects more noble than mere accumulation and personal luxury.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York: "Life of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., First Archbishop of New York. With selections from his private correspondence." By John R. G. Hassard. 1 vol. 8vo.

We regret not having received this handsome volume in time for a notice in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. From a hasty glance through its pages we judge that Mr. Hassard has done his work faithfully and well. The book is gotten up in Appleton's best style. We shall give an extended notice of it in our next number.

From G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.: "An American Dictionary of the English Language." By Noah Webster, LL.D. Thoroughly revised, and greatly enlarged and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., and Noah Porter, D.D. 1 vol. royal quarto, illustrated. Pp. 1,840.

From D. & J. SADLIER & Co., New York. Numbers 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 of the "Lives of the Popes;" Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 of Banim's Complete Works. "Christian Missions, their Agents and their Results." By T. W. Marshall. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 1,200. "The Peep o' Day, or John Doe;" "The Croppy: a tale of the Irish rebellion of 1798;" and "Croohore of the Billhook," by the O'Hara Family. A new edition, with introduction and notes, by Michael Banim, the survivor of the O'Hara Family. 2 vols. 12mo., pp. 412 and 435.

From JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore, Md.: "Manual of the Apostleship of Prayer." By the Rev. H. Ramiere, S.J., Director of the Association. Translated from the French. 32mo., pp. 168. "The 'Catholic' Church and the Roman Catholic Church: In a Friendly Correspondence between a Catholic Priest and an Episcopal Minister." Pamphlet, 16 pages.

We have received from Messrs. J. GURNEY & SON, 707 Broadway, New York, an excellent photographic likeness of the late Rev. J. W. Cummings, D.D.

Mr. PETER F. CUNNINGHAM, of Philadelphia, announces as in press "The Life of Blessed John Bachman," with a fine steel portrait of the saint; "The Life of St. Cecilia," by Gueranger; and four new volumes of the "Young Catholic's Library."

LAWRENCE KEHOE has in press, and will publish early in April, a small volume of poems by Aubrey de Vere, entitled, "May Carols, and Hymns and Poems."

The Messrs. SADLIER & Co., New York, have just issued the "Catholic Almanac and Ordo for the year of our Lord 1866." It contains the names of the rev. clergy; religious and literary institutions in nearly all the dioceses in the United States and Canada; a list of the hierarchy in Ireland, as well as other valuable information.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

RETURN TO ➡ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

REC. CIR. OCT 25 1989

OCT 13 1989

AUTO. DISC.

JUL 13 1990

CIRCULATION

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 11/78 BERKELEY, CA 94720

Digitized by Google

PERIODICAL
STACK

NON-CIRCULATING BOOK

B-5

54861
Catholic

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

NON-CIRCULATING BOOK

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIE
C021034425

Digitized by Google